

## SORE FOOT LUMPS CURED.

When harsh callous form on the toes or the ball of the foot, the simplest and surest cure is to be found in the special directions accompanying Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. It cures any corn, wart, bunion or callous—does it with out pain. Insist in getting only Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Price 25c.

## EASILY IDENTIFIED

After the tennis match the ladies' team returned in triumph in a char-a-banc.

Perhaps it was their shrill delight at their success that frightened the horse, but anyway he bolted.

After a thrilling few minutes the vehicle dashed into the bank at the roadside, and sent all its occupants flying in a heap.

What a scene it was! No one was hurt, but there was a perfect sea of waving arms, feet, and hands. And out of the very midst came a squeal. "Help, ah, help! Save me, some body! Mine are the green shoes and stockings!"

PRaises THIS ASTHMA REMEDY. A grateful user of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy finds it the only remedy that will give relief, though for thirteen years he had sought other help. Years of needless suffering may be prevented by using this wonderful remedy at the first warning of trouble. Its use is simple, its cost is slight and it can be purchased almost anywhere.

While most of the papers agreed that Jack Johnson made a monkey out of Jim Flynn in their scrap for the heavyweight title as Las Vegas on the Fourth, the New York Sun expressed a different opinion in its writup of the meeting. This paper declares that Flynn's body punches were gradually giving the negro champion serious cause for worry, and the impression is gained that the Pueblo fireman might have beaten down his bigger opponent if the bout had not been stopped. The Sun's account also partly excuses Flynn for using foul tactics, stating that Johnson continually held him in the clinches. One was as guilty as the other for infractions on the rules, but the fouls of the white scrapper were more noticeable to the spectators. It is said that Johnson wore a broad smile in the early part of the mill, but in the last three rounds he wore a troubled look as Flynn repeatedly landed heavy swings on his opponent's stomach.

We always notice whenever a house is painted nicely, with good style and pleasing color, it has been done with Ramsay's Paints. Anybody can see these nice colors at the store of A. E. Jones.

The picture known as "Rembrandt's Father," which the auction collector Boehler bought at a London auction some time ago because it was regarded as a copy of the original, has been sold on the strength of Prof. Wm. Bode's authentication of it as an original for \$112,000. The purchaser is supposed to be Von Nemes, the Hungarian collector.

There is no poisonous ingredient in Holloway's Corn Cure, and it can be used without danger of injury.

There have been repeated demonstrations of late that the patrol of the Pacific coast to prevent smuggling is inadequate. The San Francisco papers report three successive landings of boatloads of Chinese within 100 miles of the city during the past month, and it seems equally difficult to restrain the opium traffic. The fact that the coast of California is over 900 miles long and thinly inhabited makes an effective land patrol a formidable matter.

Worms feed upon the vitality of children and endanger their lives. A simple and effective cure is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Brazil and the Congo are worrying a little over Prof. Perkins' process for making synthetic rubber. It is still only a laboratory experiment, but if it should succeed commercially, it would be a blessing to humanity as well as to automobilists; no crop pays a heavier toll of misery than rubber.

Experiments have been made by a Norwegian in an endeavor to show to what depth rays of light penetrate the ocean. Working in the Azores, he found that sunlight reached 328 feet below the surface, and that red rays were weaker at that depth than violet. Violet and ultraviolet rays penetrate to a depth of over 3,000 feet.

Minard's Liment cured distemper.

## The House of the Whispering Pines

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

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(CONTINUED.)

first glance that his spirits were no longer at par.

When at 2 o'clock he entered the clubhouse grounds it was without hesitancy or any of the natural misgivings with which he usually went about his work. He wandered down on the golf links. Taking out his watch, he satisfied himself that he had time for an experiment and immediately started for Outbert road. A hour later he came wandering back on a different line. He looked soured, disappointed. When near the building again he cast his eye over its rear and gazed long and earnestly at the window which had been pointed out to him as the one from which a possible light had shone forth that night. There were no trees on this side of the house—only vines. But the vines were bare of leaves and offered no obstruction to his view. "If there had been a light in that window any one passing it would have seen it unless he had been drunk or a fool," muttered Sweetwater, in contemptuous comment to himself. "Another Cumberland's story is one lie. I'll take the district attorney's suggestion and return to New York tonight. My work's done here."

Yet he hung about the links for a long time and finally ended by entering the house and taking up his stand beneath the long narrow window of the closet overlooking the golf links. With chin resting on his arms, he stared out over the still and sought from the space before him and from the intricacies of his own mind the hint he lacked to make this present solution of the case satisfactory to all his instincts.

What was that he saw in the vines—not on the snow of the ground, but halfway up in the tangle of small branches clinging close to the stone of the lower story, just beneath this window?

He surely could see—something that glistened, something that could only have got there by falling from this window. Could he reach it? No; he would have to climb up from below to do that. Well, that was easy enough.

With the thought, he at once rushed from the room. In another minute he was beneath that window; had climbed, pulled, pushed his way up; had found the little pocket of netted vines observable from above; had thrust in his fingers and worked a small object out; had looked at it, uttered an exclamation curious in its mixture of



"A VIAL," HE EXCLAIMED.

suppressed emotions and let himself down again into the midst of the two or three men who had scented the adventure and hastened to be witnesses of its outcome.

"A vial," he exclaimed, "an empty vial, but"— Holding the little bottle up between his thumb and forefinger, he turned it slowly about until the label faced them.

On it was written one word, but it was a word which invariably carries alarm with it.

That word was poison. Sweetwater did not return to New York that night.

"I regret to disturb you, Arthur, but my business is of great importance and should be made known to you at once."

Sullen and unmollified, the young man thus addressed eyed approvingly his father's old friend, placed so unfortunately in his regard, and morosely exclaimed:

"Out with it! I'm a poor hand at guessing. What has happened now?"

"A discovery—a somewhat serious one, I fear; at least it will force the police to new action. Your sister may not have died entirely from strangulation. Other causes may have been at work."

"Now, what do you mean by that?" Arthur Cumberland was under no illusion should have inspired his remark, but he made no effort to hide his anxiety, which these words rather than any other should like to know what devilry was in your minds now. Am I never to have peace?"

"Peace and tragedy do not often run together," came in the mild tones of his wife who had been sitting in the

assertion that he found Miss Cumberland dead when he approached her may not be, as so many now believe, the reckless denial of a criminal disturbed in his act. It may have had a basis in fact."

"I don't believe it. Nothing will make me believe it," stormed the other, jumping up and wildly pacing the drawing room floor. "It is all a scheme for saving the most popular man in society. But you haven't told me your discovery. It seems to me it is a little late to make discoveries now."

"This was brought about by the persistence of Sweetwater. He seems to have an instinct for things. He was leaning out of the window at the rear of the clubhouse—the window of that small room where your sister's coat was found—and he saw, caught in the vines beneath, a little bottle, an apothecary's vial. It was labeled 'Poison' and it came from this very house."

"How do you know that vial came from this house?"

Dr. Perry looked up, astonished. He was prepared for the most frantic ebullitions of wrath, for violence even, or for dull, stupid, blank silence. But this calm, quiet question of fact took him by surprise. He dropped his anxious look and replied:

"It has been seen on the shelves by more than one of your servants. Your sister kept it with her medicines, and the druggist with whom you deal remembers selling it some time ago to a member of your family."

"Which member? I don't believe this story; I don't believe any of your—"

"You will have to, Arthur. Facts are facts, and we cannot go against them. The person who bought it was yourself. Perhaps you can recall the circumstance now."

"I cannot." He did not seem to be quite master of himself. "I don't know half the things I do; at least, I didn't use to. But what are you coming to? Are you going to call it suicide? You can't, with those marks on her throat."

"We're going to carry out our investigations to the full. We're going to hold the autopsy, which we didn't think necessary before. That's why I am here, Arthur. I thought it your duty to know our intentions in regard to this matter. If you wish to be present you have only to say so; if you do not you may trust me to remember that she was your father's daughter as well as my own highly esteemed friend."

Shaken to the core, the young man sat down.

"My duty is here," he said at last. "I cannot leave Carmel."

"The autopsy will take place tomorrow. How is Carmel today?"

"No better." The words came with a shudder. "Doctor, I've been a brute to you. I am a brute! I have misused my life and have no strength with which to meet trouble. What you propose to do with—with Adelaide is horrible to me. I didn't love her much while she was living, but if I could have saved her body this last humiliation I would willingly die right here and now and be done with it. Must it be?"

"Then tell them to lock up every bottle the house holds or I cannot answer for myself. I should like to drink and drink till I knew nothing, cared for nothing, was a madman or a beast."

"You will not drink." The coroner's voice rang deep; he was greatly moved. "You will not drink, and you will come to the office at 5 o'clock tomorrow. We may have only good news to impart. We may find nothing to complicate the situation."

Arthur Cumberland shook his head. "It's not what you will find"—he said, and, stopped, biting his lips and looking down.

Twenty-four hours later, in the coroner's office, sat an anxious group discussing the great case and the possible revelations awaiting them. The district attorney, Mr. Clifton, the chief of police and one or two others, among them Sweetwater, made up the group and carried on the conversation. Dr. Perry only was absent. He had undertaken to make the autopsy and had been absent for this purpose several hours.

Five o'clock had struck, and they were none the less looking at the appearance, but when the door opened, as it did at this time, it was to admit young Cumberland, whose white face and shaking limbs betrayed his suspense and nervous anxiety.

The door opened again and the coroner appeared, looking not so much depressed as stumped. Picking out Arthur from the group, he advanced toward him with some commonplace remark, but desisted suddenly and turned upon the others instead.

"I have finished the autopsy," said he. "I knew just what poison the vial had held and lost no time in my various tests. A minute portion of this drug, which is dangerous only in large quantities, was found in the stomach of the deceased, but not enough to cause serious trouble, and she died, as we already decided, from the effect of the murderous clutch upon her throat. But," he went on sternly as young Cumberland moved and showed signs of breaking in with one of his violent invectives against the supposed assassin, "I made another discovery of still greater purport. When we lifted the body out of its resting place something besides withered flowers slid from her breast and fell at our feet. The ring, gentlemen—the ring which Ranelagh says was missing from her hand when he came upon her and which certainly was not on her finger when she was laid in the

casket—rolled to the floor when we moved her. Here it is. There is one person here, at least, who can identify it. But I do not ask that person to speak. That we may well spare him."

He laid the ring on the table, not too near Arthur, not within reach of his hand, but close enough for him to see it. Then he sat down and hid his face in his hands. The last few days had told on him. He looked older by ten years than he had at the beginning of the month.

The silence which followed these words and this action was memorable



"THE RING, GENTLEMEN."

to everybody there concerned. Some had seen and all had heard of young Cumberland's desperate interruption of the funeral and the way his hand had invaded the flowers which the children had cast in upon her breast. When at last Arthur looked up it was with a dazed air and an almost humble mien.

"Providence has me this time," he muttered. "I don't understand these mysteries. You will have to deal with them as you think best."

Turning away, he made for the door. There was in his manner desperation approaching to bravado, but no man made the least effort to detain him. Not till he was well out of the room did any one move; then the district attorney raised his finger, and Arthur Cumberland did not ride back to his home alone.

## CHAPTER XIV.

RANELAGH RESUMES HIS STORY.

FOR several days I had been ill. They were mercurial days to me since I was far too weak for thought. Then there came a period of conscious rest, then renewed interest in life and my own fate and reputation. What had happened during this interval?

I had a confused memory of having seen Clifton's face at my bedside, but I was sure that no words had passed between us. When would he come again? When should I hear about Carmel and whether she were yet alive or mercifully dead, like her sister? I might read the papers, but they had been carefully kept from me. Not one was in sight. The nurse would undoubtedly give me the information I desired; but, kind as she had been, I dreaded to consult a stranger about matters which involved my very existence and every remaining hope.

I would risk one question, but no more. I would ask about the inquest. Had it been held? If she said yes—ah, if she said yes—I should know that Carmel was dead, and the news, coming thus, would kill me. So I asked nothing and was lying in a sufficiently feverish condition when the doctor came in, saw my state and, thinking to cheer me up, remarked blandly:

"You are well enough this morning to hear good news. Do you recognize the room you are in?"

"I'm in the hospital, am I not?"

"Hardly. You are in one of Mr. O'Hagen's own rooms." (Mr. O'Hagen was the head keeper.) "You are detained now simply as a witness."

I was struck to the heart, terrified in an instant.

"What? Why? What has happened?" I questioned rapidly, half starting up, then falling back on my pillow under his astonished eye.

"Nothing," he parried, seeing his mistake and resorting to the soothing process.

"Send for Mr. Clifton," I said. "He's my friend; I can better bear"—

"Here he is," said the doctor as the door softly opened under the nurse's careful hand.

With a gesture to the nurse the doctor tiptoed out, muttering to Clifton as he passed some word of warning or casual instruction. The nurse followed, and Clifton, coming forward, took a seat at my side. He was cheerful, but not too cheerful, and the air of slight constraint which tinged his manner as much as it did mine did not escape me.

"Tell me why they have withdrawn their suspicions. I've heard nothing, read nothing, for days. I don't understand this move."

"You're stanch," he began. "You have my regard, Elwood. Not many men would have stood the racket and sacrificed themselves as you have done. The fact is recognized now, and your motive—"

I must have turned very white, for he stopped and sprang to his feet, searching for some restorative.

"Perhaps I had better wait till tomorrow before I satisfy your curiosity," said he.

"And leave me to imagine all sorts of horrors? No! Tell me at once. Is—has anything happened at the Cumberland's?"

"Yes. What you feared has happened. No, no; Carmel is not dead. She is holding her own—just holding it—but that is something in one so young and naturally healthy."

I could see that I baffled him. It could not be helped. I did not dare to utter the question with which my whole soul was full. I could only look my entreaty. He misunderstood it, as was natural enough.

"She does not know yet what is in store for her," were his words, and I could only lie still and look at him helplessly. "When she comes to herself she will have to be told, but you will be on your feet then and will be allowed, no doubt, to soften the blow for her by your comfort and counsel. The fact that it must have been you, if not he—"

"He?" Did I shout it, or was the shout simply in my own mind?

"Yes—Arthur. His guilt has not been proved; he has not even been remanded; the sister's case is too pitiful and Coroner Perry too soft-hearted where any of that family is involved. But no one doubts his guilt, and he does not deny it himself. You know—probably no one better—that he cannot very consistently do this in face of the evidence accumulated against him, evidence stronger in many regards than that accumulated against yourself."

Arthur! A booby and a boob, but certainly not the slayer of his sister, unless I had been woefully mistaken in all that had taken place in that clubhouse previous to my entrance into it on that fatal night. As I caught Clifton's eye fixed upon me I said: "Don't speak of me. I'm not thinking of myself. You speak of evidence. What evidence? Give me details. Don't you see that I am burning with curiosity? I shall be myself till I hear."

"It all came about through you," he went on. "You told me of the fellow you saw riding away from the Whispering Pines at the time you entered the grounds. I passed the story on to the coroner and he to a New York detective they had put on this case. He and Arthur's own surly nature did the rest."

I cringed where I lay. This was my work. The person who drove out of the clubhouse grounds while I stood in the clubhouse hall was Carmel, and the clew I had given, instead of baffling and confusing them, had led directly to Arthur.

Seeing nothing peculiar—or, at all events, giving no evidence of having noted anything peculiar in my movements—Clifton went evenly on, pouring into my astonished ears the whole long story of the detective's investigations.

Instinctively I did not feel as certain of Arthur's guilt as Clifton did. I knew Arthur even better than I did his sisters. He was as full of faults and as lacking in amiable and reliable traits as any fellow of my acquaintance. But he had not the inherent snap which makes for crime. He lacked the vigor which—God forgive me—the thought—lay back of Carmel's softer characteristics.

The episode of the ring confused me. I could make nothing out of it, could not connect it with what I myself knew of the confused experiences of that night. But I could recall the dinner and the sullen aspect, not unmixed with awe, with which this boy contemplated his sister when his own glass fell from his nerveless fingers. My own heart was not in the business—it was on the elopement I had planned—but I could not help seeing what I have just mentioned, and it occurred to me now with fatal distinctness. The presence there was due to another's forethought, another's determination. But the poison had not killed.

Both glasses had been emptied, but, ah, those glasses! What explanation had the police now for those two emptied glasses? They had hitherto supposed me to be the second person who had joined Adelaide in this totally uncharacteristic drinking.

Knowing nothing of Carmel having been on the scene, they must ascribe this act either to Arthur or to me, and when they came to dwell upon this point more particularly they must see the improbability of her drinking with him under any circumstances. Then their thoughts would recur to me, and I should find myself again a suspect. The monstrous suggestion that Arthur had brought the liquor there himself, had poured it out and forced her to drink it, poison and all, out of revenge for her action at the dinner table a short time before, did not occur to me then, but if it had there were the three glasses—he would not bring three, nor would Adelaide, nor, as I saw it, would Carmel.

Chaos—however one looked at it, chaos! Only one fact was clear—that Carmel knew the whole story and might communicate the same if ever her brain cleared and she could be brought to reveal the mysteries of that hour.

Did I really desire such a consummation? Only God could tell. I only know that the fear and expectation of such an outcome made my anguish for the next two weeks.

(To be Continued.)

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11:51 a.m. For all points North—Plaster Rock, Grand Falls, Edmundston, Fort Fairfield, Caribou and Presque Isle.

5:10 p.m. From Fredericton via Gibson Branch.

5:50 p.m. From Houlton, McAdam Jct., St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John and East; Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Sherbrooke, Montreal and West, connecting for Chicago, St. Paul, etc., Winnipeg and all points in the Canadian West, British Columbia and on the Pacific Coast.

7:55 p.m. From Aroostook Jct. and intermediate points.

## ARRIVALS—

11:40 p.m. From Fredericton via Gibson Branch.

11:51 p.m. From St. John and East—St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Boston, Montreal and West, and from Houlton.

12:10 p.m. From Aroostook Junction.

5:50 p.m. From Edmundston, Grand Falls, Presque Isle, Caribou, Fort Fairfield, Plaster Rock, etc.

8:40 p.m. From Fredericton via Gibson Branch.

10:25 p.m. From Houlton, Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

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