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26-28 Charlotte Street, Opposite City Market.

"THE LATE TENANT"

By GORDON HOLMES

(Continued.)

"Well, I'm—" began the porter, in a tense whisper, this unlawful entry being a sacrilege to him.

But David said in his ear: "Let him alone; we have him bottled."

Nevertheless, seeing that Violet had undoubtedly stated her intent (or it seemed like that) to visit the flat that night, he began to consider what he should do if she put in an appearance. What would happen if she unexpectedly encountered Van Hupfeldt within? That must be provided for. The unforeseen difficulty was an instance of the poverty of the man's judgment where the future is concerned. In keeping his implied promise to Violet, he would expose her to grave peril; for, in David's view, Van Hupfeldt had done her sister to death in that same place, and there was no knowing what the crime a man in desperate straits would commit. David was sure now that, actuated by widely different motives, both Van Hupfeldt and Violet were bent on searching for the photograph and letter reposing securely in his pocket. He smiled grimly as he thought of that which Van Hupfeldt would find, but, obviously, he ought to warn Violet beforehand. Or would it suffice if he followed quickly after her, thus giving her the opportunity of scaring Van Hupfeldt into the right mood to confess everything?

There was a slight risk in that; but it seemed to offer the best solution of a difficulty, and it would avoid the semblance of collusion between them, which Van Hupfeldt was adroit enough to take advantage of. So, when Violet ran lightly up the stairs, though his heart beat with joy at the sight of her, he restrained himself until she had opened the door. She applied her key without hesitation.

"She trusts in me fully, then!" thought David, with a pain of regret that he should be compelled now to disobey her.

He gripped the porter's arm as he stepped noiselessly out on the landing above, and thus lost sight of Violet. The man followed, and David, leaning over the stair-rail, saw the door of his flat close. He had never before realized how quietly that door might be closed if due care was taken. Even his keen ears heard no sound whatever.

And then he heard that which sent the blood in a furious race to his brain again. For there came from within a cry as from some beast in pain, and, quickly following, the shriek of a woman in mortal fear.

David waited fro no key-turning. He dashed in the lock with his foot and entered. The first thing greeted his senses was the odor of violets which came to him, fresh and pungent, with an eery reminiscence of the night he thought he saw the spectral embodiment of dead Gwendoline.

CHAPTER XXII

Violet's first act on entering the hall, had been to turn on the light. She did this without giving a thought to the possibility of disturbing some prior occupant. The day's events demonstrated how completely David was worthy of faith; she was assured that he would obey the behest in her letter. How much better would it have been had she trusted intuition in the first instance!

But it chanced that David had written a little note to her, on an open sheet of paper, which he pinned to the table-cloth in the dining-room in such a position that she could not fail to see it when there was a light. And this note, headed "To Violet," contained the fateful message:

I have found the photograph of Strauss, or Van Hupfeldt, and with it the letter in which he announced to your sister that he was already married to another woman.

DAVID.

Van Hupfeldt, of course, had seen this thrice-convincing and accusing document, which proved not only that he and his secret were in David's power, but that David had expected Violet to visit his dwelling. He was sitting at the table in a stupor of rage and terror, when he fancied he heard a rustling in the outer passage. Beside himself with anger at the threatened downfall of his cardboard castle, strung to a state of high nervous tension by the horror he had of that abode of dreadful memories, he half turned toward the door, which had swung back almost into its place.

Through the chink he noticed an exterior radiance; nevertheless, he paid no heed to it, although his wearied brain seemed to remind him that he had not left a light in the corridor. Yes, again he heard another rustle, as of a woman's garments. This time he sprang up, with the madness of hysteria in his eyes; he tore open the door,and saw Violet near to him. She, noting the movement of the door, stood stock-still with surprise and some fear, ungovernable emotions which undoubtedly gave a touch of wan tragedy to her expression. Moreover, the glow of the hall lamp was now behind her, and her features were somewhat in gloom; so it was not to be wondered at that Van Hupfeldt, with his conscience on the rack, thought he was actually looking at the embodied spirit of Gwendoline. He expected to see the dead woman, and he was far too unhinged to perceive that he was face to face with a living one.

He threw up his arms, uttered that horrible screech that had reached the ears of David and the porter, and collapsed limply to the floor, whence, from his knees, while he sank slowly, he gazed at the frightened girl with such an awful look of a doomed man, that she, in turn, screamed aloud. Then she saw a thin stream of blood issuing between his pallid lips, and, the strain being too great, she fainted; so that David, after bursting in the door and finding the two bodies prostrate, one each side of the entrance to the dining-room, imagined for one agonizing second that another and more ghastly crime had been enacted in those haunted chambers.

He lifted Violet tenderly in his arms, and guessed at once that she had been overcome by the sight of Van Hupfeldt, who, at the first glance, seemed to have inflicted some mortal injury on himself.

The hall-porter, aghast at the discovery of two people apparently dead whom he had seen alive but a few moments earlier, kept his wits sufficiently together to stoop over Van Hupfeldt; then he, too, noticed the blood welling forth. "It's all right, sir," cried he, in a queer, cracked voice to David; "this here gent has on'y broke a blood-vessel!"

David said something which had better be forgotten; just then Violet, who was not at all of the lymphatic order, opened her eyes and looked at him.

"Thank God!" he whispered close to her lips, and she, scarce comprehendig her whereabouts yet, made a brave effort to smile at him.

He had carried her into the little drawing-room, and he now placed her in a chair. "Have no fear," he said. "I am here. I shall not leave you."

He ran to the door. "If that man's condition is serious, you had better summon a doctor," he cried to the porter, whom he saw engaged in the effort to prop Van Hupfeldt's body against a chair. David was pitiless, perhaps; he had not recovered from the shock of finding Violet lying prostrate.

"He mustn't be allowed to fall down, sir," said Jim, anxiously, "or he will choke. I've seen a kise like this before."

David, though quickly subsiding from his ferment, was divided between the claims of Violet and the demands of humanity. Personally, he thought that the Dutchman would be no loss to the world; but the man was helpless. And now Violet, recovering strength and recollection with each more regular breath, knew what had happened. She stood up tremblingly.

"Let us go to him," she said with the fine chivalry of woman, and soon, kneeling on each side of Van Hupfeldt, they supported him, and endeavored to staunch the outpouring from his lips.

The porter hurried away. David, wondering what to do for the best, held his enemy's powerless body a little inclined forward, and asked Violet if she would bring a wet towel from the bath-room. She did this at once, and wrapped it round Van Hupfeldt's forehead. The relief thus afforded was effective, and the flow of blood had ceased when the porter returned with a doctor who lived in the next block of dwellings.

The doctor made light of the hemorrhage; but he detected a pulse which made him look up at the others gravely.

"This is a bad case of heart failure," he said. "The rupture of a blood-vessel is a mere symptom. Has he had a sudden shock?"

"I fear so," said David. "What can we do for him?"

"Nothing, at present," was the ominous answer. "I dread even the necessity of moving him to a bed-room. Certainly he cannot be taken elsewhere. Is he a friend of yours? I understand he does not live here."

(To be continued.)

A COUGH COLD IS DANGEROUS.

There are different kinds of colds, and various ways in which they affect different people. Some constitutions will throw off a light cold, while to others it will stick tenaciously. There is one kind—the kind accompanied by a cough, the kind that turns to bronchitis, the kind that ends in consumption — that should never be neglected.

Many a life history would read different if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

This syrup contains all the virtues of the "Norway Pine Tree," combined with Wild Cherry Bark, and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other excellent herbs and barks.

Mrs. E. S. Akerly, Akerly, N.B., writes: "My little boy had such a bad cough he could not sleep at nights. I tried several remedies but nothing seemed to relieve him until I got Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. From the first few doses he commenced to improve, and when he had taken one bottle he was completely cured."

Be careful in purchasing to see that you get the genuine Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark. Price 25 cts.

IS JAMES McLEOD ALIVE OR DEAD?

One Story That the St. John Man Was Seen Alive After He Was Reported Dead.

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 3—After James S. McLeod, mate of the schooner Abbie & Eva Hooper, was supposed to be dead, he was seen drinking a glass of beer in the saloon of John F. Dunlap, at 984 Beach street, in this city.

This is the latest and strangest development that has attended the inquiry now being made to determine whether or not it was McLeod who was drowned here in August, as found by the coroner's jury.

When relatives began to suspect that something was wrong and that McLeod might have been murdered, the body was exhumed from the cemetery at St. Martins (N. B.), and a second effort was made to recognize the corpse as that of the missing McLeod.

Now comes this latest phase of the matter, which seems to make it reasonably clear that McLeod certainly did not die at the time the skipper of the schooner, Captain George Mallett, said that he had rolled overboard and was drowned.

It was the night of Thursday, Aug. 1, according to Captain Mallett's testimony, that he saw McLeod asleep on the top of the cabin, this being the last time the captain saw him alive.

J. F. Dougrey, an undertaker, said: "At the time the article about the drowning of McLeod first appeared in the papers, I noticed that some mistake was made in the date of the death. I had myself seen the man alive in Dunlap's saloon the morning after the night he was supposed to have been drowned.

"It seemed so strange to me that I went to Murphy, the bartender in Dunlap's, at once to make sure that I was right. Murphy was just as positive as I was myself that he had seen McLeod in the saloon the morning of Aug. 2.

McLeod came in the saloon Friday morning while I was there, and said the captain's wife had been sick all night and that he wanted to know where he could get a doctor. We told him where to go, but he first got a glass of beer and sat down at one of the tables.

"We thought he had been hitting 'em up a bit, for as he sat at the table his head dropped and he was on the point of going asleep. But in a few minutes he got up and went out, and that was the last we saw of him.

"If that man was murdered, it seems to me that my letter should have warned the coroner. But I never got an answer to the letter, and no one came to see me about it."

It would seem that this latest bit of information must strengthen to a degree the suspicions of McLeod's relatives.

When the schooner made port at St. John relatives of McLeod went aboard and in the berth he had occupied found blood stains.

After this inquiry the family was visited by a strange man who asked if they would not rather take a few hundred dollars than get a poor man into trouble. This offer was spurned.

The following taken from The Telegraph of Aug. 9 adds to the interest in the affair:

"The body of James McLeod, who was drowned from the schooner Abbie & Eva Hooper at Philadelphia, about a week ago, was brought here Thursday and interred. Several people are strongly of the opinion that it is not that of James McLeod."

Killed in a Runaway

Lowell, Mass., Nov. 2—Otis B. Spofford, treasurer of the Lowell Waste Company, and a prominent citizen, died at St. John's Hospital tonight from injuries received in a runaway accident today. Mr. Spofford was driving from his home in Foster street to his office, when one of the rear wheels of his carriage caught in the car tracks in Appleton street, and the axle snapped in two. The horses started to run, but Mr. Spofford clung to the reins. The carriage was overturned and Mr. Spofford was thrown out, striking on his head, causing a fracture of the skull and concussion of the brain. He was taken to St. John's Hospital, where an operation was performed.

Nearly seven-tenths of an inch of rain fell in St. John yesterday. As the down pour was attended by a wind which at one time reached a velocity of thirty-seven miles an hour, the weather conditions were anything but ideal. The temperature ranged from 42 to 56.

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Canadian Muskrat Lined Coat, 46 inches long, best Black Broadcloth shell (specially made for fur-lined garments) genuine natural Alaska Sable Collar and Lapels, Price $55. In any size. Cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $80.

We have made too many for our wholesale trade, and are therefore taking this means of disposing of them.

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Cod liver oil is nauseous —
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So that very few persons can take it.

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And note how pleasant it is —
Starts you eating at once — relieves
That tired feeling which
Every one speaks of from time to time, and the
Languid feeling disappears immediately.
Every bottle taken is guaranteed to show improvement;
So why should you hesitate to take it?
See your druggist today about "Brick's Tasteless."

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

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



AFTERNOON COSTUMES ARE OF THIS TYPE.

The overwaist type of dress, that is, skirt and skeleton waist of one color, with a guimpe of some light, gauzy fabric still holds its own among the new models of the day. Numerous costumes of this type are scheduled to appear at the Horse Show this Fall, and what is seen at the Horse Show is absolutely the best style that can be had. This model is made of a chiffon English mohair in the soft new shade known as eggplant. The skirt is a circular mode, long and very full at the bottom where it is finished with a deep hem. A panel of taffeta silk 15 inches in width extends from the top of the semi-princess skirt toward the back of the skirt. Several inches below the hip line is another band which takes somewhat the outlines of a cutaway coat. Over a tight-fitting boned white silk lining is a guimpe of cream colored mousseline, simply trimmed with bands of gold lace, and over this is slipped the skeleton waist of taffeta, centered on the top of the arm with a pleated rosette like that which trims the front of the girdle. A touch of contrasting color is introduced in the bodice with pale blue satin ribbon, coming from beneath the silk skeleton and tied in a bow just under the bust.



From grass blades tiny trumpeters are shrilling forth their glee,
And overhead the sky is blue, and corn shocks all around
Would seem to be grim sentinels, as far as eye can see,
To guard the golden pumpkins that are scattered o'er the ground.

And flanking in the outer fields are fortresses of hay;
Swift couriers of honking geese are spreading overhead;
In dress parade the birches would outvie the maple gay,
And show the world that yellow is the ranking hue of red.

Across the fields are signalings 'tween wary, piping quail,
The bobolinks are flocking and deploying to the south,
And vigilant as skirmishers on tree and zigzag rail
The crows, suspicious, scrutinize for hidden weapon's mouth.

WHY WOMEN HAVE COARSE ROUGH, SALLOW SKIN

Because Poor Digestion and Improper Elimination Have Clogged the Stomach

Womanly beauty is largely the outward expression of Health.

Every woman with pale cheeks and poor complexion needs medicine—needs a potent tonic to regulate her system.

To tone up the stomach—to insure good digestion—to give new life and vitality to the whole system—where is there a remedy like Dr. Hamilton's Pills?

Dr. Hamilton's Pills enable you to eat what you like—they correct constipation—make nourishing blood—instil force and vim into a run-down system.

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Dr. Hamilton asks every weak and debilitated person to use his Mandrake and Butternut Pills. They make old folks feel young, and weak folks feel strong. Their effect upon insomnia and langour is marvellous. Hundreds declare they soothe and quiet the nerves so that a good night's rest always follows their use.

To look well, to feel well, to keep well, use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They are mild, cleansing, strengthening—good for the young or old. Sold by all dealers in 25c. boxes.

HORRIBLE DEATH OF MONTREAL BOY

Montreal, Nov. 3—By taking a freight elevator to save himself the trouble of walking up one flight of stairs with a message, George Peguillan, a thirteen year old messenger boy at Dupis Frere's store here met instant death on Saturday afternoon. The lad started off with a message, and pulled the cable to bring the hoist up slowly, and as it passed he jumped on. As it neared the next floor he pull the cable to slow it, but got the wrong one and started it at full speed. In his excitement he leaned over, and his head was caught between the elevator and the floor, being nearly squeezed off. His body rolled over and dropped fifty feet to the bottom of the shaft.



WHAT ELSE?

Mr. Newwed—"Did you discharge the cook?"
Mrs. Newwed—"Yes—but she would n't go—so I had to take her back again."

The Superfine in Chocolates

Everything that is used in making Stewart's Chocolates—fruit flavors, sugar, cream and chocolate—must be the finest that money can buy. Our years of experience tell us just how to blend these choice materials to make the most delightful chocolates obtainable.

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