## POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1906

"How long has she been before the public?" Philip asked.

"Well, she's been before the public ten years," said Sir Anthony. "She began at fifteen in the provinces, and in the provinces she stopped for eight years. Then Talkee-Talkee discovered her in a pantomine at Hanley and brought her to London. She was the rage inside of a week—the rage! There's a hotel pension in Bloomsbury called the 'Giralda,' and I'm told it's always crowded by people who

"Have you seen him lately?" Josic de manded curtly.

"No," said Tony.

"Have you seen him lately?" Josic de where Giralda is?"

"That is certainly an important part of the case."

The footman had to consult the tele-phone. He returned and said: "Mr. Varcoe, of Scotland Yard." Josephine was genuinely taken aback,

manded curtly.

"No," said Tony.

"Have you seen him since Giralda vanished?"

"I don't think so."

"Well—there you are!" she clinched the dialogue triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you I knew? Yes, fill it up, and your own, too, and try not to look like an undertaker at his mother's funeral, Mr. Masters."

where Giralda is?"

"That is certainly an important part of the case," said the detective.

"I hope you will," said Philip, with much earnestness, perceiving in Tony's eye a silent appeal to him to insist on this aspect of the matter.

"And you are not the first," murmured the detective.

"What do you mean?"

"I received last night a visit from a well-known."

I knew? Yes, fill it up, and your own, too, and try not to look like an undertaker at his mother's funeral, Mr. Masters."

Her generous laughter rang through the room.

A footman intruded upon the feast.

"A person wishes to speak to you on the telephone, Sir Anthony," said the footman in a tone of discreet, but sincere apology.

"What sort of a person?" The query came from Josephine.

"The person is at the Metropolitan Theatre, and wants to know if Miss Fire is here with you, Sir Anthony."

"She is," said Miss Fire."

"Who is it?" demanded Josie, peremptorily.

"And you are not the first," murmured the detective.

"What do you mean?"

"Mand you are not the first," murmured the detective.

"What do you mean?"

"A received last night a visit from a well-known gentleman who positively begged me to leave everything in order to discover Miss Giralda."

"Who was that?"

"Ah!" the detective.

"Who was that?"

"Mr. Varcoe," Josephine imperiously commanded, "Tell us at once."

The detective.

"Who was that?"

"The detective answered, "I don't think I can"—

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"The was the Marquis of Standego," said he in a low voice. "His Lordship was beside himself with grief and anxiety."

There was a pause. Tony caught his betath.

"What becomes of your theory?" Philip demanded phlegmatically of Josephine.

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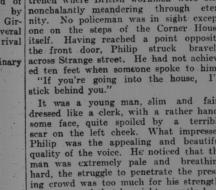
"Mr. Varcoe, of Scotland Yard."

Josephine was genuinely taken aback, but she quickly recovered.

"If Mr. Varcoe or Parcoe wants to speak to me in such a hurry as all that, let him come around here; eh, Tony? I'm having my lunch."

"Yes, miss," said the footman.

"Do you know Mr. Varcoe or Parcoe?"
she inquired of her men.





Name of the potential smile of the men simultaneously, shall be covered it apparently in a winged hand an unknown man with about eight mustes of the telephone call. Six Anthony introduced him to the diveite, and his manner can be could be continued by a standing of a six of a standing by disquised as a finished, fault less clubman. He refused to eat, having the standing of the carriage.

Later, in the streets, the extraordinary and was extremely pale and breathing half was the appealing and becautiful quality of the left cheek. What impressed the house, Till twas a young man, alim and fair, "It was a young man, alim and fair, "It was a young man, alim and fair, and was carriage."

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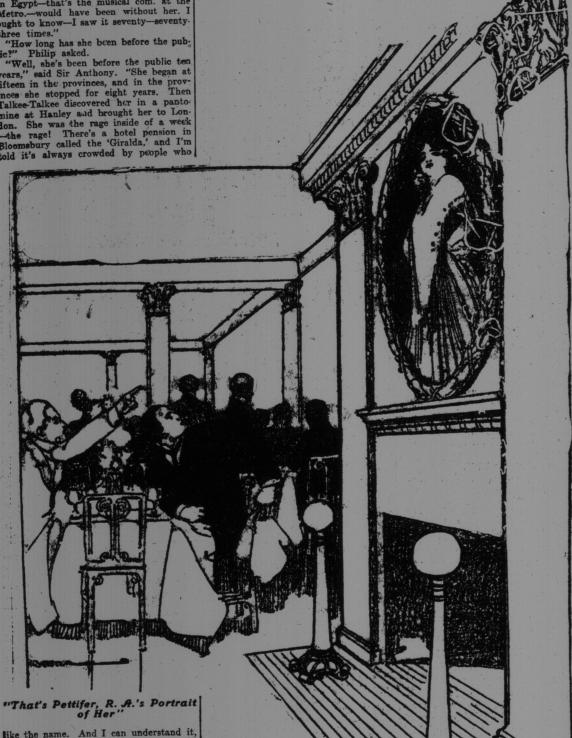
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"It was a young man, alim and fair, and was carried by a conversing to the bouse, Till twas a young man, alim and fair, and was carried by a conversing to the bouse, Till twas a young man, alim and fair, "It was a young man, alim and fair, and was carried by a conversing to the bouse, Till twas a young man, alim and fair, and was carried by a conversing to the man was extremely pale and breathing half was the appealing and beautiful quality of the voice. He noticed that the man was extremely pale and breathing half was the appealing and beautiful quality of work of the conversing to him this idea. He reddend, retired and shut his window and sat form the conversing to him this idea. He reddended the first was a proper of "Regulations of the correction" or "Regulations into the circumstance are replained to care."

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like the name. And I can understand it, my boy. What do you think of that?" and the baronet paused for a reply. Philip continued to stare at the por-

trait.

"That is fame!" he murmured, "and to think that she was the daughter of that pld sailor," he murmured.

When the state of the contract of the contract