

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1905.

THE ADVENTURE OF

THE NOBLE BACHELOR

"You're angry, Robert?" said she.

"Well, I guess you have every cause to be."

"Pray make no apology to me," said Lord St. Simon, bitterly.

"Oh, yes, I know that I have treated you real bad and that I should have spoken to you before I went, but I was kind of rattled, and from the time when I saw Frank here again I just didn't know what I was doing or saying. I only wonder I didn't fall down and do a faint right there before the altar."

"Perhaps, Mrs. Moulton, you would like my friend and me to leave the room while you explain the matter?"

"If I may give an opinion," remarked the strange gentleman, "we've had just a little too much secrecy over this matter already. For my part, I should like all Europe and America to hear the rights of it."

"He was a small, wiry, sunburnt man, clean shaven, with a sharp face and alert manner."

"Then I'll tell you story right away," said the lady. "Frank here and I met in '84, in McQuinn's camp, near the Rockies, where pa was working a claim. We were engaged to each other, Frank and I; but then one day father struck a rich pocket and made a pile, while poor Frank here had a claim that petered out and came to nothing. The richer pa grew, the poorer was Frank; so at last pa wouldn't hear of our engagement lasting any longer, and he took me away to Frisco. Frank wouldn't throw up his hand, though; so he followed me there, and he saw me without pa knowing anything about it. It would only have made him mad to know, so we just fixed it all up so that he wouldn't find out. Frank and I were married in Frisco, where pa was working a claim. We were engaged to each other, Frank and I; but then one day father struck a rich pocket and made a pile, while poor Frank here had a claim that petered out and came to nothing. The richer pa grew, the poorer was Frank; so at last pa wouldn't hear of our engagement lasting any longer, and he took me away to Frisco. Frank wouldn't throw up his hand, though; so he followed me there, and he saw me without pa knowing anything about it. It would only have made him mad to know, so we just fixed it all up so that he wouldn't find out. Frank and I were married in Frisco, where pa was working a claim."

"The next I heard of Frank was that he was in Montana, and then he went prospecting in Arizona, and then I heard of him from New Mexico. After that, a long newspaper story about how a miner's camp had been attacked by Apache Indians, and how the miners were among the killed. I faintly remembered, and I was very sick for months after. Pa thought I had a decline, and he sent for half the doctors in Frisco. Not a word of news came for a year or more, so that I never doubted but that Frank had died. Then Lord St. Simon came to Frisco, and we came to London, and a marriage was arranged, and I was pleased, but I felt all the time that no man on this earth would ever take the

C. P. R. LOSES FIRST ROUND

Railway Commission Approves G. T. P. Location in Spite of C. P. R. Objections.

Ottawa, Sept. 4.—The railway commission heard today the objections of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the location of the G. T. P. line from Portage la Prairie, 278 miles westward, Mr. Aylesworth along with Mr. Pringle, M. P., appeared for the C. P. R. and Mr. Biggar, chief counsel for the G. T. R., appeared for the railway commission. Mr. Biggar asked for the approval of the plan which was suggested by the C. P. R. He would have been departing from the statute. He said there was nothing to refer to the supreme court and the board had no other course to refer to the supreme court and the board had no other course to refer to the supreme court and the board had no other course to refer to the supreme court.

Mr. Biggar claimed that if the minister had approved of the plan in the way suggested by the C. P. R. he would have been departing from the statute. He said there was nothing to refer to the supreme court and the board had no other course to refer to the supreme court and the board had no other course to refer to the supreme court.

Thin Blood Makes a Weak Body

But You Can Enrich the Blood and Send New Vigor Through the System by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Every nerve and every muscle of the body depends on the blood for nourishment. Thin, watery blood makes weak nerves and flabby muscles. The heart fails in its work of forcing blood through the body; the lungs, the stomach, the liver, kidneys and bowels all do their work in an imperfect way, and you drag about weak, tired and miserable.

Gradually, certainly and naturally it instills new vigor into every nook and corner of the body, restores health and vitality, and puts a new joy into life.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

IT WILL BE VERY TAME

Closing Acts of Peace Conference Will Have No Spectacular Features.

Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 4.—The closing acts of the peace conference promises to be a very tame affair. There will be no spectacular features. Final arrangements have been made for the signing of the "Treaty of Portsmouth" at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon in the conference room of the naval stores building. Besides the plenipotentiaries only Assistant Paymaster, representing the president, Governor McLean, the mayor of Portsmouth, Admiral Mead and Commander Winslow will be present.

After the signing of the treaty, the Russian mission will go to Christ Church, Portsmouth, where a le drum service will be held. The Russian Orthodox Bishop at New York, accompanied by twenty priests and about seventy chorists, arrived this evening on a special train. Mr. Witte and the members of his suite will leave for New York at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning.

At the close of the reception Baron Komura, speaking to the Associated Press, said that he was very satisfied with the result of the peace conference, adding that what has been done here had been for the best interests of Russia and Japan. He attached no importance to the telegram from Litzkiupuz saying that the Russians were apprehensive of a day of peace.

"It is feared that Komura will refuse to treat with Witte," said the man who is in the best position to know the truth. "That sir," responded Col. Stilwell of Kentucky, "would be an outrage, sir. They may have their differences of opinion, but no gentleman, sir, will refuse to treat when his turn comes."—Washington Star.

A HEAVY BABY

Ex-President Cleveland, and "Joey" Jefferson were speakers at a dinner at Sandwich, Cape Cod, where the veteran

MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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that breakfast table and waiting for me to come back. So Frank took my wedding clothes and things and made a bundle of them, so that I should not be traced, and dropped them away somewhere where no one would find them. It is likely that we should have gone on to Paris tomorrow, only that this good gentleman, Mr. Holmes, came found to us this evening, though how he found us is more than I can think, and he showed us very clearly and kindly that we were wrong and that Frank was right, and that we should be putting ourselves in the wrong if we were so secret."

Then he offered to give us a chance of talking to Lord St. Simon alone, and so we came right away round to his room at once. Now, Robert, you have heard it all, and I am very sorry if I have given you pain, and I hope that you do not think very meanly of me."

Lord St. Simon had by no means relaxed his rigid attitude, but had listened with a frowning brow and a compressed lip to this long narrative.

"Excuse me," he said, "but it is not my custom to discuss the most intimate personal affairs in this public manner."

"Then you won't forgive me? You won't shake hands with me?"

"Oh, certainly, if it would give you any pleasure," he put out his hand and coldly grasped that which was extended to him.

"I had hoped," suggested Holmes, "that you would have joined us in a friendly supper."

"I think that there you ask a little too much," responded his lordship. "I may be forced to acquiesce in these recent developments, but I can hardly be expected to make merry over them."

"With your permission, I will now wish you all a very good-night." He inclined his head in a sweeping bow and stalked out of the room.

"Then I trust that you at least will agree with your company," said Lord St. Simon. "It is always a joy to meet an American, Mr. Moulton, for I am one of those who believe that the folly of the monarch and the blundering of a minister in far-gone years will not prevent our children from being some day citizens of the same world-wide country under a flag which shall be a quartering of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes."

"The case has been an interesting one," remarked Holmes, when our visitors had gone. "Because it serves to show very clearly how simple the explanation may be of an affair which at first sight seems to be almost inexplicable. Nothing could be more natural than the sequence of events as narrated by this lady, and nothing more strange than the conduct of her father, for instance, by Mr. Lestrade, of Scotland Yard."

"You were not yourself at fault at all, then?"

"From the first, two facts were very obvious to me. The one that the lady had been quite willing to undergo the wedding ceremony, the other that she had repented of it within a few minutes of returning home. Obviously something had occurred during the morning, and what could that something be? She could not have spoken to any one else who was present, for she had been in the company of the bridegroom. Had she seen some one then? If she had, it must be some one from America, because

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she had spent so short a time in this country that she could hardly have allowed any one to acquire so deep an influence over her that the mere sight of him would induce her to change her plans so completely. You see we have already arrived, by a process of exclusion, at the idea that she might have seen an American. Then who could this American be, and why should he possess so much influence over her? It might be a lover, it might be a husband. Her young womanhood had, I knew, been spent in rough scenes and under strange conditions. So far I had got before I ever heard Lord St. Simon's narrative. When he told us of a man in a pew, of the change in the bride's manner, of so transparent a device for obtaining a note as the dropping of a bouquet, of her resort to her confidential maid, and of her very significant allusion to claim-jumping—which in minister's parlance means taking possession of that which another person has a prior claim to—the whole situation became absolutely clear. She had gone off with a man, and the man was either a lover or was a previous husband—the chances being in favor of the latter."

And how in the world did you find that out?"

"It might have been difficult, but friend Lestrade held information in his hands the value of which he did not himself know. The initials were, of course, of the highest importance, and more valuable still was it to know that within a week he had settled his bill at one of the most select London hotels."

"By the select prices. Eight shillings for a bed and eightpence for a glass of sherry pointed out to me the most expensive hotel. There are not many in London which charge at that rate. In the second one which I visited in Northumberland avenue, I learned by an inspection of the book that Francis H. Moulton, an American gentleman, had left only the day before, and on looking over the entries against him I came upon the very items which I had seen in the duplicate bill. The letters were to be forwarded to No. 228 Gordon square; so either I travelled, and being fortunate enough to find the living couple at home, I ventured to give them some paternal advice, and to point out to them that it would be better every way that they should make their position a little clearer both to the general public and to Lord St. Simon in particular. I invited them to meet him here, and, as you see, I made him keep the appointment."

"But with no very good result," I remarked. "His conduct was certainly not very gracious."

"Alas, Watson," said Holmes, smiling, "perhaps you would not be very gracious either, if after all the trouble of fortune, and the loss of a wife and fortune, I think that we may judge Lord St. Simon to be a little more than a trifle stern. I think that we are never likely to find ourselves in the same position. Draw the curtains, and let us have my violin for the only problem we have still to solve is how to away these bleak autumnal evenings." (The End.)

actor told the following at Mr. Cleveland's expense:—"When the last Cleveland baby was born, Mr. Cleveland was asked about the weight, which he gave as twelve pounds. Dr. Bryson, who was present, said that the ex-President to say that the nurse had reported the young hopeful to be an eight-pounder."

"Well, said Mr. Cleveland, 'I know, for I weighed him myself.' The same scales that Mr. Jefferson and I used when we got fishing."

Joiners Are helped. THEIR HEALTH RESTORED! "Apples of Thousands of Homes Due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's Advice."

A devoted mother comes to listen to every call of duty excepting the supreme one that tells her to guard her health, and before the realization of some lamentation of the female organs has manifested itself, and nervousness and irritability take the place of happiness and amiability.

Tired, nervous and irritable, the mother is unfit to care for her children, and her condition ruins the child's disposition and reacts upon herself.

The mother should not be blamed, as she no doubt is suffering with backache, headache, bearing-down pains or displacement, making life a burden.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the unfailing cure for this condition. It strengthens the female organs and permanently cures all disorders such as this letter describes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham: "Being mother of five children, I have had experience with the general troubles of children was born, and from that time I have been suffering with backache, headache, bearing-down pains or displacement, making life a burden."

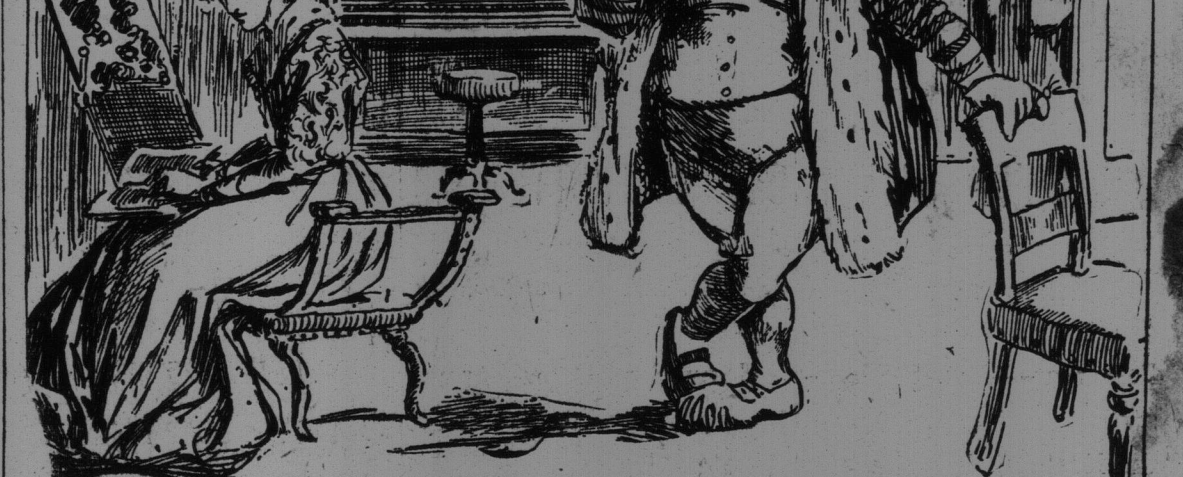
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Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. A.D. 1529

Henry VIII., the personification of the fabled Bluebeard, had in all six wives. The first, Catherine of Aragon, he divorced, having doubts, after twenty years of married life, as to the legality of his marriage with her. The King's fancy was taken by one of her maids of honor, Anne Boleyn, granddaughter of the first Duke of Norfolk. It is said that Catherine discovered Henry making love to Anne, who was quite complainant.

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