

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1906.

THE ARNCLIFFE PUZZLE, BY GORDON HOLMES

Author of "A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE."

(Continued.)

"So that is what my one-time friends think of me," cried Edith, bitterly. "I am beginning now to discover that an open enemy is less to be feared."

Mrs. Ainger was an honest, motherly soul at heart. Secretly she felt somewhat ashamed of herself.

"Oh, well," she answered, the more harshly because of an uneasy conscience that her behavior was not altogether generous, "after all, you have only yourself to blame. People see nothing strange in Lord Arncliffe's giving three hundred pounds to his intended mistress; but, in view of the fact that he is the owner of the contents of his will, they do think it strange that you should ask for such a sum. I tell you frankly there are very strong hints that you did not obtain that money from Lord Arncliffe's bankers legitimately."

"So, Mrs. Ainger, I am already suspected of forgery? I presume I shall be charged with murder next."

"There are more unlikely things," snapped Mrs. Ainger. The mention of murder brought to mind the attack on her husband, and with it all her bitter suspicions.

"I know well enough that you did not strike the actual blow at my husband; but it simply comes to this, Miss Holt, that since you could not resistably want three hundred pounds for yourself, you must have wanted it for somebody else. And, she concluded grimly, "I have not been a solicitor's wife for nearly forty years without being aware that the 'somebody else' is always a man where a woman is concerned."

"Well," answered Edith, with a coolness which might have warranted her advocacy, "let us assume that it was a man."

"Then," came the retort, in a voice shrill with anger and indignation, "by what was deemed the invincible logic of the situation, 'it was that man who murdered my poor husband!'"

Edith, one of the gentlest creatures breathing, could not brook the insult conveyed by that unjust taunt. She would never and finally like any decent maid in the minor straits of life, but in her veins flowed the bluest blood of France, and this blow from the hand of a friend was not to be endured.

Had Mrs. Ainger been gifted with greater acumen than that due to the semi-gold training she boasted of, she could not have failed to see and wonder at the calm courage which sparkled in this girl's eyes and gave unwonted firmness to her lips.

"You have told me what I wanted to know. Now you may go."

The young matron's pointed imperiousity to the door. The woman of a lower order found fault else to say. Indeed, she was fit to choke with rage, and her passion was fanned by the knowledge that she had met her mistress. She went out, quivering with passion, yet ashamed.

Edith did not weep nor wring her hands impotently. She walked across to the window and looked out across the smiling park, all radiant in sunshine. "What is this horror that has come into my life?" she asked herself. "Who did kill Lord Arncliffe, and who has been in a son to gain by the maiming of my poor old friend, that mistaken woman's husband?"

These two questions were occupying others in Arncliffe Hall, and the common belief was that to answer one, would be the puzzle.

CHAPTER XI.

May Mannering's Love Idol

May Mannering was standing a little back from the bend in the road leading from the village to the Hall. She was evidently waiting for some one, and the petulant tapping of her foot suggested that the some one was not punctual.

The girl was weary of these secret meetings at twilight. They were well enough in the days of preliminary courtship but now Harry Warren and she were definitely engaged, she naturally wished to exhibit him at her chariot wheels. It was, in fact, a secret which she kept to keep the engagement secret, to answer both. Was it so? That was giving more or less specious reasons for his wish. And May obeyed him, in so far that she imparted the news to her girl friends under a strict pledge of silence. It was, in fact, a secret which most of the village maids in turn had promised not to tell.

Possible objections from Lord Arncliffe had been provided Warren with an excuse. But the death of the old peer

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is worth a lot to any man, woman or article. The high reputation which "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR has obtained, through honest merits alone is unequalled by that of any ordinary brands, and has been achieved by years of the most careful study and endless and costly experiments in milling. The reputation of "FIVE ROSES" is of the greatest importance to us, as our guarantee as to quality and purity goes with every bag and barrel we sell. Such a guarantee, backed by our reputation, should be considered by all housekeepers when ordering flour.

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"If you think you can fool me by turning on the waterworks," he said with brutal frankness, "you are very much mistaken. I am not blind. Why, the fellow had hold of your hand!"

"I know," said May, with hurt dignity, "but it was only just the moment you came up, and the man's manner seemed so strange that I was frightened. I really do believe he had been drinking."

"Wilson is a teetotaler," said Warren, curtly. May's comment was a somewhat unfortunate allusion from his standpoint.

"Well, then, the poor fellow must be wrong in his head. Why, if with a little laugh, as if at the irresistible humor of recollection, 'he asked me to marry him!'"

"Well, shortly, 'why don't you?'"

"If you are joking," she said stiffly, "I think it very bad taste. A groom! Besides, he knows very well that I am engaged to you."

"Were," he corrected.

The girl's healthy red cheeks whitened and she stopped. "Harry," she said tremulously, and now there was no act in the quiver of her voice, "what does all this mean? You insisted upon our engagement being kept a secret, and you have made most paltry excuses. Now you talk of our engagement being at an end. But I will not allow you to make the impertinence that that man Wilson has done. Why don't you tell the truth, and say you are hankering after Miss Holt?"

Warren was not entirely sorry that May herself had broached the subject. He imagined it would serve to smooth the way for him.

"Look here, May," he said, with a sudden access of sentiment not wholly assumed, "there is not a girl in all the world I think so wise as you are, and as long as I live, I shall never love any other woman. But I am in the very deuce of a hole, and there is nothing except a marriage with Edith Holt that will get me out of it. Of course, dear, it need not make any real difference to us."

May Mannering started as though a snake had bitten her.

"Thank you, Warren, for your good opinion of me," she almost screamed. "I am not the sort of person to run after other people's husbands, and when you are married to your betrothed, you won't be interested in me. But, when that time comes, there are some letters for Miss Holt to see which I think will interest her. I won't be thrown aside like an old glove for nothing."

Warren grew livid with fury. "By gad, if you don't begin to behave better," he said, "I'll have you thrown out of the house."

"Well, and what if I do, Mr. Warren?" mocked the girl. She was on the verge of hysterics and ready to defy him utterly.

Warren saw he had made a mistake. He changed his tactics. "Forgive me," he said, dropping his voice to a tender whisper. "I'm so worried that I don't know half I am saying. But there, little girl, don't think I could ever give you up under any circumstances. If I cannot marry you, I can at least put a bullet through my head and end it all."

(To be continued.)

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Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restored Mr. Forth, simply because they made the rich, pure blood which properly nourishes the nerves and keeps them strong. They will cure all the diseases due to bad blood and shattered nerves, such as anaemia, indigestion, headaches and backaches, rheumatism, lumbago, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, general weakness and the secret ailments of growing girls and women. But you must have faith in getting the genuine pills with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around each box. Write to medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont.

WEDDINGS

Wilmore-Welmore.

A large number of relatives and friends assembled on Thursday afternoon in the chapel of All-Saints, Clifton, which was tastefully adorned for the festive occasion, to witness the nuptials of Boyd A. Wilmore, of Upper New Horton, and Elsie A. Welmore, one of Clifton's most popular and charming young ladies. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. S. Walcott, rector.

The happy pair, after luncheon at the house of the bride's mother, left for their new home amid the most earnest wishes of their numerous friends for their future happiness and welfare.

Lomax-Cogswell.

Miss Susie Cogswell, of Lepreau, was married Thursday evening at the residence of Thomas Clark, Clifton, to Archibald Lomax, by Rev. F. S. Bamford. The bride, who wore white crepe de chine, with hat to match, was attended by Miss Jennie Lomax, sister of the groom. She also wore white. Walter R. McPherson supported the groom. After the ceremony, supper was served to the guests, and dancing was enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. Lomax will reside in Lepreau.

The annual inspection of the 62nd Fusiliers will commence at 2.30 o'clock today on the Barnack green, the inspection to be made by Lord Aylmer. This evening, at the Union Club, his lordship will be entertained by Lieut.-Colonel M. B. Edwards and regimental officers. Tomorrow the regiment will attend divine service in Trinity Church, and at some point along the route Lord Aylmer will be saluted by the battalion.

Mr. Myles Takes Charge

Wednesday, Aug. 1

Every Article in Our Dock Street Stores Must Be Out On That Date to Allow Him To Push the Work as Fast as Possible.

The following offers we are making for these last few days might not occur again in St. John in a long time.

- Men's 35c. Braces; Sale price - - - 19c
- Men's 12c. Black Cotton Hose, 3 pairs for - - - 25c
- Men's 25c. Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers - - - 19c
- Men's \$1 Penman Unshrinkable Shirts and Drawers, - - - 59c
- Men's 75c. Soft Bosom Shirts, Fancy Stripes, - - - 58c
- Men's \$1 Pleated Front Shirts, - - - 58c
- Men's Black Bib Overalls, - - - 48c
- Men's 35c. Cashmere Hose, - - - 19c
- Men's \$1 Nightshirts, White Duck, - - - 48c
- Men's 35c. Neckties, - - - 19c
- Men's 65c. Working Duck Shirts, Light or Dark Stripe, - - - 38c
- Men's \$1.25 Canadian Tweed Pants, - - - 98c
- Men's \$3 English Hair Line Pants, - - - \$1.98
- Men's \$3 Fancy Striped Oxfords, - - - 1.98
- Men's \$13 Hewson Suits, - - - 9.98
- Men's \$12 English Black Clay Worsteds Suits - - - 9.98
- Men's \$10 Canadian Tweed Suits, - - - 7.48
- Men's \$12 Long Shower-proof Overcoats, Fancy Stripe, - - - 8.48
- Men's \$8 Long Shower-proof Overcoats, Dark Grey, - - - 6.48
- Men's \$10 Short Overcoats, - - - 7.48

- Boys' \$3 Two-piece Suits, - - - 1.98
- Boys' \$5 Three-piece Suits, - - - 3.48

- Ladies' \$20 Costumes, - - - 12.00
- Ladies' \$17 Costumes, Mixed Tweed - - - 10.00
- Ladies' \$12 and \$15 Costumes, - - - 7.98
- Ladies' \$4.50 White Duck Suits - - - 2.98
- Ladies' \$3 White Duck Skirts, - - - 1.58
- Ladies' \$9.50 Short, Loose Box Coats, Covert Cloth, - - - 5.98
- Ladies' \$9.50 Short, Tight Fitting Coats, Covert Cloth, - - - 5.98
- Ladies' Cloth Skirts, - - - \$1.98 to 6.00
- Ladies' \$3.75 Skirts, Black, Blue, Brown and Green Lustre, - - - 2.98
- Ladies' \$2.75 All Wool Golf Vests, - - - 1.98
- Ladies' Sateen Undershirts, from 78c. to 2.50
- Ladies' 35c. Wash Collars, - - - 25c
- Small Assortment Ladies' Last Season's Costumes, worth \$12 to \$18. - - - 4.48
- Up-to-date Hats in Millinery Department worth \$1.50 to \$3, Now 48c. and 98c

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