THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN. N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1911

The ADVENTURES MR PETER RUFF PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR "ILL BLOWS THE WIND THAT PROFITS NOBODY."

(Copyright, 1911, by the Associated Liter | door and turned the handle. The door was fast. He shook it-gently at first, ary Press).

The luncheon table around which the and then violently. Suddenly he realized four men were seated presented all the un- that it was locked. He turned sharply lovely signe of a meal where conviviality around.

has passed the bounds of license. A mag-num of champagne, empty, another half break the door down!"

num of champagne, empty, another half full, stood in the middle of the table; whiskey, brandy, liquors of various sorts were all represented; glasses—some full, some empty, some filled with digar ash and cigarette stumps—an ugly sight! The guest in chief arose. Short, thick, set, red-faced, with bulbous eyes, he seem-ed, indeed, a very fitting person to have been the recipient of such hospitality. He stood clutching a hittle at the tabledeloth and swaying upon his feet. It was obvi

stood clutching a little at the tablecloth and swaying upon his feet. It was obvi-ous that he was a person of entirely differ-ent class from his three companions. "Gentlemen," he said, "I must-be off. I thank you very much for this-hospital-ity. Honored, I'm sure, to have sat down in such-such company. Good afternoon, all!" "I're done it!" he muttered, hoarsely.

He lurched a little toward the door, but "One blow! Thank Heaven, he didn't need his neighbor at the table—who was also his host—caught hold of his coattail and ding! Ugh!" pulled him back into his chair.

minister eaglet hold of his coattail and ding! Ugh!" pulled him back into his chair. "No hurry, Masters," he said. "One more liquor, eh? It's a raw afternoon." "N-not another drop, Sir Richard. "I must be off. Must be off," he repeated, making another effort to rise. His host held him by the arm. The man resented it. He turned away. His trembling fingers went out for the brandy decanter. "It's nervous work, this, you fellows," "It's hellis!". Dickinson answered. "It's close!" Dyson looked at him sharply. Dyson looked at him sharply. "Look here," he exclaimed. "I hold yo

man resented it.

an resented it. "D-n it all! I'm not a prisoner, am both to our bargain! I was to be the the exclaimed angrily. "Tell you I've one he attacked and who struck the blow got-appointment-club.

got-appointment-club." That's all right, Masters," the man whom he had addressed as Sir Richard declared soothingly. "We want just a word with you on business first, before you go-Colonel Dickinson, Lord Merries and myself."

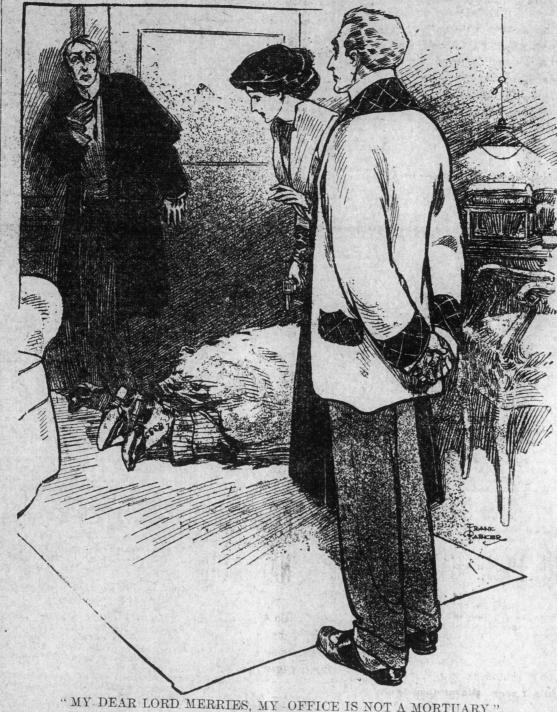
you go-Colonel Dickinson, Lord Merries and myself." "You must get his betting book from Masters relapsed sullenly into his chair. So they wanted to talk businese! Perhaps it was for that reason that they had bid-den him sit at their table-had entertained him so well! The very thought cleared his brain. 'I' the very thought cleared has only to keep your nerve, and the thing is done. No one will see him inside the car, in that motoring coat and glasses. You can drive somewhere out into the country and leave him.'' "Leave him.'' Merries repeated, trembl-ing. "Leave him.-yee."

than anything a rattrap. He had the air of a man who was a careful liver. One would have judged him to be what he was -a man of fashion and a patron of the turf. "Masters," he said, "we want to speak to youn nainly. We three have had a try

Masters, he said, "we want to speak "Come!" to you plainly. We three have had a try, as you know—Merries, Dickinson and my-self—to make the coup of our lives. We failed, and we're up against it hard."

Masters was sitting tight, looking fixedly t his host. "Take my own case first," the latter con-and down the street. When he gave the

tinued. "I am Sir Richard Dyson, ninth baronet, with estates in Wiltshire and



clared. "Now, perhaps, you will ex- little irritably-"but I have not a great my house that day, and that he remained

there until late in the afternoon." "Certainly not," Sir Richard answered. r Masters." arted at his questioner. chair, Sir Richard, "Peter Ruft, "which you admit that the disappearance of Job Masters has caused you, what is its tangible side?"

"Your book's here in my cabine Dory, of Scotland Yard came forward towards the table. Richard Dyson," he said, grave have you been to, man?" ly, "I have come upon an unpleasant We want some money from you Myopia

"Go on," Sir Richard said, fingering something hard in the inside pocket of ed. 'I'll pay all right, sir," Masters and ed. "Fact is, after our luncheon par afraid I got a bit fuddled. I don't so "I have a warrant for you arrest," member much." He sat down

Thave a warrant for you arrest, Dory continued, "in connection with the disarpearance of Job Masters on Satur-day, the 10th of November last. This gentleman, I believe, is Colonel Dickin-Us toth came together with an The detective's face had been a

lis teeth came together with an "That is my name, sir." Dickinson ans- click. He had made a mistake! wered, with unexpected fortitude. thing which would be remembered a

"I regret to say," the detective con-tinned, "that I have also a warrant for "Your visit, Masters," Sir Richard s our arrest in connection with the same with a curious smile at the corners

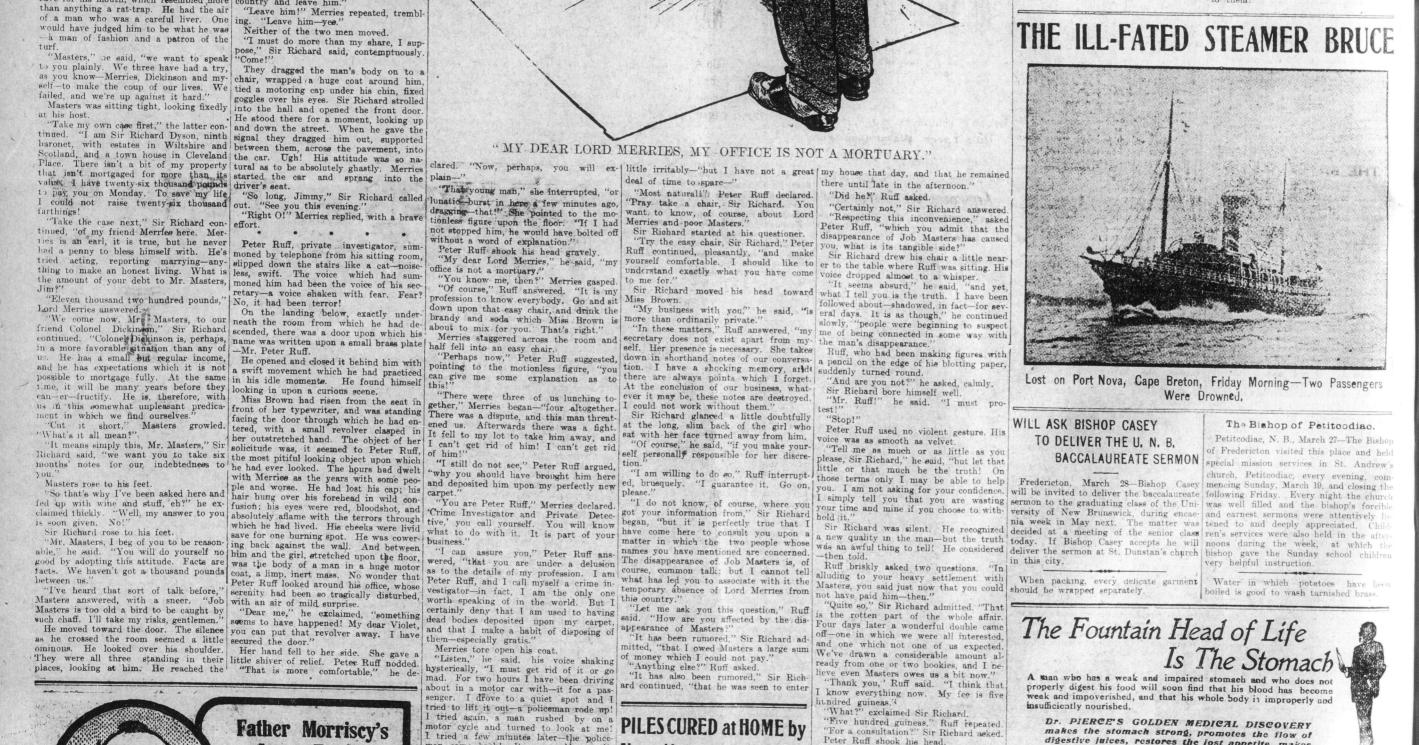
matter. lips, "is, in some respects, a little op Sir Richard had hold of the butt end of his revolver then. Like grizzly phan-toms, the thoughts chased one another through his brain. Should he shoot and end it—escape disgrace, but die like a rat in a corner? His finger was upon the trig-ger. Then suddenly his heart gave a great leap. He ruised his head as though lis-tening. Something flashed in his eyes-something that was almost like hope. There was no mistaking that voice which he had heard in the hall! Then the door opened and Peter Ruff walked in, followed by Job Masters, whose head was still bandaged, and who seemed Sir Richard had hold of the butt end tune. About that little matter we

walked in, followed by Job Masters, whose head was still bandaged, and who seemed to have lost a little flesh and a lot of to have lost a little flesh and apologeti-"I wonder-have we ever met bei The detective stood quite still, and then

head was sub balmaged, and who seeked to have lost a little flesh and a lot of "I wonder—have we ever met before" cally. He seemed surprised not to find Sir Richard Dyson and Colonel Dickinson the other's face. Peter Ruff smiled under the other's face aristocratic menudony the alone. He seemed more than ever sur-prised to recognize John Dory. "I trust," he said smoothly, "that our visit is not inopportune. Sir Richard Dreop I beligned" here are no tw Dyson, I believe?" he continued, how-ing-"my friend, Mr. Masters here, has er the slightest likeness to one and consulted me as to the loss of a betting "Not professionally, at any rate," book, and we ventured to call to ask you, answered. "I know that at Scotland Y sir, if by any chance on his recent visit you don't think much of us small fr to your house-

we find out things sometimes "God in Heaven, it's Masters!" Dyson John Dory went out, followed "That's me, sir," Masters!" — "That's me, sir," Masters admitted. "Mr. Ruff thought you might be able to help me find that book." "Peter Ruff," he said, "you're a cleve

"Peter Ruff;" he said, "you're a clea Sir Richard swayed upon his feet. Then scoundrel, but you've earned your the blood rushed once more through his hundred guineas. Hang it, you're welcon veins.



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ng goods

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travelers'

had a penny to bless himself with. He's tried acting, reporting marrying—any thing to make an honest living. What is Jim?" Peter Ruff, private investigator, sum-moned by telephone from his sitting room, elipped down the stairs like a cat—noise-less, swift. The voice which had sum-moned him had been the voice of his sec-terary—a voice sheleen with fear Ecos

not stopped nim, ne would have bolted ou without a word of explanation."" Peter Ruff shook his head gravely. "My dear Lord Merries," he said, "my office is not a mortuary." "You know me, then?" Merries gasped. "Of course," Ruff answered. "It is my profession to know everybody. Go and sit down upon that easy chair, and drink the

yourself at home by the new absorption

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This elegant watel

"Five hundred guineas," Ruff repeated. "For a consultation?" Sir Richard asked. Peter Ruff shook his head.

tried to lift it out-a policeman rode wp! I tried again, a man rushed by on a motor cycle and turned to look at me! I tried a few minutes later-the police-man came back! It was always the same. The night seemed to have eyes. I was watched everywhere. The-the face began to mock me. I'll swear that I heard it chuckle once!" "More than that," he said. "You are a brave man in your way, Sir Richard Dyson, but you are going about now shivblind or protuding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure that little black devil in my waste basket. You are under my protection. Nothing will happen to you.

"I have my own methods," he said can help only those who trust me." Sir Richard drew a check book from-his pocket. "I don't know why I should believe in you," he said, as he wrote the check.

It was not so easy to impart a similar confidence into the breast of his friend. Colonel Dickinson, with whom he dined that night tete-etete. Dickinson was inrilly colored and emboss-d post cards at 6 for 10c. "Prese are the very latest designs in Views, Floral, Holiday, Comics, &c. The swiftest sellers. Just show them and take in the money, Send your hame and address, plainly written, and we will

clined to think that Sir Richard had been tricked. "You've paid a ridiculous fee," he ar-

gued, "and all that you have in return is the fellow's promise to see you through. It isn't like you to part with noney so easily, Richard. Did he hypno-

Just then three men entered the room

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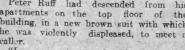
Peter Ruff moved a little further away. 'I don't think I'll have anything to do with it," he declared. "It'll be all right with you," Merrics declared, eagerly. "It's my nerves, that's all. You see, I was there—when the ac-

> saved up in case I had to bolt. I'll keep seventy-three hundred for you-to dispose of it!"

Derby Merries shuddered. "May I go?" he pleaded. "There's the three hundred on the table. For God's sake, let me go!" Peter Ruff nodded. He turned the lock and Merries rushed out of the room. Ruff looked across the room towards his secretary.

* * * * * *

apartments on the top floor of the building, in a new brown suit with which



caller. "I am sorry to intrude-Mr. Ruff. I believe it is?" Sir Richard Dyson said a

a piece of rag or a dab of putty. Though you succeed in stopping the leak for a little while, you never know when it may break out again, for the hole is still there. Soordinary "cough cures"

relieve, temporarily, the irritation in throat or lungs which makes you cough, but that is all. They do not cure the cough.

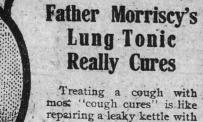
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cident happened. See here," he added, tearing a pocketbook from his coat, "I have three hundred and seventy pounds

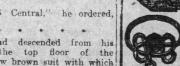
Ruff leaned over the motionless body,

oked into its face, and nodded. "Masters, the bookmaker," he remark-"H'm! I did hear that he had a lot

money coming to him over

"Ring up 1535 Central," he ordered,

Peter Ruff had descended from his



plainly written, and we will forward you a package of cards and our big premium list. Dou't delay, for we give this extra present for prompt-P. COBALT GOLD PEN CO., Dept. 219 Toronto, On

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treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with "Nothing will happen!" he repeated, in references from your own locality if credulously. references from your own locally "Certainly not," Ruft declared. I guar-requested Immediate relief and per-manent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 70, "It's all I want, certainly," Sir Rich-ard declared, "but I must understand a little how you propose to secure my Ruff shook his head.