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POOR DOCUMENT

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The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

Royal does not contain phosphatic acid (which is the product of bones digested in sulphuric acid) or alum (which is one-third sulphuric acid), unhealthful substances adopted for other baking powders because of their cheapness.

A Mysterious Disappearance

By Gordon Holmes

A Great Detective Story

(Continued.)

Bruce and the detective entered the hall the butler closed the door behind them, and then solemnly ascended the stairs to Sir Charles Dyke's bedroom, which was situated on the first floor along a corridor towards the back of the house.

They distinctly heard the polite knock at the door and Thompson's query. "Are you asleep, Sir Charles?"

After a pause, there was another knock, and the same question in a slightly louder key.

Then the butler returned, saying as he came down the stairs:

"Sir Charles seems to be sound asleep, sir."

Bruce and the detective exchanged glances. The barrister was disappointed, almost perturbed, but he said:

"In that case we will not disturb him. Sir Charles does not often retire so early."

"No, sir, I have never known him to go to his room so early before. He told me not to serve dinner, as he wasn't well. He would not let me get anything for him. He just took some wine, and I have not seen him since."

"Since when?"

"About 7.30, sir."

Bruce turned to depart, but Thompson, with the privilege of an old servant when talking to one whom he knew to be on familiar terms with his master, whispered:

"That there blessed maid turned up again this afternoon, sir."

The barrister started violently.

"Not Jane Harding, surely?"

"Yes, sir. She came at four o'clock and asked for Sir Charles as bold as brass."

"Did he see her?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Do you hear that, White?"

The detective nodded.

"She must have reached the house about half-an-hour before me," he said, addressing the butler.

"But I understood," went on Bruce, "that Sir Charles was not at home to ordinary callers?"

Thompson shuffled about somewhat uneasily. He wished now he had held his tongue.

"I had my orders, sir," he murmured, in extenuation of his apparently diverse actions.

"Tell me what your orders were," persisted Bruce.

The man hesitated, not wishful to offend his master's friend, but too well trained to reveal the explicit instructions given him by Sir Charles Dyke.

"Do not be afraid. I will explain everything to Sir Charles personally. We cannot best judge what to do—whether to wake him or not—unless we know the position," went on the barrister.

Thus absolved from blame, Thompson took from his waistcoat pocket a folded sheet of notepaper.

"I don't pretend to understand the reason, sir," he said, "but Sir Charles wrote this himself, and told me to be careful to obey him exactly."

The barrister eagerly grasped the note and read:

"If Mr. Bruce, Jane Harding or Mrs. Hillmer should call, admit any of them immediately. To all others say that I have left town — some days ago, should they ask you. C.D."

White, round-eyed and bullet-headed, gazed with goggle orbs over Bruce's shoulder.

"That settles it, Mr. Bruce," he said. "We must see him."

"Thompson," said Bruce, "does Sir Charles usually lock his door?"

"Never, sir."

"Very well. Knock again, and then try the door. We will go with you."

Something in the barrister's manner rather than in his words sent a cold shiver down the old butler's spine.

"I do hope there's nothing wrong, sir," he commenced; but Bruce was already half-way up the stairs. Both he and White guessed what had happened. They knew that poor Thompson's repeated summons at the bedroom door would remain forever unanswered—that the unfortunate baronet had quitted the dread certainties of this world for the uncertainties of the next.

They were not mistaken. A few minutes later they found him listlessly drooping over the side of the chair in which he was seated, partly undressed, and seemingly overcome at the moment when he was about to take off his boots.

On a table near him were two bottles, half-emptied, and an empty wineglass. Each of the bottles bore the label of a well-known chemist. One was endorsed "Sleeping-draught," the other "Poison," and "Chloral."

The three men were pale as the limp, inanimate form in the chair while they silently noted these details. Bruce raised the head of his friend in the hope that life might not yet be extinct. But Sir Charles Dyke had taken his measures effectually. Though the rigor mortis had not set in, he had evidently been dead some time.

Thompson, quite beside himself with grief, dropped to his knees by his master's side.

"Sir Charles!" he wailed. "Sir Charles! For the love of Heaven, speak to us. You can't be dead. Oh, you can't. It ain't fair. You're too young to die. What curse has come upon the house that both should go?"

Bruce leaned over and shook the old butler firmly by the shoulder.

"Thompson," he said impressively, for now that the crisis he feared had come and gone, he exercised full control over himself, "Thompson, if you ever wished to serve Sir Charles you must do so now by remaining calm. For his sake, help us, and do not create an unnecessary scene."

Governed by the more powerful nature, the affrightened man struggled to his feet.

"What shall I do?" he whimpered. "Shall I send for a doctor?"

"Yes; say Sir Charles is very ill. Not a word to a soul about what has happened until we have carefully examined the room."

At that instant Mr. White caught sight of a large and bulky envelope, which had fallen to the floor near the chair on which Sir Charles was seated.

Picking it up, he found it was addressed, "Claude Bruce, Esq. To be delivered to him at once."

"This will explain matters, I expect," said the detective.

Whatever could have come to my master to do such a thing?" groaned Thompson, turning to reach the door.

"Come back,' cried Bruce sharply. "Now, look here, Thompson," he went on, placing both his hands on the butler's shoulders and looking him stright in the eyes, "it is imperative that you should pull yourself together. That sort of remark will never do. Sir Charles has simply taken an over-dose of chloral accidentally. He has slept badly ever since Lady Dyke's death, you understand, and has been in the habit of taking sleeping-draught. Now, before you leave the room tell me exactly what has happened in your own language."

"I can't put it together now, sir, but I won't say anything to anybody. You can trust me for that. Why, I loved him as my own son, I did."

"Yes, I know that well. But remember. An overdose. An accident. Nothing else. Do you follow me?"

"Quite, sir. Heaven help us all."

"Very well. Now send for a doctor, without needlessly alarming the other servants."

Bruce placed the envelope in the pocket of his overcoat, saying to the detective:

Just now we must do what we can to avoid a scandal. The case between Lady Dyke and her husband will be settled by a higher tribunal than we have counted upon."

"It certainly looks like an accident, Mr. Bruce," was the answer, "but it all depends upon the view the doctor takes. And you know, of course, that I shall have to report the actual facts to my superiors."

"That is obvious. Yet no harm is done at this early stage in taking such steps as may finally render undue publicity needless. It may be impossible; but on the other hand, until we have heard Sir Charles's version, contained, I suppose, in this letter to me, it is advisable to sustain the theory of an accidental death."

"Anything I can do to help you will be done," replied the detective. With that they dropped the subject, and more carefully scrutinized the room.

To all intents and purposes Sir Charles Dyke, might, indeed, have brought about the catastrophe inadvertently. The sleeping-draught bore the ledger number of its prescription, and there is nothing unusual in a patient striving to help the cautious dose ordered by a physician by the addition of a more powedful nostrum.

His partly dressed state, too, argued that he had taken the fatal mixture at a time when he contemplated retiring to rest forthwith. A fire still burned in the grate. On the mantelpiece—in a position where the baronet must see it until the moment when all things faded from his vision — was a beautiful miniature of his wife.

The detective, with professional nonchalence, soon sat down. There was nothing to do but await the arrival of the doctor, and, having heard his report, go home.

In the quietude of the room, with the strain relaxed, Bruce was profoundly moved by the spectacle of his dead friend. Whatever his logical faculties might argue, he could not regard this man as a murderer. If Lady Dyke met her death at his hand then it must have been the result of some terrible mistake — of some momentary outburst of passion which never contemplated such a sequel.

Poisons which kill by stupefaction do not distort their victims as in cases where violent irritants are used. Sir Charles Dyke seemed to live in a deep sleep, exhausted by toil or pain — sleep the counterfeit of death—while the bright colors and speaking eyes of the miniature counterfeited life. Standing between these two — both the mere images of the man and the woman he had known so well — the barrister insensibly felt that at last they had peace.

(To be Continued.)

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. F. Robertson will be among the passengers on the Allan liner Virginian sailing today.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

CURES RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE DIABETES

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

NET BLOUSE OVER EYELET EMBROIDERY.

Another proof of the Paris favor for machine embroideries is shown in this pretty blouse, which is built of tucked net laid over a slip of eyelet embroidery. The yoke and sleeves of net are attached to this embroidery slip, the net blouse being separate and hanging loosely and gracefully over the slip. At the edge of the blouse is a trimming formed by bands of featherstitched cambric placed half an inch apart on the net, and between the bands runs a row of flat white crochet buttons.

THE TITANIC STRUGGLE BETWEEN SLAV AND TEUTON

The Conflict is Racial Rather Than Territorial, and May Last for Generations—There is More in It Than the Quarrel Between Austria and Servia.

(New York Journal of Commerce.)

The differences between Austria and Servia may not lead to war, but the larger problem of the Near East will remain an element of European disturbance while the legitimate aspirations of the Slav peoples remain unsatisfied. There are various ways of regarding this problem, but there can be no question that its solution must profoundly affect the state system of Europe. One way is outlined in recent newspaper correspondence from Constantinople. This is to the effect that the diplomatic battle in the Near East is really one between Teuton and Slav, or, rather, one of the opening campaigns in a great racial conflict which may last for generations and which will far eclipse in magnitude the great historic duels of history According to this view, the Turk does not really figure in the present drama, nor does England, France or Italy figure in it to any great extent. Properly speaking it is not countries which furnish the actors in the play at all—it is races—the Slavonic and the Germanic race. There are, of course, deductions to be made from this broad statement, for the Germans have, apparently, some Slavs on their side —the Bulgars, Croats, Dalmatians, Bohemians, etc.—but Russia has been trying to detach the Bulgars by facilitating the payment of the indemnity to Turkey, and the Serbs are trying to detach the others by a vigorous Pan-Serb propaganda. Turkey is really the prize for which Teuton and Slav are fighting. The former is barred from founding an oversea empire by English and American opposition, and by the force of circumstances rather than by deliberate choice is turning toward the southeast, the path of least resistance. Thus it has been inferred that the surplus millions of the Teutonic race will, during the present century, pour east and southeast with all the more violence because every other outlet appears to be closed by a wall of iron.

But it is possible to be too hasty in reaching a conclusion that the Slav must fall back before the Teuton. For one thing, there are the vital statistics of the race, quoted in a recent magazine article by Mr. W. T. Stead. He points out that the annual increment of population in Russia, preponderatingly Slav, is 2,464,000, while that of Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Austria-Hungary and France combined is only 2,418,000. But of the 552,000 credited in this enumeration to Austria-Hungary, at least one-third is pure Slavonic, and the Polish contribution of Germany helps to swell the figures of Slav increase. Hence Mr. Stead's conclusion, that it needs only a rule-of-three sum to demonstrate the inevitableness of Slav ascendency in Eastern and Central Europe. He holds that the Slavs alone of the Eastern races can truly say that time is on their side. For them to gain time is all important; they can afford to wait. That necessarily raises the question of whether the day of cast-iron empires is drawing to a close, and whether the era of decentralization and federation has begun. Mr. Stead has no doubt about how this should be answered. He holds that in one form or another the whole vast stretch of country from St. Petersburg to Prague and from Prague to Adrianople will be covered by a federation or federations of free, self-governing states, as peaceful as the Swiss Cantons, in which the Slavs by the sheer force of numbers will of necessity be in the ascendant. Nor would he deem it surprising if the effort of the Germans to stem the tide of national aspiration in Posen should lead to the addition of the German Polish lands to the federation of the future.

Meanwhile, there is universal assent to the proposition that if Austria did not exist it would have to be invented, and that the collapse of the Hapsburg system would be a European disaster of the first magnitude. Nowhere is that fact more generally recognized than in Great Britain, though it was a stroke of British policy which set the ball rolling that has brought about the present crisis. When the British foreign ministers secured the support of Russia for a resolute and consistent policy in Macedonia, the threatened intervention of Europe precipitated the revolutionary movement of the Young Turks. The army in Macedonia, unpaid and overworked, was seething with discontent and furnished the revolutionary leaders with a ready and most efficient weapon. The power of the Sultan was paralyzed by discontent in the capital reinforced by discontent in the provinces, and he quickly decided that surrender was better than deposition. The proclamation of a construction was followed by the instant disappearance of opposition and jealousy among the warring races and rival religions of the Ottoman Empire. When the leaders of the Young Turkish movement omitted to summon to their parliament representatives from Bosnia and Herzegovina they committed what appeared to be about their only blunder, since it gave the population of these provinces, still by international law an integral part of the Ottoman Empire, a chance to protest against being denied the privileges which were accorded to the people of Albania and Macedonia. Moreover, it furnished the Austrians, who had for thirty years governed the occupied provinces with scant reference to the wishes of their inhabitants, with a welcome pretext for completing the process of annexation in response to a popular demand for the recognition of civic rights. But the perils involved in annexation were not at all confined to the deliberate disregard which it involved of the provisions of the treaty of Berlin. It not only fanned discontent in Bohemia, but it produced a new phase of the Hungarian question. The Maygars are bent upon the subjugation of Croates and Serbs alike, and they want Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Dalmatia, with any further territory that may be won in the Balkans, to be incorporated with the lands pertaining to the Crown of St. Stephen. Thus there is the open danger that the participation of Austria-Hungary in a European conflict might be converted into a civil war for the internal transformation of the dual monarchy. On the other hand, if the Maygars can be propitiated, an advance might be made toward the ultimate transformation of the dual monarchy into a kind of imperial Switzerland by creating a third autonomous state out of Croatia, Dalmatia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, replacing Austria-Hungary by Austria-Hungary-Slavonia. Thus, as Mr Stead puts the case, "the evolution of the free federation of the future would proceed silently and bloodlessly as by a process of natural growth."

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the best remedy for rheumatism. It's a stubborn disease but *Scott's Emulsion* conquers in the end. Try it.

All Druggists

THE SILVER DART

Another Experiment in Aerial Flight at Graham Bell's Cape Breton Headquarters

Halifax, N. S., March 18—"F. W. Baldwin, formerly of Toronto, chief engineer of the aerial experiment association, made this evening, at dusk, a short flight in Drome No. 4, McCurdy's 'Silver Dart.' This is the first time the Drome has been tried by any one excepting McCurdy."

Such is a despatch that comes tonight from Alexander Graham Bell's laboratory at Beinn Breagh, Baddeck. Nothing is stated regarding further attempts to navigate Graham Bell's tetrahedral Cygnet II, the efforts to fly which were not successful yesterday, apparently because of something in the engine which it was not possible at the time to overcome.

Many will be sorry to learn that Samuel W. Milligan, formerly of St. John, is seriously ill in St. Boniface Hospital, in Winnipeg. His sister, Miss Jessie Milligan left for Winnipeg yesterday to be with him. Mr. Milligan was a well known figure in athletics in St. John some years ago and was second baseman of the old Nationals, baseball team.

PEERLESS EVAPORATED CREAM

(Unsweetened)

IS THE PRODUCT OF SELECTED DAIRIES AND ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM BACTERIA. IT IS

RICHER, SAFER and PURER

THAN MOST OF THE SO-CALLED "FRESH MILK"

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.,

"Leaders of Quality."

Wm. H. DUNN, Sales Representative

SEND BABY'S PHOTO to the **Evening Times**, St. John, N. B., for entry in Borden's Baby Competition. Cut out and fill in coupon (found elsewhere in this paper) and attach it to the back of the photo with the label off a can of **"Eagle Brand."** After St. John Competition photos will be sent by us to the **Toronto Sunday World** for entry in Grand Contest. Open to all children of Canada under 3 years of age.

20 value prizes—20 Diplomas—Contest closes March 20th.

SEE SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT IN SATURDAY'S ISSUE OF THE EVENING TIMES.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATED

Members of Alexandra Temple of Honor Had Enjoyable Dinner Last Evening.

The thirty-ninth anniversary of Alexandra Temple, No. 6, T. of H. & T., was celebrated last evening in the new temple building, Main street. The celebration was in the form of a banquet at which more than 100 sat down and after doing justice to a very tempting menu, addresses were given by prominent members of the order and others. The banquet was served about 9 o'clock, at the conclusion of the temple. John B. Eagles presided. The menu, which was prepared by J. R. Robertson and served by a corps of young ladies in Red Cross costumes, was:

Mock Turtle Soup.
Filet of Chicken Halibut.
French Fried Potatoes.
Tomato Sauce.
California Beans.
Sirloin of Beef.
Cream Potatoes. Dish Gravy.
New England Peas.
Strawberry Jelly and Whipped Cream.
Apple Pie.
Tea. Coffee. Lemonade.

The chairman, in a brief address after dinner, welcomed the visitors on behalf of Alexander Temple and the following toast list was then carried out:

The King, responded to with musical honors.

Our Country, Rev. D. Hutchinson and H. J. Smith.

Our City, Capt. Finley and J. King Kelley.

Supreme Council, Dr. Wm. F. Roberts and Wm. C. Whittaker, M. W. T.

Grand Temple, James Pidgeon and G. T. G. Blewett, G. W. T.

Riverside Council, Robert L. Roberts and Wm. F. Roberts, C. C.

Alexandra Temple, Frank McFarland, W. C. T. Victoria Temple; T. A. Ramsay, W. C. T., and J. B. Eagles.

Sister Temples, Fred Gallop and Frank McFarland.

Sections, Bernard Ferris, Carey Black and S. E. Logan.

Churches—John Irvine, Rev. D. Hutchinson, Rev. J. J. McCaskill and Rev. A. B. Cohoe.

Ladies, H. J. Smith, Wesley Estey and Walter J. Jones.

Press, Stanley Webb and newspaper representatives.

Auld Lang Syne.

God Save the King.

The present officers of the temple are: T. A. Ramsay, W. C. Templar. George Andrews, W. V. Templar. Chas. Gallop, W. Financial Recorder. Fred Gallop, W. Treasurer. Wesley Estey, W. Recorder. John Irvine, W. Asst. Rec. Carey Black, W. Chaplain. A. J. Dearness, W. P. C. T. Arthur Prime, W. Guardian. J. L. Robertson, W. Sentinel. R. J. Burke, D. G. W. T.

WAS IN BED FOR THREE MONTHS.

PEOPLE SAID SHE HAD CONSUMPTION.

Read how Mrs. T. G. Buck, Bracebridge, Ont., was cured (and also her little boy) by the use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

She writes: "I thought I would write and let you know the benefit I have received through the use of your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. A few years ago I was so badly troubled with my lungs people said I had Consumption and that I would not live through the Fall. I had two doctors attending me and they were very much alarmed about me. I was in bed three months and when I got up I could not walk, so had to go on my hands and knees for three weeks, and my limbs seemed of no use to me. I gave up all hopes of ever getting better when I happened to see in B.B.B. Almanac that Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup was good for weak lungs. I thought I would try a bottle and by the time I had used it I was a lot better, so got more and it made a complete cure. My little boy was also troubled with weak lungs and it cured him. I keep it in the house all the time and would not be without it for anything."

Price 25 cents at all dealers. Beware of imitations of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Ask for it and insist on getting the original. Put up in a yellow wrapper and three pine trees the trade mark.

ALCOHOL CAUSE OF RACE SUICIDE

Washington, D. C., March 18—Alcohol is a cause of race suicide among animals, declared Dr. W. S. Hall, of Chicago, in pointing out today that it cannot be considered a food, in an address before the American Society for the Study of Alcohol and Other Drug Narcotics. Dr. T. A. Williams, of this city, took a fling at alcohol when he declared that the mother who gratifies every caprice of the child to keep it quiet and the father who studies every form of amusement to attract and interest his boy are cultivating inebriety in the child.

"ENGLISH" LIQUID PAINT

An Economical Paint

"English" Liquid Paint, made by Brandram-Henderson, Limited, is **all** paint—there is no adulteration in it to give it extra weight, to thicken it, or to "cheapen" it in any way.

It is 70% Brandram's B. B. Genuine white lead, 30% pure zinc white, pure linseed oil, turpentine and dryer—100% pure paint.

You get dollar for dollar paint value.

Sold at leading hardware and paint stores. 14

BRANDRAM-HENDERSON LIMITED.

MONTREAL — HALIFAX — ST. JOHN — WINNIPEG.

BIBLE SOCIETY SESSION CLOSES

At Session Yesterday Afternoon Officers Were Elected—Hon N. W. Hoyles is President

At the concluding session of the Canadian Bible Society yesterday afternoon it was decided that in future meetings be held biennially. The sum of $15,000 was voted to the parent society in London to aid in the work of translating the scriptures.

The officers for the ensuing year were elected, Hon. N. W. Hoyles, of Toronto, being choice for president. Hon. J. G. Forbes, of St. John, was appointed a member of the executive committee.

Besides the consideration of the question of holding biennial sessions, Rev. W. B. Cooper, general secretary, read the reports of the district secretaries of the dominion on their work.

A matter that arose out of these reports touching the rearrangement of districts was left in the hands of the executive committee with power to act.

The full report of the nominating committee, which was adopted, was as follows:

Hon. N. W. Hoyles, Toronto, president; Rev. Dr. Hill, Montreal; Rev. R. Huestis, D. D., New Glasgow, vice-presidents.

Elias Rogers, Toronto, honorary treasurer.

Rev. Jesse Gibson, Toronto, recording secretary.

Rev. Dr. Chambers, T. Mortimer, A. M. Denovan, Toronto; Rev. Dr. Shaw, Montreal; Rev. Dr. Armstrong, Ottawa; F. Cockshutt, Brantford; Rev. W. C. Clark, Quebec; Dean Harris, London; Rev. J. E. Mavety, Ottawa, and Hon. J. G. Forbes, St. John, members of the executive committee.

The representations from the new Alberta auxiliary asking the society for more colporteurs to work among the foreign population, was discussed at some length and was referred to the executive committee with power to act.

It was then decided to make a grant of $15,000 to the parent society in London to aid in the work of translation. The usual votes of thanks to the pastor, choir and stewards of Centenary church and to the citizens who so kindly entertained the delegates, were passed and the meeting adjourned.

Most of the delegates returned to their homes last evening. Among the formal votes of thanks passed was one to the committee in charge of the arrangements in which special mention of Joshua Clawson was made.

There is Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

MAY DEPOSE REV. MR. JACKSON

Toronto, March 19—The Board of Regents of Victoria College meet Thursday next to deal with the Jackson-Carman controversy. Dr. Carman is a member of the board, and so is Chancellor Burwash. They have the power of appointment and dismissal, and Mr. Jackson is a lecturer in the college.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

IT SNOWED.

"Hail, gentle spring!" With pen in hand
The poet thus began his ode;
But spring obeyed not his command,
It didn't hail; it snowed.

Find another poet.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Right side down in head.