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.... By Hudson Douglas ....

(Continued)

When they reached the Rue des Trois Freres, however, Andre, the concierge, came froward, chuckling causelessly, to tell them that there was a visitor waiting sthem. Their irrespressible start of dismay did not escape his sharpt eyes, and he was still chuckling when he got back to his lair underneath the stairs they were tremulously ascending.

"Eh, bien, Mdlle Fanchette!" said he to himself in a tone of great satisfaction. "It is now that you must feel sorry you spoke so rudely to Andre yesterday. That old good-for-nothing has still a tooth in his head, and can bite with it, Mdlle Fanchette."

They entered their little parlor, in trepidation to find a stranger installed there, a man of coldly official aspect, with something of the professional ferret about him, who turned out to be an agent de surete from the Prefecture on the Quai des Orfevres.

He explained his mission, perfectly enough but with obvious indifference. The declaration of identity made by Mdlle Lorraine on entering the country was believed to be a misleading one. The Chief of Police directed that she and the person described as Fanchette Lefevre should remain in their present quarters and under surveillance pending some inquiry by the department into mademoiselle's antecedents.

"But this is an outrage!" the girl exclaimed. "The Chief of Police is apparently not aware that I'm an American."

The plain-clothes policeman shrugged his shoulders. He did not know, and did not greatly care. His part was solely that of a messenger.

"Mademoiselle is allowed every liberty of movement," he suggested smoothly, "except as regards leaving Paris. It might be that application to the American Consul would serve to put matters right for her."

She shook her head vexedly, knowing that such recourse had been cut off by her own conduct. And the man did not fail to observe the involuntary action, from which he drew his own inference. He rose to go.

"Mademoiselle will be closely watched," he warned her. "It will therefore be well to comply carefuly with the requirements of the authorities."

"But for how long?" she asked, in desperation.

"Until further notice. Word will be sent as soon as the surveillance can safely be discontinued."

The two women looked at each other, aghast, as his footsteps sounded more faintly and ceased. Fanchette crept across to a window, and, peering therefrom, saw him stop on the opposite pavement to exchange a few words with a shabby-looking nondescript lounging in a low doorway there. Both looked up in her direction, and, in spite of the muslin screen which sheltered her from their gaze, she shrank back, crossing herself. The strange prescience of the Quai des Orfevres frightened her, as it has frightened many of a more educated intelligence.

"We may almost give up the struggle, it seems, Fanchette," said the girl after a long interval, during which she had been counting every remaining chance, Her eyes were heavy, her tone was one of hopeless discouragement. "To carry it on now would be to court needless scandal, and, after all we have sacrificed to escape that, it would be foolish as well as futile to incur it at the finish. There's nothing for it but to await Monsieur's next move, and meantime we must make the time pass as best we can.

"We have nothing to fear from the police," she continued, to soothe her maid's very evident agitation, "while we don't attempt to evade them. They will not molest us, Fanchette. We are free to come and go as we please, in Paris. This is no more than Monsieur's method of detaining us until he comes."

Fanchette nodded her comprehension, but was not comforted. She was a peasant woman of the Vendee, where Monsieur too had been born. Her humble home had lain under the swart shadow of his father's great fortalice at La Roche-Segur, which was his now. Something of the old feudal awe oppressed her in his presence, and she had an absurd belief in the scope of his powers. It had required no common courage on her part to aid the girl against him, and now it terrified her to anticipate his coming.

She put a brave face on it, none the less, for the girl's sake, and they two kept each other thus in countenance during the dreary days that ensued. They did not venture outdoors again for some time, and had no further visitors, so that they were not profitable to the avaricious Andre, ensconced in his den at the stair-foot, always on the lookout for pourboires. But he bided his time, and grumbled, always grumbled.

"There will be more of interest presently," he told himself each time he carried up to Fanchette the marketing which madame the proprietrix had done for her, and knocked, and had the door shut sharply in his face as soon as he had accomplished his errand. Fanchette did not like Andre either, and was too honest to attempt petty diplomacy.

"There will be more of interest presently. Such an one as Ma'mselle does not live in the Rue des Trois Freres, and with a detective at the door, for nothing. She is young, and beautiful! And genteel too,—not like those others! But as for her femme-de-chambre—Bah!"

And Andre snapped his fingers derisively, screwing his snub nose into still uglier shape.

The days passed somehow, and nothing disturbed their monotony. The shabby-looking nondescript kept careful watch, but Fanchette had become accustomed to his company and even plucked up courage to suggest that the girl and she might as well go out and get some fresh air, if only for health's sake.

"We'll go down to the Avenue Marceau this afternoon, if you like," her mistress assented. "There's nothing to be gained now by hiding here, and it will do us no harm to have a chat with the two old ladies. They will not gossip about our affairs."

That afternoon, therefore, they took the Metropolitan to the Place de l'Etoile and walked down to the Misses Winters' select pension, where they were received with a warmth of welcome which did them both good. It was inspiriting to find that they had at least two friends in the teeming city, where, they had been prone to think of late, they were pent in among mysterious enemies. And even the stuffly furnished drawing-room seemed homelike and familiar after the Rue des Trois Freres.

"And we have news for you, my dear," Miss Jane said, while Miss Sophia, on hospitable thoughts intent, bustled about a tiny tea-table set near the window. "We have great news for you, if you have not already heard it,—about your cousin?"

She beamed inquiringly upon the girl, who answered, with a sudden sinking of the heart which left her lips pale.

"I have heard nothing of him."

"He was here only a few days ago," said Miss Sophia, not to be outdone of opportunity.

"And very much upset he was to find that you had left us," said Miss Jane.

Fanchette sniffed, and her mistress turned troubled eyes from one to another of the two sisters, who were regarding her with a triumphant smile, imagining in their kind hearts that she could not but be delighted to hear of her new-found relative.

"He had come all the way from San Francisco in search of you," resumed Miss Sophia, making that mis-statement from a memory never to be trusted.

"And he declared that you had not gone there when you left Paris," Miss Jane added a little doubtfully, not wishing to display an undue curiosity and yet desirous that she should be able to refute such a misrepresentation of fact.

The girl had not been very certain how much it might be wise to tell them, but this unexpected information decided her. It did not seem fair that her motives should be so liable to misconstruction, and she almost regretted now that she had not given them her confidence from the beginning. But she had been afraid that Miss Sophia's garrulous simplicity might have betrayed her, no matter how unwittingly, and it would have been too invidious to beg Miss Jane to keep a secret from her sister.

"He was quite right," she answered quickly, now that she had made up her mind to clear herself in their eyes. "I didn't go to San Francisco after all. And I must tell you why. I hope you won't think I did wrong, because—I couldn't help myself,"

"My dear," Miss Jane assured her tenderly, "I'm sure that you would not do anything but what was right and proper. I said so to Sophia, after your cousin called. But go on."

"It was because of him I had to leave you," the girl began. "I must explain, in the first place, that he is not my cousin except by courtesy.

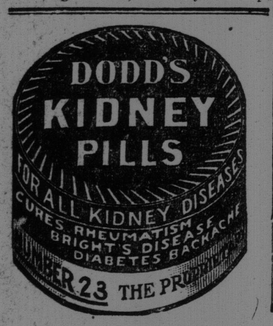
"You see," she went on while the sisters listened in grave surprise, "Mr. Miles Quaintance had no family. He was not married. My father was Lieutenant General Loraine, and, when he died in San Francisco, not many months after my mother, Mr. Quaintance adopted me. I was an infant then.

"He always called me Elinor, after some old sweetheart of his. I didn't know my own name till the day before I left for Europe, when he told me my history and what I owed him—although I had had no voice in the matter."

"He wrote to you as Elinor," said Miss Sophia. "Elinor Quaintance. I wonder who she married."

Her mind was running on the dead man's dead romance—or tragedy. Her face expressed intensest interest.

(To be Continued.)



Fashion Hint for Times Readers

PONGEE MAKES A DRESSY SUIT.

Light green pongee was used for this charming suit, which may be worn all summer on more important occasions than those which demand a traveling, street or morning costume. This suit includes a skirt and coat, the skirt fitting high up over a bodice of white allover lace, without any belt. The coat has the deep lapels that come to the waistline, where the garment closes with a single button. The button and braid trimming on the seams is a pretty feature, and the collar and cuffs of green velvet add dressiness. The hat is an inverted basket model of rough green straw with trimmings of green velvet ribbon and pale pink roses.

PRIMATE OF ALL CANADA IS NATIVE BORN PRODUCT

What the Toronto Synod signally failed to do when they elected their new bishop this year, the entire House of Bishops for the Dominion of Canada has accomplished in electing as primate of all Canada a native born prelate, a thoroughly out and out Canadian born on the banks of the muddy Red River, close by Selkirk, when Winnipeg, 30 miles off, was only a dream, and a few Hudson Bay officials with a handful of native Indians, about 200 in all, occupied Fort Garry, as Winnipeg was then called. A son of one of those pioneer settlers who came out to Selkirk from Scotland of the old Hudson Bay route, happily soon to be revived, Samuel Pritchard Matheson, born on a farm, educated, reared, and all his clerical knowledge and experience received in the wild and woolly pastures of the west, has, by a large majority, been elected by the House of Bishops, many of whom were certainly opposed to him in churchmanship and ideas, to the great position of Primate of all Canada at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven, and it certainly will be a feather in the cap of the west, and one can count on the finger's of one's hand native-born clergymen who have achieved so quickly such a position, and with perhaps the exception of the startling career of our own Canon Cody, no divine has made such a rapid progress.

Brought under the eye early in his boyhood of Machray, the grandest churchman that Canada has perhaps turned out, young "Sam," as he was then called, and sad to say the nickname has survived, was taken to St. John's College, a then rough-lumbered college, for his education, and ever since then there has remained, and though now he lives in a truly beautiful bishop's palace on the banks of the Red River, erected two or three years ago at a very heavy cost, he is, when in Winnipeg, to be seen daily crossing old Main street to the college where he loves to mingle with his old boys, old and otherwise, many of whom have seen him grow from the simple post of assistant schoolmaster to Headmaster, Canon, Dean, and now Primate.

No one who has never visited Winnipeg can form a conception of what the clerical suburb of St. John's is like. First of all, the old cathedral, humble and unpretentious, but no one will ever have the temerity to touch it, even if it has to be superseded by another and greater building. Then comes the bishop's palace, before referred to; the large and commodious St. John's College, which is shortly to be left to the boys, as a new college for the theological school is to be built near the university; a truly handsome deanery occupied by Dean Coombs, while the Canons, professors, and assistant clergy all occupy houses close by on this historic spot on the Red River, and as all the property adjacent belongs to the Cathedral, it may be easily understood what the value of it is now, thanks to the careful foresight of Bishops Anderson and Machray.

The election of a primate for the whole of Canada was a distinct gain for the low church party. Archbishop Hamilton, of Ontario Ottawa, is, as is well known, an extreme high churchman, and many thought that not only as senior bishop, but as archbishop, he would be elected to the primacy itself.

But the west had rallied strongly for Matheson, and with the aid of a few votes from the eastern bishops, Archbishop Mathewson came out on top, and needless to say, the Wycliffe element in the church, and especially Mr. Blake, is rejoicing.

The votes polled in Toronto were about equal, but the sealed votes that came in from the west placed Dr. Mathewson on top.

As already stated, Archbishop Matheson, was elected by a majority which must have included many of different views to him, but as no figures were given out, and as the votes of the bishops who do not attend are sent in sealed envelopes and duly recorded, it is hard to say how the voting went, but it is safe to say that the decided high churchmanship of some of the eight bishops of the east who attended was neutralized by the rugged evangelism of the five bishops from the west. However, the transactions of the House of Bishops are strictly private, and whatever occurred inside all were pleased and harmonious when they came out. Dr. Matheson, needless to say, is decidedly evangelistic in his views, though tolerant to all schools of thought.

Perhaps the most venerable figure of them all was Bishop Pinkham, of Calgary, who went to the North-west when the present primate was a boy (and who, if the regulations of the primacy had allowed the House of Bishops of the province of Rupert's Land to elect their own archbishop, instead of leaving it in the hands of the local synod of Rupert's Land proper, who had to choose two names, from which the bishops were bound to choose an archbishop, without a chance of appointing one of their own body, as the Provincial House of Eastern Canada does), would have been primate today. What Bishop Pinkham has done in the west only history will record. He has literally seen it grow, and is now on his way home to secure if possible no less than 35 clergymen for the diocese of Calgary alone.

STOPS A COUGH IN ONE NIGHT

The Story of Sufferers from Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh Proves the Value of Catarrhozone.

A cough may be Catarrhal with a dry tickling in the throat, it may be accompanied by partial stoppage of the nostrils and shortage of breath. Often there is a tickling in the throat, and every cough tears and hurts.

Coughs have a hundred different causes, yours may be due to any of the

Asthma	Inflamed Throat
Exposure	Bronchitis
Enlarged Tonsils	Pneumonia
Inflammation	Croup
Stomach Disorders	Pleurisy

The one remedy upon which physicians are relying today is Catarrhozone. It removes the cause of the cough, doesn't smother it. Catarrhozone is a soothing, healing, "direct cure" and cures the conditions that cause the cough.

Catarrhozone is infinitely superior to cough medicines, tablets, sprays and emulsions, which for the most part are of no practical value except to ease the cough for the time being. Often liquid cough remedies contain opium, morphine and cocaine. With Catarrhozone you take no drugs—you employ Nature's way—just inhale Catarrhozone's soothing, healing vapor and relief and cure follow promptly.

It's simply wonderful to think how quickly a bad throat or catarrh can be cured with Catarrhozone. Its rich balsamic vapor is carried along with the breath to the innermost recesses of the lungs, bronchial tubes and chest, making it impossible for the germ of any disease to live. Thus soreness in the chest is at once alleviated—phlegm is loosened and ejected from the throat, old standing coughs are removed.

REMEMBER THIS, you breathe Catarrhozone and it will cure any Winter ill. Large size, guaranteed, costs $1.00, and lasts two months; smaller sizes, 25c. and 50c. Beware of imitations and insist on "CATARRHOZONE" only. By mail from the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

Sick-Room Hygiene

New ideas and theories are every day advanced about the care of the sick. They all, however, come back to the fundamental principles of plenty of air and perfect sanitary surroundings. Although education along the line of proper sanitation has advanced rapidly in recent years, there are foolish mothers who will dare to risk the chance of carrying contagion into the homes of others for the simple satisfaction of gratifying the whim of a sick child, or their own perverted ideas of the duty they owe their offspring. In cases of contagious diseases all the principle cities of the United States have adopted rules to govern the conduct of residents of a house where contagion exists.

Keep the sick room cool. Always allow a current of fresh air in it. The patient should be kept mentally and physically comfortable at all times. The best nurse is always the mentally and physically healthy one. She can do her patient more good by her cheerfulness than the average doctor can with his medicines.

The Algonquins' intermediate basket ball team returned yesterday from Yarmouth, where they played a game of basket ball on Thursday evening with the Yarmouth team. The Algonquins came off the victors, defeating their opponents by a score of 22 to 15. The Algonquins speak highly of their treatment while in Yarmouth.

LIFTING THE LID OF MONTREAL AFFAIRS

Chief of Police Campeau on the Stand Yesterday Proved a Sorry Witness—He Had a Very Poor Memory, But Tells Why Prosecution Against Saloon Keepers Was Dropped

Montreal, April 30—The process of lifting the lid off Montreal's civic affairs did not progress very fast today, although Chief Campeau, of the city police force, was on the stand most of the time, being examined for hours regarding the reasons which had led him to drop proceedings against fifty-six saloon keepers who had been sued in the recorder's court for breaking the liquor laws.

Chief Campeau named two aldermen who, he said, had intervened on behalf of the law-breakers, as well as several wholesale liquor men, including ex-Mayor Ekers, but generally took the whole responsibility upon himself, stating he had withdrawn the cases to save ruin to the men through loss of their licenses. He, however, said when he found this was illegal he had stopped the practice. He admitted, however, that justice was not always handed out impartially, and that influence had had something to do with it at times.

The chief also denied that any of the hotels had been protected by the police, but that they had a system of espionage on the police so as to secure warning in case of danger of detection.

This broke up the afternoon session, Judge Cannon remarking that it was rather a reversal of the order for the hotel men to spy on the police, instead of the police watching the hotels.

Will U. S. Annex Canada?

Uncle Sam has about as much chance to do so as a cheap acid corn salve has of curing a corn. Nothing gives such satisfaction as Putnam's Corn Extractor, which cures painlessly in twenty-four hours. Use only "Putnam's."

WIFE DESERTION IS ON INCREASE

Toronto City Relief Officer Talks of a Rapidly Growing Evil

(Toronto Telegram.)

Many of Toronto's saddest tales are told to City Relief Officer Taylor in his office, in the City Hall basement, which is so well known to Toronto's poor but hardly known at all to the city's rich or to the people of moderate means.

"Hardly a day passes but some poor soul comes here and tells me a sad story of her husband having run away," he said to The Telegram yesterday.

"Wife desertion is decidedly on the increase.

"Usually there are several little children as well as the wife left, and usually also they are left without any means. The deserted women seem very nice people.

"You see, it's so easy for a wife deserter to get from here to the United States, and when he gets across the line he can't be brought back.

"Sometimes the wife follows the husband across the line, but as soon as he hears of her coming he moves along to another town.

"The deserters are not chiefly of one nationality and many of them have been in the city for several years.

"There's no remedy that I know of for this state of things, but it would be a good thing if we had the right and power to put the wife deserters in some institution, make them work, and give their earnings to the poor wives and children."

CHINAMAN GETS OFFICE

For First Time in United States One is Made Justice of Peace

(Boston Herald.)

The first Chinese justice of the peace in the United States was created yesterday afternoon, when Gov. Draper signed a commission for Charles K. Shue, a well known resident of Boston's Chinatown.

There are limitations to the functions of justices of the peace. Some of them may perform marriages, for instance, and some may not. Mr. Shue may not. Under the commission he received yesterday from the governor he is empowered to take oaths, issue writs and take depositions.

There is demand, so it is stated, for a Chinaman who is authorized to take oaths and depositions, and it is to meet this that Mr. Shue was commissioned.

Shue is one of the best known business men in the district bounded by Edinburg, Washington, Essex and Beach streets. He is the owner of a Chinese restaurant on Washington street, one of the largest and most ornate of its kind in the city. He is a member of the firm of S. Y. Tank & Co., Harrison ave., and holds a commanding position as one of the chief merchants of Chinatown.

Mr. Shue is a native of the United States, having been born in Seattle, Wash., about 32 years ago. He has lived in Boston for a number of years, on Harrison avenue, where, with his wife and two children, he maintains one of the most sumptuous homes in the district. Mrs. Shue is also an American-born Chinese, a native of San Francisco.

Mr. Shue's application for a commission as justice of the peace was signed by ex-Gov. John L. Bates and Representative Freeman O. Emerson of ward 12. He was sworn in at the meeting of the executive council yesterday.

A BEAUTIFUL HEAD of hair is a woman's richest treasure. Do not neglect it, let it become GRAY or FADED. USE

Hay's Hair Health

and it will be RESTORED to its NATURAL COLOR and beauty; the scalp will be clean, the hair healthy, glossy and luxuriant—something to be proud of and to be admired. Then keep it so in the future by its regular use.

IS NOT A DYE.

$1 AND 50c. BOTTLES, AT DRUGGISTS.

Hay's Barline Soap cures Eczema, red, rough and chapped hands, and all skin diseases. Keeps skin fine and soft, 25c. druggists. Send 2c. for free books, "The Care of the Skin," "The Care of the Hair."

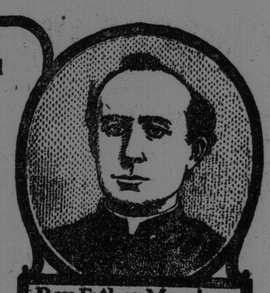
Philo Hay Spec. Co., Newark, N. J.

E. CLINTON BROWN, COR. UNION AND WATERLOO STREETS.

Cured His Rheumatism In Three Weeks.

James LeB. Johnstone, a prominent member of the Citizen's Band, of Chatham, writes:

"I contracted Rheumatism by exposure, five years ago, and was ailing for two months and in great pain all the time. I got Father Morrisey's No. 7 Tablets and took them for about three weeks, when the Rheumatism all left me and I have had no return of the pains since."



Rev. Father Morriscy

Father Morrisey's "No. 7" Tablets have cured thousands of this terribly painful disease.

Rheumatism is generally brought on by exposure, but is really caused by Uric Acid in the blood. This Uric Acid is an irritating poison, formed from the waste matter of the body. The kidneys should remove it, but when they fail it poisons the blood, and, settling in the joints, causes Rheumatism.

"No. 7" Tablets clear out the clogged-up Kidneys and stimulate them to perform their task of filtering the Uric Acid out of the blood. When this is done the Rheumatism simply and naturally vanishes.

"No 7" Tablets cost 50c. At your dealer's. 28

Father Morrisey Medicine Co. Ltd. - - Chatham, N.B.

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The most reliable makes and in a great variety of styles and prices ∴ ∴ ∴

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58 Water Street

"Spring Fever" won't catch you if you start in right now to take Abbey's Salt regularly. A dessertspoonful, in a glass of water, every morning rids the system of all impurities—starts the liver working properly—and purifies the blood.

Abbey's Salt is the best spring tonic for young and old.

25c and 60c a bottle.

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

WIRELESS TELEGRAPH TOWER

Under the contract recently signed by the Secretary of the Navy the tower for the wireless station to be erected in Washington is to be 650 feet high. This tower will be of concrete, fifty feet in diameter at the base and 8 feet at top. The shaft will be hollow and will carry within it the wires required for flashing messages 3,000 miles to ships at sea. There will be no elevator, but a staircase will offer the opportunity to those who desire it to climb to the top. The site for the tower has not yet been decided on, but it is to be on low ground and at some distance from the Washington monument, in order that it may not detract in any way from the architectural value of that structure. The current will be 100 horse power.

The local lodge of Elks have received from David Russell, of Montreal, through Bruce Caldwell, two handsomely framed enlarged photographs of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, prime minister, and R. L. Borden leader of the opposition. The pictures have been given a conspicuous place upon the walls of the lodge room and are much admired.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

THE HOUSE HUNTER.

She riseth up at early dawn,
She putteth her street apparel on;
She bolteth her breakfast, hasteth away,
And hunteth up houses the live long day.
She returneth home, worn out and vexed.
'Tis the same next day, and the next and next;
So at last she putteth away her hat
And decideth to live in the same flat.
Find a landlord.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Upside down under umbrella handle