

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, MAY 1, 1906

The Crimson Slipper.

BY DORA LANGLOIS.

Author of "A Bolt From the Blue," "The Kiss of Judas," "The Secretary's Daughter," "Victoria's Dream," etc.

(Continued) Sir Robert, he admitted, didn't take it to his room after dinner that evening, because he (witness) and Lady Birchall went up with him; but it might have been in his room for all that.

The poor wail was followed by another servant, the man who had been summoned by him to come and try the bedroom door. He seemed quite unembarrassed, and was very matter of fact. He gave it as his opinion that there was nobody in the room at all when they knocked for the previous witness had made it clear enough to him.

The case was remanded for a week, and rather touching little incident occurred. Poor Lady Birchall, whom I had noticed before, sprang forward suddenly with a wild cry and lunged her arms out towards him.

"Robert, Robert!" she wailed. "My husband!" He turned sharply round in surprise, stood still a moment as if dazed, and then said clearly and distinctly: "Never mind, Oona, it's my own fault."

He passed through the door out of our sight immediately after, and the poor woman fell down in a dead faint, and was carried into the air. It was all over in a moment, but I know that, little case hard-drinking, coarse-grained, country squires, we all of us were stirred a trifle, and I for one began to think that his velvet was right, and that he was a sportsman after all.

"Well, what now, Mr. Howell?" I asked, tentatively, as we found ourselves once more outside and in the cart behind the dabbles little Bob.

"Mr. Duncan's business, I think, sir," he answered. "We can't help Sir Robert at all so far."

"But surely," I said, "there are hundreds of those revolvers sold every year? They haven't clearly proved the weapon used was actually his."

first into that hotel where, the White Hart, and wait till I come in. You won't know me, but come here, and I'll tell you I did as he desired, and soon found myself in the bar of a very neat and substantial house of the better class. A barman served me. The room contained no other customer save a young man who was leaning over the counter, talking to a young woman in a grey cloth costume and a smart velvet toque. Just as Howell entered the door she raised her voice, and I heard her say, "Ellen," he replied, draining his glass and putting it down with a certain amount of emphasis, as though he wished to denote the absolute finality of his utterance. "If you don't believe me, don't! You know best what right you've got to be annoyed about."

He turned smartly round as he concluded and left the bar at once, almost running over Howell on the threshold. "Who might that gentleman be?" Howell demanded of the barman. "I'll see I ought to know him—in fact, I'm sure I ought to."

"Mr. Spilby, of Bowden, sir," the barman answered, as he went to the engine to draw Howell a glass of stout. "Someone in an inner room had called 'Ellen,' and the young woman had answered 'Yes, aunt,' and had left the bar on her gloves, and looking with an expression half anxious half angry, out upon the street down which the young man had disappeared."

Howell took the place the young fellow had occupied, and said with propriety, "By train, I suppose?" "By train, I suppose?" "Is it too far to walk or drive then, miss?"

"Tramp walk it, I darsay. People don't drive when there's a train to take." "Might I trouble you for a cigar, miss?" The girl made no motion to serve him. "William, she said, sharply, summoning the man to attend to the order, which she did not even trouble to repeat to him."

Howell lit up and commenced the attack again. "Do you happen to know Bowden, Miss?" "I ought to; I was born there," was the laconic reply. "How extraordinary!" exclaimed Howell, beaming up at her, for she was taller than he. "Now, that is a coincidence!"

The young woman turned towards him for a moment, a countenance which was certainly meant to convey excessive boredom and non-interest. She brought her eyes back again almost immediately to Howell's advances. She was evidently preoccupied, though, I fancy, being her forehead was not caused merely by the rain-splashed, but by the fact that she was a woman of the name of Howell, quite unjustly, if she had not been so. "I was born at Bowden, in fact," she said. "I don't know much about the law-court. I don't know much about the law-court, having left it at the age of three."

Perhaps you know Dollars-court, miss? It's very high and aristocratic. It doesn't belong to me, but you might happen to have heard of it."

"I have not," she said. "At least, yes, I may have. It's a dirty little place near the sawworks."

"I thought so," Howell answered, as if much pleased. "I've always heard that our family have risen. Have you any relatives in Bowden, miss?"

"Why?" she asked. "Why do you want to know?" "Because I am going over some day this week, and I'd gladly take a message," he answered. "I've plenty of relatives there," the girl said, "but I don't know that I want to send any messages, thank you. The post-office is good enough for me—that is, if it's open still."

WORKING WOMEN

Their Hard Struggle Made Easier—Interesting Statements by a Young Lady in Quebec and One in Beauport, Que.



All women work; some in their homes, some in church, and some in the whirl of society. And in stores, mills and shops tens of thousands are on the never-ceasing treadmill, earning their daily bread. All are subject to the same physical laws; all suffer alike from the same physical disturbance, and the nature of their duties, in many cases, quickly drags them into the horrors of all kinds of female complaints, ovarian troubles, leucorrhoea, falling and displacements of the womb, leucorrhoea, or perhaps irregularly suppressed or "monthly periods," causing headache, nervousness, irritability and lassitude.

Women who stand on their feet all day are more susceptible to these troubles than others. They especially require an invigorating, sustaining medicine which will strengthen the female organism and enable them to bear easily the fatigues of the day, to sleep well at night, and to rise refreshed and cheerful. How distressing to see a woman struggling to earn a livelihood or perform her household duties when her back and head are aching, she is so tired she can hardly drag about or stand up, and every movement causes pain, the origin of which is due to some derangement of the female organism.

Edward Walters. The tree was eighty feet high and was packed with honey. To many the methods of Cates in locating a "bee" tree would seem mysterious, but as he explains them they are simple. He takes a small bee box, places a piece of honey in it, then catches a bee from a flower and puts it in the box. After the bee has tasted the honey it flies to the tree where its colony is located. Cates waits till it begins to bring its fellows back with it. Then it is easy to locate the particular tree in which the bees have their colony. Cates has been at the business so long that he seldom misses a tree. He does the work of locating in the summer, and puts in the winter gathering honey and bees from the trees he has marked.

"I suppose you have said some things that were sorry for in your public career?" "I have," answered Senator Sorghum. "Once said 'yes' to fifty thousand dollars when I might just as well have had a hundred thousand dollars."—Washington.

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Hints to Pipe-Smokers. Don't pack the tobacco too tightly in your pipe. For a comfortable smoke put in a Rainbow Plug Smoking Tobacco fairly loosely and press it gently down in the bowl occasionally while smoking.

HUNTS HONEY TREES An Ohio Man Uses Sherlock Holmes' Methods With Success. In all the category of human employment there is possibly no stranger method of gaining a livelihood than "bee tree hunting."

Stephan Cates, of Chagrin Falls (O.), is one of the few people in that vicinity engaged in it. A recent find in a single tree by Cates netted him seventy-five pounds of honey and a large colony of bees. Though the finding of the honey is remunerative it is from the bees that the most money is made. His big find was made in a hollow tree on the farm of

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ALL DRUGGISTS. SALT.

LONDON THEATRES

(London Letter, April 15.) The spring season brings with it a veritable Shakespeare revival. Miss Uta Brandt—the daughter of Marie Brandt, the well-known vocalist—has embarked upon a managerial career, and presents "Othello" at the Shaftesbury, with Herbert Carter in the role of the Moor, while the most luscious critics, who went to see the play, ready to measure the performance of the son by the standard of the most famous Othello of the stage, but scenic effects than the usual Shakespearean plays at the other theatres. Henry Ainley, who won such favorable criticisms in Stephen Phillips' "Paola and Francesca," takes the part of Othello, and is possibly the most fascinating exponent of that character ever seen on the English stage.

Why Rainbow. All the qualities of light are revealed in a rainbow. All the qualities of the tobacco are revealed in Rainbow Cut Pipe Smoking Tobacco.

AS THE BOY UNDERSTOOD

(Philadelphia Public Ledger) "During the taking of a religious wint'ar," relates a representative Tennessee, "a couple of young lads were engaged in the work stoppage home on Capitol Hill, and when rang it was answered by the lad I brought from Tennessee with my ladie asked him: "Will you please tell me a here?" "Yesum; Mistah Johnning," answer. "Is he a Christian?" "No, ma'am. He's er er om from Tennessee."

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