THE ARNCLIFFE PUZZLE,

BY GORDON HOLMES

Author of "A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE."

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXII.

The Expiation.

One person, however, had not forgotten it. At the farther end of the spacious entrance hall Detective Hobson was watching the drive expectantly. It was no part of his plan that Warren should meet Leigh and thus learn of Lester's rescue. So he sent Wilson to find the agent, with a message that Mrs. Warren wished to see him immediately. Hobson caught the sound of distant wheels, and his face brightened. Then, at length, a dog-cart came into view, driven in Warren's usual furious style. That was enough for the detective. He walked up to Lester and Bradshaw, drawing them aside for a moment, and then he led them onward and out on to the drive.

He hailed Warren, who pulled up his steaming horse.

"Oh, Mr. Warren," said the detective, genially, "your mother has been asking for you everywhere. I saw her inside there a moment ago."

Warren beckoned to a gardener's boy. "Here, take the cart to the stables," he said, striding toward the door which the detective had purposely left open.

Hobson followed close at his heels. Shutting the door before the waiting footman could intervene, he touched his quarry smartly on the shoulder. "I want you, Warren," he said with an ominous change in the tone and manner of his address.

Warren turned and put up his hands with the sheer instinct of self-defence. It was what Hobson wanted. The young agent, scarcely yet realizing the dread truth, found himself securely handcuffed after a brief struggle.

The two girls started apart, each clinging instinctively to the man of her heart. It was Hobson's moment, and he made the most of it.

"Harry Warren," he said in a loud, clear voice, "I arrest you for the murder of Lord Arncliffe and the attempted murder of Thomas Aingier. I warn you that anything you may say will be taken down in writing and used in evidence against you."

For a moment Warren became blind with terror, but that and all other emotions gave place to the sense of shame at standing there manacled before women—before Edith, whom, in his way, he loved. And so he hung his head and stood silent, until a strangled sob made him look up. It came from Edith, who had caught sight of Mrs. Warren standing like a statue at the foot of the staircase.

The old housekeeper was so ghost white that the very sight of her brought a tightening of the heart. Warren laughed hysterically when he saw his mother and he turned to Hobson with an air of bravado.

"All right!" he said gruffly, "I confess the whole business. I poisoned Lord Arncliffe and I attacked Mr. Aingier to obtain possession of the books which showed my defalcations. Sorry, Mr. Aingier, but 'needs must when the devil drives'—you know. Now, is that sufficient, or am I to be kept here any longer to amuse the company and torture a poor old woman?"

"Yes," broke in Lester, always generous. "This is infamous, Hobson. You might very well have arrested Mr. Warren privately. In fact, I understood ——"

"You will please allow me to carry out my business in my own way, Dr. Lester," said the police officer, with a certain stern dignity. "I represent the crown now, and I will not allow you or anybody else to interfere with me in the execution of my duties."

While this unexpected altercation was taking place Mrs. Warren came forward slowly, with the firm step and impassive face of a woman born to command.

"It is all over, mother," stuttered Warren, hoarsely. "I have confessed to the murder of Lord Arncliffe and everything else, so the less said the better."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Harry," she answered, a gleam of the wonderful mother-love coming for a fleeting instant into her calm eyes. "You were always a loving son, whatever else you have been. But this farce must stop before it becomes a tragedy."

"Not another word, mother!" growled Warren, almost brutally. "Don't listen to her," he shouted in a frenzy, raising his manacled hands in entreaty. He almost flung himself on Hobson. "Take me away, d—n you. Why are you keeping me here?"

Mrs. Warren silenced him with a pitiful gesture.

"No, my boy," she murmured. "At the best, I could look forward to only a few more years, while you, even if they imprison you, may yet enjoy something of life. Gentlemen, it was I who poisoned Lord Arncliffe!"

Mrs. Aingier and the two girls looked at the stately housekeeper in wondering horror, but the old solicitor, learned in the ways of the world, shook his head.

"What a miraculous thing is that maternal love which lasts from the cradle to the grave!" he whispered to Lester. "But it will not save her son, poor woman."

Hobson, however, seemed to be of a different opinion. "I quite believe you, madam," he said. "But do you understand the consequences of such a confession?"

"Perfectly," replied Mrs. Warren, quietly. "I make the statement of my own free will, and I am prepared to give proofs of all I say. There," she said, laying a bundle of letters on the table, "are papers which will bear me out, and here is the bottle which contained the poison I administered to Lord Arncliffe, together with a description, in his lordship's own handwriting, of the nature and action of the poison. He had forgotten it, or he would surely have mentioned it in the codicil to his will.

She handed Hobson a quaint old Venetian flask as she spoke. It was iridescent with age, and as the rainbow gleams caught Bradshaw's eye the American started forward.

"Why," he cried, "that was the thing I saw from the tree!"

"So it was you?" said Mrs. Warren, curiously unemotional. "I rather suspected it. I ought to have killed you."

Harry Warren had broken down now. He was sobbing like an overgrown child, but his grief was so plainly in his mother's behalf that none could feel anything except pity for him. Mrs. Warren glanced at her son, but she obviously nerved herself to continue.

"Let us reach the end," she cried imperiously. "I killed Lord Arncliffe because I was afraid he would discover my son's defalcations, and I knew that from him no mercy was to be expected. Most people have regarded Lord Arncliffe as the famous philanthropist, the benefactor of his species. To me he was an unrelenting and inveterate enemy."

She paused, and seemed to sway a little, but she waved aside the chair which Lester offered her.

"Forty years ago," she went on, "William Bradshaw and I were engaged to be married. Then I met Harry Warren, and, although Mr. Bradshaw was even then wealthy, I gave up riches for poverty and married the man I loved. I never regretted it, and my discarded lover never forgave me. When my husband died, fifteen years after our marriage, I was left destitute, with a baby three years old dependent upon me. It was then that Lord Arncliffe asked me to come and see him. As he was an invalid at that time, I thought," and her features yielded to bitter memory for an instant, "he intended to renew his old proposal. For my son's sake, I was prepared to accept it, but I soon learnt that he merely required a housekeeper—some one to look after his servants and see that his table was kept creditably.

"I was glad! A competence was forthcoming, and I had my son at my side. And I was free to live with the undimmed memory of my dear husband! Then Lord Arncliffe began a system of petty persecution. He always treated me with the most scrupulous respect, but he nevr lost any opportunity of pointing out how different my position might have been. I endured it for my child's sake, and I cultivated a calm indifference which has made me more like a sphinx than a living woman. His hatred was unwavering. I nearly killed him once before. My husband, God help him! was given to drink. It was his only failing, and I found Lord Arncliffe—Lord Arncliffe, the advocate of temperance!—giving wine to my boy of ten!"

"But tell me, Mrs. Warren," interposed Lester, who, like the others, was watching her narrowly, and whose professional instinct was aroused, "what was the poison you gave Lord Arncliffe?"

"I found it in a secret drawer, there," said she, feebly indicating a Florentine cabinet at the head of the stairs. "The secret drawer had warped a little, and when I opened it I found a little bottle and some directions, written by Lord Arncliffe himself, many years earlier. It said that five drops a day would kill a man in a month; ten drops a day in a fortnight; twenty in a week, and so on. I had a special reason for hastening the end, so I gave Lord Arncliffe five drops daily, and he died exactly in the month. I think he guessed the truth—I hope he did!"

(To be continued.)

MONCTON NEWS

Committed for Trial---More Scott Act Cases - - - Death of A. Landry.

Moncton, Aug. 12—Ross Budd, Cook Wallace and Henry White, the three men scooped by the police in a raid of one of the I. C. R. houses Friday night, were committed for trial yesterday afternoon on a charge of robbing hen roosts. The officers making the raid told the story of the arrest to the court and Abner Trites, who lives near the house taken possession of by the midnight feasters, identified three of the chickens found in the house as his property. The owners of part of the fowl found in the house could not be located.

Anthony Landry, hostler of the Riverside Hotel, who was so terribly injured by being run over by a train at the Moncton depot July 2, died of his injuries in the hospital Friday night. Deceased was forty-seven years old. The body was taken to Memramcook yesterday and the funeral takes place tomorrow morning.

Jos. Bruce, son of J. R. Bruce, chief auditor of the I. C. R., arrived in the city yesterday from Kingston, Jamaica, where he was accountant in the Royal Bank, and proceeded to Halifax to become manager of the People's Bank of Halifax.

At Shediac yesterday before Justice Sweeney, Min Armstrong was convicted of keeping a house of ill-repute in Moncton and fined $50 or three months in jail.

The Windsor Hotel was convicted of Scott act violation in two cases before Police Magistrate McQueen, of Shediac. The fines and costs in the three cases tried at Shediac amounted to nearly $200.

THEY INJURE YOUR HEALTH

Because your liver is wrong, and constipation exists, don't resort to strong cathartics. Proper medicine is Dr. Hamilton's Pills—mild, effective and guaranteed to cure in one night, 25c. at all dealers.

BARNS BURNED

Campbellton, Aug. 12—Two large barns of Paul Doyle, Jacquet River, were burned to the ground Friday night with all their contents, consisting of all this season's cut of hay besides the usual farming implements. The loss is about $2,500 and no insurance.

There are very strong suspicions of incendiarism and if these suspicions can be verified there will no doubt be interesting developments.

Friday night Town Marshal Chamberlain drove to Flatlands and arrested one Ferguson on a warrant charging him with drifting for salmon. The young man seemed greatly surprised to see the officer but came along quietly. Just as the officer reached the lockup here and was in the act of tieing his horse the prisoner leaped from the wagon and made a bold break for liberty and in the darkness he escaped and still is at large. Although a strict watch will be kept for him.

Ferguson was caught red-handed in the act of drifting for salmon by one of the guardians employed by the Riparian Association.

Vice Regal Party at Quebec

Quebec, Aug. 12—The governor-general, Lady Grey and party returned to town Saturday morning by the steamer Minto, and Mayor Garneau was invited on board the steamer to confer with his excellency.

The French admiral called officially upon his excellency, and the latter returned the call on board the flagship at noon. The customary salutes were fired in both cases.

The governor-general and party left for Ottawa by the C. P. R. at 2 p. m. The admiral also called in the course of the morning upon Sir Louis Jette, lieutenant-governor, and the latter will return the call on Monday, in the afternoon.

A large detachment of the French sailors attended the regatta at Lake St. Joseph, by special invitation.

Body Recovered

Digby, N. S., Aug. 12—Indians camping on the shore in the west side of Digby Gut discovered the body of a young man on the fishing beach yesterday afternoon. Coroner Daley was immediately notified and held an inquest. The body was identified last night by William L. Weir, of Annapolis, as that of his son, William Herbert Weir, who was drowned while bathing at Annapolis on Aug. 3.

The funeral takes place tomorrow of the late Hayden Guptill, who died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. D. Daley, Friday evening, aged 77. He was for years interested in the sardine business at Grand Manan, Eastport and elsewhere. He is survived by three daughters—Mrs. Armstrong, of St. John; Mrs. A. D. Daley and Miss Blanche Guptill, of Digby, and one son, Lloyd Guptill, of Boston.

The steam yacht Scionda, owned by Commodore Robt. Thomson, St. John, arrived here yesterday afternoon with a party of St. John citizens on board and sailed again at 9 a. m. today after a pleasant cruise along the American and New Brunswick and Nova Scotia coasts.

New Brunswickers registered at the Canadian high commissioner's office, London, during the week ended July 31 were Prof. C. Archibald, Mount Allison; Mrs. G. A. Blair, Chatham; Miss Annie H. Whittaker, St. John; Mrs. J. L. Harris, E. A. Record, Moncton.

Travellers Guide

TRAINS DEPART FROM ST. JOHN.

6.00 a. m.—Express for Pt. du Chene, Halifax, Sydney, etc.
6.25 a. m.—Express for Boston, Fredericton, Quebec, etc.
7.45 a. m.—Mixed for Moncton, etc.
9.25 a. m.—Suburban for Welsford, etc.
11.00 a. m.—Express for Pt. du Chene, Halifax, Quebec, Montreal. (Connections with Ocean Limited).
11.45 a. m.—Express for Pt. du Chene, Pictou and Halifax.
1.10 p. m.—Suburban for Welsford, etc.
1.15 p. m.—Suburban for Hampton, etc. (Connections Hampton and St Martins, except Monday).
5.05 p. m.—Suburban for Welsford, etc.
5.15 p. m.—Express for Sussex, etc. (Connects Hampton & St. Martins on Monday only).
5.40 p. m.—Express for Montreal and coast Fredericton and St. Andrews.
5.55 p. m.—Express for Boston, etc.
6.10 p. m.—Express for Fredericton, etc.
6.15 p. m.—Suburban for Hampton, etc.
7.00 p. m.—Express for Quebec and Montreal, Pt. du Chene.
10.30 p. m.—Suburban for Welsford, etc.
11.25 p. m.—Express for Pictou, Halifax and Sydney.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

6.25 a. m.—Express from Sydney and Halifax, etc.
7.45 a. m.—Suburban from Hampton, etc.
7.50 a. m.—Suburban from Welsford, etc.
8.55 a. m.—Express from Fredericton, etc.
9.00 a. m.—Express from Sussex, etc. (Connects Hampton & St. Martins on Mondays).
10.40 a. m.—Express from Boston, etc.
11.20 a. m.—Express from Montreal, Fredericton, etc.
12.10 p. m.—Suburban from Welsford, etc.
12.50 p. m.—Express from Montreal, Quebec, Pt. du Chene, etc. (Connects Hampton and St. Martins, daily except Monday).
3.20 p. m.—Suburban from Welsford, etc.
3.30 p. m.—Suburban from Hampton, etc.
4.30 p. m.—Mixed from Moncton, etc.
5.00 p. m.—Express from Pt. du Chene and Moncton.
5.15 p. m.—Express from Halifax, Pictou, Campbellton. (Connects Ocean Limited, from Montreal.)
9.30 p. m.—Express from Moncton, etc.
10.00 p. m.—Suburban from Welsford, etc.
11.00 p. m.—Express from Boston, etc.
1.40 a. m.—(Sunday only) Express Sydney and Halifax, etc.

Trains on the New Brunswick Southern Railway leave west side daily for St. Stephen at 3.10 a. m., arriving at west side on return at 7.10 p. m.

RIVER STEAMERS.

DEPARTURES.

8.00 a. m.—May Queen leaves Indiantown for Chipman, Gagetown and Grand Lake points Wednesdays and Saturdays.
8.30 a. m.—Victoria or Majestic, for Fredericton and intermediate landings, daily, Sunday excepted.
9.00 a. m.—Hampton, for Hampton, Clifton, Kingston and Kennebecasis landings, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays.
10.00 a. m.—Crystal Stream, for Cole's Island, the Narrows and landings on the Washademoak, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
12 noon—Champlain, for the Belleisle.
3.00 p. m.—Hampton, for Hampton, Mondays and Saturdays.

ARRIVALS.

5.00 p. m.—Elaine, for Queenstown and intermediate landings, Saturday 5.00 p. m. for Gagetown.
5.30 p. m.—Majestic for Hampstead and intermediate landings, on Saturdays.
8.00 a. m.—Majestic, from Hampstead every Monday.
9.00 a. m.—Hampton, from Hampton.
10.00 a. m.—Elaine, from Wickham daily£
1.30 p. m.—Crystal Stream, from the Washademoak, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
12.30 p. m.—Champlain, from Belleisle, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
3.30 p. m.—Victoria or Majestic, from Fredericton daily.
4.00 p. m.—May Queen, from Chipman and Grand Lake points, Mondays and Thursdays.

FERRY STEAMERS.

Ferry steamers cross the harbor from the foot of Princess street, east side, to Rodney wharf, west side, every 20 minutes, commencing at 6 a. m., the last boat leaving the east side at 11.30 p. m. On Sundays the first trip is from the west side at 8 a. m., and the last trip from the east side at 11.10 p. m. On Saturday evenings only, boat leaves west side at 11.45 and St. John at 12.

The E. Ross, from Indiantown to Milford makes three trips an hour, daily (Sunday excepted), from 6.15 a. m., till 10 p. m. and Saturdays till 10.40 p. m. On Sunday from 8 a. m. till 9 p. m..

The Maggie Miller between Millidgeville, Summerville, Kennebecasis Island and Bayswater:—

Leaves Bayswater at 6.00, 7.30 and 10.30 a. m., and 2.45 and 5.15 p. m.
Leaves Summerville at 6.20, 7.45, and 10.45 a. m. and 3.00 and 5.30 p. m.
Leaves Millidgeville at 6.45 and 9.30 a. m. and 2.00, 4.00 and 6.0 p. m.
Boat will leave Millidgeville every Monday morning at 5.00 o'clock.

SATURDAY.

Leaves Bayswater at 5.30, 7.00 and 10.30 a. m., and 3.45, 5.45, and 7.45 p. m.
Leaves Summerville at 5.50, 7.20, and 10.45 a. m., and 4.00, 6.00 and 8.00 p. m.
Leaves Millidgeville at 6.15 and 9.30 a. m. and 3.00, 5.00 and 7.00 p. m.

SUNDAY.

Leaves Millidgeville at 9.00 and 10.30 a. m. and 2.30 and 6.15 p. m.
Leaves Bayswater at 9.45 and 11.15 a. m. and 5.00 and 7.00 p. m.
Leaves Summerville at 10.00 and 11.30 a. m. and 5.20 and 7.20 p. m.

Commencing July 1, steamers leave St. John at 8 a. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Lubec, Eastport, Portland and Boston. For Boston direct on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 6.30 p. m.
Returning from Boston via. Portland, Eastport and Lubec, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 9 a. m. From Boston direct Mondays and Thursdays at 12 noon.

Steamer Prince Rupert for Digby leaves her wharf daily at 7.45 a. m., connections for Halifax and Yarmouth; returning arrives about 4.30 p. m.

Steamer Senlac sails Thursday evenings at 6 o'clock from Reid's Point wharf, for Yarmouth, Barrington, Shelburne, Rockport, Liverpool, Lunenburg and Halifax. She arrives in St. John Wednesday evenings at 6 o'clock.

Steamer Westport III. leaves Knox's wharf every Friday at 12 noon for Westport, Weymouth, Yarmouth, etc. She arrives in St. John Thursdays.

Steamer Aurora, for Grand Manan, Campobello, Eastport, etc., leaves Tuesdays at 10 a. m. and arrives Mondays at 2.30 p. m. at Merritt's wharf.

Steamer Granville, for Lower Granville, Annapolis, etc., leaves Tuesdays at 12 noon and arrives Mondays at I. C. R. pier.

Steamer Brunswick, for Spencer's Island, Canning, Wolfville, etc., leaves Tuesday evenings and arrives Mondays at Thorne's Wharf.

Steamer Beaver, for Harvey, Albert, Hillsboro, etc., leaves Thursdays and arrives Wednesdays at Thorne's wharf.

Lightning Strikes Yacht

Stokes Bay, Ont., Aug. 12.—A blinding flash of lightning struck the Hacking, a sailing yacht, near Stokes Bay yesterday. In the boat were J. A. Hacking and his sons Lester and Bert, C. Hacking and his son Cleoyne, all from Listowel (Ont.) The bolt struck the mainsail and passing around the keel tore holes in the planking. J. A. Hacking and C. Hacking and Bert were knocked out of the boat, but were rescued. The yacht was finally got into Stokes Bay harbor and will be towed to Port Elgin.

The Artillery band will parade this evening in uniform at their band room at 7.30.

The hod carriers and building laborers' union will meet tonight in their rooms, Sutherland's Hall.



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Women's Chocolate Oxfords, - - -	1.08,	"	1.50
Girls' Chocolate Laced Boots, - - -	1.18,	"	1.65
Girls' Chocolate Low Shoes, - - -	.98,	"	1.25
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" 48c. - - -	"	75c
" 58c. - - -	"	85c
" 78c. - - -	"	$1.00 & $1.25

All this season's goods and every one a bargain.

Linen and Straw Hats, 48c. -	Were - 75c, 1.00 and 1.50
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" " 16.50 - - -	"	21.50
" " 18.50 - - -	"	23.50
" " 19.50 - - -	"	25.00

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In Ill-Health

Ottawa, Aug. 12.—(Special)—Hon. N. A. Belcourt has been advised by Dr. Roddick of Montreal to take a complete rest and abstain from all work. For the past month Mr. Belcourt has been seriously indisposed. Soon after his arrival in London last June he contracted a severe cold and owing to his numerous social and business engagements neglected the customary precautions with the result that pneumonia developed. When Mr. Belcourt landed in Montreal he was in a very weak state, and upon consulting Dr. Roddick received the advice stated above. It is expected that a few weeks sojourn by Mr Belcourt at his summer cottage at Wakefield will facilitate his complete recovery

GASOLINE

Two lonesome skunks by the roadside stood
As an automobile rushed by;
It left an odor far from good,
And a tear was in one's eye.

'Oh, why do you weep?" asked his anxious friend.
"Why do you sob and quake?"
"Because that smell," said the other skunk,
"Is like mother used to make."
—Southwest Magazine.

BACK TO PRISON

Dorchester, N. B., Aug. 12—Two convicts in the penitentiary here by the names of Clarke and Macumber made a successful bolt for freedom yesterday afternoon. They were with a gang working in the hay field and being both young and spry they got beyond pistol shot range before their intention was discovered. They were arrested by Officers MsIsaac and McDonald while attempting to board the Sydney express, No. 10, bound from St. John to Sydney, at 3.18 a. m., today. Clarke had less than thirty days to serve. They were at once placed in the dungeon to reflect on their folly. They will have to face the grand jury for an attempt to escape from prison is an indictable offence.

The electric storm of last Monday week did great damage at Tracadie. The church and other buildings were struck and damaged. W. Sonier's house was burned to the ground and he himself died soon after from the shock. C. Comeau's barn was burnt with all his hay and sleighs.

Dalhousie, N. B., Aug. 12—(Special)—Hon. L. Brodeur, minister of marine and fisheries, accompanied by James Reid, M. P.; O. Turgeon, M. P., and Charles Marcil, M. P., was at Campbellton this week, after visiting Carleton, Dalhousie and other points. The protection of the salmon was the subject that was discussed before the minister at Campbellton.

Miss Bagley is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Brittain, Annapolis Royal.

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