

mon.

be possible to send the general himself, murderous threat. have snut Joseph in and shall keep him here to advise me. xt train if possible; very playful among close a little present compensate you for your office for a few

aff will be able to pressing business. ate aunt, Matilda Grimwade.

ls, I decided, would me for a short ab- professional duties, sitting in a small, dominoes with my g young scoundrel, wasted my station- six and sixpence per

ariably describes me "rising young law- considerably, it is to the fifth floor ings; but if I rise only be to pitch a

wrote a note to the led to, and took a ol Street Station. f the Great Eastern tion fly landed me on after midday.

y my aunt in the could not help no- tables, and in par- innet, wore a some- An old Severs irth had disappeared

has fallen on me Aunt Matilda, our "Joseph has dis- know how thank- u with me." iguous, was meant

Charles," my aunt tones, "to help me

me to do my best, elared. "Above all, ne bright side. In are accustomed to difficult and unex- tective work has ite study of mine, most all the detec- e ever been pub- centy of time for "What I should is a statement of ince you wrote to

a few words," said ons that are ob- zed strayed to the was inadvisable to room all night. im to be shut up ding to keep him alive today. But to me down to break- melia informed me out of the front came down. She n barking in the wards. From that s been no sign of

is statement with rom my extensive literature, I knew to happen. The y kidnapped the a niece whose ac- t once make. I th her; she would to disgorge Jo- marry the chauffeur, picquet with my al alliance of my- st be within the

o ask you one or Matilda," I said, in "This case pre- and interesting

features. Had Joseph ever bitten any- one before the chauffeur?"

"Only the postman," said my aunt with some embarrassment, "and he has had half a crown every time it has happened."

"Um," said I, reflectively, making an entry. "Has he ever before, been miss- ing for many hours together?"

"Never," was the emphatic reply. "He always comes in to meals. He has missed three today, a thing he would never have done of his own accord."

"Now, just a question or two about the general's household. Has he a niece living or staying with him?"

"Oh, no. He keeps two maids, a chauffeur, and a gardener, and I believe the chauffeur acts as his valet as well."

"No niece!" I exclaimed, anxiously. "A daughter, possibly? or even a second cousin?"

Aunt Matilda shook her head. "This is quite extraordinary," I ob- served. "However, with your permis- sion, aunt, I will now have a few words with Amelia."

I composed my features to a judicial sternness, and when the shrinking form of the housemaid appeared, I motioned her to a chair.

"Now, Amelia," I began, "I want to get at the facts concerning the disap- pearance of Joseph this morning. First, what time did he go?"

"A quarter past seven," gasped Amelia, who was neatly balanced on the extreme edge of the chair nearest the door.

"And at what time did you hear him barking over at The Welkin?"

"It must have been nearly eight."

"Where were you when you heard him?"

"In the garden."

"Whereabouts in the garden?"

"I was standing," said Amelia, rather defiantly, "by the front gate looking out for the milk."

"Exactly. And while you were look- ing out for the milk, did you happen to see anyone else?"

"I see the postman," said Amelia, re- flectively. "Oh, yes. And I see the general's chuffer, Mr. Nicholls."

"Perhaps you spoke to Mr. Nicholls," I suggested.

"I might 'ave," said Amelia, defiantly. "And what did Mr. Nicholls do when he heard Joseph barking in the general's garden?"

"Well, sir, he said: 'O 'elp!' and ran off 'ome sudden like. I aint seen him since."

"I see. Well, just one more ques- tion, Amelia, and that will do. What is Mr. Nicholls's Christian name?"

"His name is 'Orace," said Amelia, colouring, "which I don't see as it ef- fects the case, him having been in the Army and a perfect gentleman."

"No, Amelia," I said sadly, "of course you don't. But it is by attention to small details like this that all really great detectives have succeeded. How- ever, Amelia, you will hardly appre- ciate the deep workings of the crimin- ologist's mind, and so I must not detain you."

"I have formed a theory. Aunt Matilda," I said, when that lady returned. "And it is being rapidly confirmed. For a short time we must wait for develop- ments—er—to—er develop. In the meantime, I may tell you that I believe Joseph is in the hands of a man who has a grudge against him. He weighs less than twenty stone, has been in the Army, and his Christian name is Hor- ace."

"Why," exclaimed my aunt in bewil- derment, "you must mean the general's chauffeur. I remember Amelia told cook

I raised a majestic hand.

"You must not ask me for any furth- er details at present," I said. "We have to deal with a conspiracy of a particu- larly infamous kind. If, as you sur- mise, it is General Sholto and his chaf- feur who have kidnapped Joseph, we must, above all things, be cautious."

"I hope by this time tomorrow to have completed my plan of campaign, and I can assure you that your faithful can- ine friend shall not remain in the hands of his enemies one second longer than is necessary." With these impressive words I went upstairs to dress for din- ner.

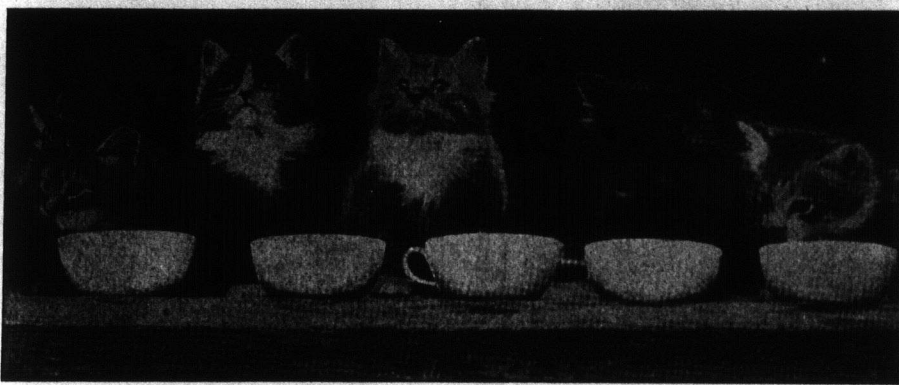
My aunt retired early to bed, and I

—every cake of Sunlight Soap does twice the work the same bulk of or- dinary soap will do. Does it far easier, more thoroughly, and without harm to the hands or the clothes. Spend five cents to learn how much you've missed because you haven't tried Sun- light Soap sooner. Your grocer sells Sunlight Soap, wherever you live.

\$5,000 guarantees this soap's purity.

Made by Lever Brothers Limited at Toronto

18



Giving Thanks.

spent the evening in considering such possibilities as presented themselves. I at once put away from me any thought of a mere midnight raid on the general's premises. In the first place it would be common-place. In the second, Jo- seph, if found, would certainly bite me. I felt it extremely hard that I should be deprived of the legitimate aid which some attractive female relative of the general would have afforded. In all my considerable experience of "true" de- tective stories, I had never met with a crueller case. However, I am a man of some determination, and difficulties only increase it. I pondered far into the night, then went to bed, and dreamt that I had the general chained up in Joseph's kennel.

I descended cheerfully to breakfast next morning, only an hour late; Aunt Matilda breaks her fast at eight; and like many amiable people who have nothing to do, she likes to spend a long day at the job.

On the breakfast table I found the idea for which I had been waiting—sausages. They are a favourite dish of mine, especially in the country, where 'bus horses are scarce. I made a hearty meal—but I was careful to leave one sausage on the dish.

"Amelia," said I, when Horace's charmer appeared to clear away. "would you be good enough to wrap this sausage up in a paper bag, and let me have it as soon as possible; also the key of the stable."

I felt that this was a distinctly pro- fessional beginning. Detectives always make some apparently idiotic request of this sort, and thereby incur the ridi- cule of the ignorant; in my case, Amelia and cook, whose suppressed guffaws came shortly afterwards drifting up the kitchen stairs.

However, I got my paper parcel and the key, and thus armed, I went for a stroll in the garden. A convenient clump of bushes hid me from the road while still giving a view of it. The en- trance gate of The Welkin stood almost opposite me, and I could command a view of the drive leading up to the house. There were no stables—these had been done away with to make way for a new motor-house. I had a sudden intuition that this was the place of Joseph's detention—all de- tectives, I believe, have intuitions. Be- sides, it seemed to be the only place available.

But for the moment I was not con- cerned with Joseph. I was betting on the general's taking a morning constitu- tional. As a matter of fact, I had smoked one pipe, and my second was already on the wane when the gallant officer appeared.

As General Sholto came down the drive, I took careful stock of him. (De- tectives always do this.) He was evi- dently military, with a fierce mous- tache, white hair and eyebrows, and an Indian complexion. His aspect was dis- tinctly terrifying, and I felt vaguely that he must eat a lot of cayenne pep- per. Behind him came a large, com- fortable-looking creature, something like a St. Bernard and something like a sheep—Crusoe, in fact.

Now, the general's pace and Crusoe's pace were two very diverse things. By the time Crusoe had reached the gates, the general's long stride had already car- ried him round a bend in the road—no doubt quite certain that Crusoe would follow him as usual.

Here was my chance. Not a soul was in sight. I advanced from my hid- ing-place, and dangled the paper bag temptingly over the gate.

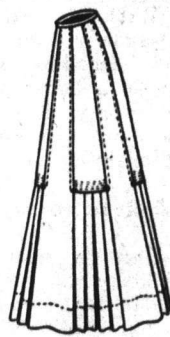
THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC AND ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC LONDON, ENGLAND For Local Examinations in Music in the BRITISH EMPIRE

Patron—HIS MAJESTY THE KING

The Annual Examination in Practical Music and Theory will be held through- out Canada in May and June 1911. An Exhibition value about \$500, is offered annually.

Syllabus, Music for the Examinations, and all particulars may be obtained on application to

M. WARING DAVIS (Resident Secretary for Canada) 87 SHUTTER ST., MONTREAL



Send us \$1.95

Receive post paid this late style skirt. It is cut in seven gores with pleated sides made just as pictured; trimmed with satin buttons. Skirt closed in back with an inverted pleat. The material is a smooth finished Vicuna cloth; a splendid wearing material for skirts in black, navy and dark green, and dark red. This is the best and lowest priced skirt sold and we want you to order one to-day at only \$1.95 Give inches around waist and hips; also length in front.

Add 25c. for postage. Order skirt No. 12. Or- der to-day. STANDARD GARMENT CO., 10 Coote Block, London, Canada.

V. W. HORWOOD, ARCHITECT.

TAYLOR BLOCK:

177 McDERMOT AVE., E. WINNIPEG.