

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1905.

MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE YELLOW FACE

(Continued.)
"I am going to force my way in and see for myself who is in the house. I wish you both to be there as witnesses."
"You are quite determined to do this, in spite of your wife's warning that it is better that you should not solve the mystery?"
"Yes, I am determined."

"Well, I think that you are in the right. Any truth is better than indefinite doubt. We had better go up at once. Of course, legally, we are putting ourselves hopelessly in the wrong; but I think it is worth it."

It was a very dark night, and a thin rain began to fall as we turned from the highroad into a narrow lane, deeply rutted, with hedges on either side. Mr. Grant Munro pushed impatiently forward, however, and we stumbled after him as best we could.

"There are the lights of my house," he murmured, pointing to a glimmer among the trees. "And here is the cottage which I am going to enter."

We turned a corner in the lane as he spoke, and there was the building close beside us. A yellow bar falling across the black foreground showed that the door was not quite closed, and one window in the upper story was brightly illuminated. As we looked, we saw a dark blur moving across the blind.

"There is that creature!" cried Grant Munro. "You can see for yourself that someone is there. Now follow me and we shall soon know all."

We approached the door; but suddenly a woman appeared out of the shadow and stood in the golden track of the lamp-light. I could not see her face in the darkness, but her arms were thrown out in an attitude of entreaty.

"For God's sake don't look," she cried. "I had a presentiment that you would come this evening. Think better of it, dear! Trust me again and you will never have cause to regret it."

"I have trusted you too long, Effie," I cried sternly. "Leave go of me, I must pass you. My friends and I are going to settle this matter once and for ever!" He pushed her to one side and we followed closely after him. As he threw open the door an old woman ran out in front of him and tried to bar his passage; but he thrust her back, and an instant afterwards we were all upon the stairs. Grant Munro rushed into the lighted room at the top, and we entered at his heels.

It was a cosy, well-furnished apartment, with two candles burning upon the table and two upon the mantelpiece. In the corner, stooping over a desk, there sat what appeared to be a little girl. Her face was turned away as we entered, but we could see that she was dressed in a red frock, and that she had long, white gloves on. As she whirled round to us, I gave a cry of surprise and horror. The face which she turned towards us was of the strangest livid tint, and the features were absolutely devoid of any expression. An instant later the mystery was explained. Holmes, with a laugh, passed his hand behind the child's ear, a mask peeled off from her countenance, and there was a little coal-black negro, with all her white teeth flashing in amusement at our amazed faces. I burst out laughing, out of sympathy with her merriment; but Grant Munro stood staring, with hand clutching his throat.

"My God," he cried. "What can be the meaning of this?"

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You, and now we must both make the best of it. My husband died at Atlanta. My child survived."

"Your child?"
She drew a large silver locket from her bosom. "You have never seen this open?"

"I understood that it did not open."

She touched a spring, and the front hinged back. There was a portrait within of a man strikingly handsome and intelligent looking, but bearing unmistakable signs upon his features of his African descent.

"That is John Hebron, of Atlanta," said the lady, "and a noble man never walked the earth. I cut myself off from my race in order to wed him, but never

of disowning her as my child. But when chance threw you in my way, Jack, I learned to love you. I feared to tell you about my child. God forgive me, I feared that I should lose you, and I had not the courage to tell you. I had to choose between you, and in my weakness I turned away from my own little girl. For three years I have kept her existence a secret from you, but I heard from the nurse, and I knew that all was well with her. At last, however, there came an overwhelming desire to see the child once more. I struggled against it, but in vain. Though I knew the danger, I determined to have the child over, if it were but for a few weeks. I sent a hundred pounds to the nurse, and I gave her instructions about this cottage, so that she might come as a neighbor, without my appearing to be in any way connected with her. I pushed

the beginning of my troubles. Next day you had my secret at your mercy, but you nobly refrained from pursuing your advantage. Three days later, however, the nurse and child only just escaped from the back door as you rushed in at the front one. And now tonight you at last know all, and I ask you what is to become of me, my child and me?" She clasped her hands and waited for an answer.

It was a long ten minutes before Grant Munro broke the silence, and when his answer came it was one of which I love to think. He lifted the little child, kissed her and then, still carrying her, he held his other hand out to his wife and turned towards the door.

"We can talk it over more comfortably at home," said he. "I am not a very good man, Effie, but I think that I am a better one than you have given me credit for being."

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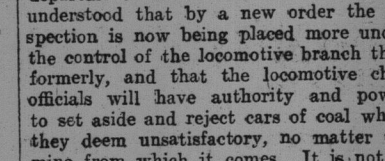
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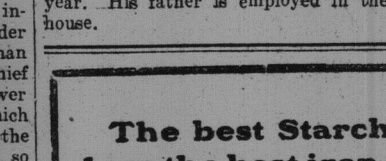
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"He held out his other hand to his wife."

once while he lived did I for an instant regret it. It was our misfortune that our only child took after her people rather than mine. It is often so in such matters, and little Lucy is darker far than ever her father was. But dark or fair she is my own dear little girl, and has no other's yet." The little creature ran across at the words and nestled up against the lady's dress. "When I left her in America," she continued, "I was only because her health was weak, and the change might have done her harm. She was given to the care of a faithful Scotch woman who had once been our servant. Never for an instant did I dream

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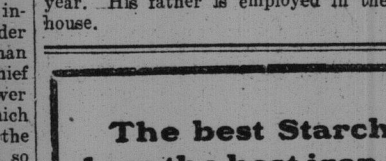
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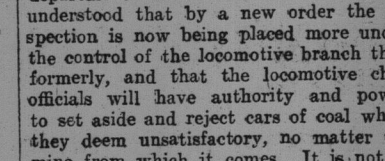
BETTER I. C. R. COAL

Regulation That Will Ensure Better Quality and Storage.

(Moncton Transcript.)

As there has been considerable criticism in some quarters respecting the coal supplied to the locomotives on the I. C. R., an order is about being issued aimed at an improvement in these conditions.

It has been said that some of the coal did not burn well but the probabilities are that the inspection of the coal has not been so rigid as it should be and not sufficiently under the control of the department which uses the coal. It is understood that by a new order the inspection is now being placed more under the control of the locomotive branch formerly, and that the locomotive chief officials will have authority and power to set aside and reject cars of coal which they deem unsatisfactory, no matter the mine from which it comes. It is not so much the quality as the grade of coal which has really caused the grievance, and too often that which is virtually calm has been permitted to pass, instead of the better grade ordered. This of course has worked prejudicially in two obvious directions—it increases the consumption without promoting an ability for rapid steaming. There will also be reforms introduced it is said in storing the coal which will also be economical.



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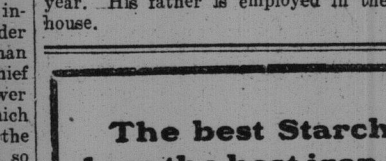
BATTLE LINE MOVEMENTS

Brown Head, passed October 5th, S. S. Estrella, Mulahy, from Liverpool for St. John, N. B.

Kinnale, passed October 5th, S. S. Pydra, Fitzpatrick, from West Bay for Cardiff.

Bell, passed October 2nd, S. S. Himer, Fry, from Savannah for Bremen, London and New York.

The death of Thomas Russell, the second eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Russell, of 104 Britain street, occurred yesterday from typhoid fever, after a week's illness. The deceased was in his fifteenth year. His father is employed in the gas house.



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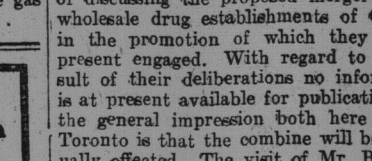
THE DRUG MERGER

Messrs. Bole, Wordworth and Tinning Now on the Pacific Coast.

(Victoria, B. C. Colonist, Sept. 28.)

D. W. Bole, M. P., of Winnipeg; Theo. H. Wordworth, of Montreal, and Charles W. Tinning, of Hamilton, are in the city. Mr. Bole is lodged at the Oak Bay hotel and Messrs. Wordworth and Tinning are at the Hotel Grand.

These gentlemen arrived at Vancouver from the east on Saturday last and were joined there by T. M. Henderson, of this city, for the purpose of discussing the proposed merger of the wholesale drug establishments of Canada, in the promotion of which they are at present engaged. With regard to the result of their deliberations no information is at present available for publication, but the general impression both here and in Toronto is that the combine will be eventually effected. The visit of Mr. Bole and his party to Victoria is merely one of pleasure for the sake of seeing the city and its surroundings and they will probably return on Friday morning.



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BABY'S OWN SOAP Is a True Skin Cleanser.

It Refreshes and Invigorates the Skin.
Opening and Cleansing the Pores, and
Helping Them in their Important Work of
Poison Elimination.

Do not accept other soaps.

You have the Best and Purest when you have
Baby's Own Soap.

**ALBERT SOAPS LIMITED,
Mfrs., Montreal.**

THE OYSTER IS PASSING

Montreal Dealer Says Oyster Supply Will Fail in Ten Years.

(Montreal Gazette.)

"At the present rate of fishing it is probable that the oyster beds which supply Montreal with this delicacy will be bare ten years from now."

D. J. Byrne, manager for Leonard Brothers, discussing the oyster situation yesterday, expressed the opinion quoted in the foregoing.

Montreal gets almost exclusively Malpeque oysters. Blue Points and some other kinds are used but not to any extent. The Canadian oysters having the preference of the local bon vivants.

These oysters come from the bay at Summerside, in Prince Edward Island. Malpeque, from which the name of the oyster is taken, is a point in that bay. These oysters have a delicate flavor which has aided in making known their fame in many parts of the world. There is nothing to beat them anywhere.

The Atlantic coast, other varieties are found close by the mouths of rivers, and the fresh water serves to fatten the oyster, but it also depends on the flavor to some extent. The Malpeque oyster is of good size, and washed by the sea waters without the least impurity of water, it has a delightful flavor unequalled by any other variety. For this reason there is a big demand for Malpeque oysters and when the first shipment arrived here this week there was a rush for a short supply at ten dollars a barrel. Later, when the next shipments arrive by freight the prevailing price will drop to about \$8. Five years ago \$5 a barrel was a good price for this variety, but the steady demand has raised the price to an average of \$8. This price prevailed during last season.

The fishing commenced on September 22, and will continue until stress of weather drives the fishers off the waters. This fishing is done from smaller boats, somewhat like the dories of the banks, usually carrying two or three men, and his of a sail to tend it home. Fishing is done from three boats, after which they run ashore and send the result over the Summerside, from the steamer carries the supplies across the stretch of water to the mainland.

There are no steam dredges such as are used by the United States fishermen, but no provision is being made to restock the beds, and in this respect the United States fishermen are doing good work, so that in the course of time they will be able to refill spots which have been worked. Many of the oysters fished in the States are "blacked" when landed, that is shelled and shipped in bulk, and at the end of the fishing season these piles of shells are brought out to the beds which have been fished over and are dropped there to aid in the propagation.