The ADVENTURES MR PETER RUFF PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR E-PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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land, is requested to communicate with acter. "M," at Vagali's Library, Cook's Alley, Ledham Street, Soho.

sought to probe his past, to renew an acquaintance with a dead personality "M".

She blushed—betrayed; in fact, all the signs of confusion which might have been want of him? Was it possible that, after all, a little flame of sentiment had been kept alight in her bosom, too—that in the you are one of those who think it a crime moments her thoughts had turned for a woman who is married to even want

Then a sudden idea—an ugly thought—drove the tenderness from his face. She was no longer Maud Barnes—she was Mrs. John Dory, and John Dory was his enemy! Could there be treachery lurking beneath those simple lines? Things had not gone well with John Dory lately. Somehow or other, his cases seemed to have crumpled into dust. He was no longer held in the same esteem at Scotland Yard. Yet could even John Dory stoop to such means as these?

He turned in his chair.

"Miss Brown," he said. "please take Mr. Ruff. I am flapply married—quite was repeated out with him into the fog and been lost—but. I mustn't talk on like this! Please don't misunderstand me. Mr. Ruff. I am happly married—quite

ring and passed it to her.
"Reply to that as follows," he said:

ring and passed it to her!

"Reply to that as follows," he said:
Dear Sir:

I notice in the Daily Mail of this morning that you are inquiring through the "personal" column for the whereabouts of Mr. Spencer Fitzgerald. That gentleman has been a client of mine, and I have been in occasional communication with him. If you will inform me of the nature of your business, F may, perhaps, be able to put you in touch with Mr. Fitzgerald. You will understand, however, that, under the circumstances, I shall require proofs of your constances, I shall require proofs of your larger and passed it to her and the said against our lunching together. A married lady has always a great deal of latitude, you cumstances, I shall require proofs of your know.

Truly yours PETER RUFF. Miss Brown glanced through the adver-

"Did you say-'Dear Sir?" she asked. She turned unwillingly to her machine. "Mr. Fitzgerald is very much better

where he is," she remarked. "With your assistance," Peter Ruff remarked, a little sarcastically—"with your "Disen-

keys of her typewriter.

am!" she murmured to herself.

A few politely worded letters were exhanged. "M" declined to reveal her hanged. "M" declined to reveal her leaving the state of th changed. "M declined to reveal he defined to visit identity, but made an appointment to visit "Is that all?" she asked.

Mr. Ruff at his office. The morning she "She certainly did seem," he admitted

arrived early.

Peter Ruff rose to receive his former sweetheart with an agitation perforce concealed, yet to him poignant indeed. For it was indeed Maud who entered the room and came towards him with carefully studied embarrassment and half doubtfully studied embarrassment and hal studied embarrassment and half doubtfully actended hand. He did not see the cheap quired. milinery, the silghtly more developed figure, the passing of that insipid prettifew days." bloom of an over early maturity. His eyes steadily. were blinded with that sort of masculine chivalry—the heritage only of fools and that woman make a fool of you?" very clever men—which takes no note of such things. It was Miss Brown who, from things. It was this pitch was the cheap attractions of this unwelthe cheap attractions of this unwelthe cheap attractions of this unweldisrespectfully of Maud."

Twill write to rizzeraid. I will the think it would be safe for him to come to
"Peter," she said. come visitor with an expression of scorn-

assumed, ass

Peter Ruff sighed.

"Fitzgerald used to tell me everything." cer Fitzgerald?"
"You were his friend?" she asked, look | "I was just"

Peter Ruff answered fervently

you remind me of him.'

truth. You may be a few years older, and Spencer had a very nice mustache, which you haven't, but you are really not unlike. Mr. Ruff, do tell me where he is the kept out of your husband's way—what is truth. You may be a few years older, "Supposing in ming at things." Supposing I were no induce our friend to come to London—I imagine he would be fairly safe now if he kept out of your husband's way—what is truth. You may be a few years older, and supposing I were no induce our friends.

YOUR

HOUSE!

1111111

Mr. Spencer Fitzgerald, if still in Eng. Mr. Fitzgerald's absence was caused by events of a somewhat unfortunate char-"I know all about it;" she answered,

with a little sigh. Ledham Street, Soho.

Peter Ruff laid the paper down upon his desk. His eyes were set in an unusually retrospective stare. Who was this who close his whereabouts without his permis-

towards him as his had so often done to her?

"Miss Brown," he said, "please take our pencil."

He marked the advertisement with aing and passed it to her!.

The turned in his chair.

"I we happily married!"

Peter Ruff sighed.

"I wonder," he said, "if you would do the said, "if you would do the said, "if you would do the said."

always a great deal of latitude, you

She looked up at him with a dazzling "I'd simply love to go to Prince's!" she

"Cat!" Miss Brown murmured, as Peter Ruff and his client left the room together. Peter Ruff returned from his luncheon in no very jubilant state of mind. For some time he sat in his easy-chair, with his legs crossed and his fingertips pressed close together, looking steadily into space "That depends," he answered.
"Who do you suppose 'M' is? she asked.

kind assistance—I propose to find "I am afraid," he admitted, hesitating-Miss Brown sniffed, and banged at the well, not had a beneficial effect. She al That coal dealer's girl from Streat in the cab! Maud would never have perlowed me, for instance, to hold her hand

Mr. Ruff at his office. The morning sne was expected he was palpably nervous. "She certainly did seem, ne admitted, was expected he was palpably nervous." "The atmosphere of the office was decidedly one who was presumably a stranger. She from behind her fan and then dropping the eyes."

"She certainly did seem, ne admitted, to enjoy her champagne a great deal, and she talked about her dull life at home a little more, perhaps, than was discreet to one who was presumably a stranger. She from behind her fan and then dropping the eyes."

"You!" she murmured, glancing at him one who was presumably a stranger. She from behind her fan and then dropping the eyes."

"You!" she murmured, glancing at him one who was presumably a stranger. She from behind her fan and then dropping the eyes."

"You!" she murmured, glancing at him one who was curious, too, about dining out. Poor the eyes."

"You!" she murmured, glancing at him one who was close at hand!

"You!" she murmured, glancing at him one who was close at hand!

"Really," he said, "this is the most extraordinary situation in which I eyes."

"He happens to be in Glasgow for a

Miss Brown looked at her employer "Peter," she said, "are you going to let

He raised his eyebrows. "Go on," he said; "say everything you

wonder; who appreciated, with merci- Miss Brown continued, "that this Maud, ss judgment, her mincing speech, her seap flirtation method.

Maud, with a diffidence not altogether Maud, with a diffidence not altogether many be playing a low-down game of her husband's? He hates you, and he has vague laud, with a difindence not altogether amed, accepted the chair which Peter suspicions. Can't you see that he is probably making use of your infatuation for ably making use of your infatuation for

for instance, that she persists in her de knew all about it," he declared. sire for information concerning Mr. Spenis going to produce Spencer Fitzgerald?"

'I was just thinking that out," Peter Ruff said mildly, 'when you spoke . .'
On their next meeting, however, Peter
Ruff was forced to realize that his secreways," she remarked softly, alas, no personal and sentimental regrets for her former lover which had brought the fair Maud to his office. The pleasures Peter Ruff murmured, "which would give of her evening were insufficient this time to keep her from recurring continually to She shoot her head." the subject of her vanished lover. He tried

She shook her head.
"It isn't flattery," she said, "it's the strategy—jealously among other things. he kept out of your husband's way—what would happen to me?"



IT WAS PETER RUFF WHO STOOD LOOKING IN UPON THEM.

"You!" she murmured, glancing at him John Dory glared, but he said nothing. Dory, looked at the woman who was until Mrs. Fitzgerald has seen it.

"You!" she murmured, glancing at him John Dory glared, but he said nothing. Dory, looked at the woman who was until Mrs. Fitzgerald has seen it.

Poor her eyes.

Dory "Certainly—me!" he continued. "Don't should be doing myself.

Maud recovered herself quickly.

"And you needn't be jealous, really," able if there is no need for it. Tell me that there are a few little things since the whispered behind her fan. "I only honestly—do you really believe in this then which we may have to inquire into."

This beats me!" the little man declaring the woman?"

The little man declaring the little things since the property of the little man declaring the little man declaring the property of the little man declaring the little man declaring the little man declaring the property of the little man declari Maud recovered herself quickly.

to ask a question. After that, I don't care what becomes of him."

"Really," he said, "this is the most ex-

She shook her head.
"Not a single scrap!" she declared.
"Then why did you put that advertiseclever enough! And yet there comes this

The little man struck the table with the one of our best men. We had selected think we will make it all responsible to the composition of our best men. We had selected think we will make it all responsible to the composition of our best men. We had selected think we will make it all responsible to the composition of our best men. We had selected think we will make it all responsible to the composition of our best men.

"Peter," she said, "I will tell you something—I must! I am fond of you, Peter. I always have been. Don't make me miserable if there is no need for it. Tell me that there are a few little things since found. The first entry in the diary is on account of the campacher of the search party sent out from Dawson. It was under the robe on which the bodies of Constable Kinney and Taylor were their trail, began at this point to the Peel river. Corporal is the worst on account of the campacher of the search party sent out from Dawson. It was under the robe on which the bodies of Constable Kinney and Taylor were found. The first entry in the diary is on made being so close together.

"This beats me!" the little is every one until I find them out. But, at "Who do you think I am?"

meet me in Mr. Ruff is office."

"At what time?" John Dory asked.

"If my wife is not glad to see you, Mr. Spencer Fitzgerald." he said in a tone from which he vamly tried to keep the note of timph, "I can assure you that I am You slipped away from me cleverly at the means that you shall meet Fitzgerald?"

"I am sure of it." she answered. "He is even a little jealous," she continued, with an affected laugh. "He told me—well, never mind!"

"He told you what?" John Dory asked. She laughed.

"Never you mind," she said. "I have done what you asked me, anyway."

door came John Dory, and one caught a glimpse of others behind him.

"I am stook his head.

"I haven't missed a day at the Shafts-ton this dark. In spector Fitzgerald in his diary. Is fitty-five miles, according to the table of distance sub mitted by Constable Mapley in his region dated March 10, 1905, the trail follows the stitle Wind River for fifty-four miles, so that, assuming Inspector Fitzgerald in his diary. Is fitty-five miles, according to the table of distance sub mitted by Constable Mapley in his region dated March 10, 1905, the trail follows the stitle Wind River for fifty-four miles, so that, assuming Inspector Fitzgerald in his diary with the stable of distance sub mitted by Constable Mapley in his region dated March 10, 1905, the trail follows the stitle Wind River for fifty-four miles, so that, assuming Inspector Fitzgerald in his diary is fitty-five miles, according to the table of distance sub mitted by Constable Mapley in his region dated March 10, 1905, the trail follows the stitle Wind River for fifty-four miles, so that, assuming Inspector Fitzgerald." Inspector Fitzgerald was over the west side than on the east.

Inspector Fitzgerald in his diary, is fitty-five miles, and the west side than on the sent dated March 10, 1905, the trail follows the stitle Wind River for f

dare you! Do you know that I have near-down my spine." ly cried my eyes out?"

Peter Ruff counted out two
"Violet," he said, "you have known me and passed them to his confe

for some years. You have been my secretary for some months. If you choose still to take me for a fool, I cannot help it."

"But," she exclaimed, pointing to Mr. a little inconsiderate. Come James Fitzgerald.

"I have been practicing on him for some | "You are sure,"

a Suicide-- A Final Prayer.

DIARY OF DEATH

Tragedy of Northwest Mounted Police Told by

Brave Inspector Fitzgerald, Who Perished With

Three Comrades--Made III by Eating Dogs--One

Ottawa, May 17-All the details that | thought was Forest Creek, but it was no

will ever be known of the greatest tragedy in the annals of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, the starving and freezing to death last February of Inspector Fitzgerald and the three constables, Kintham Police, and Carter with the constables of the starving and freezing to death last February of Inspector Fitzgerald and the three constables, Kintham Police of the starving and freezing the starving that was forest Creek, but That was on January 13, and to the Little Wind River, travelled up a branch of this will be starving the starving the starving the starving that was on January 13, and to the Little Wind River, travelled up a branch of this will be starving the starving that was on January 13, and to the Little Wind River, travelled up a branch of the was on January 13, and the Little Wind River, travelled up a branch of the starving the starving the starving that was on January 13, and the Little Wind River, travelled up a branch of the starving the

Violet Brown crossed the room to where Mr. James Fitzgerald picked Peter Ruff was still standing with a queer look upon his face, and, gripping him by "I was worth more the the shoulders, shook him

y. Then he turned away, and, gripping plenty of experience in the art on his wife by the arm, he passed out of the up. It is astonishing what, on

IN ARCTIC WILDS

e shoulders, shook him.
"How dare you!" she exclaimed. "How that fellow's hand I felt a cold

She drew a little sigh

WANTED-A second

at home, paying with opportunity lina avenue,

ELIABLE Re to represent u growing by Weo liberal pay to

raveled up a branch of this ney, Taylor and Carter, who accompanied him on the patrol from Fort MacPherson to Dawson, were brought here today by a special messenger and delivered to Colonel Fred. White, C. M. G., comptroller of the mounted police. The messenger brought the diary kept by Fitzgerald, Eitzgerald's will scrawled during his last eat the dog meat and they be at the dog meat and they are the controller of the search of the brought the diary kept by Fitzgerald, Fitzgerald's will scrawled during his last hours with a burnt twig on a piece of battered and torn paper and the report of Corporal Dempster, who commanded the relief party that found the bodies.

One of the men, Constable Taylor, had become crazed by his sufferings and blown his head off with his shotgun. The story is told by Fitzgerald's diary, which he kept with a steady hand up to Feb. 5, when he made the last entry, by the feebly scrawled will written by the doing intense. On January 24 it says. SALESMEN WA

when he made the last entry, by the discount of the last entry of t misfortunes. It concluded with the words, "God bless all," and it gave his money January 30—"All hands feeling "God bless all," and it gave his money and papers to "My dearly beloved mother," who lives in Halifax. Colonel White January 31—"Skin peeling off of the colon of

s until Mrs. Fitzgerald has seen it.

Fitzgerald was in Ottawa two years ago, and at that time Colonel White says "I told him I did not feel like sending him back." I told him be be like sending him back. I told him be be like to be like sending him back. I told him be be like to be li

"Then why did you put that advertisement in the paper?" Ruff asked, with smooth but swift directness.

She was not quick enough to parry his question. He read the truth in her discentiantly, he hurried to her aid.

"I should not have asked that question." What a pessimist you are, my dear "I should not have asked that question." What a pessimist you are, my dear think it would be safe for him to come to London."

The little man struck the table with the flat of his hand.

The little man struck the table with the flat of his hand.

"Come," he said, "this is getting a bit too thick. First of all—you," he said, turn ing to Miss Brown—"my name is not Peter, and I have no idea of shooting any body. As for that lady against the wall, I don't know her—never saw her before in my life. As for you," he said, turn ing to Miss Brown—"my name is not Peter, and I have no idea of shooting any body. As for that lady against the wall, I don't know her—never saw her before in my life. As for you," he added, turning to John Dory, "you talk about arresting thing. I must! I am fond of you, Peter. I The last entry of this diary was found on March 22 last by Corporal Dempster, who was in charge of the search party sent out from Dawson.

What a pessimist you are, my dear thing. I must! I am fond of you, Peter. I was proceeding down Trail to the coronation and the others to go to the coronation and the others to go to the coronation and he would not have returned again to the northwest. The pitful thing is that poor Fitzgerald. I will tell him my life. As for you," he said, turn ing to History and the others to go to the coronation and he would not have returned again to the northwest. The pitful thing is that poor Fitzgerald had been engaged to a Halifax girl for eleven years. He was don't know her—never saw her before in my life. As for you," he said, "The last entry on the wisson on I broke through the indead thim and the others to go to the coronation and he would not have entired again to the would not have estimated the man struc

by Corporal Dempster, who was in charge the party was proceed of the search party sent out from Dawson. to the Peel river. of Constable Kinney and Taylor were their trail, began at this point to Dec. 21, 1910, and the last is on Feb. 5, made being so

assumed, accepted the chair which Peter Ruff subpressions. Carf you see that he is probe of her. "If you see that he is probe of her." If you see the peter of position is a suppression of the subpression of the subpression

me. Mr. Ruff has made an appointment opened and closed again. A man in a slouch hat and overcoat entered, and after face.

"You mean that your friend Mr. Ruff eekling along the wall for a moment turn-face of the exclaimed.

"You mean that your friend Mr. Ruff rose from her place with a little sob. "Peter!" she cried. "Peter!" she cried. "Peter!" she cried. "Peter!" she cried. "Shown," she declared, throwing herself in to an easy-chair, "I feel horrid about it. I wonder what Mr. Ruff will think when the knows."

"I wonder what Mr. Ruff will think when the knows."

"My profession is as good as yours, any-way!" the little man exclaimed. "We have taken Carter's word that and overcoat entered, and after way!" the little man exclaimed. "We have taken Carter's word that how way from the Little Wind river."

This is the true explanation of the carter yielded up their carter's word that way from the Little Wind whom I used to know who was anxious to meet me again, and would I step round here about 8 o'clock. Here I should not have taken Carter's word that the knew the way from the Little Wind river."

This is the true explanation of the carter is evident that Inspector Fitzgerald, who provision and would I step round here about 8 o'clock. Here I should not have taken Carter's word that the knew the way from the Little Wind whom I used to know who was anxious to meet me again, and would I step round here about 8 o'clock. Here I should not have taken Carter's word that the knew the way from the Little Wind with river."

This is the true explanation of the carter's word that Inspector Fitzgerald relied upon ex-Constable Carter succumbed first and was anxious to meet me again, and would I step round here about I wonder what Mr. Ruff will think when he knows."

You can feel how you like," John Dory answered bluntly, "so long as I get be handcuffs on Spencer Fitzgerald's wrists!"

She shuddered. She looked at her husband with dismay.

"Listen to me, Maud," he said, rising to his feet. "You aren't a fool—not quite. You've spent some time with Peter Ruff. How much—think carefully—how much—think gain," he said.

"Not at all," she answered promptly. John Dory's face fell.

"Think that you are making a misblood came. It was Peter Ruff and down to the Peel River. The looking in upon them—Peter Ruff carefully her better. "Dear me," he said, "you don't seem to be getting on very well! Mr. Dory," he didded, with a note of surprise in his tone does he remind you of Spencer Fitzgerald knew the way who it was who sat in Peter Ruff s place, and Maud came in. When she saw who it is peter Ruff splace who is gave a little cry. Perhaps, after all, "Can't see any, likeness," she declared. "Spencer!" she cried. "Spencer! Have "There is a man there who wants to ar
"Spencer!" she cried. "Spencer! Have "There is a man there who wants to ar
"Spencer!" she cried. "Spencer! Have "There is a man there who wants to ar
"You can feel how you like," John Dory as I got late the door was softly opened. Violet Brown softly opened. Violet Brown went staggering back like a woman who sees a ghost. She bit her lips till the look of the Live and down to the Peel River. The lust the head of which has been followed for looking in upon them—Peter Ruff carefully her early wous that the party must have be short at me followed for looking in upon them—Peter Ruff carefully her early wous the flow of the Little Wind River. The was a moment's breathless silence. The look of the Live and do

"Think again," he said.
"Can't see any likeness," she declared.
"He did remind me a little of bim just at first, though," she added, reflectively—"little things he said, and sort of mannerisms."
"When is this meeting with Fitzgerald to come off?" John Dory asked abruptly.
"Tomorrow night," she said; "he is to meet me in Mr. Ruff's office."
"At what time?" John Dory asked.

"At what time?" John Dory asked.

"Spencer!" she cried. "Spencer! Have would happen.
"Think again," he said.
"Spencer!" she declared. "Spencer! Have would happen.
"Spencer!" she cried. "Spencer! Have would happen.
"Spencer!" she cried. "Spencer! Have would happen.
"Think again," he said.
"The added, pointing to Maud.
"There's a man there who wants to arrest me—Lord knows what for! And bere's another lady telling me not to shoot! What's it all about, Rbff? Is it all about, Rbff? Is it outstretched hands. Then through the door came John Dory, and one caught a glimpse of others behind him.

"At what time?" John Dory asked.

"Tomorrow night," she said, and sort of mannerisms."

"You are glad to see me?" he asked. She came slowly forward. The man rose from the man rose and turns north. On January 1 he dissended and turns north. On January 1 he dissended the Indian. The next day he reached Peel River, proceeded up this door came John Dory, and one caught a glimpse of others behind him.

"At what time?" John Dory asked.

"Tomorrow night," she said, and sort of man shook his hand.

"Tomorrow night," she said, and sort of man there who wants to arrest me—Lord knows what for! And bere's another lady telling me not to shoot! What's it all about, Rbff? Is it is possible," he said, "that I have rest me—Lord knows what for! And bere's another lady telling me not to an and turns north. On January 1 he dissented the Indian. The next day he reached Peel River, which cemes from the town want to load the party

WANTED

WANTED-Young men ter and health to engage he Provincial Hospital,

WANTED Girl for gen Wan small family. Re Address, Mrs. Roy O. St street, St. John, N. B. WANTED A housema Apply to Mrs. W. J.

WANTED-A cook and Apply by letter, with Mrs. Daniel R. Robert

WANTED-Thoroughl general work in fan California. Good salar passage paid. Apply Mrs nson, 11 Crown street.

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WANTED-A sec wale teacher for parish of Petersville

AGENTS WAN

MALESMEN WANTEL

Cures Yo No Doctors

The Oxygens BOX \$292 CHATHAM, OA

For a Few

Intil the Bell Building is Church, nearly opposite We will have ample acc



(Houston Po Frank Woods, manager gnized the coir ment of his hote twenty years You can imagir cognized the ter in the lobb nt piece I ever wages on an Il 's plowing I w playing with nly a portion of nd of the seated

impression and ar NOT UP ON CURR Sir Ernest Shackle talking the south p nighted, was the g

other side being

centre of the pie

were cut deer

It was incredible It

le waiting maid.
'As she brought and bloater one What a rainy mo The flood, sir?'

Yes, said I. The work, the Ark, Mour "She shook her he logetically

the papers lately, sir.

THE HOP

these great paints, how they brighten, how safe they are, how brighten, how sare they are good, how easy, how cheap, comparing quality with the others. We shall send you the prettlest and most useful Booklet ever is-sued, telling you all about paint-

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