

The RETURN of SERIOUSLY ILL THE LADY BRACKENSTALL By A. CONAN DOYLE Illustrated by F. D. STEELE

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ABBEY GRANGE

It was on a bitterly cold and frosty morning, towards the end of the winter of '97, that I was awakened by a tugging at my shoulder. It was Holmes...

Holmes. And you too, Dr. Watson, but indeed, if I had my time over again, I should not have troubled you, for since the lady has come to herself, she has given so clear an account of the affair that there is not much left for us to do.

Abbey Grange, Marsham, Kent, 3.30 a.m. My Dear Mr. Holmes—I should be very glad of your immediate assistance in what promises to be a most remarkable case...

Holmes called me in seven times, and on each occasion his summons has been entirely justified, said Holmes. I fancy that every one of his cases has found its way into your collection, and I must admit, Watson, that you have some power of selection, which atones for the scientific exercise he has ruined what might have been an instructive and even classical series of demonstrations.



The Lady Lay Back Exhausted Upon a Couch, Enveloped in a Loose Dressing Gown of Blue and Silver.

"Hopkins has called me in seven times, and on each occasion his summons has been entirely justified, said Holmes. I fancy that every one of his cases has found its way into your collection, and I must admit, Watson, that you have some power of selection, which atones for the scientific exercise he has ruined what might have been an instructive and even classical series of demonstrations.

Kent-Lady Brackenstall is in the morning room. Poor lady, she has had a most dreadful experience. She seemed half dead when I saw her first. I think you had best see her, and hear her account of the facts. Then we will examine the dining-room together.

MUST RUSH WORK NOW Engineer Barbour Submits Report to the Water Board If Water Extension is to be Finished This Season Additions Must be Made to Plant and Staff.

Engineer Barbour, in his report submitted to the water and sewerage board yesterday, recommends a vigorous course of action which will ensure the completion of the water extension work this season.

and McArthur & McVey, with the request that their replies should be submitted to the board in writing and that they should be asked to attend at a meeting of the board to be held next Wednesday, when Mr. Barbour would be present.

Ald. Spraul moved the work be taken off the contractor's hands. Ald. Baxter moved an amendment that the matter be left to the chairman to make the best arrangement.

Relieves Itching Heals the Skin And Does These Two Things Better Than Any Other Preparation—Such is Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The difficulty of stopping the dreadful itching, burning sensations, and of healing the raw and irritated skin, is what has made eczema, salt rheum and running sores seem impossible to cure. But there is a cure for everyone who will persist in the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

After further discussion it was decided that the report should be read, but that the press should not publish the contents. The common clerk then read the report. It may be said that while certain portions are of a controversial nature involving differences of opinion between Mr. Barbour and the contractor, the engineer is hopeful that the work can be finished this season if considerable additions are made to the plant and number of men employed.

It was decided that copies of the report should be forwarded to B. Mooney & Sons carried.

LOVE'S DREAM IS SHATTERED Cupid Severely Up Against it in St. John Romantic Elopement Nipped in the Bud—Bride-to-be Goes Back to Papa and Her Lover Goes to Boston.

A girl, whose blue eyes were moist, and a lithe, dark, young man, kissed and parted in the railway station yesterday afternoon.

He boarded the Boston express and she, in the escort of a police officer, walked slowly away. "We'll marry yet," she observed, brokenly, "Douglas will come back for he told me so."

An elopement was nipped ere it had scarce blossomed. The girl was at the Grand Union Hotel last night, and this morning she will be accompanied back to her home. Her name, she said, was Pearl Jackson and that of her betrothed Douglas Harkins. He lived in Amherst and she in Tidnish, about sixteen miles distant, where her father is a prosperous lumber dealer.

"My parents," she explained, "want me to marry another man, but I won't. It's no use trying to make me. Papa says he has more money than Douglas, and is in a better social position, but I'll never marry him."

Yesterday afternoon I. C. R. Police-man Collins received a telegram from one of the railway officials at Amherst, requesting that he should stop the train due to pass through St. John by the express from Halifax. A full description was given and the officer, in company with Detective Killen, had little difficulty in apprehending them. The message briefly explained that the girl was young and fleeing with her fiance against her parents' wishes. It was the intention of the couple to go through to the west, where the uncle of the bride-elect, and west. The express had not been in more than a few minutes before the officers knew the expected had arrived. She was young, fresh and coy. A trim blue cap sat jauntily on a neatly arranged head of thick brown hair. Her collar was of lace and she wore a tasteful gold brooch. The back of her quiet gray cloak was flecked with mud. Her skirt was dark green.

They carried no baggage and were hurrying to the telegraph office to telegraph Boston relative, when intercepted. They showed no disposition to question the officer's authority, and admitted they were running away. Her face flushed and she cried as she talked. The disaster seemed to have partly numbed him. They were shown into the dispatcher's office. Her father which the officers debated as to the best manner in which to deal with the case. He was a man of some means, and as to his companion, who had admitted she was under eighteen, about the same age as the girl, he was a stranger. Both suddenly emerged from the office and approaching the police, Miss Jackson made an inquiry regarding the Boston train. Subsequently they were shown to the station restaurant, but they had barely taken seats before they hurried again into the station hall.



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is all in favor of the Dip Hip. This corset gives to any figure the long waist and slender hips about which are built all the latest modes in ladies' gowns. The D. & A. Dip Hip, No. 370 is modeled on the latest Parisian lines and is a work of art. You will find it in the maximum of style, comfort and wear. The price is \$1.25.

We will sell Hair Brushes in lots of Twenty-five Dollars and Upwards at Twenty Per Cent. off Regular Prices. Call and see the display in our showroom, comprising a large variety of excellent values. As soon as the line is sufficiently reduced this special sale will cease.

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