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.

(Continued).

"You've got to grant something," I said, "but if you grant those things, it certainly fits. Anyhow, it explains her conduct, if putting Mrs. Montgomery in danger might mean endangering the man she cared for."

"We've got to hand this over to the police now," Howell said, with a heavy sigh. "That's the worst of my business, one can't get in at the death. You'll have to watch the house (because this may have shaken them up a bit, and the man may try to get off), and I must go back and tell the tale. I'd like to stay, but the police wouldn't listen to you. I've been in the force and know the ropes, and they will not let an outsider teach them their business. I'll go with you and get you planted, and then I won't keep you a minute longer than I can help."

With even more precaution than before Howell worked round the house till we got in view of a little side door in the end of the path we had seen Mrs. Halladay take. There were some very convenient shrubs there, and among them he directed me to crouch.

"If anyone comes out except old Halladay," he said, "you have only got to follow and give him in charge of the first policeman you meet. They'll know that there is someone in the district wanted, if you have to go for miles before you meet one. Don't be in too great a hurry, and you're right as the mail. Now good-bye!"

He left me, and I heard his soft footfall as he crept a pace or two away in the semi-darkness, for the evening was well advanced, and the light begins to fail perceptibly in September. My nerves were strung to tension. I was infinitely more inclined for action than for this task of silent watching. Not for an instant did I dream that the call to action would have come so soon, yet come it did. Howell had not got above ten yards from me when a woman's shriek rang out upon the air. In a moment I was on my feet and had quitted the shelter of the bushes.

"Howell! Howell!" I shouted as I ran towards the house.

He was on my heels almost directly.

"Confound it!" he said, fiercely. "The game's spoilt, I'll wager. Yes, yes, get on — get into the house — we've got to save the woman. But why did you shout You're worse than a blooming kid!"

The little side door was open. We entered it, and found ourselves in a passage apparently leading to the kitchen and offices. Ahead of us to the left was a door standing half open, with a faint light as of a candle beyond it.

"Don't be in a hurry, keep well behind me," said Howell, passing me and moving towards the room in which the light burnt.

I was too excited to see the weight of his caution; I also wanted to be first on the scene of action, and when he sprang into the room I followed him.

"Get out!" he cried, turning on me quickly, with the candle which he had secured in his hand. But it was already too late—the heavy door behind us swung to and the key was turned in the lock.

"Done!" said Howell, and set the light down.

The room in which we found ourselves had doubtless been constructed as a storeroom, for it was without windows. But there was no plate in it; it was being temporarily used as a sort of storeroom, for there was cheese, bread, and bottled beer on one of the dressers, and in the middle a long cardboard box, empty but bearing the name of a noted firm of wigmakers. I record these facts now, though naturally we did not notice them in the first shock of finding ourselves imprisoned.

The man who slammed the door on us had evidently been in the very act of taking out the contents of the box, and those contents as evidently constituted a disguise.

"Done!" said Howell. "This is a rat-trap!"

The woman above us cried out again, but Howell was very philosophically opening a bottle of beer. "I'm sorry to say," he remarked, softly, "that we aren't in a position to help you, my dear!"

The noise above ceased, and footsteps came running down some stairs. Someone was speaking excitedly in French.

"Does Halladay understand French," I asked myself in wonder; but immediately a voice, the voice of an educated Englishman, interrupted the speaker.

"I won't have it," this person said clearly and distinctly. "The door is perfectly safe. Halladay is just to do what I tell him, and it is not to be till the day after tomorrow. You can't hear a sound from this room outside the house, and Halladay can keep the woman quiet. I only wish we'd got her in here too."

The footsteps receded, and we heard no more.

"Howell," I said, "they're both here, the owner of this place and the foreigner."

"Oh, yes," said Howell, grimly. "We're beginning to know a nice lot, aren't we? But they forgot to mention what it is that is going to happen the day after tomorrow."

Candid as he had been when we were still outside, that was the nearest approach to a grumble I ever heard from him during our incarceration; and seeing that he already guessed what that something would be, that he kept it to himself and hid the horor of it from me, I say that in his small carcase there was the spirit of a very big man indeed.

CHAPTER XV.

The Narrative Resumed by Richard Duncan.

Once again it becomes my business to take up the threads of the story, and for that purpose I must ask the reader to return to the time when, Howell and Herman having departed, I was left in Minting's hands for a course of that treatment which he styled "the hopeful view."

As Herman has already stated, the treatment answered well with me, but it was rather a dangerous experiment for all that. Minting it was who saw Dr. Drew's messenger and explained away the misunderstanding about a specialist; he soothed me on Tuesday morning when there was no line from Herman (who had left, as the reader will remember, on Monday afternoon), and he again informed me when the second post came in that he had received a postcard from Mr. Herman saying that I was to expect good news shortly, and so sent me off into a delicious and health-restoring sleep. Well as he acted by me, he could not, however, clog the wheels of fate, nor with all his cunning help those who were by now in such sore straits.

That he had received no postcard on Tuesday the reader is of course aware, as Howell and Herman were not in a position on or after Monday night to communicate with their friends; but on Wednesday morning I was so much better that I was allowed to leave my bed, and was sitting up in my room when Minting came in beaming, with a letter in his hand.

"It's from Bowden, sir," he cried, enthusiastically, "and as it isn't in our Mr. Erman's 'and I think it'll be from Mr. Owell, but wot I can't make out is why he should have put on the enevelope, 'If gone, kindly forward to 10 Sandringham Gardens, S. W.' He couldn't possibly think you was going to town so soon."

I almost snatched the envelope from Minting, saw that what he said was quite correct, and that it really bore my private town address, and then, quite as much puzzled as himself, tore it open and extracted the contents—contents which had made the cover bulky and uneven. The enclosures were a neatly-written letter and a coiled handkerchief folded round a card. I chose the former first and read as follows:

Elm Tree Farm, Bowden, Tuesday.

Sir,—The enclosed is evidently intended for you, but I regret that I cannot give any particulars as to where or when it was picked up. My wife, who is here for her health, has just found it in the pocket of our little son's sailor suit; but as the suit was worn for the first time on Sunday it could not have been in the child's possession earlier than that day.—I am, sir, faithfully yours,

"Henry Johnston.

"P. S.—I see that you are stated to be staying at Elsinore, Santhwaite, till October, but for safety I add your town address."

I dropped the letter, and with trembling fingers unwrapped the handkerchief and examined it. Sewn to one of the corners with black cotton was an ordinary visiting card of my own, across the face of which I myself apparently had written the words, "Elsinore, Santhwaite, till October 1st."

To whom had I given a card so marked? Ah! I remember now—to Mary Denzell when I promised to buy the desk. I turned for confirmation to the initials on the handkerchief and found that they were hers. My card, then, was the address of the strange missive, the initials were the sender's signature; the message itself, failing writing materials, was worked in black cotton on the handkerchief.

I say the message, but unfortunately it was only half a message, for my would-be correspondent had evidently been interrupted in her task. From the final pot-hook of the last unfinished word a loose end of cotton hung, all waved and crinkled like unravelled yarn, suggesting that the cotton had only been procured by being pulled out of some seam sewn by a chain-stitch machine. This, and everything else about it, spoke of the haste, the fear, the pressing necessity of her who had thus tried to reach me.

Four complete monosyllables and two letters, that was all; the first worked in the ordinary cross stitch, the rest merely run to save time, in characters as uneven as a child's first effort at penmanship.

"Help soon I am sh——"

Here the interruption had occurred, and the dangling end of cotton hung unable to tell me more.

But the sender had not quite come to the end of her resources. Two more long basting stitches there were, and by them was attached to the handkerchief an unused but soiled picture postcard representing a water-mill. Clearly, then, the message should read: "Help soon, I am shut up in a water-mill at Bowden." How and when had Mary Denzell trusted this message to Fate? If on Sunday all might yet be well; but if so late as (Tuesday (yesterday) what were Howell and Herman doing? The message Herman had left for me said only that they were going to watch the house of some person at Bowden named Halladay. If there was in Bowden a mill kept by a Halladay, then they were near at hand unknown to her. If on the other hand, the miller was not a Halladay then they were clearly off the scent.

"Minting," I cried, "shew me Mr. Herman's postcard."

"I didn't keep it, sir," he stammered.

"Did they give any address that we could write to?"

"No, sir."

Instantly it flashed on me that he was lying, and that Herman had not written. True all might yet be well, but it might as easily be far otherwise. I drew out my watch. Yes, I had still time to catch the afternoon train to Bowden. I wondered if Minting had the strength to prevent me, and whether he would try.

"Get Bob out quick!" I cried.

"What for, sir?" he asked.

"Someone must go to Bowden," I answered, equivocally. "Make haste! Get him into the shafts as quickly as possible and come to me for instructions."

He went off instantly, and the moment he was gone I sprang up, threw off my dressing gown, got into my coat and boots, crammed my pockets with what cash I could find and a small brandy flask, and then hurried down stairs into the dining-room. A few minutes after Minting passed the door and ran up-stairs; then I made my way into the yard, and panting, shaky, but triumphant, mounted into the cart and started for the station.

I was just in time to find a boy to take Bob home before catching my train, and then, the first excitement over, I was left face to face with the question what was I to do, how was I to gain admittance to the mill? I could go to the police, of course and claim their assistance, but I shrank from the idea. I could not, as it were, go to her and serve that writ in person. I preferred rather to trust to chance and luck. You've a rather picturesque water-mill here, haven't you?" I asked the ticket-collector boldly, when I got out at Bowden.

(To be continued.)

A BRIGHT FUTURE

Predicted for the Dominion Iron and Steel Company.

According to Mr. Nicolls, vice-president of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, there appears to be a more than usually bright future in store for that company, says the Montreal Witness. Shareholders will be much pleased when this welcome promise change in the affairs of the company takes place. The preferred stock has paid no dividend for several years, and as it is cumulative, there is something like fourteen per cent due to the holders. The common is one of the lowest priced stocks on the active list of the stock exchange, and would appear quite hopeless, so far as profits are concerned, for some considerable time to come. There is no doubt that the company is doing exceedingly well; in fact, there is reason to believe that the plant is behind in its orders, which accounts for the anxiety of the directors to promote a further expenditure on an improved plant. During April the output in every department showed an increase, with a corresponding reduction in cost, and the gross output of the entire plant was, for that month, the greatest in the history of the company. The most encouraging part of Mr. Nicholl's address, so far as the shareholders were concerned, was the statement that the company would be manufacturing rails within the next few weeks. A gentleman of conservative inclination, and well versed in the conditions of the steel rail business, estimates that the company can make a profit of about six dollars a ton on every ton of rails turned out, and to this would be added the government bounty on the raw and partially manufactured material. There should be no dearth of demand for this line of steel manufacture during the coming summer and fall. The rest will depend on the output of the 'rail mill,' which, if nothing unforseen intervenes, should be sufficient to place the finances of the company on a dividend paying basis.

Wonders of Niagara

On of the prettiest sights at Niagara is to see the rainbows in the spray, reminding pipe-smokers of the pleasure they derive from Rainbow Cut Plug Smoking Tobacco.

The Bishop—You would like to be a missionary would you? Do you think you are qualified for that kind of work?

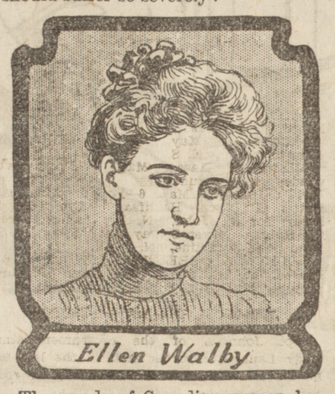
The Applicant—Yes, sir. I can live on almost nothing, mend my own clothes, do my own cooking, take care of sick people, and shall be willing to teach school without getting any pay for it.—Chicago Tribune.

PAINFUL PERIODS

CANADIAN WOMEN FIND RELIEF

The Case of Ellen Walby Is One of Thousands of Cures Made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many women realize that menstruation is the balance wheel of a woman's life, and while no woman is entirely free from periodical suffering, it is not the plan of nature that women should suffer so severely?



Ellen Walby

Thousands of Canadian women, however, have found relief from all monthly suffering by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it is the most thorough female regulator known to medical science. It cures the condition which causes so much discomfort and robs menstruation of its terrors.

Ellen Walby, of Wellington Hotel, Ottawa, Ont., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"Your Vegetable Compound was recommended to me to take for the intense suffering which I endured every month and with which I had been a sufferer for many years getting no relief from the many prescriptions which were prescribed, until, finally becoming discouraged with doctors and their medicines I determined to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am glad that I did, for within a short time I began to mend and in an incredible short space of time the flow was regular, natural and without pain. This seems too good to be true and I am indeed a grateful and happy woman."

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular menstruation, should take prompt action to ward off serious consequences, and be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and then write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for further free advice. Thousands have been cured by so doing.

COMPETENCE REQUIRED

There is no royal road to success.

But there is something better. There are many roads that lead that way.

It's not because there are not enough roads leading to success that we don't get there. There are plenty of roads, and they are good ones.

The difficulty is that we don't seem to know which one to choose.

If you can choose your road and stick to it, you have gone a long way towards attaining your end.

The worst of it is seeing the road other people have choosen isn't going to make your choice any easier, for the road one person has taken isn't necessarily the road for another.

The goal may be reached from many different points.

"If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, though he builds his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

It is not what you do, but the way you do it, that makes the difference between the successful and the unsuccessful person.

Whenever you are working you are bound to succeed if you are doing your work better than anyone else could do it. But do be honest with yourself when you say you are doing it just as well as you can.

So many people are doing their work in an incompetent, shiftless way, and are blaming the world because they are not getting on.

Be assured the world hasn't time to bother with incompetent people—even to push them back. It simply goes ahead and leaves the incompetent ones standing still.

The world is moving on, and has need of all the good workers; the people who are doing something may be made useful at every turn.

There is a constant cry for competent people.

And work well done is always in demand.

First Shade.—"Where are you wandering, brother ghost?"

Second Shade.—"I started out to find my grave, but it's no use."

First Shade.—"Why, there it is right in front of you."

Second Shade—"That's what I thought, but that inscription on the tombstone certainly never could have been intended for me. Oh, I see! They've got somebody else's tombstone in my lot."

Wedgett.—"Doctor, I want you to send me some medicine; I'm in too much of a hurry to wait for it now."

Dr. Cutter.—"But what do you want medicine for; what is the matter with you?"

Wedgett.—"Why, you ought to know. Didn't you examine me for life insurance yesterday?"

Dr. Cutter.—"Yesterday I was in the employ of the insurance company, today I'm employed by you."

WILL PROBABLY COME

Rev. G. A. Kuhring Replies to Invitation From St. John's (Stone) Church.

Toronto, May 7—(Special)—It is probable that Rev. Gustave Adolf Kuhring, rector of the Church of the Ascension, will accept the call to St. John's church, St. John. Mr. Kurhing said yesterday that before giving a definite statement he would first like to meet his congregation and wardens and bishops.

Rev. G. A. Kuhring, of Toronto, has wired to H. de Forest, one of the wardens of Stone church, an acknowledgment of the communication sent him on behalf of the congregation offering the rectorship. His telegram in reply was as follows:

Toronto, May 6.

Many thanks for your kind message. I highly appreciate the honor.

GUSTAVE A. KUHRING.

LORD ROSEBERRY

(T. P. O'Connor, in M. A. P.)

The man who is most disliked at this moment by average Liberals is Lord Rosebery. The average Liberal feels toward him as the average member of the Irish party feels toward Mr. Healy. Lord Rosebery is regarded as a marplot, who is never so happy as when he is embarrassing his own friends. Even up to a few months ago it was possible that he could still have the leadership of the Liberal party if he had chosen to demand it. Everybody recognizes his attractive personality, his great influence over the electorate, and all the advantages that would accrue to any party from having one of his outstanding name as its standard-bearer. But that state of feeling has now passed away, and his leadership would produce a violent Radical revolt--to say nothing of the outburst of feeling among the Irish Nationalists, who now hate Lord Rosebery with an intensity they do not feel towards any of their ordinary political opponents in the Unionist party.

Just Received an Extensive Line of

PIVER'S PERFUMES AND TOILET SOAPS . . .

All the Popular Odors at the Popular Prices.

We are also showing a large line of Christmas Packages for fall importation, in the following:

Piver's Perfumes Lotions,
Toilet Waters and Toilet Soaps.

Brietenbach's Perfumes,
Toilet Soaps, Toilet Waters and Fancy Perfume Cases.

Travelling Companions
for Ladies and Gentlemen in great variety. Special discounts given on orders placed early.

THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., LIMITED.

THE LARGEST EGG FARM

What is said to be the largest egg farm in the world is one owned and managed by C. E. L. Hayward, at Hancock, N. H. According to the Rural New Yorker it has at this time over 8,400 hens, kept in 600 small houses, 14 in each. The hens are never allowed outside their 8 ft. square coops, and are never fed green feed, contrary to the teaching of all other poultry keepers. Each hen gets about a quarter pound per day of beef scraps, gluten, hominy feed, wheat, etc., with a little sale, ground shells, grit, charcoal and plenty of clean water. They average 100 eggs each during the year, for which the high average of 26c. a dozen is received, or a total of $2.17. It costs about $1.17 each for feed, so that the profit on each hen is about $1. The droppings go to fertilize a large orchard and are a source of profit. Only young hens are kept; the second year they are sold, and pullets bought for the next year's egg crop.

A TRIOLET

A well-turned ankle or well-turned jest—
Tell me, which is the better?
Either's a pleasure, 'tis confest,
A well-turned ankle or well-turned jest,
But the ankle goes at a maid's behest,
While a jest—you'll never regret her!
A well-turned ankle or well-turned jest—
Tell me, which is the better?
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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.

ABBEY'S

Recommended by the FACULTY

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.

ALL DRUGGISTS. SALT.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto,

Dr. Chase's Ointment

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1904 Patterns of Wall Paper

Have been an unqualified success, and shows that the public appeciates the undoubted bargains we have been offering. We have still some Thousands of Rolls of these goods to move and if prices will do it, they must go.

Also, some belated shipments ot **NEW GOODS** which we will offer **TODAY** at about two-thirds of the usual price in order to dispose of them **quick.** These compose some dozen patterns of Parlor Papers, Bedroom and Hall Designs. As the Wall Paper season is short, we have made **Rock Bottom Prices,** as we do not wish to carry them over.

☞**SEE OUR WINDOWS.** No goods on approbation, and no samples.

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