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The Midnight Guest

By FRED M. WHITE

Author of "The Crimson Bird," "The Corner House," etc.

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(Continued.)

"You shall see him," the Countess said. "And if you have half an hour to spare it shall be this very night. When I discovered that my daughter had been stolen I got in touch with Silva, who, as I told you just now, was under the impression that I had taken Vera away and placed her in safe custody, lest the authorities should interfere and remove her from my influence. When he found that I had barely given Vera a thought all these years, he was furiously angry with me. Indeed, his rage knew no bounds. He had always been so faithful; he had always worked so hard for me, that I was astounded. He refused to have any more to do with me. He went off without leaving his address, and for some little time I have been searching for him in vain. He seems to have turned his athletic powers to advantage, for he is performing in London now as a kind of flying man. I have seen the performance, and it is exceedingly clever. But that isn't what I want to talk to you about. I know where Silva, or Valdo, as he now calls himself, is to be met with. Within a few moments I want you to come along and add your persuasion to mine."

"I will do anything you like," Mrs. Delahay said; "anything to get to the bottom of this singular mystery." The Countess started up at once, and proceeded to don her hat and cloak. Then she led the way to the back of the house. "There is a way out here," she said, "which leads into a lane. Now, come along. We have not very far to go. They turned out of the lane presently into the quiet, secluded thoroughfare, where the Countess stopped. They had not long to wait, for presently two figures came down the road, talking earnestly together. The light was not good, but it was quite sufficient to show Mrs. Delahay that one of the men was James Stevens. "The witness, Stevens," she whispered. "He must not see us together. There are many reasons why it is inadvisable that he should learn the truth. The other man looks like Silva; only it is difficult to be sure after all these years. Let me stand in this doorway till you have managed to get rid of Stevens."

The Countess nodded her approval, and Maria Delahay slipped into the shadow of the door. From where she stood it was quite possible to see what was going on. She saw her sister approach the two men. She did not fail to note Stevens start as he recognized, or thought he recognized, the woman who was known to him as Maria Delahay. On the still air she could catch a word or two.

"Very well," she heard Silva say sullenly. "I have one or two things to say to my friend here, and then I'll come back to you."

The two men came past where the woman was standing in the doorway. They were conversing in deep whispers, so that the listener could catch only a word or two, yet those words filled her with vague apprehension. She caught the name of Ravenspur as it came hissing from Silva's lips. Then there was something else she could not follow, and finally, clearly enunciated, the one word "tonight." A moment later and Stevens was shuffling off down the street, while Silva returned to Countess Flavio. As Mrs. Delahay joined them, the little Italian glanced from one to the other.

"So you are both here," he said. "There was something in the insolence of his manner that moved Mrs. Delahay to anger."

"I should hardly have known you," she said; "certainly I should not have known you from the tone in which you are addressing us. Have you quite forgotten what you owe to your late master's children?"

"I have forgotten nothing," Silva said. "Why do you come here persecuting me like this? Why cannot you let me alone? But for me your sister would have been in a dishonored grave by now. I saved

her life. I saved the good name of the family. And how am I repaid? What does she care so long as she saves herself. And yet I remember her a sweet and innocent girl, just as I remember her own little one. Ah, I was fond of her, and she was fond of me. I could never have gone off and hidden myself, and left little Vera to the tender mercies of the world. I, a man, no relation, couldn't have done that. But that her mother could have done such a thing—ah, it seems unnatural, unwomanly."

"You will find her for me?" the Countess said.

"I have found her," Silva whispered fiercely. "But whether I have found her for you or not is quite another matter. I was your good friend once. I was your devoted slave and servant. I would have laid down my life for you both, and you know it. But all that I felt for you was as nothing compared to my love for your little one. And when you told me that you had left her without another thought my blood fairly boiled with passion. I thought you had taken her with you. I fondly imagined that you were devoting the rest of your life to her welfare and happiness. And then, one day, you come coolly to me and ask me where you can find your child. You go your own way, and leave me to go mine. I suppose you have found out that I come this way home, and so have waylaid me. But you will never get me to raise a finger on your behalf again. Still, it does not much matter. I know where the child is. I shall know how to act when the time comes. My vengeance is ready, when I care to stretch out my hand to take it."

The words poured from the speaker's lips in a torrent of passionate vehemence. He fairly quivered with rage. He seemed to be beside himself with anger. There was something almost akin to madness in his eyes.

"Oh, calm yourself," the Countess said. "My good Silva, I make every allowance for your feelings, but you are going altogether too far. You, above all men, ought to know how I longed to get away from anything that reminded me of my husband. Don't forget that she was his child as well as mine, and that she had her father's eyes and charm of expression. Besides, I was barely responsible for my actions then. Consider what I had had to go through. Consider my mental torture and degradation. And yet you say it was my duty day by day to watch my child and see the hateful plebeianness of her father's smile looking at me from behind her innocent features. Oh, I couldn't do it. I tried to persuade myself that it was my duty, but all to no avail. I was in such a state of nervous exhaustion then, so near the borderland of insanity, that I believe I should have taken the life of the child if she had gone with me. And, naturally, I thought that she was with friends. I knew that you would see that she was all right. And, in addition to all this, she was her father's heiress."

"But who was interested in taking her away?" Mrs. Delahay asked. "I don't see how anybody could gain anything by saddling themselves with such a child like that."

(To be continued.)



QUITE DIFFERENT.

Dickson—I wonder if I shall ever be rich enough to own a steam yacht. Wickson—Um. That isn't my ambition. Dickson—What is? Wickson—I want to be rich enough after I own one to run it for a few weeks each season.

Dr. Murray MacLaren and Dr. T. D. Walker left last evening to attend the annual meeting of the Canadian Medical Association which opened in Ottawa on Monday. Dr. H. G. Addy left for Ottawa last Saturday to attend.

Avoid Appendicitis

It is caused by the clogging of the bowels and intestines. Keep the digestion active, the stomach right, the bowels healthy and open with

Beecham's Pills
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IMMORALITY IN FAR NORTH

Dr. Pringle Repeats His Charges to The General Assembly—He Claims That He Appealed In Vain.

Winnipeg, June 9.—The time of the General Assembly today was taken up with a discussion of social and moral reform and church union. The feature of the debate on the former question was the address of Dr. Pringle, who arraigned the Dominion government on account of conditions in the Yukon. He told of futile letters he had written to the Interior Department in 1902, complaining of the state of affairs, of interviews in Dawson in the same year with Mr. Smart, deputy minister, and of long interviews at Ottawa in 1904 with the minister of the Interior and postmaster-general in which he had told his story in the strongest possible terms.

He declared the administration of Dawson has been and was up to the time he left a few days ago, managed in the interests of the worst elements of social life. He had told Hon. Mr. Oliver his story at the commissioner's office in Dawson and though he had written to fifteen ministers at Ottawa, he had received replies from only three. Nothing was done.

At last he had written to the governor-general, threatening to appeal to the people of Canada, and received a promise that the matter would be considered at a cabinet council. He had never heard of it again.

Pringle wound up by telling of proceedings in connection with the investigation of charges he had made against two officers and quoted Mr. Oliver's letter declining to give the commissioner power to examine under oath.

Dr. Shearer closed the debate with an excellent review showing every disposition to keep moral and social issues separate from political issues. He read a couple of letters from Sir Wilfrid Laurier to the effect that the administration was using its utmost energies to repress vice at Dawson and surrounding camps.

The report of the commission was adopted together with a recommendation approving of the drastic features in the temperance bills now before the Saskatchewan legislature.

The finance commission for the Eastern section—J. C. MacIntosh, Halifax chairman, reported receipts at the presbyterian offices in Halifax, exceeding by \$3,282.22 the credit of the several funds, making up the consolidated fund, is \$375,745.34. The report was adopted.

WHAT WOMEN SUFFER

At all Ages They Need the Rich, Red Blood That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

A woman needs medicine more than a man. Her organism is more complex, her system more delicate. Her health is disturbed regularly in the course of nature. If anything happens to interfere with that natural course she goes through unspeakable suffering. In fact, the health of every function and the health of every moment in a woman's life depend upon the richness and regularity of her blood supply. That is the scientific reason why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth their weight in gold to women of all ages from early girlhood up—they actually make the rich, red blood all women need.

Mrs. Edwin Ward, Brookside, Ont., says: "For years I suffered from all ailments that make the lives of so many of my sex miserable. I would take weak spells and become so nervous that I could not go about. My stomach was out of order, and I frequently vomited the food I took. Headaches and backaches afflicted me nearly all the time. I took a severe cold which settled on my lungs and I went to a hospital for treatment. I had the best of care, but the doctors gave me little hope of recovery. My face and limbs became swollen and my system racked with a harsh dry cough. As the doctors did not look hopefully upon my case I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. By the time I had taken half a dozen boxes there was a great change for the better. I still continued to take the pills until I had used thirteen boxes, and I am now enjoying perfect health. I have no hesitation in saying that I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mrs. Ward by actually making the new blood her system needed. That is all Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do, but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels. They don't bother with mere symptoms. They go straight to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is why they cure all blood and nerve troubles like anaemia, female irregularities, indigestion, rheumatism, headaches, backaches, sciatitis, nervous prostration and St. Vitus dance. Substitutes and imitations won't cure, therefore you must get the genuine pills with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SIR HIBBERT TUPPER

WILL NOT RUN IN PICTOU

Halifax, June 9.—The New Glasgow Standard, one of the recognized Conservative newspaper organs of Pictou county, says: "His many friends in this province, as well as elsewhere in this province, will learn with sincere regret that matters of personal nature have prevailed with Sir Hibbert Tupper and persuaded him to withdraw from the nomination for Pictou."

The letter, written by Sir Hibbert to H. T. Sutherland, chairman of the convention appointed to tender the nomination to him, was received some days ago. Since the receipt of the letter every thing possible has been done to induce Sir Hibbert to reconsider the matter, and accept the nomination, but advice received are that he has positively decided to withdraw.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



SMALL GIRLS WEAR EMBROIDERY MUSLIN FROCKS.

Bold embroideries in muslin flouncings and bands are extensively utilized for children's frocks. Often the skirts are formed entirely of flouncing, and sometimes lengthened with ruffles of batiste and lace insertion entre deux, set under the flouncing points. They are pintucked or gathered into an embroidery waist band which joins them to a V or Dutch-necked bodice. The bold crests and wheels of the flouncings and ruffles are duplicated in broad and narrow bandings, employed for vertical trimmings on both blouses and sleeves. Small girls are wearing colored striped-top white socks with sandals, and their headresses are rather elaborate affairs of twisted ribbon terminating with large bows.

PYTHIANS WILL TRAVEL BY BOAT

Boston 08 Club Makes Plans for Excursion for Big Gathering in August.

On Saturday, August 1, about 200 members of the Knights of Pythias, both from the uniform rank and the membership of the subordinate lodges, will leave here by the Eastern Steamship Company's line for Boston to attend the big reunion of the order during the biennial meeting of the K. of P. supreme lodge and encampment of the uniform rank. Besides the local Knights there will be members of the order from St. Stephen, Milltown, Fredericton and Moncton, also from Halifax and other points in Nova Scotia.

The Boston '08 club, which was formed by the local Knights in connection with the project, held a meeting last night in the castle hall, Germain street. It was decided that all those participating in the excursion should be provided with distinctive badges. These will consist of small silken Canadian flags with buttons. A large number of Canadian flags will also be taken along to carry in the procession of the order through the streets of Boston.

There were two propositions before the meeting relative to transportation, rail and boat. After some discussion it was decided to accept the offer of the Eastern Steamship Company. This will mean special rates on the boat for the members. The Supreme lodge will be in session from August 2 to August 10. The Artillery band will accompany the contingent from St. John to the Hub as the band of the uniform rank regiment in the Maritime provinces.

As Mr. and Mrs. Hall, who are visitors to the city, were driving in from Loch Lomond last night, their horse was frightened by an automobile. Mrs. Hall was thrown from the carriage and her leg badly broken, the bone protruding through the flesh.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall had spent a day at Loch Lomond and were returning about 6 o'clock last night. The automobile met them some miles out the road and the horse was frightened by it and swerved and ran. Mrs. Hall was thrown and her husband leaping out, caught the horse. The automobile was stopped and the injured woman was hurried into the city for surgical treatment.

THROWN FROM HER CARRIAGE

Fred Goucher, of St. Stephen, and Roy Davis of Sussex, who are returning from Acadia University, are the guests of Gordon McIntyre, King street, east.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

THE DEVIL'S AUCTION

Yale's ever-popular Devil's Auction was greeted by an appreciative audience at the Opera House last night. The entertainment has been given here before but this season presents several entirely new features. The singing and dancing were of an exceptionally high order and encore after encore showed the good will of the audience. There are some new people in the cast this season and these with those already known here were accorded a hearty reception. George Topack still appears in the role of Toby, while Bertha Williams, W. C. Newman and W. H. Lorilla are still among the favorites.

Emma Wise scored a big success as Janet, the millmaid, and her dancing proved an exceptionally strong feature.

Marie Wilson who this year plays Crystaline, possesses a remarkably sweet soprano voice, a fact which the audience was quick to recognize and appreciate. The Baby Elephants, the Shy Old Maids and other choruses were also heartily received and mechanical effects rounded out a production which, needless to say was a triumph as far as St. John theatregoers are concerned.

The Devil's Auction will be given again this evening when the performers should be greeted by a bumper house.

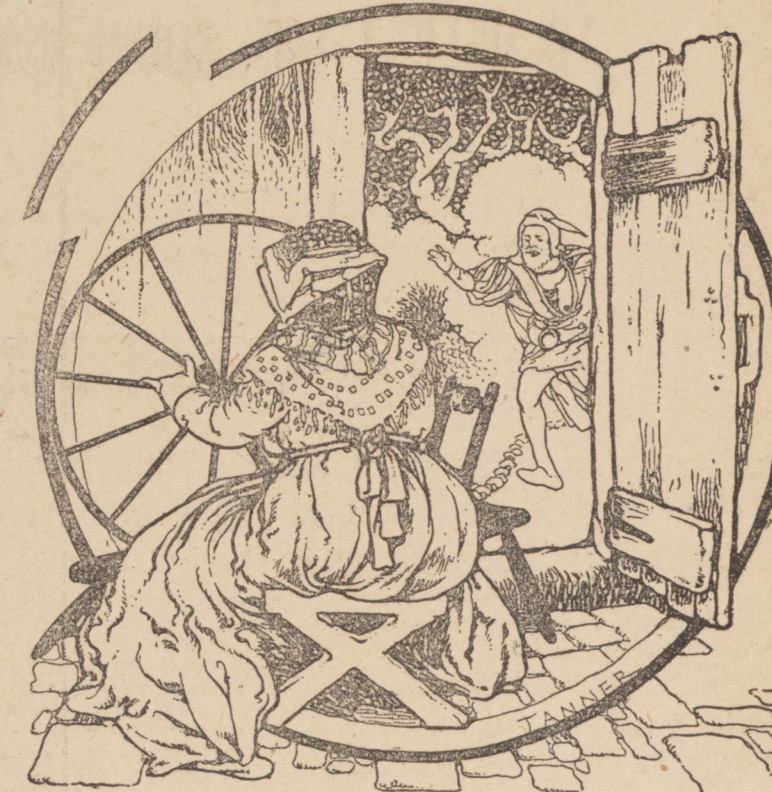
AT THE PRINCESS

The Princess had another record breaking crowd last evening, and at 8.30 every seat and all the standing room was taken. This is not to be wondered at as the great Howard is the talk of the town, and those who hear him once return, taking their friends with them. Last evening the Wee McGregor made another big hit, and in his flirtation with the telephone girl brought uproarious applause from the audience. The hundreds of Howard patrons are becoming quite attached to the life-like little figures, which contain so much real comedy. Tonight an entirely different sketch will be presented, entitled Old Folks At Home, and in the latter part of the programme, Howard will give his remarkable impersonations of the celebrated Harry Lauder. Every afternoon and evening this week, the great motion picture Uncle Tom's Cabin will be presented, and on Saturday afternoon Mr. Howard will appear in a special programme for the children. This will be the only matinee performance of Mr. Howard.

AT THE NICKEL

For the benefit of those who are not fortunate enough to travel and enjoy the beauties and customs of different countries the Nickel will today and tomorrow have a picture that will be an instructive and delightful innovation. This film is a boat sail on the Imperial Canal in China, with sights of the historic Great Wall, the farmlands of the country, the unique bridges, primitive docks and locks.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



Robin Hood is saved from the Sheriff by the little old woman. Find the sheriff.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Right side down, in coat.

Blue Ribbon Tea

This coupon cut out and mailed to The Blue Ribbon Tea Co., P. O. Box 2554, Montreal, entitles the holder to a free packet of our Blue Ribbon Tea. Fill in blank space whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea.

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