

SIX

# The Last House

By JESSIE M. WHITTAKER

(Continued.)

He knew it now as a light from his own window. A pang of self-pity seized him. In all the years, never before had a light been set in a window to lure and guide him home. Home! Never before had he thought of his solitary house on the hill as that.

Now, because a woman was there, and a light shown from the window, the place was transformed, and—home was going home. He plunged forward like a moth to the flame. The simile occurred to him, but the consequences could not daunt him.

Yes, when he reached the door, his strange elation took him. The old fear for himself and dread for Lottie gripped him again, and only the lash and spur of conscience and human compassion compelled him to enter the room.

A faint movement from the couch told him that she was yet awake. "The doctor will soon be here," he told her, his hand still upon the latch behind him. "His wife is coming, too."

The dead whiteness of her face and her closed eyes shook him out of all self-control. He ran to her and laid his fingers on her feebly-pulsing wrist. Her brow was drawn and dewy with pain. As he bent over her to listen for the weak breath, she opened her eyes wide upon him, and for a moment he could only lose himself in their depths. But had they been the gates of Paradise he could only have stood and gazed. He had welded his purgatorial chains too well to escape them with a single bound.

"You will soon be better," he assured her, drawing himself up stiffly. "The doctor's wife is even better than he, and she'll bring everything you need."

He drew the covers more closely around her, and made her taste a little wine.

"I am better now," she sighed drowsily, and turned her face away from the light.

"Could you sleep now?" he asked.

"Perhaps," she answered dully.

He sat down at the further side of the room, folding his arms upon the back of his chair and bowing his head upon them. There was nothing to do, nothing that he could do, but to wait. The whisperer stood like the unexpecting peal of a great bell. He lifted his head, and placed his feet more rigidly on the floor.

"Louie,"

"Can't you sleep?" he asked gently, but did not move. The silence that followed almost persuaded him that she had heard nothing. Then "Louie," came the call again, hardly above a breath, with the ethereal sweetness of the first notes of music that arouse a sleeper. He clenched his hands together, and caught his breath as he answered, "I am something I can do."

There was no reply, and his heart began to plunge with terror. He strained every nerve to catch the faintest sound or movement across the room, yet when she called again he made no answer.

"Louie,"

He sat motionless as a stone. Would the doctor never come!

"Louie, surely there can be truth between us now—last. It cannot matter now—tonight—for this little while, Louie!"

He rose heavily, and, without turning, walked to the window, and pressing his forehead against the icy glass, stood staring out into the desolation of the night. His answer was a two-edged sword held by the blade.

"It was no wish of mine that we have met again," he said with slow distinctness.

"Yes," she said softly, "I know."

He answered nothing. He knew that there was neither anger, pain nor reproach in her voice; only a loneliness, compassion. He hid his face against his uplifted arm and heaved heavily against the wall.

"Louie,"

"Are you trying to drive me mad?" he asked in a low voice.

"I am trying to win you from madness," she answered softly. "Have they been such happy years?"

He made no answer, but his heart beat like a great hammer—blows, and the blood surging in his ears was like a setting flood. The palpitant silence and the dread of her pleading became alike intolerable.

"You had the candle," she reminded him.

With the desperate effort of a fatalist, he summoned his strength to answer: "The lamp had gone out; that was all." He felt that she had half risen on the couch; he felt the imploring stretch of her hands; most keenly of all he felt the look that he knew was in her eyes. His nervous fingers beat a tremulous involuntary tattoo upon the window-pane.

"Louie!"

He knew what was coming, as the lightning flash prepared the nerves for the blow of thunder, and his fingers gripped the window-latch with an iron hold.

"Louie, I am the woman you loved!"

Slowly, as a tortured body might writhe and wrench itself from the rack, he turned and faced her; then, reeling and blind, he crossed the room and fell on his knees beside her.

The seconds lengthened to minutes, the minutes measured halfway round the clock, and still he knelt, his face buried upon her arms, silent motionless, save for the heavy breath that now and then shook his great body.

The stone had been given and crushed and shattered into a million dust. Slowly, with convulsed sobs and infinite patience, that humble dust was being remolded into being. Patient, silent, mute and awed, he waited the consummation that needed but the breath of a voice to make him a living man.

At last the woman laid her frail hand on his bowed head, he quivered at the electric touch.

"Oh, my poor foolish, mistaken Louie! So foolish, so foolish, and so miserable!"

He lifted his blanched and quivering, ashen face and sought her eyes

with his. "Lottie! Lottie, my love," he whispered, and gave her all the long-denied truth from his eyes.

"Forgive! Can you?" she answered under her breath.

"He drew her fingers to the pulse in his wrist. "It's there real blood beating there?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"Look at me again, Lottie. Am I really alive? Do my eyes look like a living man?"

She smiled her answer, and then studied him gravely. "You had a cap-die-attack in your hand," she mused.

How strange! Was it all an accident? "No, not all accident. Let us not talk of that, now."

The swish of wheels and the crunching of horses' feet through the snow broke upon them. He rose and went into the next room, and, groping in the depths of an old trunk, went back to her with that circle of magic gold, an old engagement ring. He held it out to her. "Look, Lottie, do you know what it is?"

A pitiful flush swept across her thin face, leaving her paler than before, and her eyelids trembled upon brimming tears.

"You are thinking of that day at Willow Haven? Forget that!" he begged. "Think of tonight and tomorrow, and of all our tomorrows."

"Louie," her low voice rose and fell like the murmur of distant waters on the wind, sometimes slipping out of hearing altogether. She spoke rapidly, between soft little breaths, and Lottie leaned close to her lips.

"Once you loved for its sweet—and hated it for its bitter. Once you wanted only the roses—and the sun and the song—and would have none of the thorns and clouds—and the tears. You—Oh, Louie, can't you see that there is not much left—nothing perhaps—but the thorns and the cold and the dark? You—"

"I want the thorns and the cold and the dark. I will take all. I want all. I want to live. I want all love brings. I will yield all I ask—except that they are at the door. Answer me, Lottie. Do you remember what is in the ring? Will you put it on now?"

Her left hand moved feebly, and he slipped the ring back to its old place. The doctor and his wife looked with unseeing eyes at Lottie when he let them in. Perhaps they had never before seen a fellow-creature in the course of his life.

The white light of it did not leave him, even when the doctor came out to sit down with the news of his patient.

"Will she?" His eyes finished the work that his hands refused.

"No," said the old physician, who was a stickler for truth: "It is worse than this. She will live—such a life as it will be. The fall from the moving car, the fright, the long exposure, the super-human effort, she must have made to reach shelter—I wish I could give you more hope, Mr. Labrie—even a strong man could hardly hope to recover from a shock as terrible as your poor friend has received."

But Lottie looked, as the doctor afterward told his wife, like any but a man whose hopes had been dealt a mortal blow.

Indeed the glow of that night's miracle had not left him when he walked in the June gardens, cutting roses for Lottie to send to the doctor. "She is wonderful," the doctor was remarking for the fiftieth time. He had just come from the room where Lottie's wife lived out the measure of her death-in-life days. He was not a fool, yet he often ventured where an angel might have passed by.

"Labrie," said he, "it is told in Evermore that one terrible day such a life as this—yours and our poor Lottie's—was a hell you refused to be suspected of."

Lottie's eyes met the doctor's with an undisturbed affection, and then turned to his wife's window.

"You are more or less mad, for a longer or shorter time, at some period of our lives. Have you not seen it so, Morrison? Mine lasted longer than most men's, perhaps. Doubtless I am something like that. I haven't recovered entirely, but there are glimpses of paradise, too. And it is so good to be alive—after all those years."

"But see how selfish a man is—always thinking of himself. Roses and thorns! They made Mr. Labrie's Nature could not grow a different species—even for me."

The End.

## NEW BRUNSWICKERS HONORED BY COUNCIL

Several Placed on Important Committees at Temple of Honor Convention

BOSTON, Aug. 11.—The Supreme Council of the Temple of Honor, in its sixty-second convention at Weymouth, R. I., today, honored several New Brunswick men with appointments to important committees. W. C. Whitaker of New Brunswick was appointed to the committee on grand and subordinate laws. D. C. McNally of New Brunswick was placed on the publication committee. Dr. William F. Roberts of St. John was placed on the committee, and to the committee on endowment. W. C. Simpson of New Brunswick Temples in all parts of the United States were represented at the opening of the convention today, as well as a godly delegation from C&A natives.

A meeting of the board of directors of the Relief and Aid Society will take place this afternoon at 2 o'clock in their rooms, Dock street. Now that the Common Council have decided to grant \$300 to the Fenwick fire relief fund, the directors feel that they should take some action and it is expected that a liberal grant will be given.

THE STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1908

## Reduces Fat a Pound a Day

The Simplest, Surest and Most Effective Way to Get Rid of Surplus Flesh Without Drugs

HOW TO PROVE IT TO YOURSELF WITHOUT ANY EXPENSE WHATSOEVER

The first thing not to do when trying to reduce your weight is to take something that contains a drug of any kind, or try to starve the fat away.

The moment you begin to do this you give a distinct shock to the entire nervous and digestive systems, and though you may lose some fat as a result, you will lose your health with it.

Cases are numerous of fat people becoming permanent invalids by the use of starvation diets and dangerous purgatives.

Pat people as well as others should realize that, as a general rule, there is a remedy for every defect of the human organism. Nature provides a remedy for nearly every disease. It is a law of the universe. This is true of that dangerous and uncomfortable disease—obesity. Nature provides a remedy, not from the dangerous drugs and biting acids extracted from minerals, but from extracts of fruits, plants, herbs and other organic materials which are harmonious to the human system.

Among such materials there is known a remedy for obesity which has not yet become universally known, but the use of which has already resulted in enormous benefit, and most probably in the saving of many lives.

This remedy is commonly called Rango. The rate at which this remedy will reduce fat, and do it harmlessly and surely, is truly remarkable. A pound a day is ordinarily accomplished by being done by compelling perfect assimilation of the food, and sending the nutriment where it belongs.

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## TWO LIVELY ROWS ON GEORGE STREET

One Man Throws Bottle Through a Window

Another Beats Wife

Two lively rows occurred on George street last night, and although no injuries were received by any one some narrow escapes were experienced. Joe McElhinney, a notorious drunken character who is well known in police circles, imbued too freely in intoxicating liquor, broke through the glass of a window in front of Mrs. Doyle's house. He flung the bottle through a window in Mrs. Doyle's house, breaking the glass and striking a girl who was inside on the head. She was not cut, but a painful bruise was received. McElhinney was afterwards arrested by Officer McNamee.

On the same street James Levine came home drunk and abused his wife to such an extent that if assistance had not arrived in time she would have received serious injuries. He followed her to one of the bedrooms and threw her on the bed, where he tried to choke her. Mrs. Doyle, who lives across the road, rushed into the house and found Mrs. Levine almost choked to death and demanded that Levine leave the premises. He then turned upon Mrs. Doyle and tried to grapple with her, but she threw him off and his wife pushed him down the stairs. He left the house later in his bare head and did not return.

Many physicians, who before were at a loss to know how to cure obesity, are now prescribing Rango with remarkable success. It is a great nerve-strengthening and digestive primarily, and inducing a general exhalation of mild and body. Wrinkles which appear all over the face, and reduction of fat where injurious drugs and starvation process is tried, do not occur when Rango is used.

There is nothing "just as good" as Rango. For sale by all druggists at \$1.00 per full sized box, or by mail, by The Rango Co., 238 Rango Bldg., Detroit, Mich. The company will gladly send you the package free by mail if you write them direct to Detroit; no free packages at drug stores.

For sale in St. John by all Druggists, National Drug and Chemical Co., Wholesale Distributors.

## SECOND CONCERT ON NEW STAND TONIGHT

City Cornet Band Has an Elaborate Programme Prepared

This evening the City Cornet Band will give the second of their concerts in the new band stand in King Square. A fine programme has been prepared. The stand is now about completed and it is hoped that all the effects will be ready by tonight. This is the first time a large amount of money to be subscribed, but the bandmen anticipate little trouble in securing what is a very different band from the one that is all too desirous of helping out the City Cornet, and it is expected all efforts of the management will be made to the best of the city will take place when all bills have been paid.

TOURIST TRAVEL IS BREAKING RECORDS

Hotels Turned Away Scores Late Last Night

Tourist travel in the city yesterday was very brisk. The number of arrivals from the American boat, while 700 came on the Prince Rupert. The Boston train did not get in this morning until nearly 2 o'clock. A large number found they could not secure accommodation for the night. The Royal Hotel was obliged to turn away over fifteen persons, while the Dufferin and Victoria had to do likewise. After considerable trouble some of the men got lodgings in several of the King square hotels. The Clifton House was also full up. There were thirty single young ladies at this house.

August continued fine and warm. Yesterday the temperature in the afternoon rose to 73 degrees. At 9 o'clock in the morning the temperature was 54 degrees, while at 3 o'clock in the afternoon 58.8 degrees was shown. At 5 o'clock 62.5 was registered. The lowest temperature was 58.5 degrees. The humidity throughout the day was fairly high. The day was an ideal one for private parties, as well as for the outing at Torrvu. A continuance of the warm weather is looked for.

"Sawyer" bawled the conductor as his train approached the town of that name.

"Don't care if you did," said the young avian who had just kissed his girl. "We are going to be married next month!"—Harper's Weekly.

HAZEN TO TAKE A PART IN CAMPAIGN

Will Accompany R. L. Borden on Tour in September

TORONTO, Aug. 11.—R. L. Borden, M. P., leader of the federal Conservative party, expects, according to his present plans, to visit Toronto during the month of September.

He will probably be accompanied by Premier McBride of British Columbia, Premier Robt. of Manitoba, Premier Hazen of New Brunswick, and possibly F. G. W. Haultain of Saskatchewan. Such are the plans for the inauguration of the Conservative federal campaign in this province, as outlined by F. D. Monk, M. P., Mr. Borden's chief lieutenant from Quebec, at King Edward's this morning. Much of Mr. Borden's time during the campaign, Mr. Monk said, would undoubtedly be spent in Nova Scotia.

The Seamen's Institute management have taken charge of the remains of Alfred Gustafson, the unfortunate sailor who met his death on Monday by falling from a high mast on the schooner Abbie G. Stubbs. The funeral will be held from the Institute at 3.30 o'clock this afternoon. Rev. R. A. Armstrong, rector of Trinity, will conduct the services. All the sailors in port, as well as friends, are invited to attend.

## GUILTY MAN MAKES DASH FOR LIBERTY

SUSSEX, Aug. 11.—To make good his escape from the court house at Sussex, while his conviction papers on a charge of selling liquor were being filled in, was the slick act of Harry McKinnon.

McKinnon was being tried today before Magistrate Stormbrook of Sussex on the charge of selling liquor. He went on the stand in his own defense and stated that his name was not Harry McKinnon but Harry Hampton. Although the prisoner declared his name was Hampton, grave doubts exist in the minds of the authorities if this is his correct name.

As his defense was by no means a strong one the prisoner was convicted on the charge and fined \$50 and costs or 30 days in jail. As his conviction papers were being filled in the prisoner slyly got out of the court room and was soon a free man. When the escape was discovered a lively dispute took place between the sheriff, inspectors and some of the constables as to who was responsible for the prisoner's escape. The sheriff claimed that after he brought his prisoner to the court room he had nothing further to do with him. The court decided that a special officer should be engaged to look after the prisoners while in court. McKinnon is still at large. His escape has caused a lot of talk in the neighborhood and any new developments are awaited with interest.

OTTAWA, Aug. 11.—There was a long sitting of the government this afternoon which resulted in cleaning up the immense amount of routine matter accumulated on the table of the privy council during the busy weeks at the close of last session when the ministers had to give all of their time to the sittings of the house.

There was another brief sitting of the government tomorrow and the ministers will then have the capital to visit the various provinces.

Sir Thomas Taylor, formerly chief justice of Manitoba, has been appointed to act as judge of the exchequer court of Canada pro hac vice, to take the sittings of that court in the west this fall. The arrangement is necessitated by the fact that Judge Cassels is engaged in the marine inquiry and will not be able to complete his work for some time.

Postmaster Taylor of Vancouver has applied for and has been granted superannuation and his place will be filled by the appointment of R. G. MacPherson, the sitting member of parliament for that city.

## BEAUTIFUL GIFT FOR SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE

Management Presented With Handsome Painting of Swedish Scene

The management of the Seamen's Institute have received a beautiful painting of the Oxsund Christiania Fjord in Norway. Yngve Sonnhagen, the famous Norwegian writer, now of this city, made the presentation. Mr. Sonnhagen has a studio here in the Acadia building. He captured several pictures in the art department at the St. John Exhibition in 1906. The management prize the gift greatly. It will last summer. Newhall, he lent his employer's friend \$500 when the latter was at the Knight cottage, at Newport, Rhode Island. Newhall, he lent his employer's friend \$500 when the latter was at the Knight cottage, at Newport, Rhode Island. Newhall, he lent his employer's friend \$500 when the latter was at the Knight cottage, at Newport, Rhode Island.

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## POPULAR CAPITAL GIRL WEDS TODAY

Miss Florence Wilson Becomes the Bride of Frank Harrison

DIVORCE COURT

FREDERICTON, Aug. 11.—Miss Florence Wilson, daughter of Hon. Judge Wilson, will at six o'clock tomorrow evening be joined in wedlock by the Rev. Mr. McConnell, pastor of the Methodist church here, to Frank Harrison, professor of music and organist of the Methodist church. The affair, which will take place at the family residence, will be a quiet one. Miss Jean Wilson, sister of the bride, is to be bridesmaid, while the groom will have the support of Ernest Barbour of St. John. The bride is one of Fredericton's most popular young society ladies and is the recipient of many beautiful presents. The newly married couple will leave on the 9.10 train for a honeymoon trip through Nova Scotia.

About 7.15 on last evening's western train on the harvesters' excursion. The divorce court will meet tomorrow morning, when it is expected Judge Gregory will give judgments in the cases of Horseman v. Horseman and Furze v. Furze.

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 11.—Mrs. Ruth Neuman, 20 years old, contested her husband's suit for divorce before Judge Houser yesterday. She admitted that the family troubles grew out of her abiding belief in race suicide, but held that Neuman should not receive a decree because he entered into an antenuptial agreement that they were to have no children.

Judge Houser said that, agreement or no agreement, the decree should be granted, because Mrs. Neuman was acting in restraint of posterity.

"It was on that understanding that I consented to be his wife," said the young bride. "After marriage he scorned me, and said I was too American for him. He refused to abide by the contract he made with me before marriage, so I left him."

"When the time came for me to go take me to my mother. My husband took me into another room, so my brother could not hear, and said that he loved me and that I could come back when I was ready to drop the contract idea."

## MINISTERS READY TO LEAVE CAPITAL

Brief Session of Government Today Will Clean up Matters

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## SEA AND CAR SICKNESS Quickly Cured

By Motherall's Seakick Remedy, The Only One For Sale and Recommended On All Steamships

Do not hesitate buying tickled by Ocean Lake or through Mountains, from fear of sea or car sickness, for Motherall's Seakick Remedy will guarantee you all the pleasures of travel. Motherall's Seakick Remedy is guaranteed not to contain cocaine, morphine, opium or other injurious drugs. It is the only remedy for seasickness or car sickness which has been unhesitatingly recommended by all first-class steamships.

Guaranteed to produce no unpleasant or injurious effects on the weakest system.

Guaranteed satisfactory or money returned.

Motherall's Seakick Remedy is put up in small gelatine capsules in 50c and \$1.00 sized pocket size boxes. For sale and recommended on all steamships and at drug stores or order direct, enclosing price and name of vessel, promptly all charges prepaid. Write for information and testimonials from prominent people, to the Motherall Remedy Co., Ltd., 115, Cleveland Building, Detroit, Mich.

For sale and recommended in St. John by A. Chapman Smith, Moore and Royal Pharmacy, and G. A. Ricker.

## KEEN INTEREST IN TENNIS TOURNAMENT

St. John Will Be Represented at Rothesay Meet

The regular weekly tea of the St. John Tennis Club will be held this afternoon. The arrangements are in charge of Mrs. H. C. Schofield, Miss Inches and Miss Stetson.

Much interest is being manifested in the annual tournament of the New Brunswick Tennis Association, which commences at Rothesay next Tuesday, August 18th. The winners of the various events will meet the winners of the Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island tournaments at Rothesay the following week. The St. John club is sending a large contingent to the tournament.

## MAN DIVORCED FROM RACE SUICIDE BRIDE

Judge Says Agreement to Have No Children is Not Valid

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"It was on that understanding that I consented to be his wife," said the young bride. "After marriage he scorned me, and said I was too American for him. He refused to abide by the contract he made with me before marriage, so I left him."

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