

Fine Showing of New Fall and Winter Suits for Men, Youths and Boys

For the past week everybody has been on the jump selling carloads of winter wearables that have been pouring in our store. We have a regular feast of new and beautiful things in men's, youths', boys' and children's wear.

We are especially proud of our men's suit display. We have the best suits made by the best makers we know anything about. It would take miles of talk to do them justice.

Compare our suits with any to be had anywhere—workmanship for workmanship—garment for garment—thread for thread.

Then compare prices. Do this and you will certainly buy your new winter suit here. You can't help it, you know.

This Monster Sale

is the talk of the town. We want you to come and see what we are doing. It will pay you well for your trouble.

Men's Suits from	-	-	\$3.29 to \$14.49
Youths' Suits from	-	-	3.29 to 12.19
Boys' 3-Piece Suits from	-	-	2.98 to 8.19
Boys' 2-Piece Suits from	-	-	1.98 to 5.69

DON'T MISS THIS SALE.

Sale ends Saturday, Oct. 26th, at midnight.

Store open evenings until 9.30; Saturdays until 11.30.

Union Clothing Co.

26-28 Charlotte Street, opposite City Market, - - St. John, N. B.
ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

"THE LATE TENANT"

By GORDON HUGHES

(Continued.)

It needed a fine sprint, aided by the exercise of quick judgment when he neared Dale Manor; but he was hidden in a brake of brambles in the park as Van Hupfeldt, exceedingly pallid, this glorious day of spring, walked up the drive, accompanied by the gamekeeper, dog and gun. The dog came near to undoing David; but a rabbit, already disturbed, ran out of the thicket, and a sharp command from the keeper brought the retriever to heel.

Van Hupfeldt entered the garden; the keeper made off across the park. Green and brown buds, almost bursting into leaf, were already enriching the shrubs and trees of Dale Manor, especially in a sheltered hollow on the left front of the house where nestled a pretty lake. The cover was good. The hunter instinct sent him that way.

"That Dutchman will make Violet bolt just as the dog started the rabbit," thought David, and he took a circuitous route to reach a summer-house on the most dismal side of the ornamental water, whence, he fancied, he could command a fair view of the house and grounds.

He waited with stubborn patience two long hours. At last he saw a man arrive in a dog-cart and it was the coming of this person which apparently drove Violet forth, as five minutes after the newcomer was admitted, a tall graceful figure in black, a girl wearing a large black hat and carrying a white shawl elegantly around her shoulders, stepped out of a French window to the smooth lawn, and looked straight at the sheet of water beyond which David lay ensconced.

No need to tell him who this was. His heart did not beat now. He was glad, and something warmed his whole body, for it was still waiting there in the shade after his run, but neither man nor water could interpose further barrier between him and his Violet, so he was calm and confident.

The girl glanced back once toward the room she had quitted, and then strolled on, ever coming nearer the glistening lake and the summer-house. She crossed the fine stretch of turf and stood for an instant near a marble statue which guarded a fountain. The distance was not great, and David thought his eyes were deceiving him when he saw that the white marble and the black-garbed girl were singularly alike in feature. It was not surprising, since the sculptor had taken Violet's great-grandmother, a noted beauty of early Georgian days, as his model for the face of the dryad, and it was one of the honored traditions of Dale Manor that this figure should be promptly shielded from inclement weather, even from the dew. Just then David was not inclined to cavil at any discovery of fresh charms

in Violet, but he set aside this fanciful idea, as he deemed it, and bent his mind on attracting her attention without causing either a flutter to her or to the other occupants of the house.

But she came on again, reached the lake-side path, and made him hope for a moment that she would pass by the door of his retreat. If that was so, he would reveal himself to her soon enough to save her from being unduly alarmed by the unexpected apparition of a man in that secluded place.

Now she actually passed abreast of him, with the lake between, and soon she would round the curve of the water and face him again. Her figure was mirrored in the silver and blue of the reflected sky. So light was her step that the living, moving body seemed to be as impalpable as its spirit image.

Then David's heart did jump of a sudden, for a faint, but distinct, twice repeated, "Violet!" he said, softly but clearly.

"Violet, don't go! Come here. It is I, David." The cheek of him! as Miss Ermyr L'Estrange would have put it. Violet! David! What next?

Violet was bewitched for a second or two. She looked wildly toward the house, and at him; for he stood so that she might see him plainly, though to her mother he was invisible.

"Please come!" he pleaded. "I am here for your sake, for Gwen's sake, too, and they have kept us apart so long by lies!" That the girl was greatly excited was obvious. She pressed her hands together on her bosom, though the action might pass as a simple adjustment of her shawl. "I must go," she murmured brokenly. "They want me there to sign some documents. And I cannot meet you."

"Violet, sign nothing until you have heard my story. I appeal to you for a hearing. If you refuse I shall come with you to the house. But hear me first. Make some excuse."

There was ever that in David's voice which won belief. Some men ring true, some false. David had in him the clear sound of metal without flaw.

And no woman is worth her salt who cannot act more than a little. "Give me ten minutes, mother," shrilled Violet, excitedly. "Only ten minutes; then I shall be with you."

David, peeping through the rustic timber-work, noted with satisfaction that Mrs. Mordaunt waved a hand of agreement and reentered the house. What then, of devil's work was Van Hupfeldt plotting in that draw-in-room that Violet should be wanted to sign documents, and

that the girl's mother should recognize the need of her daughter being allowed some few minutes of grace is she so desired?

But here came Violet, all rosy now with wonder, for her blood was racing, though in her eyes, which reflected her thoughts was an anger which David missed in his joy. She stood framed in the narrow doorway of the summer-house, and half turned as though to leave it quickly. "Now, what have you to say to me?" she breathed hurriedly.

David, who thought he was shy with women, soon found wings of words to pierce the armor of a disdain he did not yet understand. "If I obey my heart, Violet," he said, and she thrilled a little under the shock of hearing her Christian name so gliss on his lips. "I would begin by telling you that I love you, and so throw to the winds all other considerations."

She turned and faced him, palpitating, with a certain deer-like readiness to fly. "How dare you?"

"I am not daring. Daring springs from the heart, you know. Moreover, though the knowledge of my love is old to me, old as weary days and sleepless nights, I can make it new to you, and, unless, somehow, my love has bridged the void, and made you responsive to my passion, Ah, don't be afraid, now," for David thought she shrank from him—though in very truth this maiden's soul was all a-quiver with the conviction that not so had Van Hupfeldt spoken, not so had his ardor shaken her. "I am not here to-day as your lover, as your avowed lover I would rather say, but only as your self-appointed guardian, as one who would save you from a fate worse than death. Listen now, and believe me, for I can prove the truth. Van Hupfeldt, who would marry you, is none other than Strauss, the man who married your sister."

Violet's eyes dilated. Her lips parted as if to utter a shout. David caught her by the wrist and drew her gently toward him. Before either of them knew what was happening, his arms were about her. "Be brave, there's a dear girl!" he whispered. "Be brave and silent! Can you listen? Tell me you are not afraid to listen."

Again Violet was conscious that the touch of David Harcourt's arms was a different thing to the impetuous embrace of Van Hupfeldt. A sob came from her. She seemed to lose a little of her fine stature. She was becoming smaller, more timidly womanlike, so near this masterful man.

"He married your sister," went on David. "He married Gwen in his own name of Van Hupfeldt, and the birth of their child is registered in that name. I wrote and told you of the certificates being a bribe and a trick. That is nothing. Even if they are destroyed, they can be replaced by the proper authorities. I know where the child is living. I can take you to it. I can bring Dibbin, the agent, here, to face Van Hupfeldt and prove that he is none other than Strauss, your sister's husband and slayer. I can bring Sarah Gissing, your sister's servant, to identify him as the man whom poor Gwen loved as her husband and the father of her child. Were it not for my own folly, I could have brought you her diary."

"Her diary! Has it been found?" gasped Violet, lifting up her eyes to his in sheer amazement.

"Yes, I found it."

"But where and how?"

"It was fastened into the back of a picture, a mezzotint of Turner's."

"In the back of a picture!" she murmured, with certain strange dejection which David found adorable, nor should it be forgotten that the only time David possessed absolute and undeniable evidence of the presence of some unseen person in his flat, he had shot at and wounded a man.

"Yes, dear—may I call you dear?"

"And you have it?"

"No."

"No!" He felt a spasm of doubt in her very shoulders, a slight withdrawing from him, for Violet was ever being denied proof, the actual, tangible proof which alone can banish suspicion from a sorely-tried nature.

(To be continued.)

Chief of Police Clark received a telegram last evening from Halifax asking for the arrest of Freeman Forbes, aged 17, and Christian Chaffin, aged 20, who escaped from the reformatory there on Sunday evening. They are supposed to have taken a freight train and headed for St. John. Both are dark and Chaffin has lost his right hand. A reward is offered for their capture.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



A SET OF ROYAL SABLES.

Sable, the royal fur of Russia, is such a highly expensive pelt that the woman who can afford its possession is indeed fortunate. In Russia whole garments of sable are worn by the royalty and women of fortune, but on this side of the water, the majority of sable creations are confined to muff and stole or scarf neckpieces. This set, valued well up into three figures, shows neckpiece formed of two sable pelts, the tails crossed at the neck in the back

and hanging to the waistline. The fronts, coming several inches below the waistline, are weighted with the heads and paws. The muff is a pillow affair with a single single head and two paws set over a bunch of tails of various lengths. The deep, beautiful color of sable is becoming to almost any complexion, and they are charming with any color or costume that one chooses to accompany them.

Catarrh

Whether it is of the nose, throat, stomach, bowels, or more delicate organs, catarrh is always debilitating and should never fall of attention.

It is a discharge from the mucous membranes when kept in a state of inflammation by an impure, commonly scrupulous, condition of the blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures all forms of catarrh, radically and permanently—it removes the cause and overcomes all the effects. Get Hood's.



Worm from the nut: "Hands off this is my property."

John D. Roddick, Lyndhurst, Tells His Experience

After Two Years' Suffering With Lame Back and Weak Kidneys, Was Cured by Dr. Hamilton.

Lyndhurst, Ont., Sept. 7.—The following statement made by Mr. Roddick, lumber merchant, tells of the remarkable knowledge possessed by Dr. Hamilton:

"Two years ago I had gripe which settled in my back and kidneys. I was sickly and very miserable, suffered great pain and inconvenience. Different remedies were tried without benefit and then I decided to try Dr. Hamilton's Mandrake and Butterbur Pills. I derived immense good from their use in short time. When two boxes were used I was immeasurably better. Today I am well. Neighbors suffering from kidney and back trouble have also been cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills which I am convinced is the best medicine for regulating and cleansing the system. They are very mild, but do the work just the same."

Nothing so certain in diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels, and kidneys as Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25 cents, at all dealers.

ANNUAL SESSION OF ENDEAVORERS

Encouraging Reports Submitted at Last Evening's Meeting—Much Growth During the Year.

The annual meeting of the St. John union of Christian Endeavor was held last evening in Leinster street Baptist church, and good progress in the work was reported. W. J. Haslam, the retiring president, occupied the chair and called the meeting to order, and told of his pleasure at the large attendance.

Prayer was offered by Rev. F. J. Floyd, and the secretary's report followed. This showed that three executive and two quarterly meetings had been held, and that one new society had been added to the union. The meetings held at the Seaman's Mission would be continued this season. In all there were fifteen societies

SAYS THE NORTH SHORE IS SOLID

Donal Morrison M. P. P. Says Provincial Opposition Should Carry All Four Counties.

Donald Morrison, M. P. P. of Newcastle (N. B.), one of the opposition in the New Brunswick legislature, is at the Royal. Speaking of matters political on the North Shore, Mr. Morrison said last night that in the next provincial elections he looks for almost a complete sweep of the North Shore by the opposition.

He gives various reasons. For one, the road act, he says, has few friends in that part of the province. Again, the lumber interests, he says, evidently feel that the government is about to be overthrown and while some of the big lumbermen will remain passive others will lend their strength to the opposition fight. In former elections the lumbermen were ranged upon the government side. The government this time would also be without the aid of Hon. L. J. Tweedie, who was a good campaigner and had a personal following. Hon. Mr. Pugsley, he says, is not a strong factor on the North Shore and what influence he might bring would be solely because of his position as a federal minister.

Speaking of Restigouche, where the two seats for that county are now held by government supporters, Mr. Morrison said the opposition was sure of one and not unlikely to win both.

In Northumberland, he said, the opposition were well organized but were waiting to see what the government would do. No opposition convention had been called but one could be arranged at short notice when the time came. The opposition now hold two seats in Northumberland and the government one. The fourth seat is vacant because of Mr. Tweedie's appointment as governor. The opposition, Mr. Morrison says, should capture all four seats. Asked if he would be in the field again, he replied that he was ready if the convention called him.

In Gloucester, the government now holds two seats and one is vacant. It is the opinion on the North Shore, as expressed to Mr. Morrison by men in touch with Gloucester conditions, that the government must bring out an entirely new ticket to have any show of success. The opposition has named its three men and he says they are regarded as strong and likely to carry the county.

In Kent, Mr. Morrison says there is no doubt whatever that the two French representatives on the opposition ticket will be elected and the third man is also likely to be elected even in face of the fact that the government now holds the three Kent county seats and one of the members, Hon. Mr. Barnes, is in the government.

On the whole, Mr. Morrison says the opposition on the North Shore is organized five times as well as before and there is every promise of a big government overthrow there.

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL

To All Women: I will send free with full instructions, my home treatment which positively cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Painful or Irregular Periods, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also Hot Flashes, Nervousness, Melancholy, Pains in the Head, Back or Bowels, Kidney and Bladder troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only about 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," also sent free on request. Write today. Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box H. 71, Windsor, Ont.

SILVER WEDDING WELL CELEBRATED

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Green celebrated the silver anniversary of their wedding last night in a very pleasant manner. During the day many congratulatory telegrams were received from friends and relatives at a distance, besides handsome and costly presents of silverware and glassware from points in the United States and Canada.

In the evening a merry party, consisting of their most intimate friends in the city, gathered in the Ottawa Hotel to offer their congratulations. In all more than thirty guests sat down to a bountiful repast after which the time was devoted to speech-making and games. Mr. and Mrs. Green were married Oct.

11, 1882. Owing to the inability of their son, Hart C., who is now a resident of Winnipeg, to attend on that date, the celebration was put off till last night. Their eldest son, Nathan L., was prevented by business engagements from coming to St. John. He too is a resident of the Canadian west. Their youngest son, Harry, and their two daughters, Miss Alice and Miss Amelia, of St. Vincent's Convent, Rockingham (N. S.), were home.

Catarrh

To prove unquestionably, and beyond any doubt, that Catarrh of the nose and throat can be cured, an furnishing patients through druggists, small as Trial Boxes of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure, do this because I am so certain, that Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure will bring actual substantial help, nothing certainly, is so convincing as a physical act of any article of real genuine merit. But that article must possess true merit, else the test will condemn, rather than advance it. Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure is a snow white, healing antiseptic, put up in beautiful nickel capped glass jars of 50c. Such soothing agents as Oil Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc., are incorporated into a solvent, cream-like Petroleum, imported by Dr. Shoop from Europe. It Catarrh of the nose and throat has extended to the stomach, then by all means, use internally. Dr. Shoop's Restorative, stomach distress, a lack of general strength, bloating, belching, biliousness, bad taste, etc., surely call for Dr. Shoop's Restorative. For uncomplicated catarrh only of the nose and throat nothing else, however, need be used but

Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

WEDDINGS

Lewis-Moss.

A pretty wedding took place last night at 97 Main street, when George W. Lewis, of this city, was married to Corn. Clyde Moss, of Mill Cove, Queens county. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Wellington Camp, M. A., of Leinster street Baptist church, in the presence of a large number of invited guests. The attendants were Miss A. Crawford and John Linton. The bride was becomingly gowned in a white silk dress with lace trimmings. A numerous array of costly and useful presents was received. After a short honeymoon trip Mr. and Mrs. Lewis will reside in the North End.

Hall-Gorham.

A quiet wedding was solemnized in St. Mary's Episcopal church, Newton Lower Falls (Mass.), on Oct. 19, when Miss Jessie B., only daughter of the late John W. Gorham, of Greenfield, Kings county (N. B.), became the bride of Frederic Warren Hall, of Holliston (Mass.). The ceremony was performed by Rev. Thomas L. Cole, rector of the church. The bride, who wore a travelling suit of blue Panama cloth, was attended by Miss Alice Reford, of Boston, while Ernest J. Gorham, a brother, assisted the groom. After a short wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Hall will reside at their new home Elmhurst, Holliston.

A combination of cold weather and boiler out of order gave the pupils of Leinster street school short hours yesterday. With the boiler not working properly steam could not be raised and the rooms were cold. In the morning the scholars were dismissed at 10 o'clock and it was hoped all would be right in the afternoon. But the school had to be closed early again. Some parents are wondering why the boiler discovery could not have been made earlier in anticipation of the cold weather.

GREY SQUIRREL THROW

Or Four-in-Hand, and Pillow Muff to match, at

\$15.00

The scarf is Sixty inches long, lined with best broadcloth silk; the Muff is made in the finest possible manner. The fur used is choice Russian clear grey Squirrel. These cannot be purchased retail for less than twice the price.

We will forward a set C. O. D. allowing you the privilege of returning same if not satisfactory.

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

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

"BRICK'S TASTELESS"

Renovates the entire system.

Is palatable and can be easily assimilated.

Cod liver oil is nauseous—

Knocks out the stomach,

So that very few persons can take it.

Take a dose of "Brick's Tasteless"

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