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THE KNIT-TO-FIT MANUFACTURING CO., 1222 Papineau Avenue, Montreal.

A Mysterious Disappearance

By Gordon Holmes

A Great Detective Story

(Continued.)

"Not so much, perhaps, as the nature of the wound seems to imply; but considerable—sufficient, at any rate, to break the piece of iron."

"It was broken, you say? Was it cast-iron?"

"Yes, of good quality. Off some ornament or design, I should imagine. But snapped off inside the head at the moment of the occurrence."

"Curious, is it not, for a person to be killed in such a manner by such an instrument?"

"I have never before met such a case. Were it not for the way in which the body was jammed beneath a hidden drain-pipe, and the effective means taken to destroy the identity, I should have inclined to the belief that some strange accident had happened. At any rate, the murderer must have committed the crime on the spur of the moment, and seized upon the first weapon at hand."

"You say she was forcibly placed were found?"

"Yes; the workmen's description left no other idea."

"Could not the tide have done this?"

"Hardly. One cannot be too emphatic, as such odd things do happen. But it seems to be almost impossible for the tide at Putney to pack the body beneath a jutting drain-pipe in such a manner that the waist, or narrower part, should be beneath the pipe and the body remain securely held."

"Yet it is not so marvellous as the coincidence that this particular drain should need repairs at the precise period when this tragedy happened."

"Quite so. It is exceedingly strange. Are you interested in the case? Have you reason to believe that this poor woman—?"

"I hardly know," broke in the barrister. "I have no data to go upon, but I feel convinced that I shall ultimately establish her identity. You, doctor, can help me much by telling me your surmises in addition to the known facts."

The medico looked thoughtfully through the window before he exclaimed: "I am certain that the woman found in the Thames came from the upper walks of life. Notwithstanding the disgusting effects of the water and rough usage, any medical man can rapidly appreciate the caste of his subject. She was, I should say, a woman of wealth and refinement, one who led an orderly, well-regulated life, whose surroundings were normal and healthy."

Bruce thanked his informant and hurried back to London. A telegram to Inspector White preceded him. He had not long reached his Victoria-street chambers when the detective was announced. He soon made known his wishes. "I want you to give me that small piece of iron found in the head of the woman at Putney," he said. "If necessary I will return it in twenty-four hours."

Mr. White's face showed some little sign of annoyance. "This against the rules," he began; but Bruce curtly interrupted him.

"Very well, I will make direct application to the Commissioner."

"I was going to say, Mr. Bruce, that although not strictly in accordance with orders, I will make an exception in your case." And the detective slowly produced the piece of conviction from a large pocket-book.

In sober fact the officer was somewhat jealous of the clever lawyer, who saw so quickly through complexities that puzzled his slower brain. He was in no wise anxious to help the barrister in his inquiries, though keenly wishing to benefit from his discoveries and follow his theories when they were defined with sufficient clearness.

Bruce did not at first take the proffered article.

"Let me understand, Mr. White," he said. "Do you object to my presence in this inquiry? Are you going to hinder me or help me? It will save much future misunderstanding if we have this point settled now."

The detective flushed at this direct inquiry. "I will be candid with you, Mr. Bruce. It is true I have been vexed at times when you have over-reached me; but I regret it immediately. It is foolish of me to try and solve problems by your methods. Kindly forget my momentary disinclination to hand over the only genuine link in the case."

"In what case?"

"In the case of Lady Dyke's disappearance."

"Ah! Then you think it is in some way connected with the woman found at Putney?"

"I am sure of it. The woman found at Putney, whom Lady Dyke herself cannot tell, were some of her ladyship's clothes. When we have ascertained the means and manner of the death of the woman buried at Putney we shall not be far from learning what has become of Lady Dyke."

"How have you identified the clothes?"

"I managed to gain the confidence of the lady's maid, who gave evidence at the inquest. She, of course, is quite positive that the body was not that of her mistress, but when I had examined some of Lady Dyke's linen I no longer doubted the fact."

"If you knew all this, how comes it that more did not transpire at the coroner's inquest?"

"In such affairs an inquest is rather a hindrance to the police. It is better to tell the guilty person or persons into the belief that the crime has passed into oblivion. They know as well as we do that Lady Dyke is buried at Putney. We have failed to establish her identity by the evidence of the husband and servants. The linen and clothes, our sole effective testimony, remain in our possession; so, taking everything into consideration, I prefer that matters should remain as they are for the present."

"Really, Mr. White, I congratulate you. You will perhaps pardon me for saying that some of your colleagues do not usually take so sensible a view."

The policeman smiled at the compliment. "I am learning my method, Mr. Bruce," he said.

As he spoke, Smith entered with a note endorsed "Urgent."

"It is in the handwriting of Sir Charles Dyke, and even the imperturbable barrister could not resist an exclamation of amazement when he read:

"My dear Bruce—My wife's maid has vanished. She has not been near the house for three days. The thing came to my ears owing to gossip among the servants. There is something maddening about these occurrences. I really cannot stand any more. Do come to see me, there's good fellow."

"Well, I'm jiggered!" said the detective. "The blessed girl must have been spirited away a few hours after I saw her. May be, Mr. Bruce, we are all wrong. Has she gone to join her mistress?"

"Possibly—in the next world?"

"Nothing would shake the barrister's belief that Alice, Lady Dyke, was dead."

CHAPTER IV.

NO. 61 RALEIGH MANSIONS.

Really, the maid deserved to have her ears pulled.

People in her walk of life should not age their betters. Lady Dyke, owing to her position, was entitled to some degree of oddity or mystery in her behavior. But for a lady's maid to so upset the entire household at Wensley House, Portman Square, was intolerable.

Sir Charles became, possibly, more miserable; the butler fumed; the housekeeper said that the girls was always a forward minx; and the footman winked at Buttons, as much as to say that he knew a good deal if he liked to talk.

The police were as greatly baffled by this latter incident as by its predecessor. The movements of the maid were quite unknown. No one could tell definitely when she left the house. Her fellow-servants described the dress she probably wore, as all her other belongings were in her bedroom; but beyond the fact that her name was Jane Harding, and that she had not returned to her home in Lincolnshire, the police could find no other clue.

So, in brief, Jane Harding quickly joined Lady Dyke in the limbo of forgottenness.

Bruce, however, forgot nothing. Indeed, he rejoiced at this new development. "The greater the apparent mystery," he commended, "the less it is in reality. We are here in a trap, to follow. They are both hidden, it is true, but when we find one, it will probably intersect the other."

The new year was a few days old when Bruce made his first step through the bewildering maze which seemed to bar progress on every side. He received a report from the man, a pensioned police-officer, who had conducted a painstaking search into the history and occupation of every inhabitant of Raleigh Mansions.

Two items the barrister fastened on at once.

No. 12, top floor right, entrance by first door on Sloane Square side, is a small flat occupied by a man named Sydney H. Corbett. He passes as an American, but is probably an Englishman who has resided in the United States. He does not mix with other Americans in London, and is of irregular habits. He frequents race meetings and sporting clubs, is reported to belong to a Peadar club where high play is the rule, and has no definite occupation. He occasionally visits a lady who lives at No. 61, same house, ground floor, and sixth door. They have been heard to quarrel seriously, and the dispute appears always to have concerned money. Corbett went to Monte Carlo early in December. His address there is "Hotel au Cercle, and the local post-office has a supply of stamped and addressed envelopes in which to forward his correspondence."

(To be continued.)

A girl thinks it's flirting if she catches a young man looking at her.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



1909 SHIRTWAISTS HAVE LONG SLEEVES.

Most women make up the summer blouses before the Easter dressmaking demands all the resources of the sewing-room. This pretty model, one of this year's dainty styles, will offer suggestions for new linen blouses. The material is sheer handkerchief linen, into which are set insertions of two laces—one heavy and the other in more covetably effect. Multitude and fashion have been chosen for the blouse shown and the arrangement with tucking in panel effect is very attractive. Into the neck of the waist is set one of the shaped chemisettes of Irish lace which may be purchased ready to apply at moderate cost.

AN ENGLISH MAIL TRAIN IN A DITCH NEAR CAMPBELLTON

Serious Wreck on the Intercolonial Railway—Engineer Cool Killed and Three Others Are Hurt—Accident Caused by a Broken Rail.

Moncton, Jan. 31.—At 12:45 today the English mail special, in charge of Conductor William Crockett, which left Moncton about 7 o'clock this morning with a double-header, was wrecked about four miles east of Campbellton and Engineer C. Cool killed.

In the engine cars were Drivers C. Cool, of Campbellton, and A. H. Fryers, Moncton; Firemen Dues, Clark and Walter Carson, of Moncton; Driver Cool, who was in the head engine, was pinned beneath his engine and was killed, while Driver Fryers was badly scalded about the head, arms and legs and had one leg injured.

Firemen Carson and Clark were also severely scalded about the head, arms and legs but none of the injured men are in a serious condition.

The train was made up of seven cars, five baggage, combined baggage and colonist, diner and sleeper. All the cars left the rails except the diner and sleeper.

The run-off is supposed to have been caused by a broken rail. Wrecking crews were rushed to the scene with hydraulic jacks but it was 6 o'clock this evening before the dead body of Driver Cool was taken from beneath the wrecked engine. Both engines toppled over on their side and were badly wrecked. The first three baggage cars are on their side and the other two baggage cars are off the track and badly dented. The combined baggage and colonist car is also off the track but close to the rails.

The diner and sleeper remained on the track but for a slight shaking up from the jar of sudden stopping none of the passengers was injured.

The track is badly damaged and torn up for 300 yards. A steam crane was ordered from Moncton and left here about 3 o'clock this afternoon. Mrs. Fryers and brothers of Driver Fryers left for Campbellton on the wrecking train. The injured were taken to Campbellton for treatment.

The body of Driver Cool was taken to his home in Campbellton, where he has been a well known resident for years. The mails were transferred to other baggage cars and were forwarded as soon as possible.

At the time of the run-off the mail special was running fast and when the head engine left the rails both locomotives plunged into the ditch and toppled over on their side. There was a heavy snow storm on the northern division and plow specials had been running on the track for the mail special but there was no plow on the mail train.

Campbellton, N. B., Jan. 31.—The English mail special was wrecked at McLeod's siding, five miles below Campbellton, today at noon, and Driver David

Cool, of Newcastle, was instantly killed, while others of the train crew were slightly injured. The mail special, in charge of Conductor Crockett, had made a quick run from Moncton to Dalhousie Junction, and was speeding at a high rate, estimated at between 50 and 60 miles an hour, between the junction and McLeod's, when without an instant's warning the pilot engine, with Driver Cool at the throttle, suddenly left the rails, ran a short distance and then plunged in the ditch. Five men, Clark, who was at his work, and a young man, a railway employee, who was also in the cab, were able to jump, being only slightly injured, but the driver who gallantly stuck to his post with one hand on the throttle, the other on the air brake lever, was caught at his post and his life crushed out.

The second engine, in charge of Driver E. A. Fryers, of Moncton, followed the pilot over the embankment and, although severely scalded, with great presence of mind directed the train crew and passengers in the work of getting him clear. His fireman, Carson, escaped also with a few scalds. The train was made up of four mail and baggage cars, a combination car, a diner and a Pullman. The latter was the only car left on the rails. The first mail car followed the engines to the right of the roadbed while the others went to the left. The first three cars turned over on their sides, while the balance remained upright, but at various angles. None of them was broken badly and the contents are not injured. There were only eight passengers on board and they were uninjured.

At noon word was telephoned to the depot here that the wreck had occurred and a train with doctors and wrecking crew was speedily made up and dispatched to the scene of the wreck and the injured promptly conveyed to town.

David Cool was one of the most careful and popular drivers on the road. He was born here. He married a Newcastle young lady, Miss Annie Copeland, and has resided at Newcastle for some years. A wife and three children survive.

A little less than a year ago an English mail train from Rimouski was dented in practically the same manner, a mile west of here, but at that time no one was seriously injured.

A telephone message to Charles Robinson, 106 Elliot Row, told of the wreck and also that among the injured was Havoclock Ingram. Ingram was on the train and was badly scalded. His mother, who has been visiting Mr. Robinson, her brother, will leave for her home in Newcastle today.

The loss will probably be \$5,000, and is fairly covered by insurance.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B., Jan. 31.—Last evening the residence of Mrs. Swan, widow of Dr. Swan, of Calais (Me.), was badly damaged by fire and water. The fire is supposed to have been caused by a defective electric wire between the oil and main house. The fire was mostly in the upper story, so the water did much damage to the furniture, carpets and furnishings in the rooms below. Some furniture was carried out, but as there was a severe snow storm raging, it was considerably damaged. The loss will probably be \$5,000, and is fairly covered by insurance.

FOUR DEAD IN AN ONTARIO FIRE

Toronto, Jan. 31.—Four persons were burned to death in a fire which destroyed the home of Philip Vansickle, one and a half miles from Lynden in Ancaster township, Saturday morning.

The dead were: Philip Vansickle, aged 80 years, head of the household; Martin Vansickle, a son; Lydia Vansickle, a daughter; and Harry Vansickle, a son-in-law. The origin of the fire is a mystery.

Chief Kerr, on behalf of the fire department, thanks A. O. Skinner for refreshments furnished the men engaged in fighting the King street fire early on Sunday morning.

Price, 50 cents per box; 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

More Than 20

Ingredients give to Hood's Sarsaparilla its great curative power—power to cure many and varied complaints, including diseases of the blood, ailments of the stomach, troubles of the kidneys and liver. Many of the ingredients are just what the profession prescribe in the ailments named, but the combination and proportions are peculiar to this medicine and give it curative power peculiar to itself. Therefore, there can be no substitute for Hood's. Get it today.

A \$20,000 FIRE AT BERWICK, N.S.

C. H. Beardsley's Department Store Destroyed—Insurance is \$10,000.

Halifax, Jan. 31.—C. H. Beardsley's department store in Berwick was burned to the ground on Saturday. The loss is \$20,000 with insurance of \$10,000.

When the fire was discovered the whole store was in flames. It was one of the most up-to-date stores in western Nova Scotia, fitted up with all the modern improvements.

J. H. Webster, of Kentville, had a branch department of his jewelry business in the building and very little of his stock was saved. The store adjoining, owned by Wm. Sheppard, tinsmith, was also burned but most of the goods in this building were saved. The origin of the fire is unknown.

REV. MR. McCASKILL ON IMMORTALITY

In a sermon on Immortality, last evening, Rev. J. J. McCaskill, of St. Matthew's church, said in part:

"Paul says there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body—a natural body of flesh and blood which is corruptible and perishes at death and another of a nature finer and higher, which is incorruptible and cannot be affected by death. I do not quote Paul or any other man as an authority, but the widely accepted and fast growing belief among thoughtful men is practically this. Toward essentially such a view our best science is tending."

"To speak of an immortality for the race without an immortality for the individual is not wise. It is impossible to conceive of God, having through an evolutionary process of millions of years and at infinite expense, bringing forth such a product as man for death and extinction."

"In that case the universe is not rational and God is less intelligent than man for to parallel that man should go about cutting down their fruit trees as soon as they began to bear, painting pictures to destroy when finished and building ships without intending to send them to sea. If the universe is not idiotic the living man is safe and safe forever."

"The philosophy of Hugo is a true instinct. When I go down to the grave I can say 'I'm not making' others. I have finished my day's work. But I cannot say I have finished my life. I shall begin again next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley—it is a thoroughfare. I close on the twilight to open with the dawn."

CANON MONTGOMERY LEAVES KINGSCLEAR

Fredericton, Jan. 31.—Rev. Canon Montgomery, rector of Kingsclear for the past twenty-five years, has resigned to become rector of the Episcopal church at Port Hope (Ont.). He made the announcement to his congregation at service this morning, and it came as a great surprise. He is a native of Kings county, a graduate of the University of New Brunswick. He was ordained by Bishop Medley at the cathedral twenty-seven years ago. He labored for a short time at Hampton, and before accepting the call to Kingsclear for six months he was attached to the cathedral in Fredericton. He was appointed a canon three years ago. He has hosts of friends in all denominations, who will regret to learn of his intended departure.

FIRST MEETING OF MONCTON COUNCIL

Moncton, N. B., Jan. 31.—The new city council held its inauguration meeting last night. Mayor Willett in his inaugural address promised to work in the best interests of the city.

Petitions were presented by six of the C. R. Brotherhoods asking the council to promise legislation exempting incomes up to \$700 and granting British subjects, 21 years of age, residents of the city, paying a poll tax, the right to vote in civic elections.

In other words the railway men want manhood suffrage in civic elections. The council removed R. Chapman from the chairmanship of the board of assessors and appointed Thomas Williams, formerly I. C. R. treasurer, to his place. The other two assessors appointed are James Doyle and Edward Girouard.

A majority of the council declined to accept the mayor's slate for the appointment of commissioners and pressed the adoption of one of their own, making the principal chairmanships as follows: A. H. Jones, board of works; H. S. Bell, police; P. N. Crandall, fire; W. D. Martin, market.

ST. PETER'S Y. M. A. DEBATE

An interesting debate was held by the St. Peter's Y. M. A. yesterday afternoon. About 150 members were present with President Gallagher in the chair. Joseph Harrington acted as judge. The subject was: Resolved, That Navigation Can Do More for the Whole World Than Railroad. The leader of the affirmative was P. J. Casey and those who supported him were D. Colgan, J. Martin and V. Shea. The negative was led by E. J. Mahoney, who was supported by W. Nugent, P. McGillicuddy and A. Dever. The decision was given to the affirmative. The annual at home of the society will be held Thursday, Feb. 18.

The total wheat crop of Ontario last year was 18,023,142 bushels, as compared with 18,019,142 bushels in 1907. The total output of "Salada" Tea this year is over nineteen million packets. More packets of "Salada" than bushels of wheat. This is a sure indication of public appreciation of its excellent quality and value.

Find her lover. ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE. Upper left corner down in coat.

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, lagoon, navy, tabac, maroon, mexique, recede, sage 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.

CHARMING SUFFRAGETTE FASCINATES THE SCRIBE

Montreal Witness Man is Converted—Mrs. Borrmann Wells States the Case for the Women of England.

Down go all our preconceived notions of the suffragette! For a suffragette, fresh from the battlefields in England, has just arrived in Montreal, and has set up a new standard by which to judge the woman militant.

She is young and beautiful, and it is due to the disfranchised sex that the public should know it. She is charming, she is cultured, she wears lovely clothes and pretty jewellery; she has her full share of the soft and gracious manners of her sex. And her bright eyes—well, the modest, sidelong glances of them are as much a thing of joy as a lovely chord of music.

This suffragette—a horrid name to apply to so charming a lady—is Mrs. B. Borrmann Wells, of Surbiton, London. She is one of the leaders of the women's suffrage movement in England, and she has been visiting New York and other cities in the United States, helping in the same movement there. She is going to Toronto to deliver a series of addresses on the movement. Whether she will address a meeting in Montreal has not yet been decided, but surely the ladies of Montreal will not allow her to go away without doing so. Just picture the lady as the interviewer saw her at the Windsor. A slight, girlish figure, just tucking herself away so "comfy," as the ladies call it, in the corner of an easy chair, and looking up at her visitor with a suggestion of a smile on her face, and a suspicion of a challenge in her eyes. An aureole of brown hair surmounting an oval face, a picture hat above that again, a sumptuous brown dress falling over the pretty lace effects of her costume—all this went to the making of a charming woman.

She knew, she said, when she and the interviewer got talking, that it was ridiculous to talk about the equality of the sexes. She knew that women had not got the physical strength of the man. Yet so fiery was the spirit in this gentle creature that she announced herself prepared to go to any lengths to bring about the triumph of the woman's suffrage movement in England, she declared.

"We have tried every means in our power short of actually fighting," she said, "to get the franchise, and we have failed. So what have we done? We have gone to history, and we have learned from our men what to do. You know what the Chartists did—love they burned the churches and nearly killed the Bishop of Lichfield, and all that dreadful kind of thing. Well, we are prepared to go as far as ever the Chartists went if it be necessary."

But would it be necessary? She hardly thought so, for it was her firm opinion that within twelve months, and certainly within eighteen months, the women of England would be enfranchised.

And then? Then they would become a living force in politics. The suggestion of women already exercised considerable influence in politics through men she brushed aside as foolish talk. That kind of influence was back-stair influence, she said, and it was shameful that women should have to trade on their sex in order to give force to their opinion. Would it not be much more honest, much more just, if a woman could go to the ballot box and drop her opinion in that in the same straightforward way as a man.

Say what men liked, women were just as much interested in legislation as men. Could any man in his senses say that women were not interested in the education and licensing bills which would be so far-reaching in their effects on those whom they loved? Most assuredly they were interested in them, and on these questions and all others they claimed the right of expression, their own opinion being in the equals of men, but as individuals.

That question of the equality of the sexes, why it was just as ridiculous to think of the equality of the sexes as it was to think of the equality of the sexes.

"Make what fun of you you like in the papers," added Mrs. Wells, "but I tell you what you can't do, and that is ignore us. Why are your papers filled with discussion of women's suffrage? Why is everybody talking about it? Because it is one of the things that's got to be. Think it over. And I don't ask you to take my word for it—I ask you to use your own observation—and if you do that you will see that all the best women of our country are behind this great uprising."

And the charming little lady sweetly bade her visitor good-bye.

PILES CURED IN 6 to 14 DAYS
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Piles, Hemorrhoids, Bleeding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. See.

I. C. R. MAN HURT

Alfred P. Simpson, aged thirty-one, a brakeman on the I. C. R., had his head and shoulders hurt by being caught between two cars about 1 o'clock this morning during some shunting operations. He was taken to the hospital in the ambulance.

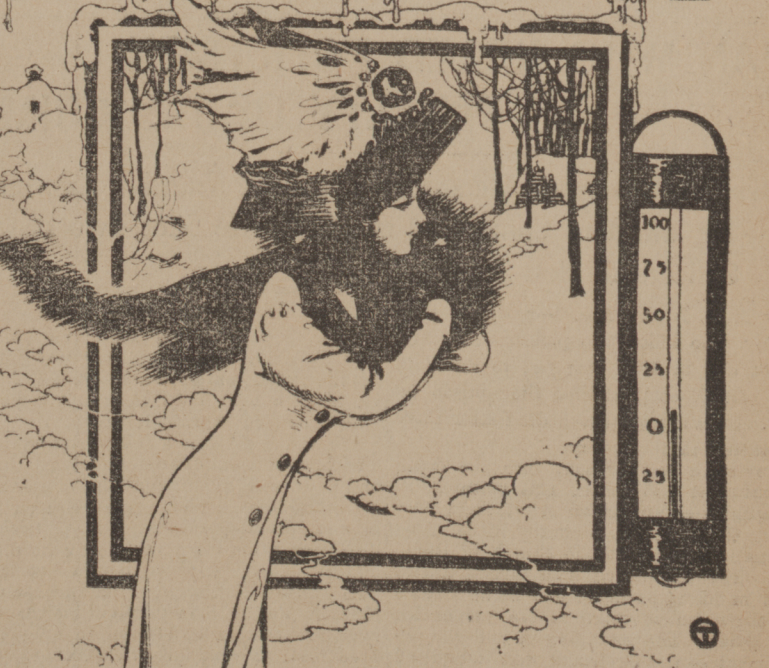
The accident occurred near the shed where the passenger cars are stored. Mr. Simpson had an ugly gash on his left temple. He was taken into the yard master's office in a semi-conscious condition.

Dr. D. F. Berryman was summoned, and ordered his removal to the hospital. At the hospital it was found that he was badly shaken up. The wound in his head required several stitches to close. There were several bruises about the shoulders, but no bones were broken, and he will be round again all right in a short time.

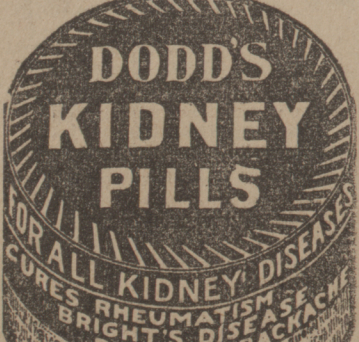
At a debate in the St. John Law School on Saturday evening on the question of treason, opinion being in the interests of the country, Homer D. Forbes was the judge, decided the affirmative side had the better of the argument.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

FEBRUARY



Find her lover. ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE. Upper left corner down in coat.



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, BRUISES, SEARACH, DIABETES, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, etc.