

"No, the fact is not to me. You owe a very humble apology to that noble lady, your son, who has carried himself in this matter as I should be proud to see my own son do should I ever chance to have one."

"Then it was not Arthur who took them?"

"I told you yesterday, and I repeat today, that it was not."

"You are sure of it? Then let me hurry to him at once, to let him know that the truth is known."

"He knows it already. When I had cleared it all up I had an interview with him, and finding that he would not tell me the story, I told it to him, on which he had to confess that I was right, and to add the very few details which were not yet quite clear to me. Your news of this morning, however, may open his lips."

"For heaven's sake, tell me, then, what is this extraordinary mystery?"

"I will do so, and I will show you the steps by which I reached it. And let me say to you, first, that which it is hardest for me to say and for you to hear, there has been an understanding between Sir George Burnwell and your niece Mary. They have now fled together."

"My Mary? Impossible!"

"It is, unfortunately, more than possible; it is certain. Neither you nor your son knew the true character of this man when you admitted him into your family circle. He is one of the most dangerous men in England—a ruined gambler, an absolutely desperate villain, a man without heart or conscience. Your niece knew nothing of such men. When he breathed his vows to her, as he had done to a hundred before her, she flattered herself that she alone had touched his heart. The devil knows best what he said, but at least she became his tool and was in the habit of seeing him nearly every evening."

"I cannot, and I will not believe it," cried the banker, with an ashen face.

"I will tell you then, what occurred at your home last night. Your niece when you had, as she thought, gone to your room, slipped down and talked to her lover through the window which leads into the stable lane. His footmarks had pressed right through the snow, so long had he stood there. She told him of the coronet. His wicked lust for gold kindled at the news, and he bent her to his will. I have no doubt that she loved you, but there are women in whom the love of a lover extinguishes all other loves, and I think that she must have been one. She had hardly listened to his instructions when she saw you coming downstairs, on which she closed the window rapidly, and told you about one of the servants escape with her wooden-legged lover, which was all perfectly true."

"Your boy, Arthur, went to bed after his interview with you, but he slept badly on account of his uneasiness about his club debts. In the middle of the night he heard a soft tread pass his door, so he rose, and, looking out, was surprised to see his cousin walking very stealthily along the passage, until she disappeared into your dressing room. Purified with astonishment, she had slipped on some clothes and waited there in the dark to see what would come of this strange affair. Presently she emerged from the room again, and in the light of the passage lamp your son saw that she carried the precious coronet in her hands. She passed down the stairs, and he, thrilling with horror, ran along and slipped behind the curtain near your door, whence he could see what passed in the hall beneath. He saw her stealthily open the window, hand out the coronet to some one in the gloom, and then closing it once

more, hurry back to her room, passing quite close to where he stood and behind the curtain."

"As long as she was on the scene he could not take any action without a horrible exposure of the woman whom he loved. But the instant that she was gone he realized how crushing a misfortune this would be for you, and how all-important it was to set it straight. He rushed down, just as he was, in his bare feet, opened the window, sprang out into the snow and ran down the lane, where he could see a dark figure in the moonlight. Sir George Burnwell tried to get away, but Arthur caught him, and there was a struggle between them, your lad tugging at one side of the coronet and his opponent at the other. In the scuffle your son struck Sir George and sent him over the eye. Then something suddenly snapped, and your son, finding that he had the coronet in his hands, rushed back, closed the window, ascended to your room, and had just observed that the coronet had been existed in the struggle and was endeavoring to straighten it when you appeared upon the scene."

"Is it possible," gasped the banker, "that you could have seen him by candle light at a moment when he felt that he had deserved your warmest thanks. He could not explain the true state of affairs without betraying one who certainly deserved little enough consideration at his hands. He took the more chivalrous view, however, and preserved her secret."

"And that was why she shrieked and fainted when she saw the coronet," cried Mr. Holder. "Oh, my God, what a blind fool I have been! And his asking to be allowed to go out for five minutes! The devil fellow wanted to see if the missing piece were at the scene of the struggle. How cruelly I have misjudged him!"

"When I arrived at the house," continued Holmes, "I at once went very carefully round it to observe if there were any traces in the snow which might help me. I knew that none had fallen since the evening before and also that there had been a strong frost to preserve impressions. I passed along the tradesmen's path but found it all trampled down and indistinguishable. Just beyond it, however, at the far side of the kitchen door, a woman had stood and talked with a man whose round impressions on one side showed that he had a wooden leg. I could even tell that they had been disturbed, for the woman had run back swiftly to the door, as was shown by the deep and light heel marks, while Wooden-leg had waited a little, and then had gone away. I thought at the time that this might be the maid and her sweetheart, of whom you had already spoken to me, and inquiry showed it was so. I passed round the garden without seeing anything more than random tracks, which I took to be the police, but when I got into the stable lane a very long and complex story was written in the snow in front of me."

"There was a double line of tracks of a booted man, and a second double line which I saw with delight belonged to a man with bare feet, which at once convinced from what you told me that the latter was your son. The marks were both ways, but the first had run swiftly, and, as his tread was marked in places over the depression of the boot, it was obvious that he had passed after the other. I followed them up, and found that they led to the hall window, where Boots had worn all the snow away while waiting. Then I walked to the other end, which was a hundred yards or more down the lane. I saw where Boots had faced round, where the snow was cut up

as though there had been a struggle, and finally, where a few drops of blood had fallen, to show me that I was not mistaken. Boots had then run down the lane, and another little smudge of blood showed that it was he who had been kept. When he came to the high road at the other end, I found that the pavement had been cleared, so there was an end."

"On entering the house, however, I examined, as you remember, the sill and framework of the hall window with my lens, and I could at once see that some one had passed out. I could distinguish the outline of an instep where the wet foot had been placed in coming in. I was then beginning to be able to form an opinion as to what had occurred. A man had waited outside the window, some one had brought the gems; the deed had been overseen by your son, he had pursued the thief, had struggled with him, they had each tugged at the coronet, their united strength causing injuries which neither alone could have affected. He had returned with the prize, but had left a fragment in the grasp of his opponent. So far I was clear. The question now was, who was the man, and who was it brought him the coronet?"

"It is an odd man of mine that when you have expended the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth. Now, I knew that it was not you who had brought it down, so there only remained your niece and the maids. But if it were the maids, why should your son allow himself to be accused in their place? There could be no possible reason. As he loved his cousin, however, there was an excellent explanation why he should retain her secret—the more so as the secret was a disgraceful one. When I remembered that you had seen her at the window and how she had fainted on seeing the coronet again, my conjecture became a certainty."

"And who could it be who was her confederate? A lover evidently, for who else could outweigh the love and gratitude which she must feel to you? I knew that you went out little, and that your circle of friends was a very limited one. But among them was Sir George Burnwell. I had heard of him before as being a man of evil reputation among women. It must have been he who deceived those boys and retained the missing gems. Even though he knew that Arthur had discovered him, he might still flatter himself that he was safe, for the lad could not say a word without compromising his own family."

"Well, your own good sense will suggest what measures I took next. I went in the shape of a loafer to Sir George's house, managed to pick up an acquaintance with his valet, learned that his master had cut his head the night before, and, finally, at the expense of six shillings, made all sure by buying a pair of his cast-off shoes. With these I journeyed down to Streatham, and saw that they exactly fitted the tracks."

"I saw an ill-dressed vagabond in the lane yesterday evening," said Mr. Holder.

"Precisely. It was I. I found that I had my man, so I came home and changed my clothes. It was a delicate part which I had to play then, for I saw that prosecution must be avoided to avert scandal, and I knew that so astute a villain would see that our hands were tied in the matter. I went and saw him. At first, of course, he denied everything. But when I gave him every particular that had occurred, he tried to bluster, and took down a life-preserver from the wall. I knew my man, however, and I clapped a pistol to his head before he could strike. Then he became a little more reasonable. I told him that we would give him a price for the stones he

held—£1,000 apiece. That brought out the first signs of grief that he had shown. 'Why, dash it all!' said he, 'I've let them go at six hundred for the three! I soon managed to get the address of the receiver who had them, on promising him that there would be no prosecution. Off I set to him, and after much chaffing I got our stones at £1,000 apiece. Then I looked in upon your son, told him that all was right, and eventually got to my bed about 2 o'clock, after what I may call a really hard day's work.'

"A day which has saved England from a great public scandal," said the banker rising. "Sir, I cannot find words to thank you, but you shall not find me ungrateful for what you have done. Your skill has indeed exceeded all that I have heard of it. And now I must fly to my dear boy to apologize to him for the wrong which I have done him. As to what you tell me of poor Mary, it goes to my very heart. Not even your skill can inform me where she is now."

"I think that we may safely say," returned Holmes, "that she is wherever Sir George Burnwell is. It is equally certain, too, that whatever her sins are, they will soon receive a more than sufficient punishment."

RAISES RARE ORCHIDS

Frederick Bertha Krupp Has Passion for Flowers.

Frederick Bertha Krupp has lately become interested in horticulture. For more than a year she has attended to the beautiful little Eborac garden her late father laid out for her, but until then she had shown no particular interest in gardening. Now she is an ardent florist. She has had on orchid-house built. Some of the rarest growths have been secured from English growers, as well as from South America. Some of her orchids by their beauty succeeded in awakening the enthusiasm of the most reserved girl about whom so little is known, who leads a strange, retired life within the walls of the Villa Hügel, near Essen.

Frederick Bertha is of the opinion that ornamental gardening is a calling for which women are especially fitted. She, aided by her mother, is taking steps to start a school at Essen where selected girls shall be trained for it.

WERE CHARGED WITH ASSAULT

Ottawa, Oct. 6.—Hal Walters and Tom Bocher, of the St. Patrick's, Ottawa, football team, appeared in the police court this morning charged with assault with intent to do harm on the match of last Saturday, played here against Montreal. Police Magistrate O'Keefe gave the players a lecture against rough play, and ended by letting them go on suspended sentence. He said that the object of the arrest was to preserve and purify the game, and he hoped it would have a good effect.

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It purifies the Blood and cures
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Career of a Scotch Boy Who Became Hon. John Tod

An Unfashionable True Story—By Gilbert
Malcolm Sproat.

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CHAPTER II.

We remained at Fort Severn to assist Mr. Sautley during the winter—the first winter in America. It lasted from the latter part of September to the middle of June. The temperature never was higher than 40 degrees below zero, and often much lower. My duties, owing to the ill-health of the officer in charge, were of a general nature, and included less of Indian trading than account work, for which latter my Glasgow experience had, in some degree, prepared me. I have mentioned the presence of a cow at the fort. Wild hay had been gathered for it, and the animal seemed to thrive pretty well and afforded palatable milk for the officer's family. There also were an immense bear, and an English horse of some breeding. The latter had arrived too late to be sent forward to its destination at Red River. The bear and this horse became companions, and, as we had no regular food for them, foraged on willow branches, or whatever of an edible nature they could find. The horse must have been sorry that he left England. The two animals ran to the fort on hearing the bell for meals, and devoured the goose-bones and other refuse thrown out, contending for the bits in their peculiar ways—the bear usually prevailing. This seemed to me a strange comradeship, but I have since read of a rabbit hunting comradeship in Ireland between a pointer dog and a pig. Frozen fish, chopped small, were served frequently to the cow, and occasionally, to the horse. Necessarily in preparing small fish for winter food, they were frozen without the entrails or scales being removed. They were then strung in batches of about 20, heads down, on twisted willow branches or other sticks. Venison and flesh-meat in general required different treatment. The pieces were at once dipped into water, and, on the water freezing around them, were redipped and so till the ice-coat was thick enough. Meat exposed to the frost without a coating so formed would not keep. To show how cold the weather was, I may mention that a piece of new calico dipped in water and hung over a line would be totally consumed soon by the action of the frost. The large fish, such as the salmon and the gray and speckled trout were dried and smoked in the usual manner, when time permitted, but were not obtainable without undue effort in quantities to form a staple food. The salmon began to come into the rivers from the salt water of Hudson's Bay as soon as the ice moved and the waters cleared. They spawned about the end of August. The coast Indians caught them, but used more blubber than salmon for food. South from Hudson's Bay, however, in the interior, the Indians had salmon and dried or frozen wild geese as staple articles of diet. The main reliance for winter food at the company's stations was cured or frozen fish and salted geese. On hearing of this I remembered my father having

told me that in his grandfather's time the Scotch largely lived on salted geese. The bird mostly used by us in the Hudson's Bay region was the white goose, the migratory habits of which are regular. The gray goose, in its different varieties being more erratic, could not be depended on for winter supplies. The former, appearing from the south southwest in numbers probably from the region of the Mississippi river, clearly in May, flew along the coast of Hudson's Bay to a certain promontory, and thence streamed seaward, always, I was told, from the same place and in the same direction. That was the direct line towards Hudson's Strait, on the innumerable rocks and islets of which they incubated. No one could tell me what food the birds lived on there. They began to return to the southward in September. The flight of white geese lasted for three days. They passed over us at a height, I should guess, of 1,200 to 1,500 feet. We hid in snow shelters on the coast marsh and made decoys of snow at a convenient distance. Towards these latter the great successive flocks, from curiosity, lowered, before passing, but never alighted. They had used the generalship to send out scouts: the whole flock flew lower to examine the snow decoys, and thus we were able to shoot many of them, each gunner within the shelter having several Indians to reload the guns and pick up the dead birds before the next flock came. This work on our part—it was not sport—continued, with intervals for our meals and to clean the guns, until from 10,000 to 20,000 birds were obtained for salting—an infinitesimal percentage of the millions that flew over us.

Mr. MacDonald, who engaged me in Glasgow, having, as I have said, told me I might have to hunt bears in my new habitat, that animal always had more or less interest for me, but of polar bears I cannot say very much, and do not know if what were called "polar" bears in southern Hudson Bay were of the genuine polar species. When in that region I usually was too busy to hunt those bears, though noticing some of their ways as occasion offered. Other bears I shall mention as my narrative proceeds. The polar bears and the seals do not devour their fish in water, but must get upon a rock or the ice for that purpose. These bears venture far out to sea in the summer time on floating ice, but approach the coast towards winter, not, however, to hibernate in the full manner of the black and other bears. The female goes ashore and "caves," so to speak, in the deep snow, or where the snow drifts will soon cover her, and there she lies without food till she has young. The male animal, shut from the water by ice, roams the coast and sea surface for food, as does also the female after cub birth, subject to her maternal duties. A valued prey of theirs is the seal, which always keeps an ice hole open through which it may reach the ice, used as a table for its fish meal. The

bear knows these holes and cranches like a cat to seize the seal when it appears. Usually he carries it some distance, followed by a pack of white foxes, which, during his watch, strive to be quiet, grinning merely, and turning their heads from one side to the other, but once the fatal spring is made they are about expectantly, grinning, whisking their tails, chattering, and howling indulging in a fight, until the bear is satisfied with his repast and permits them to eat the leavings. But enough at present, as to some effects of the cold weather on the animals.

FINED BY COLLECTOR.

Owners of Floating Poolroom, the City of Traverse, Failed to Register Transfer.

Chicago, Oct. 6.—A fine of \$700 was imposed yesterday upon the floating poolroom, the steamer City of Traverse, by Wm. Penn Nixon, a collector of the state, because of the failure of the owners to register a transfer of the vessel. The fine was paid under protest. The imposition of the fine gave rise to a report that the license of the boat had been taken away, but Collector Nixon declared last night that such was not the case.

"I know of no grounds for the revocation of the license of the boat," said Nixon. "Until all the legal steps have been complied with, the boat will not be allowed to make any trips, but these will undoubtedly be taken to-morrow, and I expect the boat will be able to make trips in the afternoon."

SALT SPRING ISLAND NOTES.

(Special Correspondence of the Times.)

W. Mowat has gone to New Westminster to take a course at the Columbia College preparatory to entering law. Mrs. V. King and daughter have been spending a few days on the island. A large number of local residents have been visiting the Dominion fair. R. P. Edwards has some exhibits in the poultry class.

SHE WAS IN BED FOR THREE YEARS

PAIN-RACKED WOMAN CURED BY
DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Strong Statement by Mrs. Jas. Hughes, of Morley, Ont.—She's Strong and Healthy Once More.

Morley, Ont., Oct. 6.—(Special).—What Dodd's Kidney pills are doing for the suffering women of Canada will never be fully known. It is only when some courageous woman breaks the secrecy that covers woman and her troubles that a passing glimpse of their great work is given. For this reason a statement made by Mrs. Jas. Hughes, of this place, is of more than passing interest. "It was a great sufferer for four years," says Mrs. Hughes. "I was treated by five doctors and a specialist from the U. S. I tried nearly every kind of medicine I could hear of, but none seemed to do me any good."

"I was in bed for nearly three years. I had pains in my spinal column, in my head, over my eyes, across my back and through my left side. I took fourteen boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and now I am strong and able to do a good day's work, thank to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

SHERLOCK HOLMES STORIES

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Every Saturday.

Saturday, October 14th
WILL APPEAR

The Adventures of
The Copper Breeches

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The Best Ever Written
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The following stories will appear, one each Saturday
in the order given below:

- Oct. 14—The Adventures of The Copper Breeches
- Oct. 21—" " " Noble Bachelor
- Oct. 28—The Red Headed League
- Nov. 4—A Case of Identity
- Nov. 11—Silver Blaze
- Nov. 18—The Yellow Face
- Nov. 25—The Stockbroker's Clerk
- Dec. 2—The Gloria Scott
- Dec. 9—The Musgrave Ritual

Owing to the great popularity of the Sherlock Holmes Stories, arrangements have been made by the Times for the publication of a series by Sir Conan Doyle. When Sir Conan Doyle created the character of Sherlock Holmes, he founded an absolutely unique type and reconstructed the entire theory and nature of detective stories. Doyle made his detective a deductive genius, and the style and nature of his adventures set the world a talking. Thousands of people regard Holmes as a personal friend and they would not miss a single one of his adventures.

