

THE ST. JOHN EVENING TIMES, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31 1904.

THE STORY OF A GREAT SECRET.

Millions of Mischief.

By HEADON HILL.

Author of "By a Hair's Breadth," "The Duke Decides," "A Race with Ruin," Etc., Etc.
"And some that sell have in their hands, I fear, millions of mischief."—Julius Caesar, Act IV, Scene I.

(Continued.)
"Your uniform half led me to fear that might be the case," said Roger Marske politely, as the other bundled out of the compartment, leaving me face to face with the prospect of travelling a hundred miles alone in the company of the man I had already hated, and was now beginning to fear.
A queer kind of magnetism compelled my gaze to meet his, and somehow I felt these intensest of the vague fear into a sickly sensation of positive dread. The feeling overmastered me and would not be denied. I was slightly nearer to the door than he was, and using that advantage I took him by surprise and sprang out without a word of explanation. A moment later I was paying the conductor of the Pullman drawing-room car, and, as the train started, I took my seat amid the popular security of that luxurious vehicle.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mrs. Webby Changes Her Mind.
When I left the train at Waterloo I ought I kept my eyes sharply about me. I saw nothing of Roger Marske and I proceeded to put into practice the plan which I had conceived for obliterating my tracks, if, as was probable, he should follow me.
Selecting a hearse with a speedy-looking horse and a keen-faced driver I bade the man take me to the Great Western Hotel at Paddington. When we were clear of the string of other cabs descending the station incline into the Waterloo Road, I raised the flap and asked the driver to take particular notice whether we were being followed.
"Who'll be following you—a gentleman, or a lady?" asked the man, looking me over curiously, and a little suspiciously. I thought, as he peered down from his perch.
"A gentleman—in a light grey frock coat and a Panama straw hat," I replied. "If he is following me at all he will be in another hearse."
"Right you are, miss. I'll give you the office if I see him," and down came the flap.
Across the bridge and along the Strand and Piccadilly the traffic was so dense that I did not expect any communication from my Jehu. He would be fully occupied in steering his own cab, nor in the press of vehicles behind would he be able to single out one containing a fare like my description. But when he had turned up Park Lane and traversed about half of that street the flap was again raised.
"I reckon I've spotted your tail. He ain't that light-hearseways no't in a horse cab. He's a one of those

blamed private tick-tacks, with a shoveller in livery," was my driver's announcement.
That Mr. Marske should have wired for his own motor car to meet him was more than likely. He belonged to the class that possesses such luxuries.
A little later the flap was raised once more. "He's overhauling us fast, miss. Seems as though he was going to run past us," was the latest report.
And then I remembered, what in the turmoil of my mind I had forgotten—that Sir Gideon Marske, Roger Marske's father, lived in one of the smaller residences in the aristocratic thoroughfare through which we were passing. There was the chance that he might not be following me, after all, but merely be going to his father's town house.

And sure enough, even as the thought occurred, a smart private motor cab flashed by us and drew to the curb opposite a house a little ahead. Roger Marske leaped out and stood parleying with the chauffeur. I was sitting back in my hand some seat he should see me. But so absorbed did he seem in the instructions he was giving to his servant that his eye never once strayed my way, and my cab passed to be checked almost immediately by a lumbering railway van in front. The delay was little more than momentary, but I chafed at it while it lasted, and I could have sung for joy when my driver found an outlet and, whipping up his horse, forged ahead of the obstruction. In answer to my hurried question whether the motor cab had started on again in pursuit, he gave an emphatic denial.
"The machine's waiting, and the gent's gone into the house," he said, and banged down the flap.
I breathed a sigh of relief and was more than half tempted to go far to the precautions as to alter my directions to the cabman, and order him to drive straight to Mrs. Webby's address in Notting Hill. So much depended, however, on my keeping that visit secret, that I decided to carry out my original design for hiding my tracks. This was the simple and, as I flattered myself, ingenious one of entering the Great Western Hotel from the street and walking out by the back way leading into the terrace. I had stayed in the hotel with my father, and knew my way about the building, and as I had brought nothing but a handbag should be hampered by no considerations as to luggage.
Having paid the cabman liberally, little thinking that he had sold me like a sheep in that brief interval

during our stoppage by the van, I put my scheme into execution. Making an excuse to the hall-porter that I was going to the coffee-room for refreshments before going on by train I hastened through the corridors, and so down the stairs giving access to Paddington Station. Going round to the arrival platform, I was quickly engrossed in another cab, having, I fondly believed, again my possible pursuit the ship.
At the corner of High Street, Notting Hill, I dismissed this second cab and set out on foot to find Number 420. I had to walk a considerable distance before I came to it, and then, just as I had expected, it proved to be a small news-vendor's shop, with the legend displayed in the window—
"Letters can be called for or Forwarded." "Fee One Penny."

First ascertaining that the name of Webby was still over the door, I crossed the dingy threshold into an atmosphere charged with the pungent smell of printer's ink. A stout woman, who had been knitting behind the diminutive counter, rose at my entrance—now greedily, I thought, as though eager for custom. To ingratiate myself with her I bought a six-penny magazine and half-a-dozen penny periodicals, and while completing the transaction I took stock of the vendor.
It is not too much to say that I was unfavorably impressed by Mrs. Webby's appearance, and still more so by her manner. Casually glanced at she might have been set down as a rather staid, good-natured mountain of female flesh, but when she was analysed more closely the impression faded, and you became aware that it was solely due to her liberal contour of face and form. The eyes set very near together, and bulky nose, were small and red-rimmed, and though expressive of reason of never looking at you, on close inspection shifted hither and thither like those of a weasel. All the time Mrs. Webby's fat fingers were pounding on the papers I indicated her eyes were doing double duty, darting from about the level of my chin to the necessary piles of literature, but never rising to meet my gaze.
Not an engaging personality from whom to seek assistance in a matter of life and death, nor a particularly trustworthy one. Yet I had to take the plunge.
"You receive letters here," I said, counting out some small change in payment for my purchase. "Do you keep a register of those that are called for or forwarded?"
"Dropped it coin by coin into the till before answering."

The woman raked in my money and "I suppose that's why you spent a shilling," she said slowly. "To find that out. No, I don't keep a register, and there's something else I don't do. I don't give my customers away."
Her eyes, managed to get to the level of my nose, this time, and then sank swiftly in an evident attempt to appraise the well-worn but serviceable coat and skirt. I was wearing. I saw her meaning. She thought I meant to have letters addressed there, and she was gauging my probable value to her from the blackmailer's point of view. I should have been sorry for any correspondence of mine to pass through that harpy's hands.
(To be continued.)

A NEW DEPARTURE.

A New, Effective and Convenient Cure For Catarrh.
Of Catarrh remedies, there is no end, but of catarrh cures, there has always been a great scarcity. There are many remedies to relieve, but very few that really cure.
The old practice of sniffing salt water through the nose would often relieve, and the washes, douches, powders and inhalers in common use are very little, if any, better than the old-fashioned salt water douche.
The use of inhalers and the application of salves, washes and powders to the nose and throat to cure catarrh is no more reasonable than to rub the back to cure kidney disease. Catarrh is just as much a blood disease as kidney trouble or rheumatism, and it can not be cured by local treatment any more than they can be.

To cure catarrh whether in the head, throat or stomach an internal antiseptic treatment is necessary to drive the catarrhal poison out of the blood and system, and the new catarrh cure is designed on this plan and the remarkable success of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets is because being used internally, it drives out the catarrhal infection through action upon stomach, liver and bowels.

Wm. Zimmerman of St. Joseph, relates an experience with catarrh which is of value to millions of catarrh sufferers everywhere. He says: "I neglected a slight nasal catarrh until it gradually extended to my throat and bronchial tubes and finally even my stomach and liver became affected, but as I was able to keep up and do a day's work I let it run along until my hearing began to fail me and then I realized that I must get rid of catarrh or lose my position as I was clerk and my hearing was absolutely necessary.
Some of my friends recommended an inhaler, another a catarrh salve but they were no good in my case, nor was anything else until I heard of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets and bought a package at my drug store. They benefited me from the start and in less than four months I was completely cured of catarrh although I had suffered nearly all my life from it.
They are pleasant to take and so much more convenient to use than other catarrh remedies that I feel I can not say enough in favor of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets."

ST. JOHN'S OLDEST CURLING CLUB.

The Braw Lads of St. Andrew's Have Been Organized Nearly Half a Century --- Their History, Practically the History of the Game in This City.

(Continued.)

SEASON 1883 AND 1884.

The annual meeting this year was held 11th September, the election for Preses, F. O. Allison, Secretary-Treasurer, Thomas Rouet and George Stewart, Representative Members.
The number of skips was this year increased to twelve, and the following elected, S. S. DeForest, A. L. Law, A. Watson, John White, A. O. Skinner, Joseph Edgar, S. Jones, J. W. Johnson, Luke Stewart, W. H. Purdy, John Cummings, J. B. Hegun. A managing committee was appointed this year, consisting of John White, A. L. Law and G. F. Fisher. Saint Andrew's this year defeated the Thistle Club by thirty-three points; they also won the B. C. C. C. medal in a match with the Thistle Club by twenty-three points; Saint Andrew's was defeated by Truro eleven points, and Chatham twelve points. The match with Fredericton resulted in a draw owing to the bad condition of the ice, the advantage at the close being with Saint Andrew's. The rink medal was won by John White; the Points medal by A. Watson, fifteen points; the Milligan medal by S. S. Hall, sixteen points; the Subscription medal by S. S. DeForest, who retained the medal having won it twice; the Smith stones were again won by G. F. Fisher, and retained by him, he having won them twice. The high scoring in this match is worthy of note, the winning score being nineteen and the average of the twenty players who competed, thirteen and three-fifths.

SEASON 1884 AND 1885.

The annual meeting was held 9th September, and officers elected were Simon Jones, Preses; S. F. Matthews, Vice-Preses; F. O. Allison, Secretary-Treasurer; Thomas Rouet and George Stewart, Representative Members; John White, A. L. Law and G. F. Fisher, Managing Committee; S. Jones, A. L. Law, John White, F. P. C. Gregory, S. S. DeForest, J. M. Johnson, A. O. Skinner, C. S. MacGregor, G. F. Jardine, C. S. MacGregor, G. F. Fisher, Joseph Edgar and David Thomson, Skips. At the annual meeting a new constitution and by-laws were adopted, which will be found (with subsequent amendments) at page 20. Saint Andrew's this season won the matches with Truro by eight points; with Newcastle by nineteen points; and with Chatham

by four points; and were defeated by Fredericton by fourteen points; and by the Thistle Club by sixteen points. The match Married vs. Single was won by the married members by one point; the Seniors vs. Juniors by the Juniors by eleven points; and the President vs. Vice-President by the president by five points. The Rink medal was won by S. S. DeForest; the Points medal by G. F. Fisher, sixteen points; the Jones cup by J. B. Hegun of John White's rink, ten points; the Milligan medal by G. A. Kimball, seventeen points; and the DeForest cup by A. Watson, twelve points. The electric light was placed in the rink this season and was found to be a great improvement on the old system of lighting.

SEASON 1885 AND 1886.

The annual meeting was held 8th September, 1885, the elections resulting as follows: Simon Jones, Preses; A. C. Jardine, Vice-Preses; F. O. Allison, Secretary-Treasurer; George Rouet and George Stewart, Representative Members; John White, A. L. Law and G. F. Fisher, Managing Committee; S. S. DeForest, Simon Jones, A. O. Skinner, John White, F. P. C. Gregory, A. L. Law, J. B. Hegun, F. O. Allison, G. A. Kimball, H. W. Barker, A. Finley, and G. F. Fisher, Skips. Saint Andrew's this year won the matches with Fredericton (for B. C. C. C. medal), by fifteen points; with Moncton by twenty-one points; and with St. Stephen by eleven points; and lost those with Thistle by twenty-seven points and Truro by eleven points. Married vs. Single was won by the single members by eight points; the Jones' cup was won by Skip Hart, ten points; the Points medal by G. F. Fisher, sixteen points; the DeForest cup by C. S. MacGregor, seventeen points; and the Milligan medal by S. S. DeForest,

twenty-three points. The high scoring in the points matches this season is worthy of remark, especially the score of Mr. DeForest in the match for the Milligan medal, which, if equalled, has probably never been exceeded either in Canada or Great Britain. During this season the Maritime Branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club was formed and St. Andrew's became affiliated therewith.
(Continued next Saturday.)



This medal was awarded to Minard's Liniment in London in 1886. The only liniment to receive a medal. It was awarded because of strength, purity, healing powers and superiority of the liniment over all others from throughout the world.

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Per Glass or Tankard.
Highest Award Colonial and Indian Exhibition, London, ENGLAND, 1886
European Plan.
JOHN RHEA,
20 Mill Street.

Dry Goods and Millinery CLEARANCE SALE.
Owing to change of business, which will continue until the whole new and complete stock (\$15,000) has been disposed of. Such Bargains as Ladies' Garments, Ready-to-Wear Suits, Skirts and Coats, we venture to say have never before been offered in this city. Absolutely no reserve and no two prices.
B. MYERS,
Dry Goods Store, - - 695 Main Street.

The Demand for

MANITOBA FLOUR

Has Been Steadily Increasing in the Maritime Provinces

The People Find That it is More Profitable to Purchase Flour Made From Manitoba Wheat

KEEWATIN "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR

Is the Best Flour Made From Manitoba Wheat

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