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DOMINION CORSET CO., Mfrs.
Quebec, Montreal, Toronto.

A Mysterious Disappearance

By Gordon Holmes

A Great Detective Story

(Continued.)

"The father was a Major-General," said his informant, "who lost his savings by speculation, and was unable to maintain his son in a crack cavalry corps, so the youngster resigned and went to America to try to better himself. There was a daughter, too, by the first wife, a very charming woman, who, when the crash came, was supposed to have gone on the stage. But I have never heard of her since."

So far the credentials were not bad; but Sir William thought it his duty to ascertain definite particulars.

Mensmore was quite candid to him.

"I have been somewhat of a rolling stone," he said, "but I am glad to believe that people have never had cause to think ill of me. At times, my affairs have been at a desperate stage, but I hope such periods have passed forever. I have already spoken to you about the Springbok Mine."

The old gentleman nodded.

"Well, this morning I have received very satisfactory news from America," and he handed over Corbett's letter for perusal.

"Yes," agreed Sir William, "these things promise well. We will look into them when we reach England. Meanwhile, I give my provisional sanction to my daughter's engagement. She is a good girl, Mensmore. She will be a true and excellent wife. I think you are worthy of her, and I hope that whatever clouds may have darkened your life will now pass away. You two ought to be happy."

"We will, sir," said Mensmore fervently.

"By the way, where is your sister? Is she in England or abroad?"

Mensmore had been expecting this question. He was prepared for it.

"Mrs. Hillmer is my half-sister," he explained. "I have not seen much of her since—since an unhappy marriage she contracted some years ago."

"Indeed, is her husband alive?"

"I can hardly tell you, I believe so. But she does not live with him. She is well provided for, but it was partly on account of this matter that I came to the Riviera for the winter. To tell the truth, I quarrelled with her about it."

"Ah, well. Her troubles need not affect Phyllis and you, except to give you warning. And that is advice. Never interfere between husband and wife. However good your motive, it is sure to come of it."

In the growing dusk Sir William Browne did not note his companion's embarrassment in discussing this topic. Mensmore was essentially an honorable man, and he detested the necessity which forced him to permit false inferences to be drawn from his words. Yet there was no help for it. He was compelled to suffer for the faults of another.

It was relieved when the dressing-bell for dinner allowed him to escape to his cabin. There was quite a large gathering for dinner. Places like Genoa contained a number of highly interesting persons if the visitor discovers them. The British race produces a richer variety of human types and types than any other.

These derelicts come to anchor in out-of-the-way parts of the earth. They seem to have been everywhere and have done everything, while the whole world is an open book to them.

Thus there was no lack of variety in the conversation, and, as usual in such assemblies, it dealt more with persons than with incidents.

Phyllis had arranged the guests, so it may be taken for granted that her lover was near her—fact, he was exactly opposite. The lady he took to in dinner was the wife of an English doctor, and the British consul at the port was Miss Browne's table companion.

The consul was a chatty man, who kept himself well informed concerning society events.

"By the way," he said to Phyllis, "did you ever meet Lady Dyke?"

"No, her name is not familiar to me."

"Do you mean the wife of Sir Charles Dyke?" said Mensmore, and the sudden interest he evinced caused Phyllis to glance at him wonderingly.

"Yes, that is she."

"I know Sir Charles well. What is there new about his wife?"

"She is dead."

"Good Heavens! Dead! When, and how?"

Mensmore was so obviously agitated that others present noticed it, and Phyllis

his marvelled much that in all their confidence the name of Dyke had never escaped his lips.

The consul, too, was a little nonplussed by the sensation caused by his words.

"I fear," he said, "that I have blurted out the fact rather unguardedly. The Dykes are friends of yours?"

"No, no, not that sense. Sir Charles has known for many years. But are you sure his wife is dead?"

"My authority is an announcement in the Times to hand by today's post. I should not have mentioned it were not her husband so well known in society, and the affair is peculiar, to say the least."

"Peculiar—how?"

"In his all-absorbing interest in the consul's statement, Mensmore paid no heed to the curious looks directed at him; he had become very pale, and was more excited in manner than the circumstances appeared to warrant."

"In this sense: The paper is the issue of January 28, yet the notice says that Lady Dyke died on November 6. This is odd, is it not? A woman of her position could hardly have quitted life so quietly that no one would trouble to publish the fact until nearly three months after the event."

"It is extraordinary—inexplicable!"

"Did you know Lady Dyke personally, Bertie?" put in Phyllis timidously.

The question restored Mensmore to some sense of his surroundings.

"I have never seen her," he said, trying desperately to be commonplace, "but her husband is an old school-fellow of mine, and I have heard much of both of them since their marriage. I am quite shocked by the news."

"I can only repeat my regret for having spoken of it so carelessly," said the polite consul.

"Oh! I am glad to know of it since it has happened. Poor Lady Dyke! How strange that she should die!"

Phyllis had the tact to change the conversation, and Mensmore gradually recovered his self-possession. A woman's eyes are keen; and a man often gives her credit for; and Phyllis saw quite plainly that after the first effect of the news had passed it, in some indefinable way, seemed to have a good effect on her lover. But if a woman's intuition is seldom at fault, her reasoning faculties are narrow.

Trying to arrive at a solution of the mystery attending Mensmore's behavior, Phyllis suddenly became hot all over. She felt furiously and inordinately jealous of a woman she did not know, and more and more she hated her.

Hence her nose went high in the air when Bertie claimed her for the first dance.

"Who is this Lady Dyke, in whom you are so deeply interested?" she said, drawing him beneath a sheltering awning.

"As I said," replied Mensmore, "she is the wife of an old acquaintance of mine."

"But you must have been very fond of her to feel so keenly when you heard of her death?"

"Oh, no! I have never, to my knowledge, laid eyes on her."

"Oh! And the tone was somewhat mollified. "Then why did you look so worried during dinner?"

"Simply because I know Sir Charles."

"What a dear, sympathetic little boy you are! When I die, Bertie, I suppose you will drop down stiff from grief at once."

"Don't talk nonsense. We are missing all this delightful music."

And they whirled away down the snowy deck, forgetful of all things save one, that they were in love.

Now, what a pity it was that Bruce was not on board the White Heather that night. Many complications, and not a little misery, would have been avoided thereby.

CHAPTER XIX
WHERE MRS. HILLMER WENT.

Sir Charles Dyke, in sending off the hurried announcement of his wife's death, forgot the "society" papers.

Such a promising topic did not come in their way every week, and they made the most of it. Where did Lady Dyke die? Under what circumstances did she die? They rolled the morsel under their tongue in every conceivable manner.

Details were not forthcoming.

Our representative called at Wensley House, Portman Square, but was informed that Sir Charles was in Yorkshire. Inquiry by a local reporter from Sir Charles in person elicited no information.

"Lady Dyke is dead," wrote this enterprising journalist; "of that there can be no manner of doubt, but her husband states that for family reasons he is unable to supply the public with the precise facts concerning his wife's demise."

This ill-considered statement only fanned the flame. An evening journal got hold of the proceedings at the Patney Coroner's Court which inquired into the death of a woman found in the Thames, and, with a portentous display of headlines, published an interview with the doctor giving particulars of the iron spike found imbedded in the skull.

The paper was also able to state "on the best authority" that at this inquest Sir Charles Dyke and the missing lady's personal maid were called in to identify the body, but failed.

(To be Continued.)

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



POMPADOUR RIBBONS FOR A PARTY FROCK.

Even prettier than the traditional blue and pink ribbons for little girls' wear are the lovely pompadour effects, with forget-me-nots, moss-roses and other flower patterns woven into the silk in Dresden stripes. This party dress of white lawn and lace insertion is made very dainty by the big sash and hair bows of pompadour ribbon striped with a violet pattern. Such a bow as the one shown would be very difficult to adjust each time the sash is donned, but the bow may be tied first and carefully tucked into place. Then a pin under the knot will hold it firmly to the loose end of the sash ribbon.

IT WAS NOT SHAM FIGHT BETWEEN HIGH AND LOW

Division in the Anglican Church in Toronto Diocese Sharply Criticised by the News of That City—The Compromise

(Toronto News.)

Numerous Anglican clergymen have said in the pulpits or the columns of the press that the recent meeting of the Diocesan Synod for the election of a bishop was harmonious and friendly. That deduction is hardly justified. The oil of diplomacy stilled the surface of the troubled waters, but still there were wrangles in the deep. For three days two great parties in the Church strove. It was no sham fight. The mere fact that they used the graces of civilization in their communications is nothing. The politest men in Europe a century ago were the most accomplished duelists. It did not lessen the hurt of a rapier through the body to recollect that the man who held the weapon bowed like Beau Nash before he began the assault.

The halting showed that in the Diocese of Toronto High Church and Low Church are as far apart as they were ten or twenty or thirty years ago. Archbishop Sweetman was a compromise. Bishop Seaveny was a compromise. Both were able men, but they were third choices. It seems an extraordinary thing that factional disturbance should make it impossible for the Church to choose the one outstanding man of the Diocese. No other clergyman of the Church of England in Toronto has the eminence of Canon Cody as a preacher, as an organizer, or as a broad-minded student of social problems. Yet he was not considered on his merits.

One party was so certain that he would be the choice of the other party that they went out of the Diocese, to find a man who might be able to defeat him. He is 61 years of age, a man of the Christian character, but not exceptionally suited to the requirements of this Diocese. Moreover, there was such haste to forestall the candidature of Canon Cody that Bishop Thorneley was not even notified. When he learned of what had been done he telegraphed his protest.

The arguments against the election of Canon Cody were mainly personal. His ability for the office was not questioned. But he represented the ideals of Wyldie College. Perhaps in medieval times the value of a Church to the common people was enhanced by "orationation" and candle and phylacteries. But in a civilized democracy such as Canada it seems extraordinary that churchmen would allow for-

A SUMMARY OF THE PLAY THAT STIRRED ENGLAND

(Mail and Empire)

"A storm of patriotism is sweeping England," says the London correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger. Not for many years has the country been so deeply stirred, and all because of a crude play at Wyndham's Theatre. Perverted, Mr. Haldane thank Providence that Guy du Maurier, son of the famous artist and author of "Tilly," was inspired to write "An Englishman's Boy." Young men are enrolling themselves in the volunteers at a rate unprecedented in English military history. On one night 1,000 recruits were enrolled, scores of them rushing directly from the theatre to the recruiting officers. In short, what Charles Dibden's "Sea Songs" did for the navy a hundred years ago, the play is doing for the army and on a vaster scale. The excitement and enthusiasm increase, rather than abate. As fast as they can be drilled the new companies are being sent out to the great frontier cities, and the frenzy that seized London is thus spreading over the country.

It is interesting to glance over the dialogue. Paul Robinson, the hero, makes himself obnoxious to his friends by insisting that a foreign invasion of England is possible and that every man should learn how to handle a rifle. Geoffrey Smith, a Cockney clerk, whose favorite literature is football scores, declares that volunteering is a "mug's game," and that there are other means of showing patriotism. He goes on to say: "You should have seen me on Maikling night. I sang (Role, Britannia, on top of the fountain in Trafalgar Square—then fell into the water and kissed the policeman who pulled me out."

Any—and the magistrate gave him five pounds from the poor box next morning.

and then he might be some use if he were wanted. Don't you agree with me, Maggie?

Maggie—I don't know, Paul; I'm afraid I've never thought of it. It is a pity that the uniform isn't more becoming.

Paul—That's a reasonable remark. Shortly after this conversation soldiers appear on the lawn, seize Brown, and establish a sort of regimental headquarters in his house. Brown pleads to be released, and assures the soldiers he is quite harmless. To which their leader answers, "Where I come from none of the men is harmless." Next morning the soldiers depart, and Paul, returning tells of his experiences the night of the dreadful invasion.

Paul—And I went on to Brentwood and the fog got thicker—and when I got there it was quite dark. I found they knew it—everyone knew it. Not much—not any details, but they knew they'd landed and were coming. Everyone was rushing about talking and shouting, and I rode about to find some one—some one to tell what I had seen—some one who would do something. They were all rushing about, talking and shouting—and I could not find anyone to tell me what to do and where to go, and I went backwards and forwards—here and there. I was tired but I couldn't stop! Then I rode again along the roads to see what was happening, and then back—I went backwards and forwards—backwards and forwards.

Maggie—Yes, Paul, yes!

Paul—Then they shouted that all the volunteers were to go to the Town Hall and assemble there, and I went and waited—and waited, and more came, but no one to tell us anything, and I couldn't wait any longer and do nothing, and I went away again. And when I went back, and there were more there and more coming, and we waited—oh, for hours, and heaps of people were there singing and shouting and giving us drink.

The invaders return, and begin an attack on Brown's house, and a number of volunteers have gathered. Brown protests loudly at the liberties they take with his premises. The captain of the defenders gives a thrilling exhibition of incomprehension. In the fighting that follows, Brown is caught in a trap, and a traitorous non-combatant. The play originally ended with the volley that announced his execution, but in deference to popular prejudices, another scene was put on, something after the Relief of Lucknow style, and killed troops rescue the Brown family in the nick of time.

WHEN YOU CAN'T SLEEP.

There is many a man and woman tossing night after night upon a sleepless bed. Their eyes do not close in the sweet and refreshing repose that comes to those whose heart and nerves are right. Some constitutional disturbance, worry or disease has so debilitated and irritated the nervous system, that it cannot be quieted.

Or again, you have a sinking sensation, a feeling you are going to die; or perhaps, you wake in your sleep feeling as though you were about to choke or smother, and rest leaves you for the night. If you allow these conditions to continue for a short period even, you will begin to feel your health declining. It is the nerves and heart not acting rightly, and they can only be set right by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. They soon induce healthy, refreshing sleep, not by deadening the nerves, but by restoring them to healthy action.

Mrs. E. Nutt, St. Mary's, Ont., writes:—"I can gladly recommend your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills as I was greatly troubled with my nerves. I was so bad I could not sleep at night without the lamp burning, but after taking four boxes of the pills I became all right again."

Price, 50 cents per box; 3 boxes for \$1.50, all dealers. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

TWENTY-SIX WOMEN IN PARLIAMENT

The first woman member of parliament addressed an audience in London recently. Dr. Phyllis Hull stood on the platform with a girlish figure and red-gold hair and a smiling womanly face. She is one of the twenty-six women M. P.'s in Finland.

"We are interested," she said, "in watching the suffrage movement in England. In Finland so far as the reform is concerned, we used only constitutional methods."

"There was a big strike, and all traffic and business was stopped. Men and women stood together, and the new election law which was then granted is the most democratic in the world. The franchise is given to every citizen, man or woman, married or single, who is over twenty-four years of age."

"Twelve of the women who are elected are married, and of these three of the husbands have been elected also. There was no excitement when women were elected; it was taken naturally and simply."

"Women have been so long working in post-offices, banks, and departments of states work that their election to the diet came without surprise."

A question was asked from the hall, at which the lady looked surprised. "Who looks after the babies?"

"The grandmothers of course," was the answer. "And then," she continued, "English women would not dream of neglecting their children."

"But do not your women go to dinner parties, tea parties, garden parties and balls?"

"Such social duties as they are called, come between a mother and her home far more than the mere fact of voting once in three years or sitting in Parliament for three months in each year."

TO CURE A COLIC IN ONE DAY.
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

WOMAN KILLED ON A LEVEL CROSSING

Montreal, Feb. 28—Another level crossing fatality occurred here on Saturday night; when Mrs. Joseph Leavelle was killed by the Grand Trunk express for Toronto.

The accident occurred at the St. Phillip street crossing, one of the most dangerous in the city. Mrs. Leavelle was evidently struck by the train and instantly killed, one leg being practically severed while the back of her head was crushed in. The accident occurred at 10.45 and the body was discovered at 11 o'clock. There are six tracks at this crossing, which is not protected by gates.

Murdered

Put right out of business, a whole family of corns by Putnam's Corn Extractor, which cures corns and warts in one day. No pain or sore if "Putnam's" is used. Refuse substitutes.

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

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The Leader for 52 years.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co., originators of Condensed Milk.

WM. H. DUNN, Agent. - Montreal.

The original Unsweetened

SEND BABY'S PHOTO TO THE Evening Times, St. John, N. B. for entry in Borden's Baby Competition. Write name and address on back of photo, and attach a label off a can of "Eagle Brand." After St. John Competition, photos will be sent by us to Toronto Sunday World for entry in Grand Contest. Open to all children of Canada under 3 years of age. 20 Valuable Prizes—20 Diplomas—Contest closes March 13th. See special announcement, Saturday issue.

BAIRD & PETERS, Wholesale Distributors, St. John, N. B.

RIBBON SALE

All Silk Ribbons and Satin and Silk Ribbons

Good values at 30c per yard. Our price for a few days

19c per Yard

And no charge for making the bows when the ribbon is purchased from us. Colors, black, white, cream, leghorn, navy, tabac, maroon, mezzique, reseda, faze or Alice blue, myrtle, lotus, moss, champagne, sky, rose, cardinal, rosewood, turquoise, wine, paeon, coral, gold, coquelicot, argent, lilac, prue and castor.

THE BEST RIBBON VALUES EVER OFFERED.

Marr Millinery Co.

Corner Union and Coburg streets, and 687 Main street, North End. SAME VALUES ALSO AT MONCTON, N. B.

TEMPERANCE MEN START CAMPAIGN

Fredericton, N. B., Feb. 28—J. D. Phinney, K. C., presided at a large and enthusiastic temperance meeting at the Opera House tonight. The speakers were Revs. J. H. McDonald, A. A. Belmont, J. W. McConnell and Dr. Smith. All made reference to the approaching election and strongly urged the electors to cast their ballots only for the men who are pledged to the enforcement of all laws, including the Scott Act.

An announcement was made that public meetings in the interests of the temperance cause would be held in Church hall Monday and Thursday evenings.

ESSEX, ONTARIO HAS A RACE WAR

Toronto, Feb. 28—(Special)—A little race war has broken out between the whites and colored population of the school section nine, Essex county, near Belle River. The negroes are in a majority on the school board, which consists of two colored and one white man, and they appointed a colored girl from Amherstburg as teacher. The white residents almost unanimously withdrew their children from the school and will probably build a new school, as their children have been refused admission to the adjoining section.

FIG PILLS

The Great Kidney and Liver Pill Cures Rheumatism, Indigestion and Stomach Trouble.

The greatest discovery ever made in a pill was made when these pills were manufactured. Everyone knows that Fig Pills are one of the greatest Liver and Bowel medicines known. One Fig Pill is equal to one-half pound of Fresh Figs. We guarantee Fig Pills to cure all Kidney, Liver and Stomach troubles, or refund the money. Captain Strachan, of St. Catharines, Ont., says: "I have been troubled with constipation for ten years. Two boxes of Fig Pills cured me. Price 25c. large box, forty pills. For sale at all drug stores. E. C. Brown, Druggist, corner Union and Waterloo streets, wholesale agents for N. B. and N. S."

A JOB FOR RAISULI

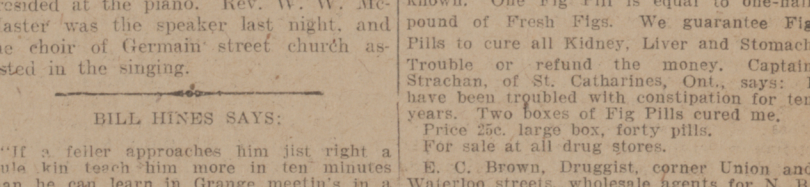
Fez, Morocco, Feb. 27—The Sultan has appointed Raisuli, the former bandit, governor of the Province of Djidj, Raisuli has promised to renounce the ransom paid on behalf of Sir Harry McLean, whom Raisuli held prisoner some years ago.

At a temperance meeting in the Seamen's Institute on Saturday, J. N. Rogers addressed the men. C. H. Wassen gave a recitation and Miss M. Comben presided at the piano. Rev. W. W. McMaster was the speaker last night, and the choir of German street church assisted in the singing.

BILL HINES SAYS:

"If a fellow approaches him just right a mule can teach him more in ten minutes than he can learn in Grange meetings in a full year."—Buffalo News.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



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Murdered

Put right out of business, a whole family of corns by Putnam's Corn Extractor, which cures corns and warts in one day. No pain or sore if "Putnam's" is used. Refuse substitutes.

March 1—Frederic Chopin, the composer, was born one hundred years ago today in Poland.

Find another musician.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE

Upside down, nose under nose.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURES KIDNEY DISEASE

ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, BRISTLE DISEASE, DIABETES, ETC.

Do not let this disease pass you by. It is a sure sign of trouble. The pills are sold only in bottles.