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## UNION CLOTHING CO.

ALEX. CORBET, Manager

26-28 Charlotte Street, Opposite City Market

### "THE LATE TENANT"

By GORDON HOLMES

(Continued.)

And then Ermyr L'Estrange did a thing which enabled her in her own eyes for many a day. "Yes," she said. "He found out that I occupied your sister's flat after her death; so he came to see me, and if I may venture to say so, he betrayed an interest in you, Miss Mordaunt, which had such a man shown it towards me, would have been deemed a very pleasing and charming testimony of his regard."

It was only a line out of an old play; but it served, and they kissed each other when they said "Good-by."

Although Violet was startled at alighting on such ready confirmation of Van Hupfeldt's duplicity, there was a remarkable brightness in her eye, a spring-time elasticity in her step when she emerged into the High street of Chelsea, which had not been visible a little while earlier. In truth, she felt as a thrush may be supposed to feel after having successfully dodged the stack of a hawk. Were it not that she was treading the crowded streets of London she would have sung for sheer joy.

And now, feeling hungry, after her long journey, she entered a restaurant and ate a good meal, which was a sensible thing to do in itself, but which, in its way, was another tiny factor in the undoing of Van Hupfeldt, as, thereby, she missed meeting David at Dibbin's office.

When she did ultimately reach that unromantic rendezvous, she found there the clerk who had given David such interesting information. This man knew Miss Mordaunt, and had some recollection of the dead Gwendoline; so he was civil, and assured Violet that his master would return from Scotland that evening.

"Mr. Dibbin has been at Dundee for some days," asked Violet.

"Let me see, miss; he went away on the fourth and this is the ninth; practically six days, counting the journeys."

"Then he certainly could not have written to me on the seventh from London?"

The clerk was puzzled. "If you mean that he wasn't in London, then—" he began.

Violet did not show the man the letter which she had in her pocket. Perhaps it was best that Dibbin himself should read it first. But she did say: "He could not have had an interview with a Mr. Van Hupfeldt, for instance?"

"Now, that is very odd, miss," said the clerk. "That is the very name of the gentleman who wired instructions today for Mr. Dibbin to go at once to Portsmouth. And, by Jove! begging your pardon, but the telegram came from your place, Rigsforth, in Warwickshire. I never thought of that before."

"It doesn't matter," said Violet, sweetly. "I shall endeavor to meet Mr. Dibbin at King's Cross. And will you please not mention to any one that I have called here?"

The knowledge that Van Hupfeldt was striving to deny Dibbin away from London revealed that the pursuit had begun. For an instant she was tempted to appeal to David for help. But she had given her word not to see him, and that was sacred, even in relation to one whom she considered to be the worst man breathing.

The clerk promised readily enough to

observe due discretion as to her visit. He would have promised nearly anything that such a nice-looking girl sought of him. Suddenly Violet recollected that the house-agent might know the whereabouts of the real Sarah Giesing. She asked the question, and Dibbin, being a man of docket and pigeon holes, the clerk found the address for her in half a minute, told her where Chalfont was, looked up the next train from Baker-St. and sent her on her way rejoicing.

Violet, like the majority of her charming sex, paid small heed to time, and indeed, time frequently returns the compliment to pretty women. It was five hours ere Dibbin was due at King's Cross, and five hours were sufficient for almost any undertaking. So she journeyed to Chalfont found the genuine Sarah, and was alarmed and reassured at the same time by the girl nearly fainting away when she set eyes on her.

Here, then, at last, was real news of her Gwen. She could have listened for hours. The landlady of the little hotel charitably let the two talk their fill, and sent to them in the small parlor where David had met Sarah. Like David, too, whom Sarah did not forget to describe as "that nice young gentleman, Mr. Harcourt," Violet outstayed her train time, and when she did make an inquiry on this head, it was impossible to reach King's Cross at six-thirty p. m.

Amid all the tears and poignancy of grief aroused by the recital of her sister's lonely life and tragic end, there was one strange, unaccountable feature which stood out boldly. Neither by direct word nor veiled inference did Sarah Giesing attribute deliberate neglect or unkindness to Strauss. If anything, her simple story told of a great love between those two, and there was the evidence of it in Gwendoline's latest distracted words about him.

Of course, had Violet read the diary, this would have been clear enough; but, in view of the man's present attitude, this testimony of the servant's was hard to understand.

At any rate, Violet, sure now beyond the reach of doubt that Van Hupfeldt was Strauss, and that he was engaged in an incomprehensible conspiracy, nevertheless felt a sensible softening toward him. Perhaps her escape from the threatened marriage had something to do with this; and then, the man seemed to have almost worshipped Gwen.

Assuredly the gods meaning to destroy Van Hupfeldt, first decided to make him mad. When he reached Dibbin's office, the clerk recognized him as Strauss, and was rendered suspicious by his rhapsody, after this long time, within an hour of Violet's call, seeing that the first person he inquired about was Violet herself.

Hence, being of the same mind as Miss Ermyr L'Estrange as to the secret of success in London life, he failed to recognize any young lady named Mordaunt as among the list of Dibbin's visitors that day. Further, when Van Hupfeldt, goaded to extremities, was fain to confess that it was he who had telegraphed from Rigsforth, the clerk became obtuse on the matter of his employer's whereabouts. All he could say definitely was that Dibbin would be in his office next morning at ten o'clock.

The outcome of these cross purposes, seeing that David was in no hurry to meet the agent, was that Dibbin met only the clerk at King's Cross, and had a mysterious story poured into his ear, together with a bag of gold placed in his hands, as he tackled a chop prior to catching a train for the home of the Dibbins at Surbiton.

Van Hupfeldt took Mrs. Mordaunt to her old residence at Porchester Gardens, enjoining her not to say a word to Mrs. Harrod about Violet's escapade.

This was asking too much of a mother who had endured such heart-searchings during a day of misery. Not even the glamour of a wealthy marriage could blind Mrs. Mordaunt to certain traits in his character which the stress of fear had brought to the surface. She began to ask herself if, after all, Violet were not right in her dread of the man. She was afraid of his own not what; so kind-hearted Mrs. Harrod's first natural question as to Violet's well-being drew a flood of tears and a reluctant outpouring of the whole tragedy. But, lo and behold! Mrs. Harrod had dreamed of clear water and a trusting horse the previous night, and this combination was irresistible in its excellence on behalf of her friends. Mrs. Harrod's prophetic dreams were always vicarious; her own fortunes were fixed—so much per annum earned by keeping a first-rate private hotel.

The manifold attractions of town life did not suffice to whittle away the weary hours of that evening for at least three people in London. Violet, returning from Chalfont, took a room in the Great Western Hotel at Paddington; and, when asked to sign the register, obeyed some unaccountable impulse by writing "Miss Barnes." It gave her a thrill to see poor Gwendoline's name de theatre thus resurrected, and there was something uncanny in the incident too; but she was aroused by the hotel clerk's respectful inquiry if she had any luggage.

"No," she said, somewhat embarrassed; "but I will pay for my room in advance, if you wish."

"That is not necessary, madam, thank you," was the answer; so Violet, unconscious of the trust reposed in her appearance, took her key and went to rest a little before undertaking the last task

she had set herself. She carried in her hand some violets which she had bought from a poor woman outside the hotel.

Van Hupfeldt, tortured by want of knowledge of the actions of those in whom he was most interested, was compelled to enlist Neil's services again after reviling him. The valet went openly to Eddystone Mansions and inquired for Harcourt.

"He's bin aht all d'y," said Jim the porter, speculating in Neil's fighting weight, if he was one of the ghosts to be laid after midnight.

Neil brought back this welcome information, and Van Hupfeldt hoped uneasily that his trust had been successful. It had, David would be somewhere near Birmingham, and would there await a message from Violet, which Van Hupfeldt would take care he received next day.

As for David, he smoked and mused in Hyde Park until after night had fallen. Then he returned to his abode by the way indicated by the porter, and smoked again in the dark, and without a fire, until a few minutes after midnight, when he heard the clank of the ascending lift, followed by a ring at the door. In case of accident, he had his revolver in his pocket this time; moreover, his right hand was ready when he opened the door with his left.

But it was his ally; Jim pointed to the lift with a grin. "Everybody else is in, sir," he said. "Just step in there and I'll take you to the next floor. We'll switch off the light inside, but leave it on here as usual. Then we can see a movie 'em' in' up the stairs if need be, an' there's no other way in, unless a real ghost turns up."

They took up their position, leaving the door of the lift open. Thus they could step out without noise if necessary. They had not long to wait. Scarcely five minutes had elapsed before the porter, with an ear trained to the noises of the building whispered eagerly:

"Some one has just closed the front door, sir."

They heard ascending footsteps. It was Van Hupfeldt, panting, darting quick glances at shadows, hastening up the stairs with a sort of felon fright. In front of No. 7 he paused and listened. Apparently not daring to risk everything, he rang the bell; he had not forgotten that a bullet had seared his leg at one of his unauthorized visits. Again he listened, being evidently ready for flight, he heard an answering sound. Then, finding all safe, he procured a key, entered, and closed the door behind him.

(To be continued.)

### SYSTEMATIC CATARRH HAS BUT ONE CURE

Lotions and Powders Will Never Help Unless the Blood is Given Attention.

The way to radically and permanently cure catarrh is to cleanse the blood of the unhealthy secretions that keep the mucous membrane inflamed.

Catarrhal poison usually interferes with the stomach, kidneys and liver. These organs must be properly toned and strengthened, otherwise you feel sick all over.

To go direct to the source of the trouble—to cleanse, nourish and purify the blood—where can you find anything so potent as Dr. Hamilton's Pills?

This grand medicine regulates the eliminating organs and completely drives the virus of catarrh out of the system. Thousands of cures prove this.

Of course to clear the nose and head of mucous discharges, Dr. Hamilton recommends the use of Catarrhose Inhaler, which, if used with his pills of Mandrake and Bismuth, cures the most obstinate case of Catarrh even known. All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills in 25c. boxes.

### TEACHERS PENSIONS

Committee of City Teachers Have a Plan Prepared.

For some time past a committee of the city school teachers' association has been at work devising a scheme for the administration of teachers' pensions. They have now finished their labors and will submit the result at the next meeting of the association, but meanwhile it is not given out.

In the meantime the chairman of the committee will place himself in communication with some of the principal teachers of the province to ascertain their opinion on the subject. Should the vote of the meeting be favorable to the scheme submitted a meeting of the executive of the New Brunswick Teachers' Association will be called soon after when means will be devised to bring the matter to the attention of the government.

### THE CAUSE OF EARACHE

Is usually a cold. The one sure cure is Nerviline, which relieves in ten seconds. It kills earache swiftly because it penetrates like lightning to the seat of the pain. Away goes the ache, cure is complete, just because Nerviline has been used. No household liniment so economical, so strong, so good—all-round as Polson's Nerviline, which has been Canada's popular liniment for nearly fifty years. Large bottles sold for 25c. everywhere.

The following Battle Line steamers are reported: Arcola, Capt. Shaw, arrived at St. John Oct. 22 from Cardiff; Mantua, Capt. Wright, arrived at St. John Oct. 21 from Belfast for Azores and United States; Tanagra, Capt. Kelcey, sailed from St. John Oct. 21 for Middlesbrough; Cheronea, Capt. Cook, sailed from St. John Oct. 31 for Savannah and Hamburg; Pandora, Capt. Forest, sailed from Cardiff last Wednesday for Genoa.

### Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



VELVET PRINCESS NOVEL IN VARIOUS WAYS.

A costume that possesses much novelty in its make-up is this castor colored chiffon velvet princess. The style of the dress is extremely simple, being tight fitting over the bust, at the waist line and over the hips, as a really and truly princess should be. The upper part of the bodice worn with a separate guimpe of white chiffon and Irish crochet lace, is Japanese in outline. The material is draped on the shoulders and cut out to form the exaggerated mandarin armholes and stole effects both back and front. Huge embroidered buttons in black, gray and white are set in groups of two on the

sleeve inside of circles of white cloth embroidered around the edge with heavy white silk. Over the shoulders are appliques. This decoration matches that on the front of the skirt, a feature which makes this gown one of great value. A novel effect is created at the bottom of the skirt by a heavy cording of feather-bone run in a very narrow hem and at the top of the applique border is another cording. The effect is attractive and the skirt does not cling in around the feet like it would were it not treated in this manner. Velvet of the chiffon quality and velveteen should always have some support in the skirt to give it a fashionable flare.

### THIS LITTLE STRIKE DID NOT LAST LONG

Difficulty at Springhill Mines in Which Six Miners Were Interested is Speedily Adjusted.

Springhill, N. S., Nov. 1.—J. R. Cowans allowed work to be resumed at the Springhill coal mines on the distinct understanding that the award of the board of conciliation should be accepted. He said he would proceed on no other basis. He further said: "There will be no reductions, there can be no advances." Six men refused to work today because

they were given notice that the rate per box for coal digging in their places would be reduced by two cents. The men at once returned home and saw the managing committee of the lodge. A special meeting was the result tonight when one of the managers was sent to inform the men they were to go back to their places in the morning and that they would be paid the full rate.

Underground Manager Hargraves informed the committee tonight, which was sent from the meeting to see him, that the matter was all a mistake. He did not know of Mr. Cowans' statement that there would be no reduction. The men then returned to work.

This prompt action is very satisfactory, as otherwise the mines might have been idle tomorrow. It shows that Mr. Cowans stands by his statement regarding conditions of work and on the other hand that the men are relying on the word of the general manager that if there can be no advance there shall be no reductions.

## NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE

Is the original remedy that "kills the dandruff germ"

WITHOUT dandruff the hair must grow luxuriantly, except in chronic baldness, which is incurable. Dandruff is a contagious disease caused by a germ or microbe. To cure dandruff, this germ—a tiny vegetable growth—must be destroyed and kept out of the scalp by Newbro's Herpicide.

### A WOMAN TO BE PRETTY

A woman to be pretty must have pretty hair. Beautiful locks have a subtle charm, for the poet says, "fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare." The unpoetic and intensely real dandruff microbe makes the hair dull, brittle and lusterless with later dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair. Newbro's Herpicide destroys this enemy of beauty and enables the hair to resume its natural luster and abundance. Almost marvelous results sometimes follow the continued use of Herpicide. Overcomes excessive oiliness and makes the hair light and fluffy. It contains no grease or dye. Stops itching of the scalp almost instantly.

Discriminating ladies who have used Newbro's Herpicide, speak of it in the highest terms, for its almost magical effect upon the scalp, and also for its excellence as a regular hair dressing. It is delightfully fragrant and refreshing.

"I have found Newbro's Herpicide excellent for the hair. The first application stops itching of the scalp and it leaves the hair soft and silky."  
(Signed) EDNA D. ALLEN,  
Syracuse, N. Y.

Two Sizes—50c. and \$1.00 at Drug Stores.

Send 10c. in stamps to the Herpicide Co., Dept. N., Detroit, Mich., for a sample. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 915.

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