

The Crimson Slipper.

BY DORA LANGLOIS,

Author of "A Bolt From the Blue," "The Red-Headed Woman," "The Kiss of Judas," "The Secretary's Daughter," "Victoria's Dream," &c.

(Concluded)
"Here it is again," he said. "Do you see that she is crossing the road diagonally? You guess why, don't you? She is getting frightened; she has heard the wheels behind her. The horse is walking, the men do not wish to overtake her till she gets a safe distance away from your house. Just ahead is a tumble-down empty cottage. They perhaps don't know that it's empty, nor does she, or if she knows she has forgotten it in her fright; she crosses the road to get to it. She goes up to it and perhaps bangs on the door. The door is locked. Now she can restrain her terror no longer and breaks into a run. She was fortunately on damp ground, so the fact that she was running is clearly shown. Observe that the heel no longer cuts the ground; the impression of the sole is, however, much clearer, showing she was on her toes, and the space between each imprint is longer. We lose the trace here where the hedge is low and the ground drier and harder in consequence, but we'll find it again a hundred yards further on. You will see that they let her run for some distance because they knew they could overtake her."
"Then," I said, faintly, "perhaps she destroyed the paper after all."
"Oh, no," he answered, "we're not justified in hoping that. You can't destroy a paper all in a minute unless you can swallow it, and, you see, you can't swallow a sheet of foolscap. No, we can't count on that. She ran, and here I think she fell; there seems to be a trace of something of the sort. Any way, beyond this there is no trace of her heel in any direction, therefore they must have lifted her into the trap here and driven away. The question is, where have they taken her?"

I drew myself up from my stooping attitude over that last trace left by her small flying feet and looked around. All about me was the desolate tableland of the moor; on the edge to the left in a hollow lay Slatkirk, the manor; than my house behind there was nothing but bracken and boulders, grass, white bushes, and peat-banks. Here they had run her to earth, here alone she had faced those two men and had the paper torn from her grasp, while I, who would have defended her and I with my life, was at that very moment away on the other side of the moor inquiring for her. No wonder, then, that as I caught the sinister glimmer on the surface of the black water in the peat holes I repeated Howell's query with a shudder: "Where have they taken her? What has become of her? Where is she—where is she now?"

CHAPTER XL

The Narrative continued by Frederick Herman.

I have been so often mentioned in these chronicles by my friend Duncan that I feel I hardly need to introduce myself formally now that the narration of the story brings us to matters which did not come under his personal observation. He himself has asked me to undertake the task of setting down all that happened while he was lying by, and I can hardly do better than by beginning simply and without preamble just where he left off.

As he has himself related, I saw him go up to his room to wash and dress for luncheon at a little past eleven o'clock on that melancholy and miserable Sunday morning. Then I sauntered round to the stables to pay my respects to that sturdy champion Bob, and so did not see him go out again with James Howell.

"Where's Mr. Duncan, Minting?" I demanded as I returned to the house to find the table laid out that worthy frowning round the sideboard with a very red and angry face.

"He is out, sir," Minting replied, with great dignity, "and that is all I can venture to say on the subject. I am, of course, to be removed, and others is to take my place and enjoy my employer's confidence and esteem. Not that I wish to complain, far from it, as I find myself out of my helmet in a establishment where there's never a meal taken punctually, and where the master runs about with his noo man with their noses to the ground, for all the world like a couple of terriers."

He retired as he concluded in a sort of whirlwind raised by his own napkin, and I whistled softly.

"Phew! Minting's hardly the man for us just now if this is the mood he is in," I said to myself; "but what on earth can Duncan and Howell be up to with their noses to the ground?"

A minute or two later Duncan himself came in, and I turned on him primed with questions; one glance at his face, however, deterred me. He had looked ill ever since his return from London, but he was positively ghastly now.

"Herman," he said, speaking almost like a child asking help of an elder more than one man to another, "do something for me, will you? I've—I've gone all to pieces! It's my head, I think; and there's work to do—such ungodly, dreadful work!"

"Work!" I repeated, vaguely. "Leave it to the police, Duncan. If they can't do it, we can't."

"The police!" he retorted, moving irritably in his chair. "They're only looking for the paper, its we who have to look for her; and the moor is so wide—so wide, and there are so many of those cursed peat holes. Herman, she was not in league with those fellows. Howell has shown me clearly and positively that they followed her and kidnapped her."
His news staggered me for a moment, but I asked for no explanation or proofs. If this detective vouched for it, it was doubtless true; she might be less guilty than I thought her, or it might be the common, sordid catastrophe of the inexperienced thief, checkmated by cleverer rogues. Whichever it was however, to question her motives would only irritate him, so I answered gently. "If that is so Duncan, just tell me in a word what you require, and let me see this agent of yours and arrange matters with him."
"You can't see him yet," he said. "He is at work; we could not wait for you or

any man. He has gone to get men out to beat the moor and look for her (one of us must go out soon and join them to see they do it properly), and as soon as that is done he will start himself for Santrigg to find out if the men really entrained from there, and if she was with them then."
"But why send them to Santrigg?" I protested. "Bronson sent men there; I told you so myself. The police must know that at least by now. Would it not have been a much simpler business to go to them and ask?"
"We have been to them already," he answered, with a feverish impatience very painful to see. "It was our duty, irrespective of other considerations, to tell them this, because if there was foul play out on the moor the men might get away so much more easily without her. They know, or will know shortly—curse them! whether she ever reached Santrigg alive, but they won't tell. Bronson was a different man. That fellow of the Secret Service Corps has been getting at him, I'm convinced. He would say nothing till Howell tackled him, and then he explained very curtly. I am to prosecute Miss Denzell, it seems, if she is ever found; but there will be some kind of injunction or something to restrain the police from heading the paper over to me should they get it, and—well, the sum and substance of it all is that if they know anything they are not going to tell us, or give me a chance of communicating with her till she is safely under lock and key. And in the meanwhile those men may murder her if it's not already done."

"Duncan," I cried, "give yourself time to see the doctor and pull yourself together, and if he don't put you right with a pre-emptive trust me to go out on the moor to these men of yours."
"Yes, yes," he said, "better send Minting for Dr. Drew. It's only something to stop the pain in my head I want, and then I shall be fit for work again."

I did not contradict him, it seemed best not to; but I knew by his looks that there was no more work for him that day, be it never so urgent, and I was right.

"How soon can you let me have a draught?" Duncan asked when he had answered all the questions put to him by Dr. Drew, who had, fortunately, consented to return at once with Minting in answer to our summons.

"I shall go home and send you something immediately," the doctor answered. "Thank you," Duncan said, simply. "I should like to take my first dose before I go out again. You see, I've got to—"
"You've got to go to bed," the doctor ordered, sharply, "and you must take absolute rest. It's my business to warn you very distinctly, Mr. Duncan, that though I hope to have you on your legs again in a week—unconvinced and fit for light occupations—you are on the verge of a very serious illness, and can't escape it if you take even the smallest liberty with your strength now."
"Do you mean," Duncan queried, anxiously, "that if I don't lie up now for a week I shall have to lie up for a month later on?"

"I fancy that the doctor guessed at once what my friend was driving at; he saw that Duncan was drawing a bill on the future, that he was ready to pay heavily later on for a few more hours of activity now."

"A month's lying up, as you call it, does not at all meet the case," he said, severely. "I speak of the very gravest results. Besides, it is doubtful whether you could keep it up and about for a few hours longer."

"I must!" Duncan insisted. "It is a matter of life and death."
"Exactly," the doctor retorted, dryly. "I have been trying to impress upon you that it might come to that." Then he added much more kindly: "I daresay, Mr. Duncan, you have duties and responsibilities like the rest of us; but believe me, you will consult your own best interest, and the interests of others connected with you, by taking my advice. I should not be doing my duty towards you by giving you even another hour's grace; but in this case I can go further—I can tell you that if you disobey me you will only be making a costly effort, for you are rapidly becoming incapable of either mental effort or physical exertion."

"Very well," Duncan said, with a heavy groan, "I will obey you."
"That is right," the doctor responded. "I will send you something at once," and he rose to leave.

When we were outside the door I asked him what would happen if Duncan did not keep his word?
"A breakdown," he answered—"a bad breakdown. I do not say that he has what you would call brain fever, or that he need have it, but if he doesn't do what is told I shall not be able to say as much tomorrow. Is he really harassed? Is there anything urgent, a real not an imaginary trouble?"

"Very real and very bad trouble, I'm sorry to say, doctor," I answered; "and over and above some rather urgent business that he wants naturally to see to himself."
"A woman in it?"
(To be continued.)

Hints to Pipe-Smokers.

Always fill a pipe with a little hump in the centre of the bowl and light this. Get a good light, but have it all concentrated in the middle. Try this with Rainbow Cut Plug Smoking Tobacco, and you will find it works well.

HOME TO P. E. ISLAND.

(Boston Transcript.)

There are a number of Bostonians and residents in the suburbs who look back to Prince Edward Island as their childhood home, and they are especially interested in the plans for the old home week carnival at Charlottetown, to be held about the last of July. Archibald Irwin, secretary of the Prince Edward Island Development and Tourist Association, has personally come here to aid in regard to the carnival. He has accomplished a good deal already and will remain a few weeks longer. Charlottetown bids fair to have a great gathering of the scattered families during the coming summer.

Charming Lady—"I wonder how it is that women keep young looking longer than men?"
Old Bachelor—"Bachelors getting scarce."

Philadelphia Press. "That's where he lost it."

NOT WANTED IN CANADA.

Austrian Immigrants of a Poor Class Reach Ottawa After Much Hardships.

(Ottawa Citizen, Saturday.)

Exposed to the rigors of an unseasonably cold atmosphere, hungered and by no means overland, an aggregation of about forty Austrian immigrants stood in front of the government immigration offices on Queen street yesterday morning. From over the Laurentide hills there came a raw, penetrating wind and with it a heavy fall of snow blowing almost with the intensity of a winter's gale.

Outside the government offices the little group stood—for the foreigner in a strange land and up against hardship instinctively turns to the government for that sort of paternal assistance which the state sometimes renders. The wind whistled around the corners and as the "strangers at our gates," as some writer has designated the immigrant colonists, waited for the coming of help the cold became uncomfortable and there they stood shivering in the blasts of beated spring lingering in the lap of winter. The majority were men, but there were four women and as many squalling babes. Grimy in appearance, clad in their peculiar garb, the distinctive odor of the continental immigrant about them and over all a suggestion of the illiterate, the crowd attracted a more than passing attention.

They stood at the door and knocked patiently awaiting some one to come to their aid. But no one came. It was Good Friday and on holidays they don't work in the government.

The immigrants had come up from Montreal the evening previous and after availing themselves of the shelter of the police station during the night started out in search of the government officials. They had little or no money and wanted something to keep the wolf from the door. The apparent plight in which they were placed attracted the attention of people in the neighborhood and a groceryman, across the street, taking pity on them, sent over some oatmeal which disappeared in less time than it takes to tell it. Finally, the members of the group started to wend their way back to the police station; jabbering among themselves and making peculiar gestures. They couldn't speak English, in the meantime however St. George's employment agency on Canal street got busy and the bunch was taken under its wing, being subsequently engaged to go to Gravenhurst to work on the James Bay railway construction for Macdonald and Mann.

Enquiry of one of the number able to speak broken English elicited the information that the party was ticketed to Montreal and had come out here on their own hook rather than through the government agencies. Numbers of their compatriots are in the west and they are heading that way. They had money enough to buy their passage and a little to the good but not enough to take them to their destination. Unable to secure work in Montreal they headed for Ottawa and but for a fortunate circumstance whereby employment was available they would have been stranded here, dependent upon city or private charity.

The point of the whole thing that requires emphasis is the desirability of keeping out of the country such people as these. It is satisfactory to note that the great majority of the immigrants who have come out this spring are British people or the more intelligent class of other nationalities. There has been a diminution in what may be termed the riff-raff. At the same time, however, a good many of the latter category continue to come on their own hook or through the agency of immigration societies and their presence in the country is no desirable omen. They have all the earmarks of an indolent people, who will work if actually compelled to but do not relish it. Their appearance is slovenly, the mental calibre is apparently lacking and there are no evidences of thrift or activity about them. If able to secure work at odd jobs in the summer, they are just the kind of people who will be on their knees in winter when work is scarce and are thus thrown for support on a charitable public. If that support is not forthcoming some of these European types are not likely to stop at something desperate.

People who saw that aggregation on Queen street yesterday pitied their distress but expressed the opinion that steps should be taken to stop the flow of such immigration to the country. It is perhaps impossible to keep them out altogether but a strict supervision and co-operation with the steamship companies should tend to eliminate the most undesirable classes for they persist in coming, they should, when found destitute, be deported. Canada is a great country; the virile west in the comparative infancy of its development needs people, but it needs clean, intelligent, industrious people—not the illiterate dregs and overflow of European population.

COUNTY LIQUOR LICENSES

A meeting of the liquor license commissioners for the county was held in the office of G. R. Vincent, chief inspector, yesterday afternoon. Those present were A. F. Johnston, Dr. G. G. Corbett and John Avery.

Licenses were again granted to the following retail dealers in Lunenburg—Wm. Fleming, John L. Collins, John Brennan, Daniel Dwyer, Frederick Duncanson, Geo. H. Tibbets. A manufacturer's and brewer's license was granted James Ready.

Simonds—Chas. Mayall, Sterling Barker, W. E. Newcomb, Daniel Michaud, A. A. Treadwell. No new applicants were filed.

Beer licenses were granted to J. J. McCarthy, Spruce Lake; John Sullivan, Fairville; John Hennessy, Simonds; George Selms, Simonds; Frederick Bleedar, Mispic. A beer license was refused Carl Benthlem, South Bay.

The board had before it a very largely signed petition from Pisarcoc praying that no beer license be granted in the locality during the current year. The petition was granted.

It was decided to strictly enforce the law which provides that no tavern shall have more than one entrance.

"No," said Sutherland, "he's not living in Swamphurst now. He's been in Florida all winter, and now he's in California for his health."
"I should think he'd go back to Swamphurst for it," remarked Citiman.

"Heally?"
"Of course. That's where he lost it."—Philadelphia Press.

An Improvement on Nature.
Nature gives us fruit to keep us healthy. But fruit can't bring back health after we lose it. It takes something more effective than fresh fruit to cure Stomach, Liver and Kidney Diseases.

Fruit-a-tives
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are fruit juices in tablet form. We improve on nature by our secret process. By it, we so change the medicinal action of the fruit, that "Fruit-a-tives" are rendered effective enough to cure Constipation, Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Indigestion and Sick Kidneys.
If you want to be rid of these troubles, ask your druggist for a box of "Fruit-a-tives." They never fail. 50c. a box.
FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.

A PLEASANT DINNER

Fortnightly Club Closes Its Season With a Function at White's.

The sixth annual dinner of the Fortnightly Club was held in White's restaurant last night.

Eighteen sat down to a dinner prepared in Mr. White's best style, and afterwards enjoyed two hours of wit and wisdom from the orators of the evening. Joshua Clawson, president of the club, sat at the head of the table, and his son, Prof. Clawson, of the U. N. B., sat near him.

The following is a list of the speakers and subjects, some of which were very interesting:—

"Our Club, its past and its future," the president; "Admiral Rojevskyevsky's mirage," the vice-president; Race Suicide, the secretary; "The Anomaly of Law," G. A. Henderson; "The Perfect Woman," G. Ernest Fairweather; "The Spots on the Sun," Dr. Melvin; "How to Make San Domingo Pay Her Debts," R. G. Murray; Cecil Rhodes, Beverley Armstrong; The Citizens' League, A. W. MacRae; The Athletic in Daily Life, E. H. S. Flood; "Altruism in Public Men," F. A. Dykeman; Oryzine and Kumpatkin, J. B. M. Baxter; "Boccacian Anecdotes," W. Brodie; "The Fallibility of Everything," Rev. J. W. A. Nicholson; "Music and Morals," illustrated by a song, A. Watson; "The Soulless Corporation," W. S. Fisher; "Autocracy and Democracy," W. F. Hatheway.

The gathering closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Pipe-Smokers Should Know.

That a big package of Rainbow cut plug smoking tobacco costs only 10c., and the quality is wonderfully good.

APPROACHING NUPTIALS

Miss Lillian Hogg, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Hogg, of this city, is to be married here on May 24th to a Montreal gentleman. Miss Hogg returned a few days ago from Montreal, where for some time past she has been in the employ of the Bank of Toronto. Before leaving her connection with the bank, she was made the recipient of several handsome pieces of silverware by the members of the staff. Miss Hogg is being heartily congratulated by her numerous friends.—Fredericton Herald.

FROM THE MIRAMICHI

Messrs. Henry Braithwaite and Charles Cremins returned by the I. C. R. this afternoon from a two months' cruise to the headwaters of the Little Miramichi. They report from one to two feet of snow in the woods, but it is mostly in swamps and shady places, the hardwood ridges being all bare. They left camp yesterday morning and did a thirty mile tramp to Boies town on snowshoes. Big game is reported by them to be exceedingly plentiful.—Fredericton Herald.

"Some philosopher" said the man who had been abroad, "has truly said that 'travelling takes conceit out of a man.'"
"Nonsense!" replied the wise man, "how about a commercial drummer?" —Philadelphia Ledger.

ONE BOX OF DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED DROPSY.

Dropsy is not a disease in itself, as many people believe, but is an evidence of very severe kidney trouble. Dropsy is caused by watery particles oozing through the walls of the arteries when they are distended by unusual pressure, which can only be caused by obstructions in the kidneys. The symptoms of Dropsy are puffiness under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, urine changed in character and appearance, smothering feeling from exertion or excitement. The only rational method of treating this disease is to reach the kidneys and restore them to a healthy condition.

The most successful remedy for this purpose is Doan's Kidney Pills. Read what Miss Agnes Creelman, Upper Smithville, N. S., says of them:—"I caught a cold, which settled in my kidneys, and turned to dropsy. My face, limbs, and feet became bloated, and if I pressed my finger on them it would make a white impression that would last fully a minute before the flesh regained its natural color. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and found by their use that I was cured in a very short time. I have never had any trouble with it since."
Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25.

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Dr. Chase's Ointment