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CHORD,
Director of Public Works
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The Labour Bureau
with any of the Labor
above address.
DRYDEN,
Minister of Agriculture
is invited.
CANADA
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RTER
HALF
your XXX PORTER
stimulating effect,
has not an equal
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put up. It is a de-
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THE TOILER

3

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Rough Dry 5c. per pound.

Townsend Laundry Co.
PROPRIETORS

187 & 189 Parliament
We are Union

Forbes Roofing Company
Successors to D. FORBES

State Tile, Felt and Gravel-Roofers and Galvan-
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Charters 125 Bay St., Toronto. Established 1905.

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fair to organized labor.

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1898

Tailors Union ask that
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James Sim 343 Queen St. W.
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THE REPRESENTATIVE PIANO OF CANADA

Fine
Clothing

25 Cents per Dozen

For Family Washing Ruff Dry
Men's fine finish a specialty. No Chemicals
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25 Dundas Street (Near Queen)

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The Model Baking Co., cor. Soho &
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R. B. Birrell, caterer, 7204 Queen
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The Beedin Bread Co., 160-164
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Gerrie Bros., 333 King st. west.
Dale & Harris, cor. Woosley &
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Hilton Bros., 615 Gerrard st. east.
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EXAMINE THE GOODS. MEN'S OVER-
COATS MADE TO YOUR MEASURE
in the SWAGER, RAGLANETTE,
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Men's Tweed or Worsted Suits,
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484 QUEEN STREET WEST

Cor. Denison Ave.

JENNIE BAXTER: JOURNALIST

BY ROBERT BARR.

IV.—The Search for the Girl.

(Copyright, 1909, by Robert Barr.)

"Because," said the detective, with
the air of a man who knows whereof
he speaks, "he is in love with her."

"What makes you think that?"

"I don't think I know it. Listen
to his description of her."

The detective chose a paper from
among his pile of documents, folded,
labeled and docketed for reference.

"The girl is of average height, or
perhaps a trifle taller than the average,
carries herself superbly, like a born
duchess. Her eyes are of a deep, velvety
black."

"Dear me!" cried the girl. "He de-
scribes her as if she were a cat."

"Wait a moment," said the detec-
tive.

"I don't see much trace of love in
that," continued Jennie breathlessly.

"Wait a moment," repeated the de-
tective. "They light up and sparkle
with merriment and they melt into the
most entrancing tenderness."

"Good gracious!" cried Jennie, ris-
ing. "The conceit of the man is illimit-
able. Does he mean to intimate that he
saw tenderness for himself in the eyes
of a woman he had met for an hour or
two?"

"That's just it," said the detective,
laughing. "You see, the man is head
over ears in love. Please sit down again,
Miss Baxter, and listen. I know this
sentimental kind of writing must be
irksome to a practical woman like your-
self, but in our business we cannot neg-
lect even the slightest detail. Let's see,
where was I—tenderness," oh, yes, her
hair is of midnight darkness, in-
clined to ripple, with little whiffs of
curls imperiously defying restraint
about her temples. Her complexion is
as pure as the dawn, touched now and
then with a blush as delicate as the
petal of a rose."

"Alas!" cried Jennie impatiently.
"The complexion of a woman at a ball?"

"Of course she put it on for the oc-
casion."

"Of course," agreed the detective.
"But that merely shows you how deep-
ly in love he is. Lord Donald is quite a
young man. He came up to this room
to consult with me, and of course he
doesn't know the difference between a
complexion developed in a Surrey lane
and one purchased in New Bond street."

"Still, the blushing would seem to
indicate that the complexion was genu-
ine," retorted Jennie, apparently quite
unflattered by Mr. Taylor's agreement
with the theory she herself had put for-
ward.

"Oh, I don't know about that! I be-
lieve modern science enables an em-
bezzled woman to blush at will. I would
not be sure of it, because it is outside
of my own line of investigation, but I
have understood such is the case."

"Very likely," assented Jennie.
"What is it you have at the bottom
of your pocket?"

"That," said the detective, drawing
it forth and handing it to the girl, "is
her glove."

Jennie picked up the glove—which,
alas, she had paid for and only worn on
one occasion—and smoothed it out be-
fore her.

"Well, what did you do when you
got this picture back?" said Jennie.

"I remembered you and went to the
office of The Daily Blade. This brings
me to the present moment. You have
now the whole story, and I shall be very
pleased to listen to any suggestions you
are good enough to offer."

The girl sat where she was for a few
moments and pondered over the situa-
tion. The detective, resting his elbow
on the table and his chin in his hand,
regarded her with eager anticipation.
The more Jennie thought over the mat-
ter the more she was amazed at the man
before her, who seemed unable to place
two and two together. He had already
spoken of the account of the ball which
had appeared in The Daily Blade of its
accuracy and excellence. He knew
that she was a member of The Bugle
staff, yet it had never occurred to him
to inquire who wrote that description.
He knew also that she had been a guest
at the Schloss Steinheimer when the in-

terview had taken place.

"Made by Gant et Cie, Boulevard Ha-
mann; purchased in Paris by one alle-
ging herself to be the Princess von Stein-
heimer."

"You have found out all about it,"
said Jennie as she finished reading the
label.

"Yes, it is our business to do so, but
the glove has not been of much assis-
tance to us."

"How did he say he became possessed
of the glove?" asked the girl innocently.
"Did she give it to him?"

"No, he tore it from her hand as she
was leaving him in the carriage. It
seemed to me not a very gentlemanly
thing to do, but of course it was not
my business to tell Lord Donald that."

"So the glove has not been of much
assistance to you? Tell me, then, what
you have done, and perhaps I shall be
the better able to advise you."

"We have done everything that sug-
gested itself. We traced the alleged
princess from the Hotel Bristol in Paris
to Claridge's in London. I have a very
clever woman in Paris who assisted me,
and she found where the gloves were
bought and where the dress was made.
Did I read you Lord Donald's de-
scription of the lady's costume?"

"No, never mind that. Go on with
your story."

"Well, Claridge's provided carriage,
coachman and footman to take her to
the ball, and these returned with her
some time about midnight. Now, here
a curious thing happened—the lady
ordered a hansom as she passed the
night porter and shortly after packed
off her maid in the cab."

"Her maid?" echoed Jennie.

"Yes; the maid came down in ordi-
nary dress shortly after, deeply veiled,
and drove away in the hansom. The
lady paid her bill next morning and
went to the 8 o'clock Paris express with
carriage and pair, coachman and
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it might be the lady herself who had
gone off in the cab, but a moment's re-
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likely to leave the hotel in a cab at
midnight and allow her maid to take
the carriage in state next morning."

"That doesn't appear reasonable,"
murmured Jennie. "You made no at-
tempt, then, to trace the maid?"

"Oh, yes, we did! We found the cab-
man who took her from Claridge's, and
he left her at Charing Cross station,
but there all trace of her vanishes. She
probably left on one of the late trains—
there are only a few after midnight—
to some place out in the country. The
lady took a first class ticket to Paris
and departed alone next morning by
the 8 o'clock continental express. My
assistant discovered her and took a
snap shot of her as she was walking
down the boulevard. Here is the pic-
ture."

The detective handed Miss Baxter an
instantaneous view of one of the boule-
vards taken in bright sunshine. The
principal figure in the foreground Jen-
nie had no difficulty in recognizing as
her own maid, dressed in that chic fash-
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"She seems to answer the descrip-
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"So I thought," admitted the detec-
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Donald. See what he has written on the
back."

Jennie turned the picture over, and
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Ogilvie's Flour Follows the flag

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain.

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JENNIE BAXTER: JOURNALIST

BY ROBERT BARR.

V.—The Prime Minister's Indiscretion.

(Copyright, 1909, by Robert Barr.)

As Jennie rapidly hurried away from
the office of Mr. Cadbury Taylor there
arose in her mind some agonizing ques-
tions. What would the detective think of
her sudden flight. She was convinced that
up to the moment of leaving him so
abruptly, he had not the slightest suspi-
cion that she herself, to whom he was
then talking, was the person he had
been searching for up and down Euro-
pe. What must he think of one who,
while speaking with him, suddenly
without a word of leave taking, dis-
appeared as if the earth had opened and
swallowed her, and all because the han-
dle of the door to the inner room had
turned? Then the excuse she had given
for not wishing to meet Lord Donald
must be struck him as ridiculously in-
adequate. When she reached her desk
and reflected with more calmness over
the situation, she found no cause to
censure herself for her hasty departure.
Although she had acted on sudden im-
pulse, she saw there had been nothing
else to do. Another moment and she
would have been face to face with Lord
Donald himself.

Next day brought a note from the
detective which somewhat reassured
her. He apologized for having made the
appointment without her permission
and explained that Lord Donald's un-
expected arrival in London and his sub-
sequent search for her, had been the prin-
cess herself whom he met at the ball
seemingly left the detective no alterna-
tive but to call on the person who had
so persistently advanced the theory, to
explain it to the one most intimately
concerned. It had not occurred to him
at the time to think that Miss Baxter
might object to meet Lord Donald, who
was an entire stranger to her, but now
he saw where he was wrong, etc. This
note did much to convince Jennie that, after all, the detective had
not seen the clues which appeared to
be spread so plainly before his eyes.
Cadbury Taylor, however, said nothing
about the search being ended, and a
few days later Jennie received a dis-
quieting letter from the Princess von
Steinheimer.

"My dear Jennie," her highness
wrote, "I am sure the detectives are
after you, and so I thought it best to
send you a word of warning. Of course
it is only surmise on my part, but for
days there has been a woman hovering
about the castle, trying to get informa-
tion from my servants. My maid came
directly to me and told me what she
knew. The woman detective had spoken
to her. This inquisitive person, who
had come from Paris, wished particu-
larly to know whether I had been seen
about the castle during the week in
which the Duchess of Chiselhurst's ball
took place, and so this leads me to sup-
pose that some one is making inquiries
for you. It must be either Lord Donald
Stirling or the Duke of Chiselhurst, but
I rather think it is the former. I have
written an indignant letter to Lord
Donald, accusing him of having caused
detectives to hunt the castle. I have
not yet received a reply, but Lord Donald
is a truthful person, and in a day or
two I expect to find out whether or not
he has a hand in this business. Mean-
while, Jennie, be on your guard, and I
will write you again as soon as I have
something further to tell."

The reading of this letter greatly in-
creased