

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1905.

MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENGINEER'S THUMB

(Continued.) "But I am somewhat headstrong by nature, and the more ready to engage in an affair when there is some obstacle in the way. I thought of my fifty-guinea fee, of my wearisome journey, and of the unpleasant night which seemed to be before me. Was it all to go for nothing? Why should I sink away without having carried out my commission and without the payment which was my due? This woman might, for all I knew, be a monomaniac. With a stout bearing, therefore, though her manner had shaken me more than I cared to confess, I still shook my head, and declared my intention of remaining where I was. She was about to renew her entreaties when a door slammed overhead, and the sound of several footsteps were heard upon the stairs. She listened for an instant, threw up her hands with a despairing gesture, and vanished as suddenly and as noiselessly as she had come. "The new-comer was Col. Lyssander Stark, a short, thick man with a chin-chin beard growing out of the creases of his forehead. "By the way, I was Mr. Ferguson. " "This is my secretary and manager," said the Colonel. "By the way, I was under the impression that I left this door shut just now. I fear that you have felt the draught. " "On the contrary," said I, "I opened the door myself, because I felt the room to be a little close. " "He shot one of his suspicious looks at me. "Perhaps we had better proceed to business, then," said he. "Mr. Ferguson and I will take you to see the machine. " "I had better put my hat on, I suppose. " "Oh, no, it is in the house. " "What, you dig fuller's earth in the house? " "No, no. This is only where we compress it. But never mind that. All we wish you to do is to examine the machine and to let us know what is wrong with it. " "We went upstairs together, the Colonel first with the lamp, the fat manager and I behind him. It was a labyrinth of an old house, with corridors, passages, narrow winding staircases and little low doors, the thresholds of which were hollowed out by the generations who had crossed them. There were no carpets and no signs of any furniture above the ground floor, while the plaster was peeling off the walls and the damp was breaking through in green unhealthy blotches. I tried to put on as unconcerned an air as possible, but I had not forgotten the warnings of the

I regretted the richness of my speech. His face was hard and a baleful light sprang up in his grey eyes. "Very well," said he, "you shall know all about the machine." He took a step backward, slammed the little door and turned the key in the lock. I rushed to ward it and pulled at the handle, but it was quite secure and did not give in the



"A woman bent over me—a candle in her right hand."

least to my heels and above. "Hello!" I yelled. "Hello! Colonel! Let me out!" "And then suddenly in the silence I heard a sound which sent my heart into my mouth. It was the clank of the levers and the whirr of the engine. The lamp still stood upon the floor where I

weight would come upon my spine, and I shuddered to think of that dreadful snap. Easier the other way, perhaps, and yet, had I the nerve to lie and look up at that deadly black shadow waving down upon me? Already I was unable to stand erect, when my eye caught something which brought a gasp of hope back to my heart. "I have said that though the floor and ceiling were of iron, the walls were of wood. As I gave a last hurried glance around I saw a thin line of yellow light between two of the boards, which broadened and broadened as a small panel was pushed backward. For an instant I could hardly believe that here was indeed a door which led away from death. The next instant I threw myself through, and lay half-fainting upon the other side. The panel had closed again behind me, but the crash of the lamp, and a few moments afterward the clang of two slabs of metal, told me how narrow had been my escape. "I was recalled to myself by a frantic plucking at my wrist, and I found myself lying upon the stone floor of a narrow corridor, while a woman bent over me and tugged at me with her left hand, while she held a candle in her right. It was the same good friend whose warning I had so foolishly rejected. " "Come!" she cried, breathlessly. "They will be here in a moment. They will see that you are not there. Oh, do not waste the so precious time, but come!" "This time, at least, I did not scorn her advice. I staggered to my feet and ran with her along the corridor and a winding stair, and just as we reached the broad passage, and just as we were about to enter the door which led to another room, we heard the sound of running feet and the shouting of two voices, one answering the other, from the floor on which we were and from the one beneath. My guide stopped and looked about her like one who is at her wit's end. Then she threw open a door which led into a bedroom, through the window of which the moon was shining brightly. "It is your only chance," she said. "It is high, but it may be that you can jump it!" "As she spoke a light sprang into view as the inner end of the passage, and I saw the lean figure of Col. Lyssander Stark rushing forward with a lantern in one hand and a weapon like a butcher's cleaver in the other. I rushed across the bedroom, hung upon the window, and looked out. How quiet and sweet and wholesome the garden looked in the moonlight, and it could not be more than thirty feet down. I clambered out upon the sill, but I hesitated to jump until I should have heard what passed between my saviour and the ruffian who pursued me. If she were killed, then at any risk I was determined to go back to her assistance. The thought had hardly flashed through my mind before he was at the door, pushing his way past her; but she threw her arms round him and tried to hold him back. " (To be continued.)

had placed it when examining the trough. By its light I saw that the black ceiling was coming down upon me, slowly, jerkily, but, as none knew better than myself, with a force which must within a minute grind me to a shapeless pulp. I threw myself, screaming against the door, and dragged with my nails at the lock. I implored the Colonel to let me out, but

HE KNEW HIS CONDITION Mrs. Bose—If I thought I'd ever get to be as healthy as you, I'd shoot myself. Mr. Bose—My dear, if you'd—was as drunk—so—am—I am—you couldn't shoot straight enough to hit yourself.

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OVER THE BAY Budget of News From the Lively Towns of the Annapolis Valley.

KINGS COUNTY, N.S., Aug. 28.—The concert given in the Opera House, Kentville, on Friday evening last, was greatly enjoyed by the music lovers of Kings county. Avon Saxon of Berwick was the principal attraction of the evening, but he was ably assisted by Mrs. Perry Woodworth, as pianist, and Mr. Basilio, cellist. Mrs. Mitchell of Wolfville gave two readings during the evening, and a solo by Mr. Morash, who has lately assumed charge of the Episcopal choir, completed the programme, all parts of which were well received. Mrs. Dorothy Williams of Moncton is a guest of her sister, Mrs. Burns, Kentville. Mrs. Terry, Kentville, left on Friday last to visit her daughter in Shubenacadie. Mr. and Mrs. Burgess McKittack left on Saturday for their home in Lunenburg, where Mr. McKittack resumes, on Monday, his duties as principal of Lunenburg Academy. Miss Millicent Chase returned on Friday from a delightful two months' visit to St. John. Capt. David Williams, of the S.S. Lennox, between New York and Havana is the guest of his father, Rev. John Williams, Gaspereau. Miss Alice Huntington of Wolfville left last week for New York to embark for Germany, where she expects to remain a year studying at the conservatory of music, Leipzig. She was accompanied by Miss Bertha Brown of Halifax. Prof. Frank Higgins and wife of Terre Haute, Indiana, are spending some time in Nova Scotia. At present they are guests of Rev. H. Higgins at Goldboro, Antigonish, but they are expected shortly to arrive at Wolfville, to remain for some weeks. Mrs. Celia McLatchey of New York is the guest of her brother, Edward McLatchey, Grand Pre. The pulpit of the Baptist church, Wolfville, was occupied on Sunday evening last by Dr. Kierstead, who is expected to leave shortly for his home in Toronto. A large audience was present and listened to a splendid discourse. Many expressions of sorrow were heard that Dr. Kierstead was leaving Wolfville. Rev. Alfred Faulkner of Drew Theological College, occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church, Wolfville, on Sunday. Mr. Faulkner was a former resident of Grand Pre, and his many friends were delighted to hear him again. Rev. Dr. Lowden of Providence (R. I.), who with his wife and two children have been spending the summer in Upper Grand, leaves on Thursday for his home. Dr. Lowden occupied the pulpit of the Kentville Baptist church on Sunday evening last.

A BATTENBERG STORY (Montreal Star.)

A little woman whose pretty voice left no doubt of its owner having been under Bow bells, stopped up to the Prince with the few ladies who paid their personal respects, and His Serene Highness took her outstretched hand. Then she coyly laid her hand upon the end of his coat and looking up said— "Prince, I come hundreds of miles to see you!" "That was very good of you," quickly came the polite reply, and the Prince added: "And I come thousands of miles to see you."

DUBLIN AT A DISCOUNT (The Tablet.)

A squad of raw recruits were being drilled by an irritable drill sergeant. The command, "Double!" was given, and all the men obeyed with the exception of one, who remained standing still and gazing vacantly around. "Why, man, you don't seem to know anything about 'double,'" roared the irate sergeant. A gleam of comprehension passed over the face of the recruit as he replied, "No, sorr, I'm a Cork man."

PORT OF PARRSBORO Its Shipping Is Important—This Year's Lumber Exports.

(Parrsboro Leader.) A glance at the blue book shows that last year 131 vessels, aggregating 30,651 tons, were registered at this port as sailing from the Town of Parrsboro. These 131 vessels are estimated to be worth \$750,000. To this list during the last year have been added the schooner Sakata, 33d tons, and the schooner G. M. Cochran, 229 tons, and there is now building at Port Georgeville by George T. Bentley another beautiful schooner of 430 tons to be added to the list. While other ports may have a greater aggregate tonnage, Parrsboro boasts of more first class three masted schooners than any other port in Canada, and has the only four-masted, H. J. Logan, owned in the maritime provinces. During the year about 1,300 vessels enter and clear. To support such a fleet as this, one scarcely realizes the number, extent and value of the cargoes required, and if we were dependent on local mercantile trade other than our heavy exports such a thing would be impossible. Parrsboro, however, will export this year about 20,000,000 ft. of deals, valued at \$30,000; 100,000 sticks of piling, valued at \$10,000; 5,000,000 ft. of boards, scantling, etc., valued at half a million of dollars.

KINGS-COUNTY TEACHERS

The programme of the Kings County Teachers' Institute twentieth session, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 7 and 8, in the assembly hall, Macdonald school, Kingston, is as follows: Thursday, 10 a. m.—Enrollment. 11-12 a. m.—Addresses by President Hamilton, Inspector Sessels, and others. 1 p. m.—Paper, School Gardens, by Armina Williams. 2 p. m.—Inspection of Kingston school garden, and address by Principal Hamilton. 3-4 p. m.—Nature study excursion, led by Dr. John Brittain and others. 8 p. m.—Public meeting in assembly hall of Macdonald school. Addresses by prominent citizens. Friday, 8:30 a. m.—Opening exercises of school. 10-12 a. m.—Macdonald school in session. Lessons and exercises in the ordinary school in the special department. Director, H. B. Kitter will assist in the manual training work. 1 p. m.—Election of officers and other business. 2 p. m.—Papers by P. R. McLean, B. A., Harry Prebble and others. 3 p. m.—Adjournment. The programme is subject to change. It is expected that Sir Wm. Macdonald and Prof. Hamilton will visit Kingston at that time, and will probably address the public meeting if they arrive in time. Teachers who purpose attending the Institute are attending at the secretary at Kingston, G. M. Kelly. On Thursday morning, Sept. 7, a special train will leave for Kingston. Concessions will wait for the excess train. FARMERS, MECHANICS, SPORTSMEN To heal and soften the skin and remove grease, oil, and rust stains, paint and dirt, etc., use the "Master Mechanic" Bar Soap. Albert Toilet Soap Co., Miramichi.

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