

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.

(Continued.)

"I had no idea that you and Mr. Duncan were so intimate, Helena," he said, coldly.

"Indeed!" she remarked. "I thought I told you, James, that it was Mr. Duncan who so kindly brought me back that slipper that somehow got on to the moor. He has been telling me some interesting things that have come to his knowledge lately about poor Mr. Danvers."

I rose to take my departure. Even if I wished to prolong the interview I could not possibly do so after her husband had so clearly intimated that my presence was distasteful to him. Besides, I had nothing further to gain; the ground had been cut from under my feet. Ellen Halladay, once so bitter and so careless of her character as to tell me of her love affairs, was now Mrs. Montgomery's tool, and the last card I held—her possible dread of affairs coming to her husband's ears—was not a trump if he knew already of the loss and the return of the crimson slipper.

"One moment, Mr. Duncan," she said, imperiously, as I advanced to bid her good-bye. "I really can't spare you yet. James, tell them to get the horses out, will you, I want to start for my drive in ten minutes. See that they let me have the boys."

He shot one glance at me—half slyly, half suspicious—then with the briefest of adieux he went out like a flunky to execute her order.

"You ought not to have done that," I cried, indignantly, for every fibre in me rebelled against being forced into the position of one of her train of male friends. "As far as I am concerned our interview was at an end."

"And as far as I am concerned it was not," she answered. "Besides, I will not allow Mr. Montgomery to interfere between me and any person I choose to receive privately. I'm not going to keep you long, Mr. Duncan—you are no favourite of mine—I only want to explain that if I am attacked it will be bad for everybody concerned. I was on the moor, as you know, I heard the shot, and I saw the murderer dash out of the spinney. Shall I tell you who it was? Would you like to hear the man's name?"

"If you know it," I stammered in astonishment.

She leaned forward, more beautiful than ever in her wickedly triumphant humour, and whispered in my ear. "Sir Robert Birchall!"

"No!" I cried, faintly. "No—it is impossible!"

"It's true," she said. "I saw him, I went to the moor to meet Mr. Danvers certainly, but I was not love sick over him like the wife of the man who took his life. If mud is thrown I shall escape better than some others. That is all, Mr. Duncan; now you can go."

I left the house at once. It seemed to me that there was a fiend in the body of this fair, soft creature, and thankful to be rid of her presence I made my way back to Elsinore fatigued, shaken, and almost overwhelmed. Minting was at the bottom of the garden peering through the hedge at something as I approached; but he did not see me, and I did not ask him what he was doing there. Fate had so ordained it that Minting and I should be on bad terms, therefore I no longer received his garrulous reports of every little trivial incident he observed. Had it been otherwise I might have been warned of the danger that threatened such hopes and such peace as were still left to me; but it was not to be, and I went in without attracting his attention.

"Duncan, you look as if you had had a shock!" Herman exclaimed as I entered the smoking-room. "You've heard the latest, then?"

"The latest! About what?" I asked.

"The Danvers' affair, of course," he replied. "Sir Robert Birchall is under arrest!"

"Good Heavens!" I gasped.

"It's true," he continued. "The pistol they found on the spot turns out to be his, and he can't account for his movements between half-past eight and a few minutes to eleven on the night of the tragedy. He ought to have addressed a meeting of electors on that night, and he certainly failed to turn up. It's not all in the paper, of course, but that is what is being said. You can see all that the local paper has to tell for yourself. You'll find it on the middle page; I saw a copy in Santhwaite, half-an-hour ago."

He handed me an unopened newspaper as he spoke. I spread it out, and in one of the middle columns of the centre right-hand page, a couple of heavily leaded lines caught my eye at once: "Sensational Development: Arrest of Sir Robert Birchall." I read no more. With two or three quick turns I folded the news sheet just as the paper had been folded that Ellen Halladay had brought into the room and given to her mistress, and that Mrs. Montgomery had slipped immediately under the cushion of the sofa on which she sat.

Thus folded those two bold head-lines met the eye at a glance. They required no effort to decipher them, they stamped themselves on the brain at once; and the mystery of my antagonist's swift change of front was a mystery no longer.

She had learnt suddenly of the arrest of Sir Robert Birchall, of which before she had clearly not heard; she knew that someone else could

be identified with the crime, and she had ceased to fear for her own safety. What was more, I now felt morally convinced that she had not seen Sir Robert on the scene of the tragedy; that whether he was innocent or guilty, she would perjure herself if she swore to that.

I tried to pull myself together after the excitement of my discovery in order to think it calmly out. To go into the witness box at all would surely ruin her socially. Ah! but of course she did not fear that. Once satisfied that she had not got the paper or papers, who wanted her there? Not the people in London, certainly. If they found they could no longer hold over her head the terrors of a criminal charge they would be careful not to let her complicate matters by speaking. Mrs. Montgomery was pretty safe.

"Here is a London paper, Duncan," Herman said, his voice starting me, for I had forgotten his presence, "but there's nothing in it about the arrest; that will be in the evening papers, I suppose."

I took the news sheet and glanced at it, but when Herman left the room I did not feel called on to pretend further interest in anything it could tell me. It lay before me unopened, and I began lazily reading the lines on the front page just as my eyes fell on them, without selection. I informed myself that someone was willing to cremate me or my relatives in first-class style at reasonable rates, and then I re-read a line and paused over it.

"James Howell, Private Inquiry Agent." Where had I heard the name before? Ah! yes, I remembered. I had heard of the man as connected with the Cheedale mystery, and not so long ago as the person who discovered the murderer of the beautiful young Jewess, Adele Westgarth, who was done to death while sitting under a mulberry tree in her father's garden in full view of the windows of the house. The man was undoubtedly clever, and he was also spoken of as honest. I opened my letter-case, and finding a form wrote a wire requesting him if he was able to come to me at once, adding that there was a train from town that he might catch that afternoon if disengaged.

CHAPTER VII.

The youth who attended occasionally to the garden was outside at work, or rather he was just packing up his tools to finish his half day, so I went out and entrusted the telegram to him, as I had no desire to go myself to Santhwaite, and still less to let Minting see the address.

As I came back towards the window, Herman met me, and linking his arm in mine, drew me back to the deserted lawn.

"Duncan," he said, "I should much like to tell you something, only I don't want to be thought officious."

"Go ahead," I retorted. "There are plenty of officious people about, but you're not one of them, Herman. I'm still sane enough to be willing to take advice from you."

"Well, it isn't advice this time," he said, "because hang me if I know what suggestion to offer. I merely wish to state a fact and leave the rest entirely to you. Duncan, I believe you are being watched."

"Is that all?" I inquired, laughing. "My dear fellow, I know that perfectly well."

"And you don't particularly object?" he queried.

"I object on principle, of course," I said. "But I see no harm in it. I am convinced that nothing injurious to me will come of this espionage. I shall act just as if I did not know I had this retinue of followers. Perhaps I may be a trifle more cautious, that's the only difference it will make. A fact of this sort makes a man careful, that's all."

"You knew it this morning?"

"Yes, I knew it," I replied, "and I went to Santhwaite to call on Mrs. Montgomery. I see you don't regard that as particularly cautious, but I am very sorry that I had to leave my train outside. I wish they could have been parties to our interview."

Herman drew a deep breath. "Well!" he said, after a pause. "I've always found you a level-headed fellow, Duncan, and now that I know there is nothing going on without your knowledge, I am satisfied. I thought it my duty to mention it, that was all."

He unlinked his arm from mine as he spoke, not unkindly, but by way of showing me that he was not going to press for any explanation.

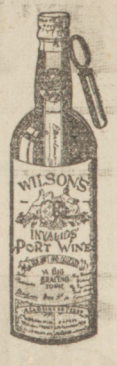
"By Jove! this is a jolly fine holly-hock," he said, pausing before a monster purple specimen. "I like holly-hocks; one gets something for one's money. I'm afraid size and colour always appeal to me. There's blight on the blessed thing—a poet—light make something out of the fact, mightn't he? I'm beginning to know all sorts of blights by sight, since I took to poking about in odd moments in this ill-kept garden of yours."

This acted Herman my friend, and the result of his kindness and delicacy was that he left me without any description of the men he had seen watching the house, while had Minting been my informant, though I should have been pestered by a thousand queries, suggestions, and sly attempts to wring an explanation from me, I should at least have learnt all that there was to tell. I should have been told their height, their build, the colour of their hair, and everything else that his keen scent for a mystery had allowed him to discover.

O Heaven! I tremble now when I think of the hours of agony we might—we should have been spared, but for the fact that a hot word of mine had offended my servant's dignity. Even so small as this are the hinges on which hang the inexorable door of fate.

(To be continued.)

WHAT WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT IS



The Canada Lancer

one of the leading medical publications, says: Wilson's Invalids' Port is a good wine and is very carefully medicated with pure reliable extracts. It contains extract of Cinchona bark, antiseptic salts, aromatics, and iron. It is a valuable tonic in general debility and anaemia. It has been employed in such conditions as is grippe, dyspepsia, neurasthenia, insomnia, loss of appetite, etc. We can recommend this wine to those requiring to prescribe a medicated wine.

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BIG BOTTLE \$1.00 ALL DRUGGISTS, EVERYWHERE.

A. C. P. R. CIRCULAR.

Important Information as to the Marking and Addressing of Freight.

W. R. MacInnes, freight traffic manager of the Canadian Pacific railway issued the following circular from the head office of the company, Montreal, on Saturday. It is addressed to shippers, agents and connecting lines:

The attention of all concerned is again directed to the necessity of fully marking all freight.

Each package or piece must be plainly marked with the name and address of the consignee, so as to ensure prompt delivery, even if separated from the waybill.

Marks on packages should be compared with the bill of lading and correction, if necessary, made by the shipper or his representative. Old marks must be removed or effaced.

Tags should not be used when the nature of the goods will permit of the address being stencilled on packages. If this be not possible, some distinguishing mark or brand must be placed upon the goods, and must be shown in the bill of lading.

Agents must transfer such mark or brand of the waybill, which must describe the goods fully. For example, in the case of a shipment of canned goods, the bill of lading (and also the waybill) must show so many cases of tomatoes, so many cases of pears, so many cases of corn, etc., as well as the brand and the mark indicating the consignee and destination.

The address of the packages must correspond with that shown in the bill of lading. For example, on a shipment to Winnipeg the packages must be marked "Winnipeg," and not some other destination for which the goods may be ultimately intended. If packages are intended for redistribution beyond, a special designating mark may be used for the guidance of those attending to the redistribution, but only the destination shown in the bill of lading must be shown on the goods.

Frequently in connection with lake and rail shipments, there is on the same boat more than one consignment for one consignee. In order to prevent such consignments from becoming mixed, it will greatly facilitate their correct handling if shippers will also show on packages their name or trade mark. Consignments can then be delivered complete and errors avoided.

Freight consigned to a place of which there are two or more of the same name, must not be forwarded unless the name of the County and Province be given.

When a shipment is destined to a point beyond the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which can be reached by more than one route, either rail or water, Agents must be particular to have shippers specify via what route the goods are to be forwarded.

If freight is consigned to a point not reached by any line, shippers must specify the station at which delivery is required, and the route, and bill of lading or shipping receipt must show that the Company only undertakes to make delivery of the freight at such station.

The proper marking and addressing of freight is as much in the interest of the shipper as of the carrier. Neglect in the proper addressing of packages may result in the loss or misappropriation of the goods.

Sunshine in the Smoke.

When you see a rainbow in the sky you know there is sunshine in the air. Put Rainbow Cut Plug Smoking Tobacco in your pipe and get sunshine in the smoke.

A HOPEFUL OUTLOOK.

In accounting for the excellent financial showing of the past year, the Chancellor of the Exchequer says the habits of the English people are changing, and they are spending less in the public houses and more in the way of wholesome recreation. The fact that there was less beer consumed in 1904 than in any of the preceding fifteen years seems to prove the assertion. Concurrently, with this diminution in the consumption of liquor is the increasing popularity of outdoor recreation and excursions.

This is a change that must work a great moral as well as material improvement in the people. Whatever attracts one to the fields or the water-side from nerve-destroying social functions indoors tends to the development of all that is best in human nature, as it fortifies the body against the approach of disease. The movement indicated by the figures of the British budget is one that must be gratifying to all who take an interest in the advancement of the race—Exchange.

It's no use," said the czar, dejectedly.

"What's the matter now?" asked his chief adviser.

"Province is helping the Japanese. Didn't you see the story of an earthquake having thrown up another island for the Japs right in the middle of their archipelago?"

"That is a very pretty sentiment the Japanese women have, 'hear no evil, speak no evil, see no evil.' custom. I wish we could adopt it in American society," said the returned tourist.

"Utterly impossible," replied the belle.

"What on earth would there be left to talk about?"

REV. DR. GOODSPEED.

McMaster University Wants Him to Remain as Professor.

The resignation of Rev. Dr. Goodspeed, professor of systematic theology and apologetics in McMaster University, came before the Board of Government last Thursday evening. After consideration a committee, consisting of Chancellor Wallace and Rev. Elmore Harris, D. D., was appointed to confer with Dr. Goodspeed and ascertain whether it would be possible to make an adjustment of the work so as to retain him on the faculty. Appreciative references to the excellent work of Dr. Goodspeed during his fifteen years' connection with the university were made by different members of the board—Toronto Globe.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. F. A. Donkin.

The death occurred at Winnipeg on April 11th, at the home of her son, E. H. Neville, of Mrs. F. A. Donkin, formerly of Athol. The deceased was 82 years of age and had been ill for some time. She was born in Windsor, N. S. She was twice married, her first husband being an Englishman named Neville. One son was born of this marriage. After the death of her first husband she became the wife of F. A. Donkin, who died at Athol some years ago. The deceased was one of a family of sixteen and has many relatives in Amherst and throughout the county. She removed to Winnipeg eleven years ago. She was a woman of splendid intellectual endowments. The remains were interred in Winnipeg—Amherst News.

Mrs. Donkin, whose maiden name was Elderkin, came when a child to St. John to reside with her uncle, Mr. Kerr, in whose household she remained until her first marriage, when she went with her husband to the Southern States. She was a lady of unusual literary attainments, and was at one time on the staff of Mt. Allison Ladies' College. A few old people in St. John recall this lady as she appeared nearly sixty years ago when she was a most interesting member of her social circle.

There's a Reason.

A rainbow in the sky is the symbol of purity and perfection of color. That is why the name was chosen for Rainbow Cut Plug Smoking Tobacco, which is a pure and perfect smoke for the pipe.

THE TROUT HATCHERY.

D. G. Smith, the New Brunswick fishery commissioner, is at the Royal. He said that great progress had been made in the recently established provincial trout hatchery on the Bartibouche river, on the north shore. Mr. Smith expects to double the business this year.

Applications for trout fry have been sent from Albert, Kent, Charlotte, and York counties, and many private persons have asked for from 4,000 to 10,000 fry to be sent to them.

Mr. Smith thinks it is important, that all public waters near large centres of population in the province should be well supplied with young fish.

He—"How did I look in my dress suit at the dinner last night?"

She—"To tell you the truth, you didn't look a bit comfortable in it. It will require time for you to acquire the wholly-athletic appearance of one of those waiters, for instance."

TOOK A SEVERE COLD.

It Settled in The Kidneys.

Pain in The Back The Result.

Catching cold and having it settle in the back is often the cause of Backache—the primary cause of kidney trouble. When the back aches it is a warning that the kidneys are liable to become affected.

Heed the warning, check the Backache, and dispose of any chance of further trouble.

If you don't, serious complications are very apt to arise. Mrs. E. Williams, Hamilton, Ont., caught cold, and it settled in her kidneys. She used

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS,

and is thankful for the immediate relief they gave her. She writes us as follows:

"It is with pleasure that I add my testimony in favor of Doan's Kidney Pills. Some time ago, I took a severe cold, which settled in my kidneys. The soreness and pain in the small of my back bothered me greatly. After suffering for some months, and finding numerous remedies fail, I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, and received immediate relief from my sufferings."

Doan's Kidney Pills may be procured at all dealers, or will be sent direct by mail on receipt of price—50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25.

THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO., TORONTO, ONT.

Recommended by the FACULTY

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Used by the masses, who, unsolicited, certify to its worth.

Tones the Stomach and Stirs the Liver to healthy action.

Effervescent

Is Nature's Remedy for Tired, Fagged-out and Run-down Men

If taken regularly contributes to the Perfect Health, Makes Life Worth Living.

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Artificial bleaching not required.

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Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops oozings in the throat, and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All Dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.



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