Sept. 26, 1907

Here's Two Specials for You.

Men's Black Melton Overcoats, $7.50 Values, - - $5.60

Men's Hewson Tweed Suits, $12.00 Values, - - $9.98

UNION CLOTHING CO.

26 and 28 Charlotte Street, (Old Y. M. C. A. Building,)

ALEX. CORBET, Manager

"THE LATE TENANT"

By GORDON HOLMES

(Continued)

"Dash it all, don's say it."

"Say what?"

"Were you about to refer to any fresh experiences?"

"Of the ghost? Not a bit of it!" said David. "I have seen, heard, or smelled nothing more of anything."

"Good, good!" went on Dibbin, softly. "Keep on like that, and we shall pull through yet. I find you are well stocked with violets, meantime."

David laughed a little uneasily, and said "Yes"—no more. Whiffs of violets in a lonely flat, for which one can't account, are not pleasant things. David had therefore surrounded himself with violets, in order, when he was greeted with a scent of violets, to be able to say to himself that the scent came from those which he had bought. He had not admitted even to himself what his motive was in buying; nor would he admit it to Mr. Dibbin. There, however, the violets were in several pots, and their fragrance at once drew the notice of a visitor, for the London florist has an art to heighten dull nature in violts and much else.

"Have a seat, Mr. Dibbin," said David,, " and let us talk."

"I am afraid I must be off," began the other.

"Well, have a B. and S. anyway. I only want to hear from you whatever you can tell me of Mrs. and Miss Violet Mordaunt."

What? You have discovered their names cried Dibbin with a start.

"I have."

"Mr. Hacourt, you are a remarkable man," said the agent with quiet certainty

"Oh, not too remakable. But since I do know something, you might let yourself loose as to the rest, as I am interested. You have seen the mother, I know. Have you seen the daughter, too?"

"Several times."

"Pretty girl, eh? Or what do you think?"

"Well, I am getting an old man now," said Dibbin;" but I have been young, and I think I can remember how I should have felt at twenty-five in the presence of such a being."

"Pretty, you think her eh?

"Rather!"

Prettier than Gwendoline? Prettier than her sister?"

"Well, I don't know so much about that neither—different type—graver, softer in the eye and hair, taller, darker, not so young; but that poor dead girl was something to make the mouth water, too, sir—such a cut diamond! to see her in her full war-paint, turned out like a daisy!—in short, lovely beings, both of 'em, both of 'em."

"Fairly well fixed, the mother?"

"You mean financially? Oh, I think so. Got a fine place down in Warwickshire, I know— not far from Kenilworth, Good old faily and that sort of thing."

"But how on earth this man Strauss, more or less an adventurer, I take it, could have got hold of such a girl, to the extent of drawing her from her happy home, and sending her on the stage. He didn't marry her, Dibbin? He didn't marry her?"

"How can I say?" asked Dibbin, blinking. "We can all make a shrewd guess; but one can't be absolutely certain, though the fact of her suicide would seem to be a sort of proof."

"What do the mother and Miss Mordaunt think of it? Do they assume that she was married? Or do they know enough of the world to know that she was not? I suppose you don't know."

"They know what the world thinks, I'm afraid," answered Dibbin. "I am sure of that much. Yes, they know, they know. I have been with Mrs. Mordaunt a good many times, for one reason or another. I can tell how she feels, and I'm afraid that she not only guesses what the world thinks, but agrees with the world's view. On the other hand, I have reason to think that Miss Mordaunt has an obstinate faith in her sister, and neither believes that she died unmarried, nor even that she committed suicide. Well, well you can't expect much clear reasoning from a poor sister with a head half turned with grief."

Dibin tossed off his brandy, while David paced the room, his hands behind him, with a clouded brow.

"Have they no protector, these women?" he asked. "Isn't Miss Mordaunt engaged?"

"I fancy not," said the agent. "In fact, I think I can undoubtedly say not. She was not engaged before the death of her sister, I am certain; and this disaster of her sister seems to have inspired the poor girl with such a detestation of the whole male sex—"

"Do you happen to know who a certain Mr. Van Hupfeldt is?" asked David.

"Van Hupfeldt, Van Hupfeldt? No, never heard of him. What of him?"

"He seems to be a pretty close friend of the Mordaunts, if I am right."

"He may be a close friend, and yet a new one," said Dibbin, " as sometimes happens. Never heard of him, although I thought that I knew the names of most of Mrs. Mordaunt's connections, either through herself or her solicitors."

"But to go back to this Strauss," said David. "Do you mean to say that neither the mother no Miss Mordaunt ever once saw him?"

"Not once that they know of."

"Then, how did he get hold of Gwendoline?"

"That's the question. It is suspected that he met her in the hunting-field, persuaded her to meet him secretly and finally won her to fly from home. To me this is credible; for I've seen Johann Strauss twice, and each time have been struck with the thought how fascinating this man must be in the eyes of a young woman!"

"What was he like, then, this Mr. Johann Strauss of the flourishy signature?"

"A most handsome young man," said Mr. Dibbin, impressively; "hard to describe exactly. Came from the States, I think, or had lived there—had just a touch of the talk, perhaps—of Dutch extraction, I take it. Handsome fellow, handsome fellow; the kind of man girls throw themselves over precipes after; tall, thin man, always most elegantly dressed—dark skin—sallow—"

At that word "sallow," David started, the description of Johann Strauss had so strangely reminded him of Van Hupfeldt! But the thought that the cause of one sister's undoing should be friendly with the other, paying his court to her over the grave of the ill-fated dead, was too wild to find for itself a place all at once in the mind.

David frowned down the notion of such a horror. He told himself that it was dark when he had seen Van Hupfeldt, that there were many tall men with white teeth and black moustaches, and sallow, dark skins. If he had felt some sort of antipathy to Van Hupfeldt at first sight, this was no proof of evil in Van Hupfeldt's nature, but a proof only, perhaps, of David's capabilities of being jealous of one more favored than himself by nature as he fancied—and by Violet Mordaunt, which was the notion that rankled.

And yet he tingled. Dibbin had said that this Van Hupfeldt might be "a new friend—one who had become a friend since the death of Gwendoline."

David paced the room with slow steps, and while Dibbin talked on of one or another of the people who had known Gwendoline Mordaunt in the flesh, vowed to himself that he would take this matter on his shoulders and see it through.

"Speaking of the Miss L'Estrange who was in the flat before me," said he; "how long did she stay in it.?"

"Three months, nearly," answered Dibbin, "and then all of a sudden she wouldn't stay another day. And I had no means of forcing her to do so either."

"What? Did the ghost suddenly get worse?

"I couldn't quite tell you what happened. Miss Ermyn L'Estrange isn't a lady altogther easy to understand when in an excited condition. Suffice it to say, she wouldn't stay another hour, and went off with a noise like a catherine-wheel.?"

"Quite so. But I say, Dibbin, can you give me the address of the lady?"

"With pleasure," said the agent, in whom brandy and soda acted as a solvent. "I am a man, Mr. Harcourt, with three thousand and odd addresses in my head, I do assure you. But, then Miss L'Estrange is a bird of passage—"

"All right, just write down the address that you know; and there is one other address that I want, Mr. Dibbin—that of the girl who acted as help to Miss Gwendoline Mordaunt."

Dibbin had known this address also, and with the promise to see if he could find it among his papers—for it was he who had recommended the girl—went away. He was hardly gone when Harcourt, who had not let the grass grow under his feet, put on his hat and coat, and started out to call upon Miss Ermyn L'Estrange.

CHAPTER V.

Von or Van?

The address of Miss L'Estrange, given to David by Dibbin, was in King's Road, Chelsea, and thither David set out, thinking in his cab of that word "papers," of the oddness of Violet's question at the grave: "What have you done with my sister's papers?"

Whatever papers might be meant, it was hardly to be supposed that Miss L'Estrange new aught of them, yet he hoped for information from her, since a tenant next in order is always likely to have gathered many bits of knowledge about the former tenant.

As for his right to pray and interfere, that, he assured himself, was a settled thing. Going over in his mind Violet's words and manner in the cemetery, he came to the conclusion that she was half inclined to suspect that he was her sister's destroyer, who had now taken the flat for some vaguely evil reason, perhaps to seek, or to guard from her, those very papers for which she so craved. Had she never heard, he wondered, that her sister's evil mate was a man with a black moustache and pale, dark skin? Perhaps, if she ever had, she would suspect— some one else than he! That would be strange enough, her suspicion of the innocent, if at the same time the guilty was at her side, unsuspected! But David tried to banish from his mind the notion that Van Hupfeldt might possibly be Johann Strauss.

At Chelsea he was admitted to a flat as cozily dim as his own, but much more frivolously crowded with knicknacks; nor had he long to wait until Miss L'Estrange, all hair and paint, dashed in. It was near one in the afternoon, but she had an early morning look of rawness and deshabillement, as if she had just risen from bed. Her toilet was incomplete. Her face had the crude look of a water-color daub by a school-girl; her whirl of red hair swept like a turban about her head.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

"I am sorry—" began David.

"Cut the excuses, said Miss Ermyn L'Etrange. She had a reputation for brusqueness which passed for wit in her set.

"I am the occupant of the flat in Eddystone Mansions which you recently left."

"I hope you like it."

"I like it fairly well, as a flat."

"What? Not seen anything?"

"No. Anything of what nature?"

(To be continued.)

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



THERE ARE MANY NOVEL FEATURES IN THIS BROADCLOTH SUIT.

One of the new purple tones of the season is shown in this broadcloth suit. The trimming scheme involves purple velvet and a black velvet having a white satin stripe, the effect of the whole being most charming. The skirt is laid in box plaits, and just above the hem is set a five inch band of the cloth. On every box plait, this cloth band is inset top and bottom with a simple V of the fancy black and white velvet. The coat is a 38 inch length coat with a slight dip towards the front. It has a waistcoat of the black and white striped velvet and a flat collar of the purple velvet. The sleeves are three-quarters length, provided with cuffs of velvet faced and button trimmed, and there are hip pockets similarly decorated. The hat is of purple velvet with an inch wide binding of the same and pleated scarf of violet ribbon and a fancy ghura feather of gray dipped with violet.

PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause Pain is congestion, pain is blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created a little pink tablet. That tablet—called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablet—coaxes blood pressure away from pain centers. Its effect is charming, pleasingly delightful. Gently, though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure. If it's painful periods with women, same cause. If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets stop it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.

Bruise your finger, and doesn't it get red, and swell, and pain you? Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure. You'll find it where pain is—always. It's simply Common Sense.

We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Emanuel Connor and Captain James Leonard, of the North End, who on Saturday last left for their camp on their annual hunting trip, sent down by steamer May Queen yesterday a fine specimen of the lordly moose. The hunters have not broken camp yet. They report heavy rain in their district, but promise to return on Monday next with another monarch of the New Brunswick wilds.

Battle line steamship Pydna, Capt. Fancy, at Bristol from Parrsboro, encountered a severe gale on the 14th and lost part of deckload. The vessel is somewhat strained.

Bark Conductor, from Brunswick for Buenos Ayres, before reported aground at Chica Bank, is in an exposed position, but the pumps have leak under control. Cargo is being lightered.

The British bark Strathisla, Capt. Douglas, arrived at Buenos Ayres August 19 from Bridgewater (N. S.) This is the vessel that Messrs. McKelvie and Doherty sailed on to put in their time for branch pilots.

A REVOLTING TALE OF AWFUL CRUELTY

Captain and Mate of Barque Agat Convicted of Torturing a Sailor Boy--They Get Off Easily.

Campbellton, N. B., Sept. 26—Both the captain and mate of the bark Agat, charged with cruelty to a young German sailor, were this afternoon found guilty at New Carlisle. The captain was fined $100, and the mate sentenced to three months in jail and fined $100.

The story told by the witnesses was one of the most revolting ever heard of in this part of the country. The boy's own testimony was about as follows:

He was tied to a ring bolt in the deck by the captain from 9 to 3 o'clock, and was compelled to hold a cat in his arms all that time. If the cat escaped him he was beaten by the mate. He was also beaten over the head with a rope by the mate; his hair was pulled out by the captain and his teeth broken; he was stripped and thrown overboard, tied to a rope, and left in the water for half an hour, and then pulled up and left to hang over the side for ten minutes. Immediately afterwards he was compelled to go aloft, although he was almost exhausted. He was compelled to sleep in a hole about thirty inches square and twenty feet long, without any covering. The mate branded him on the legs with a red hot iron.

His story was corroborated in every detail by another sailor who had escaped from the vessel after being ill treated, as well as by other witnesses who were engaged in loading the vessel.

The captain and mate denied the statements made by the sailor, and explained that he had gone overboard to take a bath, and if he was compelled to sleep in the place described it was because he was unclean.

The victim of the cruelty is a young German, and his oppressors were Captain K. S. Kristiansen, of the Norwegian bark Agat, and the first mate of the same vessel.

RESCUED AFTER THEY HAD ABANDONED HOPE

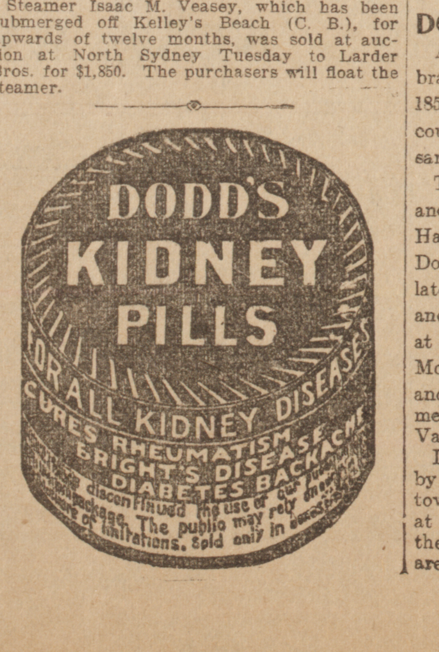
One of Princess of Avon's Sailors Perished--Three Others Picked Off the Wreck.

Boston, Sept. 26—Snatched from death when hope had been abandoned and they were about to relax their unsteady hold on their overturnea craft, three of the crew of the little Nova Scotia schooner Princess of Avon were lifted from the waters of the bay off Nahant yesterday by a boat's crew from the quartermaster's steamer, Capt. Morrison.

One man was drowned before succor could reach him. He was Elbie Norman, 40 years old, of Hantsport (N. S.), where he leaves a wife and four children. He was making his first trip at sea, having previously been employed in a lumber yard at Hantsport.

The saved were Capt. James Howard McLellan, of Kemp (N. S.); Mate John Wilcox, of Cheverie (N. S.), and Seaman George M. Ross, also of Cheverie.

Steamer Isaac M. Veasey, which has been submerged off Kelley's Beach (C. B.), for upwards of twelve months, was sold at auction at North Sydney Tuesday to Larder Bros. for $1,850. The purchasers will float the steamer.



Store open till 11 p. m. Saturday.

RIGHT AT THE BEGINNING OF THE FALL SEASON COMES THIS SALE OF

MEN'S and BOYS' Suits and Overcoats

Men's Black Melton Overcoats Regular $7.50 value,	NOW	$5.60
Men's Fancy Tweed Overcoats, Regular $9.00 value,	"	7.00
Men's Grey Melton Overcoats, Regular $11.00 value,	"	9.00
Men's Hewson Tweed Suits, Regular $12.00 value,	"	10.00
Men's Scotch Tweed Suits, Regular $14.00 value	"	12.00
Boys' Overcoats, - - - -		$3.85 to $4.90
Workingman's Shirts from - -		.50 to 1.25
Underwear from - - - - -		.48 to 1.75

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26-28 Charlotte St. (Old Y. M. C. A. Bld.) ALEX. CORBET, Mgr.

Gilbey's "Strathmill" Scotch

Guaranteed Genuine Pure Malt Whisky

Six Years' Old, and Full Measure in Each Bottle

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Ask for It, and Refuse Substitutes

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HOME PAPERS

THE TELEGRAPH AND TIMES

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THE TELEGRAPH and TIMES enjoy a greater advertising patronage than any other two papers in New Brunswick, and if business is any indication of ability to deliver results, then The Big Papers are always "making good."

RATES ARE NEVER CUT. One price to all. Telephone main 705 for The Advertising Dept.

COMBINED CIRCULATION OVER 15,000

DOUBLE WEDDING CELEBRATED

A unique anniversary was that celebrated at the home of Rev. B. H. Nobles, 185 Victoria street, Thursday, when two couples celebrated the nineteenth anniversary of their wedding.

They are Rev. B. H. and Mrs. Nobles, and Dr. and Mrs. M. H. MacDonald, of Hampstead. Mrs. Nobles and Mrs. MacDonald are sisters, the daughters of the late Leonard S. Vanwart, of Wickham, and nineteen years ago they were married at the same time in Fredericton. Rev. Dr. McLeod united the doctor and his wife, and the late Rev. J. W. Clarke, of revered memory, tied the knot which made Miss Vanwart Mrs. Nobles.

Dr. and Mrs. MacDonald, accompanied by their one child, a daughter, arrived in town yesterday morning, and are staying at the Victoria street Baptist parsonage, the home of Rev. Mr. Nobles, where there are three children, all boys. The evening was spent in a quiet way, the occasion calling forth many delightful reminiscences of the past and of the double wedding nineteen years ago.

OBITUARY

Otis Kinnie

Hopewell Cape, Sept. 26—Otis Kinnie, a respected resident of Edgett's Landing, died quite suddenly yesterday. He had been in poor health for some weeks but was thought to be improving. His wife came to this place, a distance of five miles, on business, but on her return she was shocked to learn that her husband had passed away. Mr. Kinnie was 79 years of age and was a son of the late James Kinnie, of Germantown, Harvey. Two brothers—Edward, customs officer of this place, and Elijah, of Maine; and one sister, Mrs. Calhoun, wife of John C. Calhoun, of Ladner's Landing (B. C.), survive him.

TEAM STRUCK BY CAR

In Winslow street, Carleton, last evening street car 34 on the Blue Rock loop collided with a horse and sloven driven by John G. Larrisey. The latter was crossing the car track in front of his house when the car struck the sloven, breaking the axles and tearing some of the harness off the horse. Both Mr. Larrisey and his son, Frank, were thrown from the wagon and were dragged by the car with the horse and wagon. The fender of the car was broken.

Mr. Larrisey said last evening that the gong was not sounded from the car and that it had been the custom to speed the car in the street. He said he will take action against the company.

On the other hand it is claimed that the team tried to cross in front of the car and that the blame does not rest on the motorman.

Schooner Maritana, 490 tons, built at River John in 1903, now at Halifax, has been purchased by New Brunswick interests.

YOU can depend on the rich, pure quality of Stewart's Chocolates.

They never vary in the peculiar deliciousness—the fine flavour—which have made them so popular with particular people.

Stewart's are the Chocolates you can take pride in giving your friends.

Insist on having

Stewart's TORONTO, CAN. Chocolates

THE STEWART CO. LIMITED, TORONTO.

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