### The Return of a

## Sherlock Holmes.

I.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE EMPTY HOUSE.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

Copyright, 1903, by A. Conan Doyle and Collier's Weekly.



Adair, under most unusual and inexplicable circum-stances. The publearned those parcrime

came out in the police investigaevent in my adventurous life. Even now, after this long interval, I find myself thrilling as I think of it, feeling once more that sudden flood of joy, amazement and incredulity which utterly submerged my mind. Let me say to that public, which has shown ne interest in those glimpses which I have occasionally given them of the markable man, that they are not to blame me if I have not shared my endeavoring to make out his losses or winnings at cards. knowledge with them, for I should have which was only withdrawn upon the 3rd of last month.

It can be imagined that my close in timacy with Sherlock Holmes had interested me deeply in crime, and that after his disappearance I never failed to read with care the various problem. which came before the public. And I even attempted, more than once, for my own private satisfaction, to employ methods in their solution, though with indifferent success. There was none, however, which appealed to me like this tragedy of Ronald Adair. As I read the evidence at the inquest, which led up to a verdict of willfull murder against some person or persons unknown, I realized more clearly than I had ever done the loss which the community had sustained by the death of Sherlock Holmes. There were points about this strange business which would, I was sure, have specially appealed to him, and the efforts of the police would have been supplemented, or more probably anticipated, by the trained observation and the alert mind of the first criminal agent in Europe. All day as I drove upon my round, I turned over the case in my mind, and found no explanation which appeared to me to be adequate. At the risk of telling a twice-told tale, I will recapitulate the facts as they were known to the public at the conclusion of the inquest.

The Honorable Ronald Adair was

the second son of the Earl of Maynooth, at that time governor of one of the Australian colonies. Adair's mother had returned from Australia to undergo the operation for cataract, and she, her son Ronald, and her daughter Hilda were living together at 427 Park The youth moved in the best society-had, so far as was known, no particular vices. He had been engage 1 to Miss Edith Woodley, of Carstairs, but the engagement had been broken off by mutual consent some months before, and there was no sign that it had left any very profound feeling behind For the rest the man's life moved in a narrow and conventional circle, for his habits were quiet and his nature unemotional. Yet it was upon this easy-going young aristocrat that death came in most strange and unexpected form, between the hours of ten and eleven-twenty on the night of March

Ronald Adair was fond of cardsplaying continually, but never for such stakes as would hurt him. He was a member of the Baldwin, the Cavendish, and the Bagatelle card clubs. It was shown that, after dinner on the day of his death, he had played a rubber of whist at the latter club. He had also played there in the afternoon. The evidence of those who had played with him-Mr. Murray, Sir John Hardy and Colonel Moran-showed that the game was whist, and that there was a fairly equal fall of the cards. Adair might have lost five pounds, but not more. His fortune was a considerable one, and such a loss would not in any way affect him. He had played nearly every day at one club or other, but he was a cautious player, and usually rose a winner. It came out in evidence

> First Aid in the Home

For the home there is no other "firstaid" so sure as Pond's Extract—the old family doctor. Emergency hospitals use it to stop bleeding in deep cuts and value it for its efficacy to allay inflammation and banish pain. Every family medicine chest should contain its bottle of Pond's Extract.

Sold only in sealed bot-tles under buff wrapper. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

the out at the inquest.

On the evening of the crime, he re-Honorable Ronaid turned from the club exactly at ten. jectured that before his death he was endeavoring to make out his losses or winnings at cards.

"You're surprised to see me, sir," said he in a strange, croaking voice. A minute examination of the cir-

considered it my first duty to have cumstances served only to make the done so, had I not been barred by a case more complex. In the first place, positive prohibition from his own lips, no reason could be given why the

"THE FELLOW MUST BE SOME POOR BIBLIOPHILE."

young man should have fastened the door upon the inside. There was the possibility that the murderer had done this, and had afterwards escaped by reappearance. twenty feet, however, and a bed of crocuses in full bloom lay beneath. Neither the flowers nor the earth showed any sign of having been disturbed, nor were there any marks upon the narrow strip of grass which separated the house from the road. Apparently, therefore, it was the young man himself that had fastened the door. But how did he come by his death? No one could have climbed up to the window without leaving traces. Suppose a man had fired through the window, he would indeed be a remarkable shot who could with a revolver inflict so deadly a wound. Again, Park Lane is a frequented thoroughfare; there is a cabstand within a hundred yards of the house. No one had heard a shot. And yet there was the dead man, and there the revolver bullet, which had mushroomed out, as soft-nosed bullets will, and so inflicted a wound which must have caused instantaneous death. Such were the circumstances of the Park Lane Mystery, which were further complicated by entire absence of motive, since, as I have said, young Adair was not known to have an enemy, and no attempt had been made to remove the money or valuables in the

All day I turned these facts over in my mind, endeavoring to hit upon some theory which could reconcile them all, and to find that line of least resistance which my poor friend had declared to be the starting point of every investigation. I confess that I made little progress. In the evening I strolled across the park, and found myself about 6 o'clock at the Oxford street end of Park Lane. A group of loafers upon the pavements, all staring up at a particular window, directed me to the nouse which I had come to see. A tall, thin, man with colored glasses, whom strongly suspected of being a plainclothes detective, was pointing out

### The House You Live In

will want renovating as usual this season. CHURCH'S

# ALABASTINE

on the walls will produce finer effects, and make you feel better satisfied with the work and with yourself than anything

ALABASTINE is a cement coating that hardens with age. Kalsomine preparations, under whatever name or claims, are only temporary, always rubbing and scaling off. Wallpaper, with its mouldy paste on the back, and arsenical poisonous coloring and finish on the face, impregnate the air of a room with disease germs. The walls of hospitals are never papered—the reason is obvious. Sanitarians endorse ALA-BASTINE. Hardware and Paint Dealers everywhere sell it.

Packages only. Our "Alabastine Decorators' Aid" sent free, The Alabastine Co. Limited, Paris, Ont.

WAS in the spring of the year 1894 that all London was interested and the fashionable world dismayed, by the murder of the world at the inquest.

WAS in the spring of the year 1894 that, in partnership with Colonel Morsus as much as much as much as much as much for his recent history as it came out at the inquest.

elderly, deformed man, who had been behind me, and I knocked down several books which he was carrying. I remember that as I picked them up, I observed the title of one of them, "The Origin of Tree Worship," and it struck me that the fellow must be some poor bibliophile, who either as a trade or selves onen and sooner or later I could

bibliophile, who, either as a trade or turned from the club exactly at ten. His mother and sister were out spending the evening with a relation. The servant deposed that she heard him enter the front room on the second floor, generally used as his sitting-room. She had lit a fire there, and as which room. She had lit a fire there, and as upon his heel, and I saw his curved it smoked she had opened the window. back and white side-whiskers disaption, but a good deal was suppressed upon that occasion, since the case for the prosecution was so overwhelmingly strong that it was not necessary to Desiring to say good-night, she attended white side-whiskers disaptoned in the problem of the return of the return of Lady Maynooth and her daughter. Lane did little to clear up the problem in which I was interested. The house

bring forward all the facts. Only now, at the end of nearly ten years, am I door was locked on the inside, and no low wall and railing, the whole not and there was some indication of a allowed to supply those missing links which make up the whole of that rewhich make up the whole of that rewhich make up the whole of that redoor forced. The unfortunate young get into the garden, but the window bility, and it was equally impossible to terest in itself, but that interest was as man was found lying near the table. was entirely inaccessible, since there make my way along the wet path withnothing to me compared to the inconnothing to me compared to the inconnothin nothing to me compared to the inconceivable sequel, which afforded me the greatest shock and supprise of any no weapon of any sort was to be found no weapon of any sort was to be found to the table lay two concentrations. It is true, have reverse my boots, as I could help the most active man to climb it. More puzzled than ever, I have done on similar occasions, but retraced my steps to Kensington. It in the room. On the table lay two banknotes for ten pounds each and banknotes for ten pounds each and seventeen pounds ten in silver and gold, the money arranged in little piles of varying amount. There was a seventeen pounds ten in silver and gold, the money arranged in little piles of tonishment it was not been in my study five minutes direction would certainly have suggested a deception. On the whole, then, it was best that I should risk that varying amount. There were some fig-strange old book collector, his sharp, Watson. The fall roared beneath me. ures also upon a sheet of paper, with wizened face peering out from a frame the names of some club friends oppo- of white hair, and his precious vol- you my word that I seemed to hear the names of some club friends oppo-site to them, from which it was conumes, a dozen of them at least, wedged | Moriarity's voice screaming at me out

picking up my books.'

"May I ask how you knew who I "At last, when you had all formed

War'—a bargain, every one of them.
With five volumes you could just fili into the chasm. For an instant I prise you.'

inet behind me. When I turned again, and another stone struck the very ledge Sherlock Holmes was standing smiling at me across my study table. I rose to foot of my head. Of course, the mean-Certainly a gray mist swirled before my eyes, and when it cleared I found collar-ends undone, and the ting-after-taste of brandy upon my Holmes was bending over my chair, his flask in his hand. "My dear Watson," said the well-remembered voice, "I owe you a thou-sand apologies. I had no idea that

you would be so affected."
I gripped him by the arms. "Holmes!" I cried "Is it really you? Can it indeed be that you are alive? Is it possible that you succeeded in climbing out of that awful abyss?" "Wait a moment!" said he. "Are you sure that you are really fit to discuss things? I have given you a serious

shock by my unnecessarily dramatic "I am all right, but, indeed, Holmes, I can hardly believe my eyes. Good heavens, to think that you—you of all men-should be standing in my study.' Again I gripped him by the sleeve, and felt the thin, sinewy arm beneath it. "Well, you're not a spirit, anyhow," said I. "My dear chap, I'm overjoyed to see you. Sit down and tell me how

you came alive out of that dreadful

He sat opposite to me, and lit a cigarette in his old, nonchalant manner. He was dressed in the seedy frock coat of the book merchant, but the rest of that individual lay in a pile of white hair and old books upon the table. Holmes looked even thinner and keener than of old, but there was a deadwhite tinge in his aquiline face which told me that his life recently had not been a healthy one.

"I am glad to stretch myself, Wat-son," said he. "It is no joke when a tall man has to take a foot off his stature for several hours on end. Now, my dear fellow, in the matter of these explanations, we have, if I may ask for your co-operation, a hard and dangerous night's work in front of us. Perhaps it would be better if I gave you an account of the whole situation when that work is finished. "I am full of curiosity. I should much prefer to hear now."

"You'll come with me tonight?" "When you like and where you like." "That is, indeed, like the old days. We shall have time for a mouthful of dinner before we need go. Well, then, Llama. You may have read of the about that chasm. I had no serious remarkable explorations of a Norwedifficulty in getting out of it, for the very simple reason that I never was

"You never were in it?" Japanese system of wrestling, which has more than once been very useful to me. I slipped through his grip, and he, with a horrible scream kicked madly for a few seconds, and clawed the air with both his hands. But for all his efforts he could not get his bal-ance, and over he went. With my face over the brink, I saw him fall for a long way. Then he struck a rock, bounded off, and splashed into the

I listened with amazement to this explanation, which Holmes delivered between the puffs of his cigarette.

"But the tracks!" I cried. "I saw, with my own eyes, that two went down the path and none returned."

"It came about in this way: The instant the Professor had disappeared, it struck me what a really extraordinarily lucky chance Fate had placed in my way. I knew that Moriarity was not the only man who had sworn my death. There were at least three others whose desire for vengeance upon me

these men, they would soon lay them-selves open, and sooner or later I could as a hobby, was a collector of obscure destroy them. Then it would be time to announce that I was still in the land

"I stood up and examined the rocky wall behind me. In your picturesque account of the matter, which I read with great interest some months later, you assert that the wall was sheer. That was not literally true. A few out leaving some tracks. I might, it is tretched hand touched a wall from is true, have reverse my boots, as I which the paper was hanging in ribit was best that I should risk the of the abyss. A mistake would have been fatal. More than once, as tufts of grass came out in my hand or my foot slipped in the wet notches of the I acknowledged that I was.

I was foot slipped in the wet notches of the rock, I thought that I was gone. But I rock, I thought that I was gone. when I chanced to see you go into this struggled upward, and at least reached house, as I came hobbling after you, I a ledge several feet deep and covered house, as I came hobbling after you, I a ledge several feet deep and covered thought to myself, I'll just step in and see that kind gentleman, and tell him that if I was a bit gruff in my manner there was not any harm meant, and that if I was not any harm meant, and dear Watson, and all your following. that I am much obliged to him for were investigating in the most symcking up my books."
"You make too much of a trifle," said cumstances of my death.

was-had kept guard while the Professor had attacked me. From a distance sor had attacker me. From a distance unseen by me, he had been a witness of his friend's death and of my escape. He had waited, and then making his way round to the top of the cliff, he had endeavored to succeed, where his comrade had failed.

"I did not take long to think about it, Watson. Again, I saw that grim face look over the cliff, and I knew that it was the precursor of another stone.

I scrambled down on to the path. don't think I could have done it in cold blood. It was a hundred times more difficult than getting up. But I had no time to think of the danger, for another stone sang past me as I hung by my hands from the edge of the ledge. Half-way down I slipped, but, by the blessing of God, I landed, torn and bleeding, upon the path. I took to my heels, did ten miles over the mountains in the darkness, and a week later I found myself in Florence, with the certainty that no one in the world knew what had become of me. "I had only one confidant-my brother Mycroft." I owe you many apolo-

gies, my dear Watson, but it was allimportant that it should be thought I was dead, and it is quite certain that you would not have written so convincing an account of my unhappy end had you not thought yourself that it was true. Several times during the last three years, I have taken up my pen to write to you, but I always feared lest your affectionate regard for me should tempt you to some indiscretion which would betray my secret. For that reason I turned away from you tonight when you upset my books, for I was in danger at the time, and any show of surprise and emotion upon your part might have drawn attention to my identity, and led to the most deplorable and irreparable results. As to Mycroft, I had to confide in him in order to obtain the money which I needed. The course of events in London did not run so as I had hoped, for the trial of the Moriarity gang left two of its most dangerous members, my own vindictve enemies, at liberty. I traveled for two years in Tibet, therefore, and amused myself by visiting Lhassa and spending, some days with the head Llama. You may have read of the gian named Sigerson, but I am sure that it never occurred to you that you were receiving news of your friend. I then passed through Persia, looked in "No, Watson, I never was in it. My at Mecca, and paid a short but internote to you was absolutely genuine. I esting visit to the Khalifa at Kharhad little doubt that I had come to the toum, the results of which I have end of my career when I perceived the communicated to the Foreign Office. somewhat sinister figure of the late Returning to France, I spent some Professor Moriarity standing upon the months in a research into the coal-tar some theory of his own, while the others crowded round to listen to what he said. I got as near him as I could, but his observations seemed to be absurd, so I withdrew again in some disgust. As I did so, I struck against an observations are note which you afterwards received. I left it with my cigarette-box and my movements were hastened by the note which you afterwards received. I left it with my cigarette-box and my stick, and I walked along the pathway. Moriarity still at my heels. When I reached the end I stood at bay. He drew no weapons, but he rushed at me are larger than the larger arms around me. and threw his long arms around me. He knew that his own game was up, Mycroft had preserved my rooms and was only anxious to revenge himself upon me. We tottered together upon the brink of the fall. I have some knowledge, however, of baritsu, or the knowledge, however, of baritsu, or the knowledge, however, of baritsu, or the knowledge, however, of baritsu, which room, and only wishing that I could have seen my old friend Watson in the other chair which he has so often adorned." Such was the remarkable narrative to which I listened on that April even-

ing—a narrative which would have been utterly incredible to me had it not been confirmed by the actual sight of the tall, spare figure and the keen, eager face, which I had never thought to see again. In some manner he had learned of my own sad bereavement.

until half-past nine, when we start upon the notable adventure of the empty

It was indeed like old times when, at that hour, I found myself seated beside him in a hansom, my revolver in my pocket, and the thrill of adventure in my heart. Holmes was cold and stern and silent at the learn of the stern and silent. As the gleam of the street-lamps flashed upon his austere features, I saw that his brows were drawn down in thought, and his thin lips compressed. I knew not what wild beast we were about to hunt down in the dark jungle of criminal London, ing of this master huntsman, that the adventure was a most grave one while the sardonic smile which occa-sionally broke through his ascetic of our quest.

Square. I observed that as he stepped out he gave a most searching glance to right and left, and at every subsequent corner he took the utmost pains to assure that he was not followed. Our route was certainly a singular one. Holmes' knowledge of the byways of London was extraordinary, and on this occasion he passed rapidly and with an assured step through a network of mews and stables, the very existence of which I had never known. emerged at last into a small road, lined with old, gloomy houses, which led us into Manchester street, and so to Blandford street. Here he turned swiftly down a narrow passage, passed through a wooden gate into a deserted yard, and then opened with a key the back door of a house. We entered to-gether and he closed it behind us. The place was pitch-dark, but it was evident to me that it was an empty house. Our feet creaked and crackled over the bare planking and my out-stretched hand touched a wall from

round my wrist and led me forwards down a long hall, until I dimly saw the murky fanlight over the door. Here Holmes turned suddenly to the right and we found ourselves in a large, square, empty room, heavily shadowed in the corners, but faintly lit in the center from the lights of the street beyond. There was no lamp near, and the window was thick with dust, so that we could only just discern each other's figures within. My companion put his hand upon my shoulder and his lips close to my ear. "Do you know where we are?" he

"Surely that is Baker street," I answered, staring through the dim win-

which stands opposite to our own old in the Reichenback Fall. You must quarters." "But why are we here?"

Birds,' and 'Catullus,' and 'The Holy rock, falling from above, boomed past see if my three years of absence have

that gap on that second shelf. It looks thought that it was an accident, but a I crept forward and looked across at untidy, does it not, sir?" no mistaking the poise of the head, the squareness of the shoulders, the sharpness of the features. The face was turned half-round, and the effect was that of one of those black silhouettes which our grandparents loved to frame. It was a perfect reproduction of Holmes. So amazed was I that 1 threw out my hand to make sure that the man himself was standing beside me. He was quivering with silent "Well?" said he.

"Good heavens!" I cried. "It is marvelous. "I trust that age doth not wither nor custom stale my infinite variety." said he, and I recognized in his voice the

### A Problem Solved.

problem is to get the purest form, "So-street. I tried to draw my companiution of Ozone (the coupon kind)" is ion's attention to them; but he gave up. In addition, each bottle contains a continued to stare into the street. More coupon entitling you to a package of than once he fidgeted with his feet and "Celery King" free, and it is well known that you should take "Celery

King" along with Ozone. We put "Celery King" coupons in our Ozone bottles, because no other firm can give "Celery King" with Ozone. By buying "Solution of Ozone (the coupon you get the purest and most concentrated form of Ozone, and, in addition you save the expense of buying the "Celery King" to use with it. No other kind of Ozone offers this advantage. Ask your druggist for it, and if he hasn't it write the Public Drug Company, Bridgeburg, Ont.

In the last 25 years Chile realized about \$300,000,000 from her nitrate Senor Valdez Vergara calculates that in the next 20 years the outcome, of the nitrate mines will exceed \$450,000,000 in value.

**Good Complexion** 

gloom boded little good for the object I had imagined that we were bound for Baker street, but Holmes stopped the cab at the corner of Cavendish

bons. Holmes' cold, thin fingers closed

"Exactly. We are in Camden House.

"Because it commands so excellent a view of that picturesque pile. Might I trouble you my dear Watson, to was?"

"Well, sir, if it isn't too great a liberty, I am a neighbor of yours, for you'll find my little bookshop at the corner of Church street, and very haporated to the end of my adventures, but a very unexpected occurrence showed me that there were old rooms — the starting-point of so currence showed me that there were old rooms — the starting-point of so currence showed me that there were old rooms — the starting-point of so currence showed me that there were old rooms — the starting-point of so currence showed me that there were old rooms — the starting-point of so currence showed me that there were old rooms — the starting-point of so currence showed me that there were old rooms — the starting-point of so currence showed me that there were old rooms — the starting-point of so currence showed me that there were old rooms — the starting-point of so currence showed me that there were old rooms — the starting-point of so currence showed me that there were old rooms — the starting-point of so currence showed me that there were old rooms — the starting-point of so currence showed me that there were old rooms — the starting-point of so currence showed me that there were old rooms — the starting-point of so currence showed me that there were old rooms — the starting-point of so currence showed me that there were old rooms — the starting-point of so currence showed me that there were old rooms — the starting-point of so currence showed me that there were old rooms — the starting-point of so currence showed me that there were old rooms — the starting-point of so currence showed me that there were old rooms — the starting-point of so currence showed me that there were old rooms — the starting-point of so currence showed me that the currence entirely taken away my power to sur-

many of your little fairy-tales? We will see if my three years of absence have name, a garroter by trade, and a remarkable that gap on that second shelf. It looks untidy, does it not, sir?"

I moved my head to look at the cabinet behind me. When I turned again, Sherlock Holmes was standing smiling at me across my study table. I rose to get me across my study table. I rose to get my feet, stared at him for some sections of this was obvious. Moriarity had my feet, stared at him for some seconds in utter amazement, and then it appears that Iumust have fainted for seated in a chair within was thrown the man who is after me tonight, Wat-

silence we stood together in the darkures who passed and repassed in front Ozone is ozone, and in buying it the way of a house some distance up the the purest form in which Ozone is put a little ejaculation of impatience, and

I clutched Holmes' arm and pointed upwards. "The shadow has moved!" I cried. It was indeed no longer the profile,

When Pimples and Blotches Disfigure the Skin it means bad blood, bad digestion or constipation. First two are the result of the last. FRUIT-A-TIVES cure all three. When the bowels don't move regularly, poisonous matter remains in the intestines. Instead of the blood taking up wholesome nourishment to build up the system, it absorbs part of this poisonous matter which causes pimples and blotches on the skin.

Gases are formed by this matter, which get into the stomach, upset digestion, coat the tongue, and taint the breath. Fruit-a-tives purify the blood-correct digestion-and clear the complexion-because they cure constipation.

"I am on my second box of Fruit-a-tives now, and can honestly say they are the best medicine for Constipation and Stomach Trouble I ever used."

MRS. F. CODY, OTTAWA, ONT.

These wonderful little tablets are pure fruit juices-prepared according to the secret formula of an Ottawa physiciar who discovered the method of using fruit to cure disease. Fruit-a-tives act directly on the liver, increase the flow of bi'e, and thus cause the bowels to move regularly and naturally every day.

At all druggists. 50c. a box. Manufactured by Fruit-a-tives Limited. Ottaws

joy and pride which the artist takes in his own creation. "It really is rather like me, is it not?"

"I should be prepared to swear i was you." "The credit of the execution is due Monsieur Oscar Meunier, of Grenoble who spent some days in doing the molding. It is a bust in wax. The rest I arranged myself during my visit to Baker street this afternoon. "Because, my dear Watson, I had

the strongest possible reason for wishing certain people to think that I was there when I was really elsewhere." "And you thought the rooms were "I knew that they were watched."

"By whom?"
"By my old enemies, Watson. By the charming society whose leader lies remember that they knew, and only they knew that I was still alive. Sooner or later they believed that I should come back to my rooms. They watched them continuously and this morning

they saw me arrive.' "Because I recognized their sentinel when I glanced out of my window. He performer upon the jew'sharp. I cared nothing for him. But I

My friend's plans were gradually revealing themselves. From this convenient retreat, the watchers were being watched and the trackers tracked. That angular shadow up yonder was the bait, and we were the hunters. In ness, and watched the hurrying figof us. Holmes was silent and motion. less; but I could tell that he was keenly alert and that his eyes were fixed intently upon the stream of passers-by. It was a bleak and boisterous down the long street. Many people were moving to and fro, most of them muffled in their coats and cravats. Once or twice it seemed to me that I had seen the same figure before, and I especially noticed two men who appeared to be sheltering themselves from the wind in the doortapped rapidly with his fingers upon the wall. It was evident to me that he was becoming uneasy, and that his plans were not working out altogether as he had hoped. At last, as midnight approached and the street gradually cleared, he paced up and down the room in uncontrollable agitation. I was about to make some remark to him, when I raised my eyes to the lighted window, and again experienced almost as great a surprise as before

years had certainly not smoothed the asperities of his temper | hours, and Mrs. Hudson has made

PROTECT YOUR FOOD WILSON'S **FLY PADS** KILL THEM ALL AVOID POOR IMITATIONS



#### Perfect Substitute for Mother's Milk

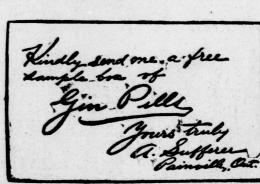
that three generations of babies have thrived on. If you have a baby, send us your name and address. We will mail a sample of Nestlé's Food - sufficient for 8 meals—free of charge.

THE LEEMING, MILES CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

"Am I such a farcical bungler, Watson, that I should erect an obvious dummy, but the back, which was turned toward | and expect that some of the sharpest men in Europe would be deceived by it? We have been in this room for two or his impatience with a less active some change in that figure eight times, intelligence than his own. ntelligence than his own. or once in every quarter of an hour. "Of course it has moved," said he. She works it from the front, so that

### If your Kidneys are Sick just write this:





### WE'LL SEND THE CURE

Perhaps you don't know about Gin Pills-the wonderful cure for Kidney Troubles—the healing, soothing pills that never fail to make the Kidneys well and strong. We want you to know about them—to try them—to see for yourself that they do cure all Kidney Diseases.

We are giving away 100,000 boxes of GIN PILLS, free to sufferera. Won't you write us for a box, and cure yourself?

Gin Pills are a certain and speedy cure for Inflam-Painful and Suppressed Urination; "Burning" Urine; of recognized value. Gravel or Stone in the Bladder; Bed Wetting; Pains in the Back; Swollen Hands and Feet; and all other Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

bles, don't run the risk of Bright's Disease or Chronic Cystitis. Write for a free sample. Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

Each Gin Pill contains all the medicinal properties mation of the Kidneys; Gout and Rheumatism, caused of one and a half ounces of best Holland gin, without by aric acid in the blood; Catarrh of the Bladder; the alcohol, and combined with other curative agents Don't put this off. If you have any of these trou-

BOLE DRUG CO., Dept. x, Winnipeg, Man.