# AFTER ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL CLOTHING SALES

EVER HELD IN ST. JOHN, N. B., which came to a close Saturday night at midnight, we have the following garments left over which we will sell at the Sale prices until all sold. We are determined to make a thorough clearance of goods advertised:—

**292 Men's and Boys' Overcoats , . at Sale Prices**
**462 Men's, Youths' and Boys' Suits . at Sale Prices**
**987 Men's, Youths' and Boys' Trousers, Sale Prices**
**47 Men's and Youths' Storm Reefers, Sale Prices**
**69 Boys' Storm Reefers . . . at Sale Prices**
**92 Men's Rainproof Coats . . at Sale Prices**
**52 Men's Sheepskin-Lined and Rubber Coats "**

and we have lots of other clearing lines which will be sold at sale prices until all sold. Everybody was well satisfied with the great values given during our Monster Sale, and this will give those who had not the chance to be there a few bargains. DON'T WAIT TOO LONG, as these bargains will not last long.

# UNION CLOTHING CO.

ALEX. CORBET, Manager
26-28 Charlotte Street, Opposite City Market


# "THE LATE TENANT"

By GORDON HOLMES

(Continued.)

"He must have been, miss. He—"

"Must have been? But you saw and heard!"

Jenny kept her head, though she flushed a little. "People often do put on a different way before servants, miss, to what they have in private. Not that I have reason to think anyways bad of Mr. Strauss. He was a very generous sort of gentleman, always free with his money. What I meant was that Miss—eh—Miss Gwendoline used to speak of him as a lovin' husband.

Jenny caught her breath a trifle. She did not dare to look at Van Hupfeldt, as he had specially warned her against doing so. Like most of her class, she was prepared now to cover any mistake by excessive volubility.

"Did you address her as 'Miss Gwendoline,' then?"

"Yes, miss. That is the way on the stage, you know."

"But this was not on the stage."

"Quite right, miss, only ladies in the profession mostly use their stage names in private."

"My sister never appeared on any stage, to my knowledge."

Jenny became a little defiant. "Of course, miss," she answered tartly. "I didn't know much about my missus's comin's and goin's, but she used to go regular to rehearsal. The call was for eleven and two most days."

Violet found herself in a new world. What could have come to Gwendoline that she should have quitted her home and gone away among these strange people? And what had she said that this servant-girl should suddenly show the shrew in her?

She glanced toward her mother, who, indeed, was as greatly perturbed as herself. The old lady could scarce comprehend that the talk was of her darling Gwendoline. Then Van Hupfeldt, thinking to lead Violet's ideas into a fresh channel, broke in:

"I was sure that these things would distress you," he said in the low voice of sympathy. "Perhaps you would prefer to send Sarah to the housekeeper's room while you look at the documents I have brought."

Violet, in whose brain a hundred wild questions as to her sister's life were jostling, suddenly faced Jenny again, "What was my sister's baby called?" she asked.

"Henry, miss, after its father."

"But why 'Henry,' since the father's name was Johann?"

"That is a puzzle, miss. I'm only tellin' you what I know."

"And what became of the child?" Why was it spirited away from its mother? or was it not taken away until after her death?"

Jenny had been told to be close as an oyster on this matter. "I don't know why the baby was sent out to nurse, miss," she said. "I can only tell you it was never in the flat."

Violet passed a hand across her eyes as though to clear a bewildered brain. This domestic lived in a small flat with her sister, who "gossiped" for "hours" with her, yet the girl knew little about a child which Gwen must have idolized.

"Then you never saw the baby?" she asked.

"No, miss; that is, once, I think," for Jenny did now venture to look at Van Hupfeldt, and his slight nod came at the instant of her denial. He thought the infant a safe topic, in regard to its appearance, and the mother's love of it.

Mrs. Mordaunt, who had been listening intently enough, caught Jenny's hesitation. "It is odd," she said, "that you should have forgotten, or be uncertain of such a definite fact as seeing my daughter's child."

A maid entered with a telegram which she handed to Violet. In a quiet country mansion the advent of a telegram is a rare event. People in rural England regard this curt manner of communication as reserved only for important items. Mrs. Mordaunt was a little alarmed. Her mind quickly reviewed all her relatives' ailments.

"What is it, Vi?" she asked anxiously, while Van Hupfeldt wondered if any unoccupied fiend had tempted David Harcourt to interfere at this critical moment.

Violet opened the buff envelope and read the message slowly. It was a perfectly marvelous thing that she retained her self-control, for the telegram was from Dibbin at Dundee.

Have just concluded sale, after three days' private negotiation here. Your moiety five hundred pounds. Letter follows.

It referred to a long-deferred bequest from a cousin, and was a simple matter enough. But Dibbin realizing an estate in the north of Scotland and Dibbin writing typewritten testimonials of Van Hupfeldt in London on one and the same day was a Mahatma performance, a case of psychic projection which did not enter into the ordinary scheme of things.

Nevertheless, Violet, save for one flash of intensest surprise in those deep eyes of hers, maintained her self-control. She had been so tried already that her mind could withstand any shock. "It is nothing, mother—merely a reference to the Auchlachan affair," she said, crushing the telegram into a little ball in her hand.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Mordaunt, greatly relieved. "I dreamed of Aunt Jane last night."

"Well, now," said Van Hupfeldt, after a bound or two of his heart, "what do you say? Mr. Sharpe will be here soon."

"You have the certificates and the diary?" said Violet.

"The certificates, yes; not the diary. On calm thought, I have decided irrevocably that the diary shall not be placed in your hands until the lapse of our six months' agreement. I have yielded every other point; there I am rigid."

"Do you assign any reason?"

"Yes, my right as your affianced husband to preserve you from the grief and morbidness of reading a record of suffering. I would not have you a weeping bride. When you return from our wedding-tour I shall hand you the diary, no sooner."

"The certificates, then," said Violet, composedly.

Van Hupfeldt took two papers from a pocket-book. One recorded the marriage of Henry Van Hupfeldt to Gwendoline Mordaunt at the office of the Brighton registrar. The other was the certificate of the birth of the child in the same town a year later.

It was a fine piece of daring for the man to produce these documents. His own name; his age, thirty eight; his occupation, gentleman, were set forth on the long narrow strip, and the address was given as No. 7 Eddystone Mansions, London, W. Even Mrs. Mordaunt was startled when she glanced over her daughter's shoulder at the papers.

Suddenly Violet thought she saw a ray of light. "Was this man a brother, some near relative, of yours?" she asked.

"No, no relation." Van Hupfeldt was taken aback, and the negative flew out before he realized that this might have been a good card to play. But no; Violet would never have married him then.

"What a mystery! To think that he should adopt your name, be of your apparent age, and yet that you should come here to Rigsworth and make oup acquaintance!"

"No mystery at all. You drag everything from me like a skilled lawyer. Strauss did more than borrow my name; he forged it. There was a police inquiry I was called into it. My curiosity was aroused. I learned something of your sister's story, and I took steps to meet you."

"Introduced by Lord Vanstone!" murmured Mrs. Mordaunt.

"Yes, some one. I quickly forgot all else when I was granted the privilege of your friendship."

And he took Violet's hand and kissed it, with a delicate grace that was courtly in him.

Sharpe was announced. Mrs. Mordaunt sent Jenny away in a maid's escort, and Violet knew that her hour of final yielding was near.

She still held the certificates. "Am I to keep these?" she asked, while her mouth quivered slightly. She was thinking, thinking, all the time, of David and Dibbin and of the queer collapse of Gwendoline which made that little Cockney woman her companion. But what plea could she urge now? She could only ask for a few days' respite, just to clear away some lingering doubts, and then— But, for mother's sake, no protests now, nor tears, nor questions.

Sharpe's ferret eyes took in the altered situation. Yesterday's clouds had passed. A glance from Van Hupfeldt brought him to business. There was a marriage settlement of five thousand pounds per annum, to be increased to twice the amount in the event of widowhood—and Sharpe explained the legal proviso that Violet was to be free to marry again, if so minded, without forfeiting any portion of this magnificent yearly revenue.

"Most generous!" Mrs. Mordaunt could not help saying, and even the girl herself, miserable and drooping as a caged thrush, knew that Van Hupfeldt was showing himself a princely suitor.

"And now follows a somewhat unusual document," said Sharpe in his brisk legal way. "Mr. Van Hupfeldt has instructed me to prepare a will, leaving all his real and personal estate to Miss Violet Morraunt, he being confident that she will faithfully carry out certain instructions of his own. Of course, this instrument will have a very brief life. Marriage, I may explain, Miss Mordaunt, invalidates all wills previously executed by either of the parties. Hence, it is intended only to cover the interregnum, so to speak, between today's bachelordom and the marriage ceremony of—er—"

"Of this day week?" asked Van Hupfeldt, eagerly.

"Be it so," said Violet, for she had a plan in her mind now, and whatever happened, a week's grace was sufficient.

"Mrs. Mordaunt and I are appointed trustees pro tem for the purposes of the marriage settlement," went on Sharpe. "Mr. Van Hupfeldt will, of course, execute a fresh will after marriage. All we need now are two witnesses for various signatures. My clerk, who is waiting in the hall, will serve as one."

"The girl, Sarah Gissing, who was here just now, might be called in," said Mrs. Mordaunt.

"No, no!" cried Van Hupfeldt. "She is a stranger. After today she vanishes from our lives. Please summon one of your own servants—the housekeeper or a footman."

So Violet and Van Hupfelt and Mrs. Mordaunt and the witnesses signed their names on various parchments at places where the lawyer had marked little crosses in pencil.

Violet, as in a dream, saw the name "Henry Van Hupfeldt" above that of "Violet Mordaunt," just as it appeared over "Gwendoline Mordaunt" in the marriage certificate. In her eyes, the tiny crosses made the great squares of vellum look like the chart of a cemetery. Yet there was something singing sweetly in her ears: "You still have a week of liberty. Use your time well. Not all the law in the land can force you to the altar unless you wish it." And this lullaby was soothing.

Soon the solicitor took off himself and his duplicates, for he handed certain originals to Violet, advising her to intrust them to the care of a bank or her mother's legal advisers. Van Hupfeldt, with a creditable tact, set himself to entertain the two ladies, and when Violet wished to interview "Sarah Gissing" again, he explained that the girl had been sent back to London by his orders.

"No more tears," he said earnestly; "no more doubtings and wonderings. When we return from a tour in the States you shall meet her again and satisfy all your cravings."

Evidently his design was to remain at Dale Manor until then, even quietly married, and, meanwhile, surround the place with every possible protection. It came therefore, as a dreadful shock to him when Violet disappeared for a whole hour after breakfast next morning, and then Mrs. Mordaunt, red-eyed and incoherent, rushed to find him with a note which had just reached her from the station.

It read:

Dear Mother—I suppose I have freedom of action for two days out of my seven. I wish to make certain inquiries; so I am going away until tomorrow night, or, possibly, the next morning. I think Mr. Van Hupfeldt will say this is fair, and, in justice to him, I wish to state that I shall not see Mr. David Harcourt by design. Should I see him by chance I shall refuse to speak to him.

Your loving daughter,
VIOLET.

(To be continued.)


# "Brick's Tasteless"

REGISTERED

IT
- is an extract of fresh cod livers, containing all the virtues of fresh cod liver oil without the nauseous grease, the compound syrup of hypophosphites, nutritious extract of malt and the fluid extract of wild cherry bark.
- purifies the blood.
- makes the weak strong.
- is a specific in sore throat and lung diseases.
- is so prepared that it can be assimilated without the least digestive effort.
- is sold under the positive guarantee that a decided improvement will be felt after taking one bottle, or your money will be refunded by the druggist from whom you purchased it.

Can we be fairer?

**Two Sizes—8 ounce bottle 50c; 20 ounce bottle $1.00**


The annual church parade and service for the Scots Company, Boys' Brigade, of St. Stephen's church, was held last evening. There were between 65 and 70 members present besides a large congregation. Rev. Gordon Dickie preached an eloquent and appropriate sermon from the text: "Be strong, and of good courage." Appropriate music was sung. The company assembled in Carleton street and marched to the church.

THE AUTUMN LANDSCAPE.

The autumn winds are sighing,
The clouds weep over all;
It makes the weather sad, indeed.
To see the water fall.

## Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



LIGHT AND DARK FURS COMBINED IN DRESSY SUITS.

The combination of valuable furs in contrasting colors is a feature of the novelties of the season. Ermine and sable, or ermine and mink are particularly attractive. The latter is seen even more than the former, no doubt from the fact that the sable is so very high priced and that a combination of ermine and sable in even the smallest articles means a price more than prohibitive to the American woman of fashion. The muff of this set is formed of three strips of ermine and four of mink ,the ermine set with a single tail in the centre of each strip. The neckpiece is a round flat collar of the mink with an inside roll of the ermine, this latter pelt forming a vest effect, the long stole ends of mink finished with tails and tiny paws. Where the stole ends and collar joins there are little mink heads, one on each side, the noses pointing downward and the little ears standing up sharply.

## MANY DOCTORS FAILED

Dr. Hamilton Again Figures in a Case That Puzzled Other Physicians.

Halifax, N. S., Sept. 11—When the statement of Mrs. Stanley, of 148 Argyle street, was first given it caused no small comment, and again establishes that as a physician who understands his profession none excel Dr. Hamilton.

"For years," says Mrs. Stanley, "I have suffered greatly from a peculiar dragging weakness that resulted from pleurisy and asthma. Doctors prescribed but failed to advise anything of real benefit. A friend urged me to try Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut and I bought five boxes. They gave me renewed strength and energy, toned my stomach, enriched my blood, and supplied just what my system needed. No medicine could have benefited more than Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and I believe every woman would be helped enormously by using these pills regularly. They did me more lasting good than all the prescriptions I took in five years."

No man or woman in poor health ever used Dr. Hamilton's Pills without benefit; the depressed, ailing and weak they uplift and strengthen as a trial always proves.

## SHORTAGE RELIEVED

### Acadia Coal Company Will Temporarily Aid the Intercolonial Railway.

Moncton, Oct. 27—The Acadia Coal Company has relieved the coal situation on the I. C. R. for the time being by promising to fill a large order this week. The shortage of coal on the government railway had reached a stage where it was almost necessary to beg the coal companies to fill orders. The I. C. R. fuel agent, J. W. Clarke, returned Saturday night from Nova Scotia, where he visited all the leading mines endeavoring to get orders filled. The only mine to respond, it is understood, was the Acadia Company. The supply promised this week by this company will tide the road over the present shortage, but the same situation will be confronted again unless the Springhill collieries resume operations.

The city light and power station was shut down today to save fuel and husband coal for the future.

## CLEAN RECORD BROKEN

### First Passengers Killed in the History of the M. K. & T. Railway.

Dallas, Texas, Oct. 27—A wreck on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad today killed the first passenger in the history of the company. Two dead, twenty-five injured, other may die.


# Raccoon Coats.

"We are the actual manufacturers of Raccoon Coats, and can consequently give you far better value than the average retailer. We have an excellent line of full-furred, natural color Raccoon Coats, fully 60 inches long, made with collar and lapel or round collar, at $65. This coat can be sent you for your inspection, and returned if unsatisfactory."

**A. J. ALEXANDOR,**
Wholesale Manufacturing Furrier,
504-506 St. Paul Street
MONTREAL


## DOESN'T TAKE OFF HIS HAT TO KING EDWARD

There is just one English noble who don't have to take his hat off to King Edward. This is Baron Forester, whose ancestors in the time of King Henry VIII. were granted this special privilege because of some service he performed for the crown. This was a noticeable feature of the King's coronation, but Lord Forester, after wearing his hat for a few moments just to confirm this peculiar privilege of his family, took his hat off like the remainder of the crowd of English, Scotish and Irish noblemen.


## Dyspepsia

Don't think you can cure your dyspepsia in any other way than by strengthening and toning your stomach.

That is weak and incapable of performing its functions, probably because you have imposed upon it in one way or another over and over again.

You should take

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

It strengthens and tones the stomach, and permanently cures dyspepsia and all stomach troubles. Accept no substitute.




"John! Take your arm from around me at once! Don't you see that some one is watching us?"

## He Wanted Protection.

"Vhas dot shief of bolice in?" he asked of the sergeant at the desk at one of the police stations.

"I guess I can attend to your case—what is it?" was the reply.

"Vhell, she comes off soon now, don't she?"

"Who is she?"

"She vhas dot night vhen everypody makes some fools of everypody else?"

"Oh, yes—Hallowe'en. Well?"

"Vhell, I vhant some protections. Every year for fife years back on dot night some one comes und knocks at my door like if de house vhas on fire. I goes to der door, but nopody vhas dere. It vhas mystery. I go back und sit down and pooty soon it comes knock, knock again. Nopody dere, same as before."

"No, nobody there."

"It keeps oop fife times—ten times. Knock, knock, knock. I open der door. All vhas blankness. Vhas dot right by some taxpayer?"

"Hardly."

"I said ten times. It vhas feefteen—twenty—feefty. I sit oop all night. I goes by dot door one hoonered times, but it vhas always somepody fooling me. Und I vhant some protection."

"It's just the children running about on that evening," explained the sergeant. If they knock pay no attention. Don't get up and don't open the door. When they see they can't fool you they will stop."

"Vhas it shust children?"

"Just children."

"Und no mystery?"

"Not a bit."

"Vhell, dot makes it all right, den. Shust children. Vhy, sergeant, every time I opens dot door I belief I see my dead fadder, und dot he shall yell out at me und kick me in der stomach and run me off to der grafeyard, und it vhas a month before I can eat sauerkraut again und tell if it vhas not turnips."

JOE KERR.




Vas de chief of bolice in?

## LEAVES MONEY TO CHURCH

### By the Will of the Late Robert Bates of Queens County Several Churches Benefit.

Fredericton, N. B., Oct. 27—The will of the late Robert Bates, of Cambridge, Queens county, was probated here yesterday before R. W. McLellan, acting judge of probates for Queens. The estate was sworn at $8,300, of which $1,800 represents real and the balance personal property. The real estate and $500 are left to nieces and nephews and the following bequests are made:

Reformed Baptist church, Reformed Presbyterian church, Barnesville; Baptist church, Upper Jemseg; Baptist church, Upper Gagetown, $1,000 each. The residue goes to the N. B. Auxiliary of the Canadian Bible Society. Charles H. Gunter and John R. Dykeman, of Gagetown, are executors, and Barnhill, Ewing & Sanford proctors for the estate.

News was received here today of the death at Wakefield (Mass.), of Mrs. Wm. Buchanan, formerly Miss Bessie Estey, a granddaughter of Mrs. Matheson, of this city, and niece of J. W. Spurden, agent of the Bank of Montreal. She was 27 years of age, and leaves a husband and two children.


### Don't Use the Knife

That's the barbarous way of treating corns—dangerous too—any corn can be removed painlessly by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor in twenty-four hours. Try it.


In St. Andrew's church last evening Rev. David Lang preached the introductory sermon of a series of twelve addresses on the Ten Commandments in which their importance and characteristics will be dealt with. There was a large congregation present. Mrs. L. M. Curren sang a solo and the church quartette sang Rock of Ages. There was a large congregation.



A HALLO WE'EN RISK.

Caroline—If I walk backward down the cellar stairs in the dark, I'll see my future husband.

Pauline—Nonsense! You'll be more likely to see our family surgeon.


# HOME PAPERS

## THE TELEGRAPH AND TIMES

THESE PAPERS are delivered to St. John residences BY CARRIER. They are taken into the homes of responsible and desirable people who pay for the privilege of reading them.

An advertisement in The Big Papers will place you in company with the most prominent local and general advertisers in Canada.

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**