

The RETURN of SHERLOCK HOLMES

By A. CONAN DOYLE

Illustrated by F. D. STEELE

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THE ADVENTURE OF THE SOLITARY CYCLIST

(Continued.)

The Thursday brought us another letter from our client.

"You will not be surprised, Mr. Holmes," said she, to hear that I am leaving Mr. Carruthers' employment. Even the high pay cannot reconcile me to the discomforts of my situation. On Saturday I came up to town, and I did not intend to return. Mr. Carruthers has got a trap, and so the dangers of the lonely road, if there ever were any dangers, are now over.

"As to the special cause of my leaving, it is not merely the strained situation with Mr. Carruthers, but it is the reappearance of that odious man, Mr. Woodley. He was always hideous, but he looks more awful than ever now, for he appears to have had an accident, and he is much disfigured. I saw him out of the window, but I am glad to say I did not meet him. I had a long talk with Mr. Carruthers, who seemed much excited afterwards. Woodley must be staying in the neighborhood, for he did not sleep here, and yet I caught a glimpse of him again this morning, slinking about in the shrubbery. I would sooner have a savage wild animal loose about the place. I loathe and fear him more than I can say. How can Mr. Carruthers endure such a creature for a moment? However, all my troubles will be over on Saturday."

"So I trust, Watson, so I trust," said Holmes, gravely. "There is some deep intrigue going on round that little woman, and it is our duty to see that no one molests her upon that last journey. I think, Watson, that we must spare time to run down together on Saturday morning, and make sure that this curious and inclusive investigation has no untoward ending."

I confess that I had not up to now taken a very serious view of the case, which had seemed to me rather grotesque and bizarre than dangerous. That a man should lie in wait for and follow a very handsome woman is no unheard-of thing, and if he has so little audacity that he not only dared not address her, but even fled from her approach, he was not a very formidable assailant. The ruffian Woodley was a very different person, but, except on one occasion, he had not molested our client, and now he visited the house of Carruthers without intruding upon her presence. The man on the bicycle was doubtless a member of those week-end parties at the Hall of which the public had spoken, but who he was, or what he wanted, was as obscure as ever. It was the severity of Holmes' manner, and the fact that he shipped a revolver into his pocket, before leaving our rooms which impressed me with the feeling that tragedy might prove to lurk behind the curious train of events.

A rainy night had been followed by a glorious morning, and the heath-covered country-side, with the glowing clumps of flowering gorse, seemed all the more beautiful to eyes which were weary of the duns and drabs and slate-greys of London. Holmes and I walked along the broad, sandy road, inhaling the fresh morning air, and rejoicing in the music of the birds and the fresh breath of the spring. From a rise in the road on the shoulder of Crooksbury Hill, we could see the grim Hall breasting out from amidst the ancient oaks, which, old as they were, were still younger than the building which they surrounded. Holmes pointed down the long tract of road which wound, a reddish yellow band, between the brown of the heath and the budding green of the woods. Far away, a black dot, we could see a vehicle moving in our direction. Holmes gave an exclamation of impatience.

"I have given a margin of half an hour," said he. "If that is her trap, she must be making for the earlier train. I fear, Watson, that she will be past Charlington before we can possibly meet her."

"From the instant that we passed the rise, we could no longer see the vehicle, but we hastened onwards at such a pace that my sedentary life began to tell upon me, and I was compelled to fall behind. Holmes, however, was always in training, for he had inexhaustible stores of nervous energy upon which to draw. His springy step never slowed until suddenly, when he was a hundred yards in front of me, he halted, and I saw him throw up his hand with a gesture of grief and despair. At the same instant an empty dog-cart, the horse cantering, the reins trailing, appeared round the curve of the road and rattled swiftly towards us.

"Too late, Watson, too late!" cried Holmes, as I ran panting to his side. "Fool that I was, not to allow for that earlier

train! It's abduction, Watson—abduction! Murder! Heaven knows what! Block the road! Stop the horse! That's right. Now, jump in, and let us see if I can repair the consequences of my own blunder."

We had sprung into the dog-cart, and Holmes, after turning the horse, gave it a sharp cut with the whip, and we flew back along the road. As we turned the curve, the whole stretch of road between the Hall and the heath was opened up. I grasped Holmes' arm.

"That's the man!" I gasped. A solitary cyclist was coming towards us. His head was down and his shoulders rounded, as he put every ounce of energy that he possessed on to the pedals. He was flying like a racer. Suddenly he raised his bearded face, saw us close to him, and pulled up, springing from his machine. That coal-black beard was in singular contrast to the pallor of his face, and his eyes were as bright as if he had a fever. He stared at us and at the dog-cart. Then a look of amazement came over his face.

"Hallo! Stop there!" he shouted, holding his bicycle to block our road. "Where did you get that dog-cart? Pull up, man! He yelled, drawing a pistol from his side pocket. "Pull up, I say, or, by George, I'll put a bullet into your horse."

Holmes threw the reins into my lap, and sprang down from the cart.

"You're the man we want to see. Where is Miss Violet Smith?" he said, in his quick, clear way.

"That's what I'm asking you. You're in her dog-cart. You ought to know where she is."

"We met the dog-cart on the road. There was no one in it. We drove back to help the young lady."

"Good Lord! Good Lord! what shall I

do?" cried the stranger, in an ecstasy of despair. "They've got her, that hell-bound Woodley and the blackguard parson. Come, man, come, if you really are her friend. Stand by me and we'll save her, if I have to leave my carcass in Charlington Wood."

He ran distractedly, his pistol in his hand towards a gap in the hedge. Holmes followed him, and I, leaving the horse grazing beside the road, followed Holmes. "This is where they came through," said he, pointing to the marks of several feet upon the muddy path. "Hallo! Stop a minute! Who's this in the bush?"

It was a young fellow about seventeen, dressed like an ostler, with leather cords and gaiters. He lay upon his back, his knees drawn up, a terrible cut upon his head. He was insensible, but alive. A glance at his wound told me that it had not penetrated the bone.

"That's the Peter, the groom," cried the stranger. "He drove her. The beasts have pulled him off and clubbed him. Let him lie; we can't do him any good, but we may save her from the worst fate that can befall a woman."

We ran frantically down the path, which wound among the trees. We had reached the shrubbery which surrounded the house when Holmes pulled up.

"They didn't go to the house. Here are their marks on the left—here, beside the laurel bushes. Ah! I said so."

As he spoke, a woman's shrill scream—a scream which vibrated with a frenzy of horror—burst from the thick, green clump of bushes in front of us. It ended suddenly on its highest note with a choke and a gurgle.

"This way! This way! They are in the bowling-alley," cried the stranger, darting through the bushes. "Ah, she cowardly dog! Follow me, gentlemen! Too late! too late! by the living Jingo!"

We had broken suddenly into a lovely glade of greensward surrounded by ancient trees. On the farther side of it, under the shadow of a mighty oak, there stood a singular group of three people. One was a woman, our client, drooping and faint, a handkerchief round her mouth. Opposite her stood a brutal, heavy-faced, red-moustached young man, his gaitered legs parted wide, one arm akimbo, the other waving a riding-crop, his whole attitude suggestive of triumphant bravado. Between them an elderly, grey-bearded man, wearing a short surplice over a light tweed suit, had evidently just completed the wedding service, for he pocketed his prayer-book as we appeared, and slapped the sinister bridegroom upon the back in jovial congratulation.

"They're married!" I gasped. "Come on!" cried our guide; "come on!" He rushed across the glade, Holmes and I at his heels. As we approached, the lady staggered against the trunk of the tree for support. Williamson, the ex-clergyman, bowed to us with mock politeness, and the bully, Woodley, advanced with a shout of brutal and exultant laughter.

"You can take your beard off, Bob," said he. "I know you, right enough. Well, you and your pals have just come in time for me to be able to introduce you to Mrs. Woodley."

Our guide's answer was a singular one. He snatched off the dark beard which had disfigured him and threw it on the ground, disclosing a long, yellow, clean-shaven face below it. Then he raised his revolver and covered the young ruffian, who was advancing upon him with his dangerous riding-crop swinging in his hand.

(To be continued.)

GRAND FALLS

GRAND FALLS, June 27.—Alphonse Bertrand, Edmundston, is in town today. H. R. Arrowsmith, Geo. H. Evans, Jas. J. Power and D. McLeod, St. John, are in town today.

Rev. F. M. C. Bedell, Andover, is in town, a guest at the Curless house. R. J. McKee, the popular boniface of Perth, came up yesterday to attend the races.

Rev. Egerton Ryerson, Toronto, is sojourning in town. F. E. Hill, Woodstock, was a recent visitor in town.

Frank Whitehead, Fredericton, is visiting friends in town.

Messrs. Burgess & Sons intend to run their mill by steam power, and Dunbar & Sons, Woodstock, have a crew of employes now engaged installing a large boiler and powerful engine. The new power and gang will double the capacity of the mill.

CHATHAM

CHATHAM, June 26.—Charles Searle is slowly recovering from the effects of a very serious accident. A few days ago he was wheeling down Kerr's hill, when the wheel struck a stone and he was thrown to the ground, his head striking a rock. He was found on the road unconscious, in which condition he remained for two days, and was taken to the home of his uncle, Mr. George Searle, Napam, where he lives.

Walter Gunning went to New York today. The regular quarterly meeting of the Presbytery of Miramichi will be held at Newcastle tomorrow.

The annual meeting of the executive committee of the Chatham branch of the Lord's Day Alliance was held in St. Andrew's hall this forenoon, when several local matters were considered. Owing to complaints from Burnt Church, in reference to the St. Ann's Day excursion to that place, a resolution was passed to approach the Miramichi Steam Navigation Co., and request them to discontinue these excursions. In the absence of the treasurer, Alex. McKinnon, the annual report was read by S. McLeod. The following officers were appointed for the year: D. P. MacLachlan, president; S. McLeod, secretary; A. F. Bentley, treasurer. These, with the pastors of the different churches, and the following from the executive committee, Mrs. W. Millet

Salter, Mrs. William Anderson, Mrs. Barbara Haviland, Messrs. D. Ferguson, W. M. Robertson and W. Mathier. The W. S. Loggie Co. have sold their business at Lower Negue to M. S. Stewart.

The third anniversary of the opening of St. John's church will be celebrated by special services next Sunday, July 2nd. The pulpit will be occupied by Rev. A. D. Archibald, of Rexton, and there will be special music, the choir being supplemented by both local and outside talent. Besides the regular Sunday services there will be a service of song at 3.30 p.m. The Foresters of Loggieville will attend Knox church, Loggieville, in a body at next Sunday morning's service. The service will be conducted by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Fraser.



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LIFE FOR A DOG

CAMDEN, N. J., June 27.—A little yellow dog was thrown into Newton Creek by its master, Robert Brooks, twelve years old, for a colic bath Thursday afternoon. The dog was unable to swim much and the boy thought it was drowning. With a cry of alarm he jumped into the stream. He managed to push his pet safely ashore, but his efforts cost him his life, for he sank and drowned before other boys could reach him.

Belle—Professor Juggins tells me that the first principle of socialism is to divide with your fellowman.

Tom—Not as I understand it. On the contrary, the first principle of socialism is to induce your fellowman to divide with you.—Puck.

A LIFE SENTENCE

Ray C. Johnson, formerly of Burlington, Vt., has been sentenced to state prison for life by Judge Bond, of the superior court, in Boston. Johnson shot and killed Mrs. Sarah A. Peters, of Nova Scotia, in Boston, on June 3, 1904, and was convicted of murder in the second degree. A stay of proceedings was granted to enable his counsel to carry his case to the supreme court on exceptions, which were over-ruled. The shooting followed a quarrel at a lodging house.

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HENRIETTA CROSMAN WILL VISIT ST. JOHN NEXT WEEK

Coming of This Celebrated American Actress Will be the Event of the Theatrical Season—Something About the Little Woman Who Stands at the Top of Her Profession.

The theatrical event of next week, and indeed it might be fairly said of the whole season, is the coming of Henrietta Crozman, who will appear in the Opera House for four performances, commencing on Monday night next.

The occasions on which stars of the same magnitude as Miss Crozman deign to grace the boards of a St. John theatre, are like angel's visits or hen's teeth, few and far between. True, this season we have, perhaps, fared better than usual, for we have had Edward Terry and Marie

visit of Miss Crozman. No woman now before the public has achieved such glowing fame or scored such a notable series of dramatic successes as has Miss Crozman. In New York she is the most esteemed actress who caters to public entertainment there. Indeed, so highly is she held in the affections of play goers in that city that she has spent practically the entire last five years there. No other player on the American stage can boast so proud a record as this. It is proof of Miss Crozman's delightful artistic qua-

lities and of her power to please that New York retains her for famously long runs.

Her visit to St. John is largely the result of her determination to make a summer tour in new territory. This is a distinct departure from her regular line of action, for it has been Miss Crozman's custom to spend the summer months in holidaying pure and simple. She spends most of her summers in secluded spots, far away from the theatre and the public eye. Unlike some other players, Miss Crozman believes she can best recuperate from a season's hard work by a complete change, and the only way to get it is to go off somewhere with her little family into the mountains or woods. Occasionally, during her vacation, Miss Crozman makes a short trip to Europe, but remains in the capitals only long enough to see a few of the most noted dramatic productions, then hurries off to Switzerland or Spain. The last two summers, however, Miss Crozman has spent on this side. Lake Sunapee was the spot selected



Wainwright with us, and to our everlasting shame he it said neither of these stars found St. John a particularly good field from the tangible standpoint of the box-office.

The coming of Crozman is, however, different from the visits of any other star. Terry, though famed in England, was very largely an experiment in America.

Wainwright, who delighted us with her Viola in Shakespeare's marvellous "Twelfth Night," was by no means the best actress presenting the character. She had a wonderful rival in Edith Wynne Matheson. Miss Crozman, however, stands alone in the line of work to which she has devoted her talent. She was the American creator of "Miss Nell" and her conception of the many-sided character has never been equalled though often imitated. Her appearance in St. John will be in "Nance Oldfield" and "Madeline," both of which offerings are new to the local theatre goers.

It is doubtful if any promise of an attraction in this city would be received with greater satisfaction than that of the

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for her vacation last year. During her vacations Miss Crozman lives as close to nature as it is possible for a woman who knows the comforts of civilization to do. Her pastimes consist of long walks, rowing, golfing, tennis and shooting and swimming. She isn't fond of fishing, for she does not like to kill. As a golfer Miss Crozman has quite a reputation, and is often to be found on the links. She is also quite a swimmer, and in this is usually accompanied by a boat in case of accident. Yet, with all her love for out-door life, Miss Crozman is a domestic woman, and while she cannot do it in her New York home during the season, she is often to be found in her own kitchen during the summer time. All in all Miss Crozman may be considered one of the most retiring and secluded actresses of the day. She goes little into society and never grants a newspaper interview. Although she maintains a large permanent establishment in New York, there are few who know where the home is situated, and one must undergo a rigid test in order to enter her circle of friends.

Miss Crozman also furnishes a direct contradiction to the popular idea of the life of a successful theatrical artist.

In the general mind this life is pictured as luxurious and self-indulgent, with sumptuous suppers after the play, and wine and all accompaniments. The truth often lies the other way. Theatrical folk, that is, those who have attained the front rank and want to stay there, lead rigorous lives and guard strength and every faculty. The excitement and exertions of work in the theatre call for rest and recuperation if one would retain the powers that have led to fame.

Henrietta Crozman, for example, never takes a supper after the play, nor has she ever done so. At her home in New York or in her room at the hotel on the road, there awaits her when she comes from the theatre at night, a club sandwich and a bottle of ginger ale. This is all she takes before retiring. Frequently her manager or members of her executive staff accompany her home, for a favorite time with her to discuss business is after the play at night. For these persons Miss Crozman provides a liberal feast, if they care for it, and wine or whatever they wish is to be had at the suggestion. Indeed, she knows the tastes of each, and whether the particular person is accustomed to a hearty meal after the performance or not, and his wants are certain to be anticipated. But for herself, Miss Crozman takes none of it. She never uses wine, be the reason what it may. Her breakfast is almost equally as light as her late supper, but dinner is an affair which one has only to be lucky enough to attend to understand.

It has been almost the invariable rule for successful actors to throw cold water on the ambition of young stage aspirants, but Miss Crozman is a striking exception. She is tasting the sweets of success, but she knows the gall of disappointment, of unrequited effort, of hard and bitter experience, and is well qualified to advise.

"I have often wondered," said she recently, "why actresses who succeed warn girls not to brave the hardships of the stage. If a girl has talent, I think there is no better place to centre her life's ambitions. Surely, there is no other place where talent is so certain to assert itself, for one is not limited to only a few critics. There is the whole big public to pass judgment. If one keeps on working and offers the best of one's efforts to that public, and the hit is never made, it is because the talent is not there."

"I don't believe genius ever died unrecognized on the stage. Some girls are merely stage struck; they never look upon the profession as what it really is, one of hard work and self-denial. I think the reason many women fail is because they regard the stage as the easiest road to fame and fortune, whereas it is the hardest. But the fame will come with perseverance. How delicious it is when it does come!"

For Henrietta Crozman it has come. She has won her success by hard, conscientious work, coupled with extraordinary talent. Let us hope that her engagement in St. John may prove another triumph.

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