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The Hound of the Baskervilles

(Continued from Page 2.) reconcile ourselves to the fact that we have no case at present, and that it is worth our while to run any risk in

order to establish one." "And how do you propose to do so? "I have great hopes of what Mrs. Laura Lyons may do for us when the position of affairs is made clear to her. And I have my own plan as well. Sufficient for to-morrow is the evil thereof; but I hope before the day is past to have the upper hand at last."

I could draw nothing further from him, and he walked, lost in thought, as far as the Baskerville gates. "Are you coming up?"

"Yes; I see no reason for further concealment. But one last word, Watson. Say nothing of the hound to Sir Henry. Let him think that Selden's death was as Stapleton would have us believe. He will have a better nerve for the ordeal which he will have to undergo to-morrow, when he is engaged, if I remember your report aright, to dine with these people."

"And so am I." "Then you must excuse yourself and lets. he must go alone. That will be easily arranged. And now, if we are too late for dinner, I think that we are both ready for our suppers."

he had for some days been expecting their trimmings. It is the first quality I was much astounded by this proby Waterloo Mutual Fire Insurance that recent events would bring him of a criminal investigator that Co., of Waterloo : Federal Life As down from London. He did raise his should see through a disguise." WHADCE Co., of Hamilton; Empire eyebrows, however, when he found "But this is marvellous. It might be night before that his visit would ter-Accident and Surety Co., of Lon- that my friend had neither any lug- his portrait." don, Ont. Office-Telephone build | gage nor any explanations for its abfirst I had the unpleasant duty of evident." breaking the news to Barrymore and his wife. To him it may have been an unmitigated relief, but she wept bitterly in her apron. To all the world he was the man of violence, half animal and half demon; but to her he always remained the little wilful boy of her own girlhood, the child who had clung to her hand. Evil indeed is the man who has not one woman to mourn him.

"I've been moping in the house all day since Watson went off in the morn-Surgeons. All the latest improved ing," said the baronet. "I guess I methods adopted and prices moder- should have some credit, for I have ate. Office over Post New Building. kept my promise. If I hadn't sworn not to go about alone I might have had a more lively evening, for I had a message from Stapleton asking me over

"I have no doubt that you would have had a more lively evening," said Holmes, drily. "By the way, I don't suppose you appreciate that we have been mourning over you as having broken your neck?"

Sir Henry opened his eyes. "How

"This poor wretch was dressed in your clothes. I fear your servant who

gave them to him may get into trouble with the police." "That is unlikely. There was no Special attention will be given to mark on any of them, as far as I

"That's lucky for him-in fact, it's lucky for all of you, since you are all on the wrong side of the law in this dentures continues to be a specialty matter. I am not sure that as a conof this office. Office nearly oppo- scientious detective my first duty is not to arrest the whole household. Watson's reports are most incrimina-

ting documents." "But how about the case?" asked the baronet. "Have you made anything out of the tangle? I don't know that Watson and I are much the wiser other sales promptly attended to since we came down."

"I think that I shall be in a position to make the situation rather more clear to you before long. It has been an exceedingly difficult and most complicated business. There are several points upon which we still want lightbut it is coming all the same." "We've had one experience, as Wat-

amall percentage will be charged son has no doubt told you. We heard the hound on the moor, so I can swear that it is not all empty, superstition. I had something to do with dogs when I was out West, and I know one when I Cement & Sash Factory hear one. If you can muzzle that one and put him on a chain I'll be ready to swear you are the greatest detective of all time." "I think I will muzzle him and chain

him all right if you will give me your

"Whatever you tell me to do I will

"Very good; and I will ask you also to do it blindly, without always asking the reason."

"Just as you like." "If you will do this I think the chances are that our little problem will soon be solved. I have no doubt

He stopped suddenly and stared fixedly up over my head into the air. The amp beat upon his face, and so intent was it and so still that it might have been that of a clear-cut classical statue, a personification of alertness and expectation. "What is it?" we both cried.

I could see as he looked down that he was repressing some internal emotion. His features were still composed. but his eyes shone with amused exul-

"Excuse the admiration of a connoisseur," said he, as he waved his hand towards the line of portraits which covered the opposite wall. "Watson won't allow that I know anything of art, but that is mere jealousy, because our views upon the subject differ. Now, these are a really very fine series of portraits." "Well, I'm glad to hear you say so,"

said Sir Henry, glancing with some surprise at my friend. "I don't pretend to know much about these things, and I'd be a better judge of a horse or a steer than of a picture. I didn't know that you found time for such things." "I know what is good when I see it, and I see it now. That's a Kneller, I'll swear, that lady in the blue silk over yonder, and the stout gentleman with the wig ought to be a Reynolds. They are all family portraits, I presume?"

"Every one." "Do you know the names?" "Barrymore has been coaching me n them, and I think I can say my lessons fairly well." "Who is the gentleman with the

elescope?" "That is Rear-Admiral Baskerville, Indies. The man with the blue coat and the moor are not very pleasant and the roll of paper is Sir William Baskerville, who was Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons under Pitt."

"Ah, you have a right to know about him. That is the cause of all the mis- remember to give them that message?" chief, the wicked Hugo, who started the Hound of the Baskervilles. We're not likely to forget him."

prise upon the portrait. "Dear me!" said Holmes, "he seems quiet, meek-mannered man enough, out I daresay that there was a lurking ed, coldly. devil in his eyes. I had pictured him is a more robust and ruffianly per-

I gazed with interest and some sur-

"There's no doubt about the authenficity, for the name and the date, 1647, tre on the back of the canvas." Holmes said little more, but the pic- that you cannot come." .ure of the old roysterer seemed to

eyes were continually fixed upon it should I stay here alone?" luring supper. It was not until later, when Sir Henry had gone to his room, is thoughts. He led me back into the you to stay." panqueting-hall, his bedroom candle in nis hand, and he held it up against the ime-stained portrait on the wall. "Do you see anything there?"

he curling love-locks, the white lace collar, and the straight, severe face which was framed between them. It was prim, hard, and stern, with a to do." irm-set, thin-lipped mouth, and a coldv intolerant eye. "Is it like anyone you know?"

bout the jaw." "Just a suggestion, perhaps. But wait an instant!" He stood upon a chair, and holding up the light in his go across the moor in any direction

"Good heavens!" I cried, in amaze- way home."

The face of Stapleton had sprung out of the canvas. surprised to see Sherlock Holmes, for been trained to examine faces and not afternoon."

"Yes, it is an interesting instance of my mind, however, that he would wish ing William-st., formerly Judge sence. Between us we soon supplied a throwback, which appears to be both me to go with him, nor could I underhis wants, and then over a belated sup- physical and spiritual. A study of fam- stand how we could both be absent at per we explained to the baronet as ily portraits is enough to convert a a moment which he himself declared much of our experience as it seemed man to the doctrine of reincarnation, to be critical. There was nothing for desirable that he should know. But The fellow is a Baskerville—that is it, however, but implicit obedience; so

has supplied us with one of our most and had dispatched the trap upon its obvious missing links. We have him, return journey. A small boy was wait-Watson, we have him, and I dare ing upon the platform. swear that before to-morrow night he will be fluttering in our net as helpless as one of his own butterflies. A pin, a cork, and a card, and we add him to you will send a wire to Sir Henry Basthe Baker Street collection!" He burst kerville, in my name to say that if he

into one of his rare fits of laughter as he turned away from the picture. I have not heard him laugh often, and it

"Yes, sir." has always boded ill to somebody. I was up betimes in the morning, but Holmes was afoot earlier still, for L saw him as I dressed coming up the

"Yes, we should have a full day today," he remarked, and he rubbed his hands with the joy of action. "The nets are all in place, and the drag is about to begin. We'll know before the day is out whether we have caught our big, lean-jawed pike, or whether he has got through the meshes." "Have you been on the moor

"I have sent a report from Grimpen to Princetown as to the death of Sel- baronet in order to convince the Staden. I think I can promise that none pletons that we were really gone, of you will be troubled in the matter. while we should actually return at the And I have also communicated with instant when we were likely to be my faithful Cartwright, who would needed. That telegram from London, certainly have pined away at the door if mentioned by Sir Henry to the Staof my hut, as a dog does at his mas- pletons, must remove the last suster's grave, if I had not set his mind at rest about my safety.' "What is the next move?"

"To see Sir Henry. Ah, here he is!" Mrs. Laura Lyons was in her office, "Good morning, Holmes," said the and Sherlock Holmes opened his inbaronet. "You look like a general who terview with a frankness and directis planning a battle with his chief of ness which considerably amazed her.

was asking for orders." "And so do I." "Very good. You are engaged, as I

understand, to dine with our friends the Stapletons to-night." "I hope that you will come also. They are very hospitable people, and I am sure that they would be very glad to see you."

to London.' "To London?" "Yes, I think that we should be tween these events." more useful there at the present junc-

lengthened. "I hoped that you were going to see who served under Rodney in the West me through this business. The Hall

places when one is alone.' "My dear fellow, you must trust me implicitly and do exactly what I tell you. You can tell your friends that we "And this Cavalier opposite to me- should have been happy to have come the one with the black velvet and the with you, but that urgent business required us to be in town. We hope very soon to return to Devonshire. Will you "If you insist upon it."

"There is no alternative, I assure I saw by the baronet's clouded brow that he was deeply hurt by what he regarded as our desertion. "When do you desire to go?" he ask-

"Immediately after breakfast. We will drive in to Coombe Tracey, but Watson will leave his things as a pledge that he will come back to you. Watson, you will send a note to Stapleton to tell him that you regret "I have a good mind to go to Lon-

have a fascination for him, and his don with you," said the baronet. "Why "Because it is your post of duty. Because you gave me your word that you hat I was able to follow the trend of would do as you were told, and I tell

"All right, then, I'll stay." "One more direction! I wish you to drive to Merripit House. Send back your trap, however, and let them know I looked at the broad plumed hat, that you intend to walk home." "To walk across the moor?"

"Yes." "But that is the very thing which was not a brutal countenance, but it you have so often cautioned me not "This time you may do it with safety. If I had not every confidence in

your nerve and courage I would not "There is something of Sir Henry suggest it, but it is essential that you should do it." "Then I will do it." "And as you value your life do not

left hand he curved his right arm over save along the straight path which the broad hat and round the long ring- leads from Merripit House to the Grimpen Road, and is your natural "I will do just what you say."

"Very good. I should be glad to set away as soon after breakfast as pos-Sir Henry was more pleased than "Ha, you see it now. My eyes have sible, so as to reach London in the

Holmes had said to Stapleton on the minate next day. It had not crossed we bade good-bye to our rueful friend, "With designs upon the succession." and a couple of hours afterwards we "Exactly. This chance of the picture were at the station of Coombe Tracey

"Any orders, sir?" "You will take this train to town. Cartwright. The moment you arrive

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day? Do it now while you think

time and trouble it takes? Do you know my incubator will

finds the pocket-book which I have dropped he is to send it by registered post to Baker Street."

"And ask at the station office there is a message for me." The boy returned with a telegram, which Holmes handed to me. It ran: Wire received. Coming down with unsigned warrant. Arrive five-forty.-

"That is in answer to mine of this morning. He is the best of the professionals. I think, and we may need his assistance. Now, Watson, I think that we cannot employ our time better than by calling upon your acquaintal- ance, Mrs. Laura Lyons."

His plan of campaign was beginning to be evident. He would use the picions from their minds. Already I seemed to see our nets drawing closer round that lean-jawed pike.

"That is the exact situation. Watson ces which attended the death of the learned a good deal since the days late Sir Charles Baskerville," said he. "My friend here, Dr. Watson, has incated, and also of what you have withheld in connection with that matter."

"What have I withheld?" she asked, "You have confessed that you asked Sir Charles to be at the gate at ten "I fear that Watson and I must go o'clock. We know that that was the place and hour of his death. You have the London fog out of your throat by

"There is no connection." "In that case the coincidence must get your first visit." The baronet's face perceptibly indeed be an extraordinary one. But I think that we shall succeed in establishing a connection after all. I wish to be perfectly frank with you, Mrs. Lyons. We regard this case as one of murder, and the evidence may implicate not only your friend Mr. Staple-

ton, but his wife as well." The lady sprang from her chair.-"His wife!" she cried. "The fact is no longer a secret. The

person who has passed for his sister is really his wife." Mrs. Lyons had resumed her seat. Her hands were grasping the arms of her chair, and I saw that the pink nails had turned white with the pressure of

"His wife!" she said, again. "His wife! He is not a married man." Sherlock Holmes shrugged his shoul-

"Prove it to me! Prove it to me! And if you can do so-!" The fierce by the later announcement that the flash of her eyes said more than any amateur dramatists from the West "I have come prepared to do so,"

from his pocket. "Here is a photograph ally expected, carried off the trophy of the couple taken in York four years in music. ago. It is indorsed 'Mr. and Mrs. Vandeleur,' but you will have no difficulty peg company was written especially in recognizing him and her also, if you for the competition by Major Devine, know her by sight. Here are three who organized the company, assisted

ed up at us with the set, rigid face of odds the strongest of any presented a desperate woman.

had offered me marriage on condition that I could get a divorce from my husband. He has lied to me, the villain, the play, their whole presentation bein every conceivable way. Not one ing marked by fine dramatic techniword of truth has he ever told me. And why-why? I imagined that all was for action, and by careful attention to demy own sake. But now I see that I was tail. It was more like a professional never anything but a tool in his hands. Why should I preserve faith with him who never kept any with me? Why should I try to shield him from the consequences of his own wicked acts? Ask me what you like, and there is nothing which I shall hold back. One thing I swear to you, and that is, that when I wrote the letter I never dreamed of any harm to the old gentleman,

who had been my kindest friend." "I entirely believe you, madam," said Sherlock Holmes. "The recital of these events must be very painful to you, and perhaps it will make it easier if I tell you what occurred, and you can check me if I make any material mistake. The sending of this letter was suggested to you by Stapleton?"

"He dictated it." "I presume that the reason he gave was that you would receive help from Sir Charles for the legal expenses connected with your divorce?"

"Exactly." "And then after you had sent the letter he dissuaded you from keeping the

appointment?" "He told me that it would hurt his self-respect that any other man should find the money for such an object, and that though he was a poor man himself he would devote his last penny to removing the obstacles which divided

"He appears to be a very consistent character. And then you heard nothing until you read the reports of the death in the paper?"

"And he made you swear to say nothing about your appointment with Sir Charles?" "He did. He said that the death was

a very mysterious one, and that should certainly be suspected if the facts came out. He frightened me into remaining silent." "Quite so. But you had your suspicions?"

She hesitated and looked down. "I knew him," she said. "But if he had kept faith with me I should always have done so with him."

"I think that on the whole you have had a fortunate escape," said Sherlock Holmes. "You have had him in your power and he knew it, and yet you are alive. You have been walking for some months very near to the edge of a precipice. We must wish you good morning now, Mrs. Lyons, and it is probable that you will very shortly hear from us again."

"Our case becomes rounded off, and difficulty after difficulty thins away in front of us," said Holmes, as we stood waiting for the arrival of the express from town. "I shall soon be in the position of being able to put into a single connected narrative one of the most singular and sensational crimes of modern times. Students of criminology will remember the analogous incidents in Godno, in Little Russia, in the year '66, and of course there are the Anderson murders in North Carolina, but this case possesses some features which are entirely its own. Even now we have no clear case against this very wily man. But I shall be very much surprised if it is not clear enough before we go to bed this

The London express came roaring into the station, and a small, wiry bull dog of a man had sprung from a firstclass carriage. We all three shook hands, and I saw at once from the reverential way in which Lestrade

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"I am investigating the circumstan- gazed at my companion that he had when they had first worked together. I could well remember the scorn which formed me of what you have communi- the theories of the reasoner used then to excite in the practical man.

"Anything good? he asked. "The biggest thing for years," said Holmes. "We have two hours before we need think of starting. I think we might employ it in getting some dinner, and then, Lestrade, we will take withheld what the connection is be giving you a breath of the pure night air of Dartmoor. Never been there? Ah, well, I don't suppose you will for-

(Continued next week.)

THE EARL'S PRIZE.

Winnipeg Takes It With "The Release of Allan Danvers.'

When the Winnipeg Dramatic Club brought his Excellency's musical and dramatic competition to a splendid climax on the first Saturday night in February before a crowded and enthusiastic audience at the Russell Theatre, Ottawa, with a rarely finished and uniformly excellent presentation of their original drama, "The Release of Allan Danvers," there was a unanimity of judgment that the trophy was unquestionably theirs. This popular verdict was borne out

had been awarded the trophy by the judges, and that the Quebec Symsaid Holmes, drawing several papers phony Orchestra had, as was gener-The play presented by the Winni-

written descriptions by trustworthy by Mr. Ernest Beaufort, who played witnesses of Mr. and Mrs. Vandeleur, the title role in a manner which who at that time kept St. Oliver's pri- stamped him as an amateur who vate school. Read them, and see if you would in professional ranks reach can doubt the identity of these peo- "stardom," and by Mr. Wilson Blue, an ex-Toronto newspaper man, who She glanced at them, and then look- staged the production. It was by all during the competition, in point of "Mr. Holmes," she said, "this man dramatic intensity and compelling force. The company was admirably adapted to the large requirements of que, by smoothness and virility of performance of metropolitan rank than a production by amateurs. Miss Daisy Orawley, Mr. Beaufort, and Mr. R. S. Skuse showed themselves to possess dramatic and histrionic ability of rare excellence. At the conclusion of the play the audience

> an enthusiastic curtain call to Major Devine and the collaborateurs. The second half of the evening was taken up by a fairly adequate rendering of the military drama, "Arms and the Man," by the McGill University Dramatic Club of Montreal. Except for the meritorious performance of Mrs. Stephen Leacock, the company was hardly in the same class with

cheered again and again, and gave

their Winnipeg competitors. In so far as the dramatic part of the competition was concerned the entries were all of a very creditable degree of excellence and most of them would not need to fear comparison with many of the professional touring companies. With the exception of the Quebec Symphony concert the musical events were considerably below the level expected of a national competition. In view of the general success of the week's performances, it was announced by his Excellency that the trophies would be again competed for from time to time in the future. A written decision covering the contest by points will be handed out by the judges.

A SAD STORY.

17-Year Courtship and Journey Across the Sea Ended by Death. A singularly sad story was that un-ided by the inquest held by Dr. C. Hart on the body of Mrs. Wil-

liam Jones, who died recently at Victoria, B. C., after a few hours' illness. Mrs. Jones was formerly Miss Florence Stringer of Staffordshire, England, and 17 years ago Mr. Jones and she were companions as boy and girl Some years ago Mr. Jones went to Victoria and entered into business as an auctioneer, and during the past four years had corresponded faithfully with his old-time sweetheart with a view to matrimony. At last Miss Stringer arrived, and Rev. Mr. Ard made her the wife of her childhood companion. Twenty-five hours later she was dead, having succumbed to sudden hemorrhage of the brain. These are but a few incidents in this sad ending romance, which seems to have been replete with misfortunes almost from the time Miss Stringer left England. In crossing the continent she lost her purse containing her ticket, baggage, checks, money, and other belongings, and for a week was placed in the Home of the Friendless in St. Paul. It was while in the waiting-room of the big railway depot in that city that the bag disappeared.

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bough Signature of Charge Thickers

connect with the Great Northern train coming west and an hour of this time had elapsed when the loss was discovered. Miss Stringer then fell into the hands of the matron, by whom she was removed to the institution. In the meanwhile a telegram had been sent on to Mr. Jones, but the latter having gone to Seattle to meet his flancee, was there patiently awaiting her coming while the telegram was lying uncalled for in Victoria. Mr. Jones remained in Seattle five days, and then returning home found the message with its distracting note. Then the wires were again put in motion, and it was not for two days that his bride-to-be could be located. She had telegraphed to her brothers in Philadelphia, whom she had visited before undertaking the overland journey, but by the same singular misfortune which pursued her during the trip they could not be reached. All these troubles weighed heavily

on the young woman, who was totald ly ignorant of the conditions of trave on this continent, and it is believed greatly affected her health. To add to her miseries on arrival her baggage had not arrived, and so far has not been traced, although the Great Northern Railway Co. is doing all in its power to locate this, as also the handbag stolen at the station in St.

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Grand Trunk Railway Time Table

	TEXTED & BELLOW
60	From Toronto 5.00 a.m.
19	From Peterbord 8.00 a.m.
132	From Haliburton 8.55 a.m.
21	From Port Hope 9.10 a.m.
30	From Coboconk10.10 a.m.
22	From Toronto10.50 a.m
35	From Port Hope 2.05 p.m
42	From I. B. & O. Jet 5.45 p.m.
23	- A 00 m m
54	
24	From Toronto 8.05 p.m
56	0 45 0 00
10	From Toronto 9.20 p.m.
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1	DEPARTURES
	6 00 0 00
34	For Toronto 6.80 a.m
51	For Toronto
10	For Belleville 7.20 a.ia.
21	For Toronto 9.15 a.m.
22	For Port Hope
43	For I. B. & O. Jet11.00 a.m.
	For Whithy

ARRIVALS

55 For Whitby......11.05 a. 88 For Haliburton 2.40 p.m. 28 For Toronto 6.23 p.m. 31 For Coboconk 6.30 p.m. 18 For Peterboro 9.28 a.m. 19 For Toronto 8.05 a.m

61 For Fencion Falls 8.15 p.m.

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