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## UNION CLOTHING CO.

26-28 Charlotte Street, opposite City Market

### DON'T MISS THIS SALE

#### "THE LATE TENANT"

By GORDON HOLMES

(Continued.)

After two days came an answer: Miss Mordant thanked Mr. Harcourt extremely for his pains, and would be glad to receive the book to which he referred at "the above address," that address being: "The Cedars, Birdlip, Gloucestershire."

David actually had the diary wrapped up to send to this address. Then he paused. The handwriting of the note was not quite like that of the note in which she had made the appointment with him at the grave. It was rather like the writing of the note which he had found with the wreath—not quite, perhaps, the same. And then again the address which she had given him by word of mouth the first evening at Kernal Green was in Warwickshire. He remembered that much, beyond doubt. Was she, then, spending some time with friends at "The Cedars" in Gloucestershire? He thought that it might be a good thing, before sending the diary, if he took a run down into Gloucestershire to make sure that she was really there.

This he did the next day, and found that "The Cedars" was a mansion two miles from the village of Birdlip, old, somewhat dismantled, shut up, occupied only by a few retainers. No Violet was there.

He learned at one of the village taverns that the place was the property of Van Hupfeldt. He took the diary back to London with him that same night.

What seemed certain to him now was that Van Hupfeldt himself or some agent of Van Hupfeldt's must be in the Mordant's house, and that this letter sent through Dibbin had never reached Violet. So again he was cut off from her. Not one word could he speak to her. He craved only for one small word. When that marriage of hers with Van Hupfeldt was to take place he did not know; but he felt that it might be soon. He had taken up on himself to say to her that he could never be, and not one word could he utter to prevent it. He had forgotten, and his brain would not give up its dead. He beat his brow upon his dining-room table where his head had dropped wearily on his coming home that early morning from the country.

To go to her, to tell her all, to stop the indecent marriage, to cast himself at her feet, and call upon her pity for his passionate youth—this impulse drove him; but he could not stir a step. A great "No" bewitched him. His straining was against ropes of steel. Half-thoughts, half-inventions of every impossible kind passed like smoke through his mind, and went away, and came wearily again. The only one of any likelihood was the thought of kneeling to Dibbin, of telling him that Van Hupfeldt was probably Strauss, and beseeching him for the Mordant's sake to give the address. But he had not the least faith in the success of such a thing. To that dried man, fossilized all through, incriminated in agency, anything that implied a new departure, a new point of view, was a thing impossible. His shake of the head was as stubborn a fact in nature as any Andes. There was only the diary left—the diary might contain the address!

David did not wish to open those locked thoughts. He had hardly the right; but, after a whole day spent in eyeing the book, he laughed wildly and decided. It was a question of life, of several lives. He put the book to his lips, with a kiss of desperation, inhaling its faded scent of violets.

At once he rushed out with it to a tradesman skilled in locks, and was surprised at the ease with which the man

shot back the tiny lever with a bit of twisted wire.

"I can make you a key by the morning," said the man, squinting into the lock, and listening to its action as he turned the wire in his fingers. "It is a simple mechanism with two wards. Meantime, here it is opened."

He refused even to be paid for "so slight a thing." David handed him a cigar—and ran; and was soon deep in it. The first passage thrilled him as with solemn music:

O silent one, I must tell my sweets and bitters to you, since I mayn't to others. You will treasure each syllable, and speak of me as I am, "nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice." But please, as you are good, bring not upon me any further declamation of the unhappy Moor! Pray Heaven you may not have to record the "unlucky deeds" of "one that lov'd, not wisely, but too well," nor your pallid cheeks reveal your grief because my "subdued eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood, Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees Their med'cinable gum!"

I was married last Tuesday. As the carriage rolled back along the sea front, and my darling husband's arm clasped my waist as tightly as a silver arm clasps my little book, the old jingle came into my head: "Monday for health, Tuesday for wealth, Wednesday the best day of all." The nasty things predicted for the other days of the week do not matter a jot, do they? Well, thank God, I am healthy enough, and Harry says that we shall have plenty of money by and by. Given health and wealth, there remains but happiness, and that is of our own contriving. And I am happy. Of that there can be no manner of doubt. Of course, I should have enjoyed the pomp and circumstances of marriage in the parish church with its joy-bells, its laughing tears, its nice speeches, while the dear old rector beamed on me, and the good folk of R— set their eyes a-goggle to see how I looked and how Harry carried himself.

I flatter myself I should have made a pretty bride, and, as for Harry, even under the chilling influence of a registrar's office he had the air of a man who knows his own mind. How often, tittering at my thoughts, have I pictured my wedding-day long before Prince Charming hove in sight! And how different it all has been to the conceits of girlhood! When he did come, he hoisted an unknown flag and bore me off like any pirate.

Then references to life in a hotel, not named, and the good-natured scrutiny of strangers "who knew us at once as a newly-married couple, though we tried to be offhand to each other."

Later she described the beginning of housekeeping in London, "where all is so strange," then a few phrases which sighed:

I have come to hate the word "Miss." It is a constant reminder of the compact. Harry says it will not be long now before our marriage can be proclaimed; but meantime I always catch myself smiling graciously when a shop-walker hails me as "madam." There is a recognition in the word! "Miss" is only a trifle less endurable than the "my dear" of the theatre, which I heard today for the first time.

After some days there was a darker mood:

It has given me a shock to find myself described as "domesticated." I came home to an empty house, after today's rehearsal, tired and a bit peevish, perhaps. It is so slow, this novitiate. Harry says that his influence will quickly bring me "to the front, that I must have patience, that the theatrical world is so compact, yet so split up into cliques, that, were our relationship suspected, I should encounter hostility instead of the indifference which I now resent. So, in unamiable mood, I began to rate my charity about the dust which gives its brown tone to London interiors. Thinking that a display of energy might prove a tonic, I cleared out the diningroom and made things shine. My help raised her eyebrows and a duster in astonishment. "Lor, miss," she said, "you are domesticated! You must have had a good mother?" A good mother! She didn't know how that word felt.

How odiously some of the men speak, gaze. If a woman is attractive, they oggle her; if she is passive, she is less than nothing. Men did not talk and leer in that way at R. Did they think so? I cannot say. Even Harry laughed when I lost my temper in describing the impudence of a young fop who had bought his way into the chorus. "You must get used to that sort of thing in town!" he said. Then: "Bear with it a little while, sweetheart. Soon the pretense will be ended, and I shall be only too happy if you have lost the glamour of the footlights by that time. It was no wish of mine that you should become an actress." That is quite true. But I wish now—no, I don't. I am silly and miserable. Please, diary, don't be angry if I weep over you, and if I write foolish things.

Then, some four months after marriage:

Harry away a whole week now. Telegram from Paris: "Cannot leave Mrs. S. for some time yet." He is glad that I have decided to give up the stage without delay. So soon, so soon! I am glad, too, for some reasons, and sorry for others. Is not that life in a few words?

Créature d'un jour qui t'agites une heure, De quoi viens-tu te plaindre et que te fait gemir?

Ton ame t'inquiète et tu crois qu'elle pleure.

Ton ame est immortelle, et tes pleurs vont tarir.

It is strange that I should regret the passing of the stage, now that it becomes a necessity. There I found companionship, of a sort. I shall be so lonely. But not for long. Harry returns next week. "On the 14th," his second message says, and then I think really that I must begin to insist upon seeing my mother. He can hardly refuse now. To meet her again! though our eyes will be flooded with tears. And "Vil' deat, dear Vil'! Will she be eager to hear all about it? But the reproach in her eyes! What did she think when she opened that letter of mine? How she would weep over her old, flighty Gwend! Oh, darling mother, and sweet, ever-forgiving sister, how I long to hold you in my arms! If Harry only knew you he would surely trust you, and then I would not care if the publication of the marriage was delayed another year.

(To be continued.)

Pain anywhere, pain in the head, painful periods, Neuralgia, toothache, all pains can be promptly stopped by a thoroughly safe little Pink Candy Tablet, known by Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Pain simply means congestion—undue blood pressure at the point where pain exists. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets quickly equalize this unnatural blood pressure, and pain immediately departs. Write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., and get a free trial package. Large box 25 cts. Sold by all druggists.

#### NEW TEMPLE OF HONOR FORMED LAST NIGHT

The officers of the Grand Temple of Honor organized a new temple in Carleton last night. It will be known as La Tour Temple, No. 9. There was a list of twenty-four charter members, five of whom joined by card from other temples. The grand officers present were: G. T. Blewett, G. W. T. J. Pidgeon, G. W. V. T.; W. C. Simpson, G. W. R.; C. B. Black, G. T.; J. L. Eagles, M. W. U.; Edward Martin, P. W. V. T.; J. Doherty and D. Estey, P. G. W. T.'s, and S. E. Logan, D. M. W. T.

The candidates for initiation were introduced by Mr. Eagles, M. W. U. The officers of the new temple are: James Brown, W. C. T.; R. Jamieson, W. V. T.; W. P. White, W. R.; R. Drinan, W. F. R.; Leonard Smith, W. U., and A. Estabrooks, W. G. The rest of the officers will be elected at next night of meeting.

#### STREET CAR ACCIDENT

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Oct. 16—A Mount Auburn Zoo electric street car jumped the track at the brow of the Mount Auburn Hill, above the city this morning, and two persons are reported killed and at least twenty-five injured. The accident occurred on the elbow of the avenue line. The car jumped the track and plunged down a 25 foot declivity. Several persons are believed to be still buried under the debris.

#### SACRED RELIC TO FOOD FAIR

Part of Cingalese Temple Wall Brought From Kandy, Ceylon to Boston.

BOSTON, Oct. 15—An express wagon early this morning will bring to the Food fair in Mechanics' building one of the most sacred of relics of India that has come all the way from Kandy, Ceylon, on the British steamship Ben Vreckle to New York, and thence to Boston.

A portion of the sacred wall around the Temple of the Tooth of Buddha, held in the most profound reverence by all Buddhists, has been dislodged from its resting place, and it will be seen tomorrow in the Totam, or Ceylon tea garden, at the Food fair, which has been offering oriental hospitality to so many thousands this week.

If the lore of the Cingalese historians is to be believed, this bit of stone and earth, which has threatened the wits of the little brown coolies on the steamship, is more than 2,000 years old. On the deck of the steamship Ben Vreckle, 46 Buddhist sailors lay on their faces, prostrate, without moving a muscle for hours at a time, and there was all but open trouble among them when the holy of holies was removed and shipped to Boston.

Yesterday was Swedish day, and a novel reception was given to the guests who poured into Mechanics' Hall by a number of Swedish maidens who acted as ushers. Everywhere in the hall the quaint costumes, reds, blues and greens, set off by white starched caps, met with the most approving attention. By variation of the head dress from the high peak to the fluffy sunflower style and in color and style of the short skirts the members of the Esse Quam Videri Club were able to represent costumes of five different provinces.

The attendance of the fair is still on the rise, and yesterday's figure was more than doubled those of the day before.

Today is Betterment day, and will be in the charge of the "Shut In" Society. In the morning will be a talk on conveniences for the sick room and a conference of workers. At 1.45 p. m. a cooking demonstration, and at 3 p. m. there will be addressed by Miss Mary Hamilton Hadley, international secretary of the "Shut In" Society; by Miss Anna F. Scott, who will talk on "Experience in Visiting 'Shut Ins,'" and Miss Eva F. Ainsworth, who will speak on "Some of Boston's 'Shut Ins.'"

#### A MODEL OF COMPLETENESS

Statement of Japanese Claims for Damage in Vancouver Riots One of Most Exact Documents Seen in Ottawa.

Ottawa, Oct. 16—The statement of Japanese claims for the destruction of property by the rioters in Vancouver, is one of the most complete documents ever prepared for presentation to the government. The property is minutely described and a photograph or a blue print of the different buildings is given. There are two columns of figures. One shows the damage done, and the other the loss of time to business.

For the loss of time there is a claim of \$11,100, and for the damage to property, consisting principally of broken windows, there is a claim of \$2,400, making in all a loss of about \$13,500.

The exact size of the panes of glass required, and full particulars, seem to be embodied in the document. It looks as if some of the items might be pruned down a little.

#### GOT \$1600 FOR TEN YEARS WORK

Woodstock, N. B., Oct. 16—The civil case of Amariah Wright vs. executors of L. P. Fisher estate was finished this afternoon. Mr. Wright sued for \$4,000 due for work at night during the lifetime of Mr. Fisher. The jury gave him a verdict for \$1,600, which was at the rate of fifty cents a night. F. B. Carvell for plaintiff; E. K. Connell and D. McL. Vinco for defendants.

The King vs. Jonathan Shannon, of Greenfield, for common assault on Fred Tapley, growing out of a dispute over land, W. P. Jones for plaintiff, A. B. Connell for defendant. After being out for some time the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. Tomorrow afternoon court will resume sessions in the army building.

The funeral of Mrs. John Harper, of Jacksonville, who died at her home on Monday, aged 78 years, was held this afternoon.

#### TO SELL FAMOUS PAINTINGS

LONDON, Oct. 16—Another of Great Britain's cherished art collections, that known as the Ashburton collection, is about to be dispersed, and it is probable that some of the best examples therein will find their way to America and the continent. According to a reliable report this collection has been bought by a syndicate of London art dealers. It contains sixty-five examples of the famous artists of the world, including such painters as Correggio, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Murillo, Goup, and others.

#### Near Seal Coats For \$35.00!

Made in the latest Russian Blouse Style, of the choicest quality Near Seal, lined with the best heavy black satin, at the manufacturer's price, \$35.

We will send these coats C. O. D., subject to examination, to any part of the country. These coats are made in our own factory.

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

HE SAYS HE CAN'T PRODUCE THE GOODS TO BEAT UNCLE SAM. HE HAS TRIED OFTEN AND HARD, BUT ALWAYS FAILED.

Just Like the Stores Who Try to Beat Our Prices. They Can't Do It. And to Show You What We Can Do, Read What We Offer for

## Thursday, Friday and Saturday:

|                                                       |                     |
|-------------------------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Men's 65c. White Dress Shirts, -                      | Sale Price 42 Cents |
| " 65c. Wool Fleece Shirts and Drawers, " 42 "         |                     |
| " 35c. Braces - - - - -                               | Sale Price, 19 "    |
| " 35c. Neckties - - - - -                             | " 19 "              |
| Boys' \$3.00 Two-piece Suits - - - - -                | \$1.98              |
| " 5.00 Three-piece Suits - - - - -                    | 3.48                |
| Men's 3.00 English Hair Line Pants - - - - -          | 2.24                |
| " 3.00 Bannockburn Tweed Pants - - - - -              | 1.98                |
| " \$12.00 Hewson Tweed Suits Progress Brand - - - - - | 7.75                |
| " 10.00 Canadian Tweed Suits - - - - -                | 6.84                |
| " 18.00 English Melton Overcoats - - - - -            | 11.98               |
| " 14.00 Beaver Overcoats - - - - -                    | 9.98                |
| " 16.00 Scotch Tweed Overcoats - - - - -              | 10.98               |
| " 8.50 Black Frieze Overcoats - - - - -               | 5.98                |
| " 10.00 Fancy Tweed Overcoats - - - - -               | 6.98                |
| 100 dozen Men's Linen Handkerchiefs - - - - -         | 3c. Each            |
| 100 dozen Men's 35c. Cashmere Hose - - - - -          | 19c.                |
| Men's \$3.00 King Hat - - - - -                       | 1.98                |

## Shoes at Wholesale Price For Men and Women.

100 Pairs Ladies' \$2.00 Boots, Sale Price, \$1.23

## Now is the Time for the Ladies to Get Their Furs.

|                                     |                        |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------|
| Ladies' \$45.00 Mink Furs - - - - - | Sale Price \$39.98     |
| " 33.00 " - - - - -                 | 28.98                  |
| " 28.00 " - - - - - Marmot          | 22.98                  |
| " 20.00 " - - - - -                 | 15.98                  |
| " 18.00 " - - - - -                 | 13.98                  |
| " 15.00 " - - - - -                 | 11.98                  |
| " 10.00 " - - - - -                 | 7.98                   |
| " 25.00 " - - - - - Marten          | 19.98                  |
| " 18.00 " - - - - -                 | 14.98                  |
| " 15.00 " - - - - -                 | 10.98                  |
| " Mink Muffs - - - - -              | from \$7.00 to \$40.00 |
| " Sable Muffs - - - - -             | from \$7.00 to \$16.00 |

Many others too numerous to mention,

|                                      |                   |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------|
| \$6.00 White Wool Blankets - - - - - | Sale Price \$4.48 |
| 4.25 " - - - - -                     | 2.98              |
| 3.50 " - - - - -                     | 2.75              |

|                                                   |        |
|---------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Ladies' \$2.25 All-Wool Golf Vests - - - - -      | 1.48   |
| " 35c. All-Wool Toques - - - - -                  | 25c.   |
| " 50c. " - - - - -                                | 39c.   |
| " \$2.00 " Shawls—Red, White and Black, - - - - - | \$1.48 |
| " 1.50 " " - - - - -                              | 1.20   |
| " 1.25 " " - - - - -                              | 98c.   |
| " 1.50 White Clouds - - - - -                     | 1.18   |
| " 1.25 " - - - - -                                | 98c.   |
| " 1.00 " - - - - -                                | 68c.   |
| " 1.50 D. and A. Corsets - - - - -                | 1.00   |
| " 75c. D. and A. Corsets - - - - -                | 58c.   |
| " 50c. D. and A. Corsets - - - - -                | 39c.   |

|                                                                    |       |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| " \$35.00 Broadcloth Coats, Black or Blue Latest Styles, - - - - - | 28.00 |
| " 20.00 Beaver Cloth Coats, Latest styles - - - - -                | 14.98 |
| " 20.00 Plaid Coats, Newest Patterns, - - - - -                    | 14.98 |
| " 15.00 Plaid Coats, Newest Patterns - - - - -                     | 11.98 |
| " 12.00 Plaid Coats, Newest Patterns, - - - - -                    | 7.98  |

Ladies' Suits to Order, \$12.00 to \$35.00  
Ladies' Coats to Order, \$10.50 to \$30.00

It would pay you well to See Our Windows if you had to walk miles. Be the First to Get the first of the Best that is to be had.

**Wilcox Brothers,**  
Dock St. and Market Square

#### "Brick's Tasteless"

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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.

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Can we be fairer?

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

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