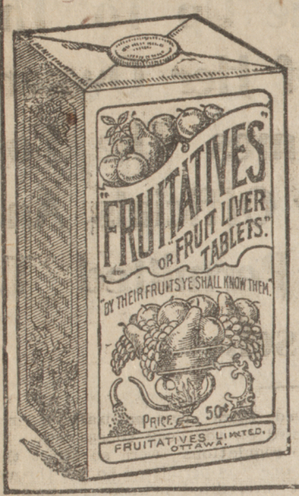


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The Crimson Slipper.

BY DORA LANGLOIS,

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

CHAPTER I.

I found it in a most unlikely spot; in fact, I should not have been much more surprised had I stumbled across a nugget of pure gold. I have, of course, encountered plenty of promiscuous footgear in my rambles through the highways and byways, mementoes of the proletariat, kicked off into some ditch probably because of the difficulty of any longer keeping them on; but this little satin slipper, light as a handful of feathers, built for the drawing-room and evening wear, was a very different matter. How came it on the desolate moor, its tiny diamond buckle sparkling in the sun, so far from any place likely to be the residence of its proper owner?

It was Tuesday, August 13th, and I was out on the grouse moor I had rented for the season, accompanied by the friend whom I had invited to share my shooting-box, and my first impulse was to call to him and show him my find; but just as I was about to do so, it suddenly struck me that the owner of the slipper might not care to have her loss advertised, and so I restrained myself.

The lady, whoever she was, had clearly come to the moor by night, for ladies do not wear slippers garnished with diamond buckles, during the day. She had acted on impulse, of course, for premeditation would have meant a pair of thicker shoes, not liable to slip off so easily, and she had not only departed in hot haste, but probably in fear and agitation, or common sense would have made her pause to look for the article, that, like Cinderella, she had left behind her. Yes, clearly the circumstance was so remarkable as to make it a matter of courtesy and forbearance, to hold my tongue; so after taking one long, steady survey of the surrounding landmarks, in order to fix the exact locality on my mind, I slipped the thing into my deep side pocket, and jogged on after my friend.

"What's the matter with the dogs, Duncan?" he said, irritably, as I came up with him. "They're all out to-day; there's no doing anything with them."

"Well, what is the matter with them?" I queried. "The moor's bad, that's a certainty, and the agent who let it has swindled me past a doubt; but why blame the poor brutes? They can't help it."

"Can't help it!" my friend Herman rejoined, scornfully. "Look at them now and ask yourself. Five minutes ago, while you were lagging behind as if you'd come out to prospect for gold mines, Dinah dashed into a whin-bush and landed almost on top of a brace of birds, both of which I missed, of course; and now, if you're not too busy admiring the scenery, you may observe that Hector is conducting himself more like a greyhound out for exercise than a pointer trained to follow the gun."

"By jove!" I ejaculated, glancing in the direction the dog had taken, "there's something over there in that little fir copse down by the iron railing that has excited the dogs. Let us go and see what it is."

For a moment Herman seemed inclined to assent—in fact, he made a half step forward—but the next instant he changed his mind.

"It's a dead stray sheep or something, I suppose," he said. "What's the use of going? A bit of carrion—perhaps nothing more than a defunct crow—oughtn't to throw them out like this; besides, here's Minting with the luncheon-basket, and it would be folly to spoil one's appetite."

"As you please," I answered, lazily, dropping down on to the coarse grass and bracing my back against a convenient boulder. "Luncheon by all means. Minting couldn't have turned up at a better moment."

It was not, however, altogether the advent of the luncheon-basket that I referred to; I was still thinking of the crimson slipper. I knew my man's ways very well, and, as he was an inveterate gossip and busybody, I judged that he was just the right person to give me a little information.

"Minting," I said, opening fire on him as he deftly drew a cork, "I'm told there are a lot of notable family seats near here. I suppose you know all about them by now, so you may tell us who are our neighbors."

"Our neighbours? Yes, sir, I'ave 'appened to 'ear their names mentioned," Minting replied, with the air of a man, taxing his memory to oblige. "The family seats is all right, sir, and Sir Robert Birchall, your landlord, comes of a good old family, but Mr. Danvers, the stockbroker, that has built the mansion called the Barrows, and Mr. Montgomery, that has bought the castle, are both noo, sir—as noo as wet paint, so you can't exactly call them notable."

"Ah, yes," I commented. "Danvers, the stockbroker, and Mr. Montgomery, who is opposing Birchall at this by-election, they are both notably warm, I believe, so they need not worry about their newness. Are they married men, Minting?"

"Sir Robert and Mr. Montgomery are, sir," Minting answered with a slight cough, "and—Mr. Danvers is not."

"Mr. Danvers is not," I repeated. "Well, Minting, thereby hangs a tale, I suppose? You may tell it, as the gentleman is not a friend of mine."

"I don't know as there's any tale to tell, sir," Minting answered, apologetically. "Mr. Danvers is a very handsome man, and single; and, of course, you know, sir, folks will talk."

"So I believe," I answered, drily; "but what do they say in this instance, Minting?"

"Nothing particular, sir, only—— Down, Hector, down! What's the matter with the dogs, sir? They seem very excited, don't they?"

I caught Hector by the collar and made him lie down. "Never mind them," I said. "Go on; what do people say about this Mr. Danvers?"

"Only that Sir Robert very nearly horse-whipped him once, that's all."

"What for?" I asked with roused interest, scenting a mystery at once.

"Ah! what for, sir?" responded Minting. "That's what everybody wanted to know. A pack of nonsense Lady Birchall's friends said it was."

"And so it was," Herman interjected. "I know her ladyship slightly. A silly woman perhaps, Duncan, but certainly a straight one."

"A electioneering dodge perhaps, sir," suggested Minting; "but come to think of it, a very silly one, for if at one time Mr. Danvers was always seen about with Lady Birchall, lately it's been just the same with Mrs. Montgomery, who is spoken of as the handsomest woman in the whole county."

Herman sat up suddenly. "Mrs. Lazenby Montgomery?" he demanded.

Minting nodded.

"By jove!" Herman ejaculated softly.

"Do you know her, Herman?" I asked.

"Yes, slightly," he answered. "I had no idea that this was she—there are so many Montgomerys, you know." He volunteered no further information, and I asked for none. One may listen to Minting's idle chatter, but if one is wise one does not talk before him.

"Then Mrs. Montgomery and Lady Birchall are the leaders of society here?" I queried.

"Yes, sir," assented Minting, "they are. Of course, there is Miss Denzell up at the Barrows, but she don't count."

"Why not?" I demanded. "Who is she, pray?"

"That's more than anyone can say, sir," Minting explained. "She's very handsome, and she calls Mr. Danvers her uncle. Some say he is her father, and some say he isn't, but anyway she keeps herself to herself, and folks in the village calls her 'the nun,'"

Minting had by now re-packed his basket, and having squeezed my orange I let him go. Herman was puffing thoughtfully at his pipe. I noted that he had not said a word since he learnt that Mrs. Lazenby Montgomery was our near neighbor; but as it was one of the unwritten laws of our long-standing friendship that neither should be unduly curious about the other's affairs, even when Minting had departed I asked no questions. It was he himself who broached the subject.

"It's fully five years since I saw her last," he said.

"Her? Who?" I demanded, lazily.

"Mrs. Montgomery, the sensational beauty Miss Trevor," he answered, with a little laugh. "I was knocking about the studios then, you know. I had an idea that I could paint if I tried. It was I who introduced her to Vernon, the clever black-and-white artist, who made her good looks famous as a type in all the illustrated papers."

"Vernon? Ah, yes, I remember his work," I said, nodding. "Very fine it was too."

"Was, yes," Herman assented, pulling up the coarse grass beside him, thoughtfully. "He has 'gone under' poor beggar! They say he never did any good work after she refused to sit for him for his Academy work, because she had induced the great Van Jeers to paint her."

"But," I objected, "I thought the great Van Jeers never painted portraits?"

"Nor does he," Herman explained; "he calls his things 'A Smile,' or 'Love in Idleness,' or something of that sort. He called her picture 'A Feast of Strawberries and Cream.' The critics were down on it; they said the feast was 'five strawberries on a saucer, and three-ha'porth of cream in a penny jug,' but, of course, she was the feast, with her beautiful complexion and her cream-colored draperies."

"Ah!" I reflected, "poor Vernon went under, and she married Mr. Montgomery."

"A very poor catch," he retorted, "for her. The talk about Vernon just made her miss a duke."

"And serve her right!" I said.

"Exactly," he responded. "I might think otherwise were she likely to recall our old friendship, but as she never deigns to smile now on anything untitled under fifteen thousand a-year I heartily agree with you, being fully conscious that she has forgotten my existence."

Decidedly as Herman spoke, he was however, mistaken, for on our return to my shooting-box (which, by the way, enjoyed the high-sounding title of Elsinore) he found a very cordial little note awaiting him from Mrs. Montgomery herself, declaring that she had only just heard of his presence in the neighborhood, and begging him to waive ceremony and come that evening with his host, Mr. Duncan, to a dance she was giving at the castle.

"What's that for?" I asked, in some surprise. "They can't be short of men, and we have neither votes nor interest here."

(To be Continued.)

Appetite Was Poor

Dizzey Most of The Time.

Could Not Sleep at Night.

Many people are unaware of having anything wrong with their heart or nerves till some little excitement or overwork makes them feel faint and dizzy, or perhaps simply going up or down stairs causes dizziness and specks to float before the eyes. People troubled in this way should heed the warning, and not fail to take treatment before something more serious occurs.

For all heart and nerve troubles there is nothing to equal

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

We do not claim that they will cure chronic heart disease, but we do claim that they will strengthen the weak heart, and build up the shaky nerve system.

Here is what Mrs. Sidney Hoffman, Hillside, Ont., says:—

"I was troubled greatly with my heart, and was so very nervous that the least little startled me.

"My appetite was very poor; I could not sleep at nights, and was dizzy most of the time. I took three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I am very pleased to say that they did me a wonderful lot of good."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 for $1.25. All druggists, or mailed direct.

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Blood of Iron, Nerves of Steel.

Iron is the Element from which Rich Blood is Made--Everybody Can Take Iron as it is Combined in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Put iron in the blood.

This is the only means by which weak, watery blood can be made rich and nourishing.

And the only way by which new vigor can be put into wasted and depleted nerves.

"Blood of iron and nerves of steel" are words which are true literally as well as figuratively.

The medical profession found out the value of iron as a blood-builder and nerve restorative many years ago.

Science today has nothing to take its place.

But science has succeeded in combining iron with other ingredients of restorative value, so that its action on the system is gentle and natural, such as not to disturb the most delicate stomach.

This is exactly what has been done in the preparation of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

As a result, there is no medicine before the public today which so thoroughly restores and builds up the system when wasted by disease, overwork or the debilitating effects of spring.

Put iron into the blood by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and you will instil into the system the vigor and vitality which overcome weakness and disease and replace discouragement and despondency with new hope and confidence.

SYMPTOMS:

Paleness of Face.
Languid Feelings.
Brain Fag.
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Neuralgic Pains.
Shortness of Breath.
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Wakefulness at Night.
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Lack of Energy, Ambition and Strength.
Irritability of Temper.
Discouragement and Despondency.

Spring has no terrors to one whose blood is made pure and rich and life-sustaining by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Iron in the blood means a healthful glow to the complexion, a building up of new muscular tissue, an elasticity to every movement and new vigor to the action of every organ of the body.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is not offered to you as a means of temporary relief, but by its exceptional restorative power it brings about results which are lastingly beneficial.

It cures by the building-up process—the only natural and satisfactory method of curing disease.

By noting your increase in weight while using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food you can prove that new flesh and tissue is being added to the body.

This is the most severe test to which any restorative medicine can be put, and you are invited to make this test because we know that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will "make good."

That it has made good in many thousands of cases is evidenced by the strong letters of testimony on file in these offices.

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The great blood-builder and nerve restorative. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers or EDMANSON, Bates & Co., Toronto. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act directly on the liver, positively curing biliousness and constipation.

TURBINER VICTORIAN DESCRIBED.

May Revolutionize the Character of Ocean Liners---She is at Halifax Today.

(See also page 1.)

The launching of the Victorian, and the success achieved in her trial trips marked the beginning of a new epoch in the history of steam navigation. Now that she has successfully made the trans-Atlantic voyage she has proved beyond peradventure that the turbine is no longer an experiment, but a fact of vast possibilities, and practicality.

From the dawn of the period of steam navigation in 1707, when a clever Frenchman named Papin, put a boat with an engine in her, on the river Fulda, in Prussia and ran her successfully until the fishermen and others, seeing in his invention an end to their business, destroyed her, the science of marine engineering has seen many changes and developments, but none of these have been of nearly as great importance as the invention of the turbine engine. It is the most notable improvement since the building of the first compound engine by William Pearce, back in 1879.

That the Victorian is one of the handsomest vessels ever built was the opinion of every expert who saw her. She is a striking contrast to the ordinary straight-sided ocean steamer of today. Her lines fore and aft are sharp and clean, swelling gracefully into a noble breadth amidships, which suggests high qualities of steadiness and stability, as well as a capacity for speed, which could hardly be excelled. Before she took the water in Belfast, people viewed with interest her three propellers—a novel feature in an Atlantic liner.

It is not, however, her grace of outline, that makes the Victorian so interesting as object. It is her position as the pioneer of a departure which may revolutionize the character of the ocean liner from a shipbuilder's and passenger's standpoint with as great a degree as did the departure which introduced the twin-screw and the five hundred footer.

The Victorian is intended for the first class Canadian mail service, and has accommodation for 250 first class, 350 second class, and 1,000 steerage passengers. There is also capacity for 8,000 tons of cargo, the registered tonnage of the vessel being 12,000. She has eight decks, of which six are for the use of passengers.

The length of the Victorian is 540 feet; her breadth, 60 feet; her depth, 40 feet 6 inches. She is divided by bulkheads into eleven compartments, and with the sub-divisions of her double bottom she has twenty water-tight spaces. She is built to the highest class of the British Corporation Registry of Shipping and her hull has been specially strengthened above the requirements of the Corporation in order to make her doubly secure against the heavy weather of the North Atlantic. The first class accommodation, which, as usual, is amidships, is of the most complete and approved order. Perfectly heated and ventilated staterooms, and suites of rooms, a spacious and well-fitted dining-saloon, an elegantly appointed music-room, and a luxuriously equipped smoke room are some of the features. Not less comfortable proportionately are the second-class quarters, and, as already indicated, third-class passengers are catered for in the most liberal manner. Electric light throughout, a complete printing outfit, and an installation of Marconi's wireless telegraphy are among the arrangements for the comfort and convenience of passengers.

As regards facilities for the handling of cargo, the ship is as perfectly fitted as possible. She has no less than ten steam winches and derricks for working the holds, and she is provided with insulating chambers and refrigerating plant so as to enable her to carry fruit, dairy produce, etc., from Canada.

The turbine of Messrs Parsons & Co's patent has been adopted for the Victorian, and it can ligitimately be claimed that as compared with the reciprocating engine there is a saving of weight, cost, space, attendance, and upkeep, a complete absence of vibration, a reduced diameter of propellers, giving greater immersion; and an increase of speed, with a smaller steam consumption. A special design has been adopted of three shafts with one propeller on each, the high pressure engine driving the centre propeller, while the low pressures are attached to the outside shafts. Each propeller is driven at a speed of close upon 300 revolutions a minute. The parallel flow is the type of turbine used.

In streaming through the casing, the steam passes alternate rings of fixed guide blades and moving turbine blades, and having traversed the series in the high pressure engine, it goes to the low pressure on either side and from them finds its way to the condenser, as in the ordinary type of engine. Two reversing turbines have been placed in the low pressure casings, enabling the vessel to go astern when required, and it is claimed that in its power of stopping a ship quickly the turbine has a great superiority over the reciprocating engine. The turbine blades above referred to are exceedingly small, no larger in fact than the blade of an ordinary penknife. Their number, however, is prodigious, there being no fewer than a million and a half separate pieces used in the blading of the three turbines of the Victorian. The energy of the steam is used up to the last ounce in its passage through the turbine, but there is not only economy of power and room in the use of the new motive power, there is also an entire absence of the vibration and throbbing which is experienced with the reciprocating engine. Another point which will commend itself to ocean travellers is that of safety, because there is little fear of a breakdown, there being no moving parts to collpase or get out of order. The engine room of the turbine liner is a complete revelation, the only working machinery visible being the governors. The result of so much economisation of engine space is that the builders have been able to provide accommodation on board the Victorian which for comfort and luxury to passengers is probably not equalled by any vessel of her size afloat.

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Dr. Slocum, Limited:—

Your Psychine merits the highest recommendation of any medicine I kwow of. I am so thankful that I ever heard of your remedies that I cannot express myself to you in words. I suffered with lung trouble, was subject to night sweats, chills, and fever and a terrific cough. Friends thought I'd never get better. I advise all lung sufferers to use Psychine. for it is a proven cure. G. H. BRISTOW.

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For sale by all druggists at $1.00 per bottle. For further advice, information or for free sample write Dr. Slocum, Limited, 179 West King street, Toronto, Canada.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.

MORNING NEWS IN BRIEF.

Local.

Melbourne Watson, of Mahogany Road, met with a painful accident, on Thursday afternoon. He was sawing wood with a circular saw, and one of his mittens became tangled in the teeth, which resulted in his left fore-finger being severed.

Another hard labor prisoner, has taken leave of the chain gang. While working on the Marsh Road yesterday morning, George McQuillan slipped quietly away.

The horse belonging to the man McCann, who figures in the Charlotte St. Alley (qse, was shot yesterday in a barn at Strat Shore, by Sergt. Kilpatrick, on orders from S. P. C. A. Secretary Wetmore.

A special meeting of the directors of the Home for Incurables was held yesterday afternoon at the residence of Dr. Thomas Walker. The meeting, it is understood, was to arrange for the admission of a patient.

Provincial.

The Parisian-Albano enquiry was resumed at Halifax yesterday afternoon, but towards the close it developed into a legal fight. Engineers from the Parisian were heard when counsel rested their case. On calling for the captain of the Albano, his counsel order him to retire until the authority of the court had been determined. When the court decided to go on with the enquiry, his counsel promised to produce the captain this morning at 10 o clock, and the court adjourned with that understanding.

General.

Sir Frederick Borden was yesterday asked as to the truth of the report that the Ottawa musketry school was to be removed to Halifax. The minister replied that this was not correct but it was quite possible that a new one would be established in Halifax.

Fifteen hundred emigrants for Canada have sailed from London on the Allan liner Bavarian, 700 of the number being young men. Four hundred boys from the Barnardo Home, ages ranging from eight to eighteen, sailed from London yesterday for Canada.

An Ottawa despatch says:—In conversation with J. E. B. McCready, of the P. E. Island delegation now here in the interests of improved communication between the Island and the mainland, he expressed himself as greatly pleased with the sympathetic interest taken in the matter by prominent members of both parties in parliament.

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INTERESTING EVIDENCE

Brought Out at the Enquiry Into the Bay Shore Accident.

The inquiry into the C. P. R. disaster at Bay Shore, was continued last night before Coroner Kenney. Arthur Glasgow, continuing his evidence, began at the last session, said that he came in contact with the crews, of both engines that evening and they were all perfectly sober. On being questioned Mr. Glasgow said Campbell told him the switching engine had gone to the dump. He looked for a light on the track, but saw none. Cormier had told Campbell to go down and tell Worden he had an order for him to sign, and he thought he told Campbell what was in the order.

The witness was not positive whether or not engine 992 blew after getting on the main line. He did not consider that the signal board had anything to do with the shunters.

Asked by Mr. Mullin he said that since testifying at the last session he told his opinion yesterday afternoon at the C. P. R. office, being asked by Mr. Taylor. Others present were Mr. Downie, Mr. Gilliland and Mr. Burpee. He had received a message to go to the general offices. He was there asked if he thought the signal board would have any influence over the switching engines and replied he did not. Mr. Gilliland had expressed that opinion yesterday morning to him, but he did not know whether or not it was before he had expressed his own opinion to that effect.

He did not remember hearing Cormier tell Worden in the office to hang around that he would have orders for him to sign. He could not recall an operator signing an order, but thought he had heard some one say such was done.

Charles W. Burpee, of Henderson (Me.) C. P. R., division superintendent of No. 1 district, Atlantic division, was called. He said that it was never reported to him that the signal board at Bay Shore was out of order but the semaphore was reported out of order two years ago, but not since and it was not fixed as it was not necessary. It had been put up and never worked. It did not make any difference about the signal board. It was a new patent sent down to be tried out and taken down yesterday afternoon, but not on account of developments at the inquiry. It was taken down after the meeting at the offices.

Engineer Edward W. Griffith, of engine 992, called, said he had a faint recollection of Cormier telling Worden in the office either that he had or would soon have orders for him to sign. He did not hear Worden's reply. He (the witness) did not sign his orders there that night but said when he was leaving the office "send the orders down when you are ready," meaning at the same time for Cormier to sign them. He was not in the habit of doing that but may have done it before. The time when he asked the operator to do this would be when his hand was covered with oil and as a personal favor and such was the case that night. Cormier replied "all right." The witness did not know where engine 2104 was and did not know she was at Bay Shore.

The order was brought to his engine and given to the fireman, who opened and read it and then he read it. He gave this order to the general superintendent on Monday. The engine bell was ringing when he started. The engine did not whistle going round the curve and he did not know of any rule calling for it.

He then told about the collision. He heard no bell or whistle of engine 2104 and the only light he saw was, he thought, 2104's headlight shining through the fan door. If the signal board had been working and a red light was shown on it he would have to stop and enquire what it meant.

He was at the meeting yesterday afternoon and was asked his opinion about the sign board.

Mr. Taylor at this point said he did not think it necessary to talk about the meeting, but Mr. Mullin contended otherwise and mentioned that the C. P. R. seemed to be coaching witnesses.

Mr. Griffith, continuing, said that he told Mr. Downie that he did not sign the order but had not received any word of being suspended and is still in the C. P. R. employ.

Outside of his own experience he had no knowledge of operators signing orders. He had done it once before with Operator Burpee of Bay Shore station.

Operator Frederick Burpee was then called and said that during his three years at the station he had signed engineers' orders about six or seven times at the personal request. He reported to Mr. Gilliland last winter that the signal board was out of order, personally, and saw Cormier's message to Mr. Burpee about it. The witness did not think the board was needed. It would serve and was used as a signal in the day time but not at night as it had no lamp. Since the accident a light had been put in it.

Adjournment was here made until Monday night.

CHOOSING A PASTOR.

The pew-holders of St. John's (stone) church, held a meeting last night in the school-room of the church. W. M. Jarvis, the senior warden, was in the chair, and F.R. Fairweather acted as secretary. While no choice of a successor to Rev. J. de Soyres, was made, the number of those on whom the choice was likely to fall was reduced considerably. Five names were submitted by the committee of selection, three of which were given special prominence It was decided to postpone the meeting until May 5, and in the meantime, additional information as to the qualifications of the candidates is expected to come to hand.

The exhibition hall of the high school, was filled to overflowing last night, to hear the John Thomas Concert Co. The entertainment was given under the auspices of the high school athletic club, and orchestra. An excellent programme was carried out, which was very highly appreciated. The entertainment was a decided success in every sense of the word. The company will leave on the early train for Fredericton.

Johnny—"Pa, is Cousin Fred a lummux of Harvard? He says he is."

Wise Pa.—"If he said so, he is to be congratulated upon his truthfulness and frankness. I fear, however, he said he was an alumnus. Not much difference in his case of course, but it would be in the case of anybody else."

