

Sept. 20, 1907

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ALEX. CORBET, Manager

"THE LATE TENANT"

By GORDON HOLMES

CHAPTER I. A WHIFF OF VIOLETS.

"I suppose one becomes used to this sort of thing in time," thought David Harcourt, as he peered through the dusty plate-glass windows of his third-floor flat.

Then, being a cheerful soul, he laughed, and turned from the outer prospect to face the coziness of his new abode. He did not understand yet that in No. 7 Eddystone Mansions, picked almost at haphazard from a house-agent's list, he had hit upon a residence singularly free from the worst of things which induce this present fit of the blues.

For London has a stony heart with wooden arteries, through which the stream of life rushes noisily. To ears tuned by the far-flung silence of the prairie this din of traffic was thunderous.

"I wonder if I can stand it?" he commented. "I saw a map of South Africa in a shop window today. It looked wonderfully attractive. Yes, I am beginning to believe there is neither bad nor feather in my composition."

Dame Nature, aided by his less remote ancestors in the evolutionary tree, had been good to him. It would have needed the worst "environment" ever dreamed of by sociology to make him a degenerate.

"In plain English, they say the place is haunted." "Ha, ha! Something in that nature. You have hit it! Something in that nature. Absurd thing!"

"Who knows?" David had a cool disbelief in spooks, but it amused him to see the agent squirm; and he sat tight. Those eyelids fluttered again, and Mr. Dibbin banged a ledger with a wrathful fist.

"So, like many another youngster in the far lands, he heard the voice of London calling through every book and newspaper he read. It was a siren voice, devoid of accent. The Wyoming wooing, too, became a serious matter; hence, like one of the dove-eyed oxen he knew so well, he stampered in sudden panic, realized his personal possessions, and in the vernacular of Sioux Pass, "lit out for the nearest depot, an boarded an east-bound train."

He had not been in England a month, in London a week. From the landing-stage at Liverpool he had gone to visit the country cousins who superintended his childhood education after the death of his mother, that lady having been stricken down by the hand which killed her soldier husband at Dargai.

Then followed a few days in a big hotel. He paid a round of useless calls at the offices of magazines that, to his certain knowledge, printed all sorts of rubbishy

articles about cow-boy life, but opposed a phalanx of commissionaires against a man who could not only round up an infuriated herd, but could also describe the feat deftly with a pen. Ultimately, he resolved to lay siege to the citadel which he was unable to storm, and pitch his camp over the tents of the enemy.

In this becoming as Londoner, he encountered the first quaint anomaly of London life. When he drove up to the door of the most fashionable hotel in the West of England, and deposited a couple of portman-taus in a bed-room after signing the register, he was permitted to run a bill for a week, at least, without let or hindrance; but when he offered to pay cash in advance of the flat, he met with a demand for "reference."

The agent was firm but explanatory. "It is not my client, but the over-landlord, who makes that stipulation," he said. "In fact, the letting is wholly in my hands, as the late tenant is dead; but, for certain reasons, the residuary legatees wish to keep the place in its present condition until the lease expires a year hence."

"What did he, or she, die of?" persisted David. He was accustomed to reading men's faces, and he had caught a certain fluttering of the agent's eyelids.

"Nothing to cause any alarm, nothing infectious, I assure you. People—die in flats just the same as—in private houses." This, being a joke, had its chuckle.

But the agent also knew men in his own way, and he felt it was unwise to wriggle. David had a steadfast glance. He gave others the impression that he heard and treasured each word they uttered. He was really wondering then why the speaker's neck was so long and thin—nothing more serious, but with a disagreeable disclosure lurking in the other's mind.

"The thing is bound to come to your ears sooner or later, Mr. Harcourt; so I may as well tell you now," said the Londoner. "The late tenant was a lady, a singer of much promise, it was said. For an unknown reason—probably some love affair was disturbing her rest—she—er—took an overdose of a sleeping-drug. She was a very charming woman, quite young, of highest character. It is inconceivable that she should have committed suicide. The affair was an accident, of course, but—er—"

"A sceptical coroner thought it a murder." "Oh, dear, no, nothing of the kind, not a hint of such a thing. Fact is—well, it sounds ridiculous to say with reference to a popular block of flats in the middle of London, but two foolish women—an excitable actress and her servant—your predecessors in the flat—have spread reports as to queer noises. Well, you know, don't you? The sort of nonsense women will talk."

"In plain English, they say the place is haunted." "Ha, ha! Something in that nature. You have hit it! Something in that nature. Absurd thing!"

"Who knows?" David had a cool disbelief in spooks, but it amused him to see the agent squirm; and he sat tight. Those eyelids fluttered again, and Mr. Dibbin banged a ledger with a wrathful fist.

"Look here, Mr. Harcourt," cried he finally. "This is a five-guinea-a-week flat. I'll make you a fair offer; take it for six months and I give it you at half price."

"Put it any way you like. If a man of sound common-sense like you lives there for a considerable period, the wretched affair will be forgotten; so it is worth the loss to me, and it is a first-class bargain for you."

"Done!" said David. The agent was so pleased that his annoyance vanished; he promised to secure a woman whom he knew to look out after the new tenant's housekeeping. She had probably never heard of the Eddystone Mansions tragedy. He would have her in the flat within four days. Meanwhile a charwoman might attend to things generally.

The references having proved satisfactory, David was now passing his first evening in his new abode. He had purchased some books and stationery; his charwoman had left him; and, when the door had closed behind her, he turned from the head of the dead girl in chalks over the mantelpiece to gaze out of the dining-room window, and back again to the sweet face in chalks, to return presently to the window.

It was a Thursday evening in the last week of January. The housekeeper was to arrive on Saturday. David fixed Monday as a good day to start work. In the interim he meant to loaf, dine at noteworthy restaurants, read and go to the theatres.

A man accustomed to guide his movements by the position of mountain-ranges or the stars, and out distances by his days on horseback, is likely to find him-

self all unhinged within a four-mile radius. David was in the novice stage of acquaintance with the magnetic life of the world's capital. Not yet did the roar of London sing in familiar harmonies; the crunch of the omnibuses, the jingle of the hansom made no music in his ears. There was something uncanny in the silence of the millions edging through the streets. Where all else was clamor, mankind was dumb, save for the shouts of the newsboys, the jabber of bus-conductors, the cries of itinerant vendors.

"Sir David, having dressed and gone out, wandered into another restaurant than that which he was aiming for! dawkled over the meal until the first act of the play which he meant to see must have been ended; and decided then upon a music-hall; finally, he strolled back toward Eddystone Mansions as early as eleven.

The elevator, placed in the centre of the building, ran from the basement floor; those who used it had to descend a few steps from the entrance and advance along a passage. Harcourt felt unaccountably tired—there is a strain of life in London as on the tops of mountains—so he chose the lift in preference to the stairs.

The hall-porter who sat within the lift, pondering the entries for the Spring Handicaps, recognized him and jumped up with a salute. "Good-evenin', sir! Fine, frosty night, sir," said he. They began to ascend. A thought occurred to David. "What was the name of the lady who occupied No. 7?" he asked.

"Miss Ermyr L'Estrange, sir," was the instant answer. Even in the wilds of Wyoming one grasps the significance of certain classes of names. For instance, not even the most tenderfoot would expect "One-eyed Pete," to turn out to be a person.

"I mean the lady who died here," said David. The porter stopped the lift. "Your floor, sir," he said. "I've only bin in these 'ere flats a matter of two months, sir."

"Good egg!" cried David. "Have a cigar, porter. You are a man to be depended on. But surely there is no harm in telling me the poor girl's name. It must have appeared in all the newspapers." The attendant tickled his head underneath his hat. The new tenant of No. 7 seemed a nice gentleman, anyhow. He looked up and down the stairs, of which two sections were visible from the landing where they stood.

"I've heard," said he, "that a young lady used to live 'ere of the name of Miss Gwendoline Barnes."

"Ah, that sounds more like it. Good-night." "Good-night, sir."

Harcourt, turning over the intricacies of the lock, heard the rattle of the lift as it reached the basement. On his landing were two doors, his own and that of No. 8; and light shone from his neighbor's dwelling. That was companionable. The stairs, too, were well lighted.

At last he unlocked the right pressure, and the latch yielded. He passed within and closed the door noiselessly. The electric switch governing the hall-lamp was on the wall beyond the short coat and hat in the semi-darkness; the sheen coming through the corrugated-glass panels of the outer door did not so much as cast a shadow.

All at once he detected a fragrance of violets, faintly, but distinctly. This was puzzling! He knew that it was almost impossible for that scent to have been there earlier in the evening when he was at home, without being marked by him. Even now not one man in a thousand in London that night would have caught the subtle perfume; but David retained the hunter's senses. As he stood in suspense, a feeling peeped and grew within him that the odor, carried with it a suggestion of death; his muscles grew taut, ready to fight, so defend himself against this world or the next.

(To be continued.)

BABY'S DANGER

More little lives are lost during the hot weather months than at any other time of the year. In the summer months little ones are the victims of diarrhoea, cholera, infantum, dysentery and stomach troubles. These come sudden and without warning, and when a medicine is not at hand to give promptly the short delay may mean death. During the hot weather months Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there is a young child. An occasional use of the Tablets will prevent stomach and bowel troubles. Or if the troubles come unaware a prompt use of this medicine will bring the child through safely. Mrs. J. Renard, New Glasgow, Que., says: "I cannot speak too highly of Baby's Own Tablets. One of my children had a severe attack of diarrhoea which the Tablets promptly cured." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WEDDINGS

Flewelling-Baird. A quiet, but pretty and interesting wedding was solemnized last evening at the home of Isaac Hutchinson, North End, when Miss Rebecca J. Baird of Chipman was united in marriage to Percy T. Flewelling, of Sussex. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Frank Baird, of Sussex, cousin of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Flewelling left this morning for Chipman, where they will reside, the groom having purchased the Francis Baird homestead at Salmon Creek, Queens county. Both bride and groom are deservedly popular in their respective communities.

Perkins-Lunn.

Riverside, Albert Co., Sept. 20—A very pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lunn on Wednesday evening, when their daughter, Odessa R., was united in marriage to Oliver Perkins, of Kingston, Kings county. Rev. Mr. Worden, of Albert, performed the ceremony. The bride was becomingly attired in white silk organdy with Valenciennes trimmings and carried a beautiful bouquet of white asters. Little Miss Edith Lunn, niece of the bride, was flower girl and looked charming in white silk. A dainty wedding supper was served at the conclusion of the ceremony. Only the immediate relatives and friends were present. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful presents. On Thursday morning Mr. and Mrs. Perkins left for a trip to Halifax, Fredericton and other points. After visiting the groom's relatives in Kingston they will make their home in West Medford (Mass.). The bride's going away gown was of brown broadcloth with hat to match.

On Thursday in Montreal William, eldest son of the late Wm. T. McNeil, jeweler of St. John, died suddenly. For a few years he was employed in Boston and lately engaged with Henry Birks & Sons, of Montreal. The body was brought home yesterday for interment.

Kora Temple Nobles, of the Mystic Shrine, Levis-ton (Me.), will come to this city next week on a visit to Luxor Temple.

"77" Seventy-seven for Grip and COLDS

The best remedy for a Cold is Humphreys' "Seventy seven;" because it goes direct to the sick spot, without disturbing the rest of the system; because it breaks up a stubborn Cold, that hangs on; because "77" is a small vial of pleasant pellets, that fits the vest pocket, handy to carry—easy to take—can do no harm.

All dealers sell it, most of them recommend it. 25c.

Humphreys' Homeo. Medicine Co., Cor. William and John Streets, New York.

Doctoring Dangerous Animals

One of the most difficult feats attempted by physicians is that of attending to wild animals who have become ill while confined in some of the big shows throughout the United States and Europe. When it is recalled that many an elephant, lioness or some huge boa constrictor is worth thousands of dollars, it is easy to understand that the very best trained and expensive physicians are called in to operate on the sick animals. There is often danger attached to the work, although if the animal is known as very vicious it is usual to chloroform it before the physician begins his examination into the cause of the disease.

The methods of treatment resemble largely those used when human patients call on the family doctor, varied of course by the peculiarities of the animal. For instance when a big Indian elephant gets the stomach ache and they do this perhaps twice a year, there is considerable hard work to be done and it must be done right away. For instance the elephant must be roped off by all four legs and it must be done quickly as an elephant with the stomach ache or acute indigestion (as it really is) is more dangerous than a runaway locomotive.

Then he is thrown on one side and must be jumped on with the feet in order to try and force the gas out of his system. The ordinary kind of rubbing would not even penetrate an elephant's skin. Then comes a huge mustard plaster with blanket used to spread the mustard on and about 20 pounds of mustard to the plaster. Afterwards two quarts of whisky and ginger should be poured down his throat. This treatment was used in the New York Zoo not long ago and cured the elephant's stomach ache in a couple of hours.

A splendid leopard which was in Boston Zoo in Paris not long ago had a severe fight with three other animals and was cut up badly but after being bandaged up she seemed to completely recover. Two weeks later the leopard grew quarrelsome and growled continuously. It was evident that the big animal was suffering some frightful pain as its powers of endurance were wonderful. The doctor was called in but not till after the leopard had been secured, as she would have made three mouthfuls of the man who dared approach her in the agony she was suffering. The leopard was lassoed over one foot and throat so that there was no danger of her choking herself to death in her struggles. Then she was pulled tight against the bars of her cage and ropes put over her remaining legs. She was now ready for the doctor who examined her thoroughly and discovered a dangerous abscess in her shoulder where one of her wounds had begun to suppurate. Ether was used when stiff and unconscious the abscess was quickly cut open, cleaned out and washed with dioxide of hydrogen.

A big Indian tigress named "Princess" in the London Zoo had a bad record as a man-eater near Mysore in India. She tried to kill any one who approached her and gave evidence of being in agony. All attempts to lasso the tigress were in vain so one night a sponge soaked in chloroform was poked under her nose on a long stick. This dazed the tigress and a bag containing another chloroform soaked sponge was pushed over her head. Before she could get rid of the bag the anaesthetic had worked and the doctor quickly drained off a huge abscess which was found in one of the big teeth of the man-eater. Monkeys and birds occasionally need surgical treatment and are not difficult to handle. The big inmates of the snake house, however, prove very hard to care for during illness. With a python twenty feet long, it is necessary for ten men to grab the reptile and hold hard to overcome the resistance of the great coils. Then the doctor can get down to business. So long as the python is held straight out he is absolutely harmless but it is a tremendous job for the ten men to prevent him making a loop around somebody's neck or arm when he would instantly crush whatever was caught in the steel like coil of his body.

A story of more than ordinary power and deep human interest is "The Pawn" by George Bronson-Howard, which appears in The Red Book Magazine for October.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



THE EXTREME SIDE ROLL.

An excellent example of the turned up brim is here illustrated. The hat is a semi-dress affair of deep champagne color, delf finished with black velvet and the brim edges bound with a black grosgrain ribbon somewhat in tailored effect.

The crown is rather high and the brim towards its outer edge is rolled up smartly and gracefully at the left side, the turn extending well towards the front. The hat is worn quite far back on the head. About the crown is a broad band of black velvet finished on the right side with a

large flat bow, and at the left there is a huge plume cockade of coque feathers, from the centre of which springs a full bunch of Paradise plumes. There is a jaunty air about this hat that is extremely becoming to a certain type of face.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

It is not often that one is made to laugh—really to laugh—over a short story, but such a yarn is "Ezra's Bones," by Inez Haynes Gillmore, which appears in The Red Book Magazine for October.

W. A. Fraser writes in The Red Book Magazine for October how "Jack Frost," the long-legged nondescript colt, "broke" not only the bookmakers, but almost his backer as well. But his race built a church after all. It is a splendid story.

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We cordially invite parents to consult with us regarding the care of children's teeth. Advice cheerfully given gratis.

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INTRODUCING OUR STAFF TO THE PEOPLE OF ST. JOHN, we bespeak the favor of those who would like to feel the same about having their dental work attended to as they do about being fitted for a new garment. In the care of our doctors the operation upon the teeth—whether extraction, filling, crown or bridge work—is entirely robbed of its imagined horrors. The most recent and least painful methods are employed, harmless anesthetics administered, surroundings new and cheerful, staff attentive and expert. The care of children's teeth will be one of our specialties, and parents will appreciate our methods in this line, we feel sure. All that dental science offers to save teeth, relieve suffering from teeth, and improve the condition of teeth, will be exemplified in our rooms.

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OUR FEES WILL BE AS LOW AS IS CONSISTENT WITH RELIABLE WORK

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AS TO THE REMOVAL OF TEETH Try our Method for Painless Extracting

now being used in Eastern Canada for the first time. Perfectly harmless, leaving no ill effects. We are the only dental offices in New Brunswick entitled to use this preparation.

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The Family Physician

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