

THE ST. JOHN EVENING TIMES, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30 1904.

THE STORY OF A GREAT SECRET. Millions of Mischief. By HEADON HILL.

JANET'S NARRATIVE. CHAPTER XII. In the London Express.

I have been asked to set down here the experiences which I went through in those days after Arthur's almost miraculous appearance at Totland, when I was already mourning him as lost to me forever. I need not dwell on the shock it was to meet him suddenly, in the company of that terrible Herzog, on the green walk overlooking the sea amid a crowd of holiday-makers, or on what happened subsequently down to my departure in search of the mysterious Davers Crane. Nor do I ask your pity for a girl trying to stand between a brave, true lover and a shameful death. That I know I shall have in my case. But what I do implore is your forgiveness for the stupid blunders that I made, and for the nearly fatal mistake of underestimating my opponent's dangerous cunning.

"I shall be interested in the escaped murderer, Miss Chilmark?" Turning quickly, I was confronted by Roger Marske, whom I had seen at Totland in the company of Lord Alphington and Lady Muriel walking away from the steamer in which I had crossed—the very man to whom my vague suspicions pointed. He must have come on board at the last moment, and have kept out of my way during the passage and on the landing-stage at Lynton. Why should he have acted on such sudden impulse? To pit his cunning against my feeble wits, and thwart the enterprise on which I had embarked? That was the only construction that my brain could put upon it, and it appalled while in some degree it cheered me. The correctness of my surmise would be presumptive evidence of his guilt. "Escaped murderer?" I exclaimed, pretending not to take him seriously. "What should make you think I had such morbid interests, Mr. Marske?"

He laughed harshly. "The subtle art of deduction," he said. "Your friend, Lady Muriel, was keen on getting hold of the newspaper on the day I escorted her down from London to the Isle of Wight—the day after Rivington's escape—and she explained it by telling me that it was a vicious interest, don't you know. A friend of hers was worrying about the fellow, and as you have been so much with her lately, I concluded it was you."

"I am going to London—to look at a house which my father is thinking of taking. But I hope to be back at Totland Bay in a day or two. He caressed his black moustache thoughtfully, and murmuring a few commonplace observations about his pleasure at my speedy return, he raised his hat and moved away. A few minutes passed, and then the express from Bournemouth to London rolled on its great gilded Pullman coaches in the centre. I had a second-class ticket, and in an intuitive fear that Mr. Marske might annoy me on the journey, I gave him the chance, I entered a compartment in which there was but one vacant seat. Turning to close the door, I had reason to rejoice at my precaution. Roger Marske had been close at my heels, and the scowl on his face was eloquent of his disappointment that the carriage was full. When the train started I surveyed my fellow passengers in a vain attempt to divine whether I was to enjoy the security of their company for the whole of the journey. The four party-father, mother, three daughters, and a schoolboy. But though it was easy to gather from their chatter that they were returning from a holiday at Bournemouth, they made no mention of their destination. If they should get out at Southampton or Basingstoke—the only two stoppages—there would be plenty of room for Mr. Marske. If the remaining three passengers got out too I should be alone with him, were he to assail the compartment again.

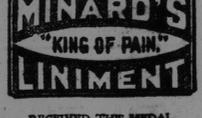
The train sped through the hazy glades of the New Forest, and, sure enough, at Southampton West she parted from her family and brood fled out, leaving me in fear that I was to be deserted except by two feeble old ladies. The one remaining passenger, wearing, as he did, a mercantile marine uniform, must certainly be booked for the great seaport. But, no; when Roger Marske leaped into the compartment, just as the train began to glide from the station, the sailor was still sitting motionless in his corner, his head hidden by his newspaper. He would be available for protection, if protection should become necessary. Roger Marske, after a brief glance at the old ladies, gave a longer scrutiny of the uniformed figure in the corner, carried off by the invasion of the compartment with an impudent assumption of having been separated from me at Brockenhurst as much to my chagrin as his own.

NEW ROLE FOR MISS ANGLIN. Talented Canadian Actress Will Portray the Character of a Thief.

New York, Dec. 29.—Instead of being frightened from their plan to dramatize "In the Bishop's Carriage" by the similarity of its theme to that of "Leah Kleschna," Leblond & Co. are making active preparations for a production of the resultant play, and it now looks as if Margaret Anglin would get the principal part.

As Miss Anglin does not get the part the pervasiveness of fate will come in for a large share of comment, because she once might have obtained the highly successful "Leah Kleschna" had she been so inclined. The first manager to whom C. M. S. McLellan offered "Leah Kleschna" last spring declared almost instantly that he would accept the play if he could induce Miss Anglin to appear in it. The actress, however, was already under contract with Frank L. Perley, who had obtained an option on "The Eternal City," and did not regard the proposition favorably.

As all who have read "In the Bishop's Carriage" know, the principal character is that of a thief, like Leah Kleschna. The girl, after picking a pocket, jumps into a bishop's carriage standing nearby, hoping to escape the detectives. When the good bishop enters the carriage a moment later and finds the young woman apparently asleep on the seat, the plot develops rapidly. Leblond & Co. have control of the dramatic rights for some time, but only within the last few days have they obtained a satisfactory dramatization. In making the story over for stage purposes the authors have departed from the novel in various instances. The play will open with a prologue.



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