

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1905

The Crimson Slipper.

BY DORA LANGLOIS.

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

(Continued.)

"I have had no instructions yet," the man answered, blustering at once. "He move your arm, sir," and let Inspector Bronson do his duty.

"Do you want the lady or the paper, sir?" Howell asked, still in such matter-of-fact tones that he might have been a linen draper, saying "Calico or longcloth, sir?"

"You can't have both you know," "What do you mean?" was again the angry demand.

"You haven't by chance heard from the police at Bowden?" Howell asked.

"There was no trace at Bowden," the other asserted. "Your secret return was notified by my man here."

"Well, you'll hear from Bowden presently," said Howell, "and you'll know what we stand, and where the difficulty stands, and where Sir Robert Mitchell stands, and a lot of other things it will interest you to learn. The point at present is, do you want the paper or the lady?"

Mr. Duncan withdrew from the prosecution, but no doubt the charge would stand now in his name. The lady's original idea was to hand the paper, which she took at your superior's instigation and has been conducting the business here; but if she is arrested, naturally the paper will be held back. I haven't got it, Mr. Duncan. She's got it, it isn't in this house; but the lady knows where it is, and if you like to tell Mr. Bronson to tear up that warrant so that she can come down stairs comfortably, there's nothing to prevent your finishing this business you've been conducting so ably by taking that paper up to London yourself."

Howell's voice was steady and even. He still smiled, but I who had learned to know his face, to read the quick play of intelligence on all his features, noted that the smile was a feigned one, that he was not merely speaking, but listening for something; and that he was strung up to the highest point of nervous tension.

On the other hand, our adversary warred; and recollecting that, no matter who assisted in this business, the man who first actually touched the paper was the man who won the big stake, I saw Howell's policy at once.

He warred, but his smile, his character and perhaps also his own nature, patience and obstinate, and his personal dislike for me, fought with that other strong passion—self-interest.

"I must have something better than this," he said. "This is childish! You, Mr. Duncan, are obstructing an officer in his duty."

"Haven't noticed Mr. Bronson pushed so ill-humored myself," remarked Howell.

"Suppose we take your word as a gentleman,"

At a nod from Howell he handed a folded sheet to me. I opened it to make sure, because I was determined that this man should have no chance later on of denying its receipt, and then just for a second my brain swam, and I tottered and all but fell. There were three entries only on the sheet of foolscap, and the first of them ran thus:—

"21st June, 1877. Malcolm Faulkner, of Hanbridge Hall, Cromer, Norfolk, to Dorris Mary, only daughter of Norton Denzell, Ayrshire, Bucks."

"This is not it!" Merion cried.

"No, that's private property," said Howell. "Try the next one; there's another sheet, Mr. Duncan."

I withdrew the first paper, glanced at the second, saw enough to know that it was what we wanted, and with a mute thanksgiving in my heart passed it on to the man whose eager hands were waiting for it.

"Peri—Mr. Bronson will witness your signature to a receipt for that," said Howell. "If so, I'll be happy to add mine. This way, gentlemen," and he indicated the smoking room. "When that little formality is concluded I may perhaps offer Mr. Bronson some information on other matters which may be of use to him. Mr. Duncan, I'll give to this; you may consider yourself at liberty. Minding, come with us."

CHAPTER XX.

He drew them all off into the smoking room and Mary Denzell and I were left alone; she above and I below. For a moment she warred, then she held out her hands to me. I think I need hardly say that I was by her side in an instant.

"You said," I whispered, breathlessly, "that if I had only believed in you you could forgive the rest—you would be satisfied?"

"I am satisfied," she answered. "I had no right to ask so much."

"Not more than you received," I said. "You would acknowledge that if you knew everything?"

She made me no answer, and after a pause I asked apocryphal of very little.

"You were very fond of Mr. Danvers, I suppose?"

"Yes," she answered, simply. "I loved him very much when he would let me; but he was not the sort of man to understand a child. Sometimes he forgot all about me for months—left me at the school without money and without paying my bills. I had hardly clothes when he was away. Then he would come back all of a sudden, and buy me French millinery when I had no boots, and rings and bracelets when I had no gloves. No one will ever know how those long months of silence terrified me. They made me remember the day he took me from the house where my mother died. In the handsome cab in which we drove away he left a small brown-paper parcel, and when he said it was not worth inquiring for he would leave me and forget me for good some day, just as he had forgotten it. I was very little to him, you see, and he was everything to me."

"And can no one come after him?" I inquired. "Is there no chance for some one else?"

"A chance for what?" she asked.

"A chance for some other man to show that he neither forgot me or would forget?"

"No," she answered, steadily; "it would not do. I am the woman from nowhere, the child without a name. I told you

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once before that your relatives would not receive me."

"They might not as my friend," I answered, "but I doubt whether they would decline to receive my wife. And if they did they would never see me any more. They are neither very near nor very dear to me."

She stood still and thought it out. I have no friends and no money, and half of this is pity."

"Is it?" I cried, as she tried to turn away from me. "Then what is this?" I drew her to my heart and kissed her as I spoke, and if those kisses had power to tell my tale she should have known beyond the shadow of a doubt that it was not pity that I felt for her, but love.

"That is the end of the story, of course. Whatever others may think this story is about, it is my story and Mary Denzell's story. There may be other passages and other incidents, but to those who can read between the lines there is no one of importance in it but Mary Denzell. There fore the story is finished. The finding of the crimson slipper, and everything else set down, are only so many steps in the long lane I travelled to my love. But Herman says that it is incomplete, that there are things the reader will want to know; and my Mary is the most obstinate of the unreasonable, for she says that without something further the story is no story at all."

You will possibly remember that these last incidents occurred on a Thursday. The following Sunday, to the surprise of everyone present, our banquets of marriage were read for the first time in the parish church.

(To be concluded.)

SUCCESSION DUTIES

Ontario May Get Half a Million From the Gooderham Estate.

(Ottawa Journal.)

The Gooderham estate is the largest that has yet come within the scope of the Ontario Succession Duties Act. The provincial tax is graduated as follows: All estates under \$10,000 are exempt. From \$10,000 to \$100,000, estates left to wife, husband, or children, are exempt; if left to more distant relatives, brother, sister, father, mother or others, the wealth is subject to one per cent. From \$100,000 to \$200,000 the tax in all cases is 2 1/2 per cent; and above \$200,000 is 5 per cent. The chief items of revenue under this law during the past three years have been:—

1901—
Alex. Fraser, Carleton Co. \$120,000
Ed. Hall, Lambton 62,338
Wm. Mackay, Carleton Co. 62,338
Mary S. Wright, Carleton Co. 14,818
Edmund Hall, Lambton 24,696
J. W. Munro, Renfrew 14,000
Henry McLaren, Wentworth 10,185
George W. Lewis, York Co. 49,859
Alex. Manning, York Co. 15,000

1902—
Robert Ferguson, Kent Co. 15,294
Ed. Hall, Lambton 12,739
T. B. Bates, Lincoln 10,186
A. T. Wood, Wentworth 24,456
O. J. Cook, York Co. 38,813
Hugh Ryan, York Co. 10,000
Sir Frank Smith 57,232

1903—
H. Cover, Durham 19,500
O. S. Wilson, Prince Edward 16,150
C. H. Hubbard, York Co. 11,000
Sir Frank Smith, York Co. 10,000
Henry Carrell, Bruce 24,000
The Gooderham estate, as expected, will yield the Province half a million dollars.

This species of taxation is objected to by many as an unjust discrimination against property, amounting to confiscation. It has some points in its favor, however, apart from the necessities of the state. Unlike many forms of taxation, it does not discourage the accumulation of property, or encourage improvidence. No man will relax his energies in the pursuit for wealth because he knows a small portion of his possessions will go to the public after his death. If he is accumulating money for his relatives he may make them happy if he chooses by sharing his wealth with them while he is in the flesh, and thus circumvent the tax-gatherer. The impost does not fall upon personal earnings but upon property which goes to those who have not earned it, and the tax is so graduated that the wife or children of only a moderately-wealthy man, one who is worth \$100,000 or less, lose nothing.

Hints to Pipe-Smokers.

Always all a pipe with a little lump in the center of the bowl and light this. Cut a good light, but have it all concentrated in the middle. Try this with Rainbow Cut Plug Smoking Tobacco, and you will find it works well.

TO DOUBLETRACK C. P. R.

Montreal, May 16.—(Special.)—The Canadian Pacific has decided to double track the line between Fort William and Winnipeg. The work will be begun at once and completed within three years.

Don't Be Made Miserable By INDIGESTION

Eat what you like when you are taking these wonderful fruit liver tablets. There is an easy way—a quick way—and a sure way—to be free of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Belching, Heartburn and Constipation. Follow the good advice of Dr. Anderson and take Fruit-a-tives!

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MISS R. H. ANDERSON, Kingston, Ontario.

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Gilt Edge Metal Polish,
Anchor Gold Paint,
Favorite Gold Enamel,
Adams' Furniture Polish.

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CHEERFULNESS AS A MEDICINE

(Chicago Evening Post.)

Friends of Dr. Harper, president of the University of Chicago—and certainly they are legion—are watching with liveliest interest the progress he is making under the fluorescent treatment. Reports from the experts in charge of his case are distinctly encouraging, but the most striking feature is the cheerful attitude of the patient and the earnestness with which he continues his work. New wonders in medical science may be doing the unexpected for Dr. Harper, but his mental attitude probably is doing for himself what all the science in the world could not accomplish. Doubtless Dr. Harper does not permit himself to hope yet for a complete and permanent recovery. He knows too well the nature of his ailment. But he also knows that medicine is not an exact science; it has discoveries yet to make, it has theories yet to revise, and one of these may be—and it is sincerely

hoped it will be—that a malignant disease heretofore incurable has found its cure.

Wonders of Niagara

On the prettiest nights at Niagara is a display of rainbows in the spray. Smoking pipe-smokers of the pleasure derive from Rainbow Cut Plug Smoking Tobacco.

ANOTHER GOVERNOR SHOT

Ufa, Russia, May 16.—Major-General Sokolovsky, governor-general of the province of Ufa, was fired at several times and seriously wounded this morning in the public garden during an entertainment. The assassin disappeared. General Sokolovsky's life is despaired of, though he retains complete consciousness.

OUR EXCHANGER

Vice-Governor Bogdanovich has taken over the administration of the province. "It is a marriage a failure!" You can never tell till you've seen the wedding presents.—Cleveland Leader.

Piles
To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, simply in the daily press and ask your nearest druggist to send you a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. See a box at all druggists or Dr. Chase, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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