

Men's Tweed Suits
\$7.00 to \$20.00

Men's Melton Overcoats
\$5.60 to \$20.00

Boys' Overcoats
\$3.85 to \$6.00

Men's Underwear
from 50c. to \$1.75

UNION CLOTHING CO.
26 and 28 Charlotte Street,
(Old Y. M. C. A. Building.)
ALEX. CORBET, Manager

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



EFFECTIVE BRAIDINGS ON LANSDOWNE WAIST.

This house is what is known as a costume model, being made along the lines of the bodice to the dressy afternoon costume, with fully boned-lining and attached girdle to be worn over the skirt band. The material is in rose colored Lansdowne and the trimmings rose velvet and braid and cream Venice lace. The Venice lace forms the collar and neck piece to the jumper, which is almost entirely covered with soutache braidings applied in Byzantine design. The soutache is posed both flat and on the side. Dresden buttons complementing the color of the material are set on the shoulders and down the fronts in clusters of two; likewise on the sleeves where the pointed turnback cuffs are secured to the lace. The girdle is of panne velvet crushed over the boned lining and trimmed with two buttons in the back.

The Magic Cap

BY ANNIE JAMES.

Once there lived in a pretty village a family by the name of Corbin. There was the father, Jacob Corbin, the mother, Nancy Corbin, the son, Andy Corbin, and the daughter, Rachel Corbin. Jacob Corbin was a smith, making armor and weapons, and his son Andy assisted him. It was known far and wide throughout the land that the armour and shields made by Jacob Corbin were the very best and that the weapons of his make were the strongest and surest. No sword blade ever broke that the smith Corbin had passed from his work-shop, and no shield was ever pierced that bore the print of Jacob Corbin's hammer. And so it was that he was very busy from morning till night filling many orders that poured into them for weapons and armour.

And so it came to pass that the country in which Jacob Corbin lived was strong on account of his warriors and their splendid equipments for battle. And no country adjoining ever dared to engage it in warfare, for all knew that to do so meant sure defeat.

Now the name of the country was Goodland, and the inhabitants were true to their country's name. They were a peace-loving people and dwelt in harmony with their own domain. But they knew that they were surrounded by warlike people who coveted their rich valleys and uplands and therefore they kept themselves well prepared to repel the invasion of the enemy. Every day the warriors—fighters in name only, for they lived in peace with all who would contenance peace—would go out into the open country and practice with arms. Also they would try their strength at wrestling, boxing, running and leaping. So they became a powerful people in strength and endurance. Thus they were safe from their covetous neighbors who feared to invade Goodland territory.

But one small country lying alongside Goodland became so envious of its thrifty neighbors' contentment and plenty that its people decided to employ old witch, who lived in the mountains, to assist them in taking possession of the much coveted country.

"You must get rid of Jacob Corbin, the smith," declared the old witch. "He it is who makes the armour and weapons by which you are held in check. So long as he makes such splendid weapons and armour you cannot get together an army that can stand against the Goodlanders."

"But how shall we go about the business of ridding the country of Jacob Corbin?" asked the leader of the band of men who had gone to enlist the aid of the old witch in their wicked enterprise.

"Leave that to me," said the old witch, grinning cunningly. "I'll attend to that part of the work."

And so the envious people of the country called Envydom left the matter of doing away with Jacob Corbin in the hands of the old witch. And the following day she went down into the beautiful valley of Goodland, directing her steps to the smith's shop at the very outskirts of the village. But as she went along she changed her appearance so that no one would know her, and when she stepped into the shop she was dressed in a poor woman's dress with a very sad face. Bowing respectfully to Jacob Corbin the old witch said: "Pray, good man, are you not the great armourer?"

Jacob Corbin laid his hammer aside and came to speak with the woman whose sad face had won his sympathy. "Yes, my good woman, I'm Jacob Corbin, the smith. Can I be of service to you?"

"Sir, my last son, a youth, lies dying and asks me to fetch you to his bedside. We live in the country many miles from the village, and we shall be weary of foot ere we reach there. But so anxious is my son to see you—for he has a secret to confide to you about the making of chained armour—that he begs me not to tarry to rest, but to be off with you as soon as you could arrange to accompany me."

Being a good man and having no suspicions in his heart, Jacob Corbin told his son to go on with the work that was on the anvil. He also told him to give the news of his journey to the wife and daughter when he should go home at noon for his dinner. "And say that I may not return till night," he added as he left the shop in company with the old witch, who appeared to be a good and honest woman of the poorer class.

All that afternoon Jacob Corbin traveled on foot in the company of the disguised witch. At nightfall they stopped at

Gilbey's "Strathmill" Scotch

Guaranteed Genuine Pure Malt Whisky

Six Years' Old, and Full Measure in Each Bottle

FOR SALE IN ALL THE BEST BARS IN CANADA

Ask for It, and Refuse Substitutes

Agents: McINTYRE & COMEAU, LIMITED, ST. JOHN, N. B.

WHERE DOES THE PAPER GO?

The first question asked by a general advertiser. The *Telegraph* and *Times* reach that class of people who subscribe and agree to pay for the reading privilege. These papers go first hand from the publishers by carrier and not through street boys to be left in office or store by purchaser after reading. Common sense teaches that every paper passed into homes direct will be read. The *Telegraph* and *Times* are home papers. Do they contain your advertisement?

"THE LATE TENANT"

By GORDON HOLMES

(Continued)

"No game," said he, assuming the necessary jauntiness. "Should old acquaintance be forgot?" They drove together to the Cafe Royal.

"It was just as I tell you," she explained in the cab, driving later to Chelsea. "I never saw one morsel of any paper until that last day, when the two certificates dropped out of the picture, and then I wouldn't give you because of the tiff I'm awfully sorry now that I didn't," she glanced down at the riddle on her palm; "but there, it's done, and can't be undone—nature of the beast, I suppose."

"And you really think Jenny has them? Are you sure, now? Are you sure?" asked Van Hupfeldt, earnestly.

"That's my honest belief," she answered. "I think I remember tossing them to Jenny, and as Jenny knew that I had gone into the flat specially to search for papers for you, she must have said to herself: 'These papers may be just what have been wanted, and they'll be worth their weight in gold to me, if I can find Mr. Strauss.' No doubt she's been looking for you ever since, or waiting for you to turn up. When I said to her yesterday: 'What about those two papers that dropped out of the picture at Edwynton Mansions?' she turned funny, and couldn't catch her breath. 'Which two papers, miss?' she says. 'Oh, you go on,' I said to her; 'you know very well. Those that dropped out of the picture that fell down.' 'Yes, said she, 'now I remember. I wonder what could have become of them? Didn't you throw them into the fireplace, Miss L'Estrange?' 'No, I didn't, Jenny,' I said to her, 'and a woman should lie to a man, not to another woman; for it takes a liar to catch a liar.' 'But what lie am I telling, Miss L'Estrange?' she says. 'I am not sure, I said, 'but I know that you ought to tie your nose with string whenever you're telling a lie, for your nostrils keep opening and shutting, same as they're doing now.' 'I didn't know that, I'm sure,' says she. 'That's queer, too, if my nostrils are opening and shutting.' 'It's only the truth,' I said to her; 'your mouth is accustomed to uttering falsehood, and it doesn't mind, but when your nostrils smell the lie coming out, they get excited, my girl.' 'Fancy!' says she. 'That's funny! So where's the use keeping it up, Jenny?' I said to her. 'You do make me wild, for I know that you're lying, and you know that I know, and yet you keep it up, as if I was a man, and didn't know you. If you've got the papers, say so; you are perfectly welcome to them, for I don't want to take them from you,' I said. 'Well, you seem to know more than I do myself, miss,' she says. 'Oh, you get out!' I said to her, and I pushed her by the shoulders out of the room. That's all that passed between us."

"For what reason did you ask her about those papers yesterday in particular?" demanded Van Hupfeldt, thickly, a pain gripping at his heart.

"I'll tell you. The new tenant of the flat came to me—"

"Ah! the flat is let again?"

"What, didn't you know? He's only just moved in—a young man named David Harcourt."

"And he came to you? What about?"

"Asking about papers—"

"Papers? What interest can he have in them? And you told him about the certificates?"

"Yes."

"Got in Himmel!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"You told him about the certificates? Then it was he who wrote the note!"

"Which note? Don't take on like that—in a cab!"

"You told him! Then it was he—it was he! How does he look, that young man? What kind of young man?" Van Hupfeldt wanted to choke the woman as she sat there beside him.

"Come, cheer up, pull yourself together; it will be all the same a hundred years hence. I'm sure I didn't know that they were injuring you by telling him, and even if I had known, I should still have told him there's nothing like being frank, is there? You and I weren't pals—"

"But what is he like, this young man?"

"Not a bad sort, something like a Jameson raider, a merry, upstanding fellow."

"It was he who was at the grave with her!" whispered Van Hupfeldt to himself, while his eyes seemed to see a ghost. "And you told him all, all! It was he, no other. What name did you give him as that of the husband on the marriage-lines? Did he ask that, too? Did you tell him?" With a kind of crazy secrecy he asked it at her ear, panting for the answer.

"I didn't remember the husband's name," she answered. "I told him it wasn't Strauss; but van or von Something. And don't lean against me in that way. People will think you are full."

"Van? You told him that? And what did he say then?"

"He asked if it wasn't van Something. I forget what. Van Hup—something. I have an awful bad memory for names, and, look here, don't come worrying me with your troubles, for I've got my own to look after."

Van Hupfeldt's finger-nails were pressed into the flesh of his palms. This new occupier of the flat, then, even knew his name, even suspected the identity of Strauss with Van Hupfeldt. How could he know it, except from Violet? To the pains of panic in Van Hupfeldt was added a stab of jealousy. That Violet knew this young man he no longer doubted, nor doubted that the meeting at the grave was by appointment. Perhaps Violet, eager to find suspected papers of her sister's, had even put this man into the flat, just as he, Van Hupfeldt, had once put Miss L'Estrange there. At all events, here was a man in the flat having some interest or other in Violet and in Gwendoline's papers, with the name Van Hupfeldt on his lips, and a suspicion that Van Hupfeldt was Strauss, the evil genius of Gwendoline!

"But there must be no meddling in my life!" Van Hupfeldt whispered to himself, with an evil eye that meant no good to David.

When the cab drew up before Miss L'Estrange's dwelling, she said: "You can't come up, you know, I'll wait late. And there isn't any need, I will let Jenny go to you as early as you like in the morning if you give me your address, or you can come yourself to-morrow."

"Ah, don't be hard on me," he pleaded. "I mustn't lose a night. Send her down to me, if I can't go up."

"Go on, the poor girl's asleep," she answered. "Where's the use in carrying on like a loony? Can't you take it coolly?"

In the end he had to go without seeing Jenny, having left his card on the understanding that she should be with him no later than ten in the morning, and that Miss L'Estrange should keep his address an inviolable secret.

The moment he was gone from her, Ermyntine L'Estrange darted up the stairs, as if to catch something, and on entering her flat, tripped into her bedroom, turned on the light, threw off her cloak, and put on the necklace before her mirror. It was a fine affair, and no mistake, all lights and colors playing bo-peep in the stones. She made a cursy to her image, inspected herself on every side, stepping this way and that, daintily, like a peacock, keenly enjoying the gift, till the novelty of possessing it was gone stale. But at no time did she feel any gratitude to the giver, or think of him at all in connection with it—just the fact of having it occupied her mind, it didn't matter when.

And the mere knowledge that it was so valuable proved it to be a bribe, pointed to a weakness in the giver. Some gifts to women, especially splendid ones, produce not only no gratitude, but a certain scorn, contempt, and touch of enmity. Perhaps there is a feeling of "I ought to be grateful," but being too happy to be grateful, they are bored with a sense of fault, and for this they punish the giver with the opposite of gratitude.

At all events, by the time Miss L'Estrange had taken off the string of gems, a memory had grown up within her of David Harcourt, and with it came a mild feeling of partisanship and liking for David as against Strauss. It was a wayward machine, that she-hatred under the bodice of Miss Ermyntine L'Estrange—wayward without motive, subtle without thought, treacherous for its own sake. As a matter of fact, before waking Jenny, it came into her head to "give a friendly tip" to David on the ground that he was "not a bad sort," and she actually went out of her way to send him a post-card, telling him that she had expected him to be in business that day, and that, if he meant business, he must see her not later than half-past-nine the next morning, or he would be too late.

What a web, this, which was being spun around the young adventurer from Wyoming!

CHAPTER X.

THE MARRIAGE LINES.

David had not gone to interview Jenny the day before in obedience to Miss L'Estrange's first note, because of the sullen humor to which he relapsed after his experience of three days in the morning in the streets of London. He resented the visiting of the glimpses of the moon by a young lady who donned rubber overshoes before re-entering her house, and he said to himself: "The day's work, and skip the Violet's!"

WEDDINGS

Folkins-Madden.

Miss Gussie V. Madden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Madden, and Fred. L. Folkins were united in marriage by the groomer Arthur J. Teeling, pastor of St. Mary's church, the ceremony taking place at the parochial residence at 7.30 o'clock Wednesday evening. Both of the contracting parties are natives of Sussex (N. B.). The bride was attired in a dress of white silk muslin over white tulle, trimmed with Irish point lace, and wore a veil caught up with bridal roses. She carried a bouquet of bride roses. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Sarah A. Madden, of Colebrook (M. H.), who wore a becoming dress of white net over cream silk, with cream colored hat to match. The groom was attended by Ralph Scully, an intimate friend.

The reception followed the ceremony, and was held at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Thomas J. Ryan, 27 South Common street, where the newly married couple received their relatives and many friends. The presents were of great variety and included many handsome and valuable tokens of silver, china, cut glass, etc. Among the presents was a handsome silver service, a chest of silver and a silver water pitcher. The gift of the water pitcher was from Miss Olive E. Madden, a sister of the bride, and Miss Margaret M. McDonald had charge of the guest book.

The gift of the groom to the bride was a substantial check and the bridesmaid received an amethyst necklace. The house was tastefully decorated with flowers, and the guests were presented by the ushers, Thomas J. Ryan, brother-in-law of the bride; P. J. Scully, of Cambridge, brother-in-law of the bride; Charles Burnham, of Newburyport, and Joseph Haines, of Portland (Me.). The bride's traveling suit was of brown with hat to match. There were relatives and friends present from Portland (Me.), Cambridge, Newburyport, Saugus, Dorchester, Boston and other places—Evening Items, Lynn (Mass.), Oct. 3.

Proper Treatment for Sprains

Doctors say that nothing relieves a sprained joint so promptly as a good rubbing with Nerviline. "I sprained my wrist," writes Leonard E. Milford, of Rockland. "It became very painful and swollen. I rubbed on Nerviline twice a day and put on a bandage. The pain soon went away and rubbing with Nerviline cured. Nerviline is undoubtedly the best pain reliever I ever used." For nearly fifty years Polson's Nerviline has been the leading liniment of Canada. Large bottles 25c. everywhere.

While in the city market Saturday morning, Joshua Corkery of Woodstock, who is in town attending a legal case, had some words with Rev. J. W. Kierstead, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist church. Deputy Chief Kierstead placed Corkery under arrest, charged with being drunk and using abusive and insulting language. As Rev. Mr. Kierstead stated that he would not appear against him, a deposit of \$8 was accepted on the drunkenness charge, and he was allowed to go.

a little isolated house whose roof of thatch was falling in, and whose windows were broken out. "Here we are, my good smith," said the witch. And she led Jacob into the miserable shack where a musty smell hung over everything. "Sit you on the floor, my good smith for you'll find nothing else to sit upon."

But as she said these words the old witch resumed her own horrible appearance, and Jacob Corbin realized suddenly that he had fallen into a trap. He tried to make his escape, but in so doing ran into the arms of several strong armed men. "Ah, ha, we've got you, Master armourer! And, now, before we kill you we want you to forge some weapons and armour for us." The speaker was one of the armed forces that surrounded him.

"You belong to the country of Envydom," said Jacob, recognizing the men.

"You guess rightly," laughed several of the number. "And what's more, we'll soon own your own pretty country of Goodland, son and daughter. 'It is very strange; and I think we should go in search of him. Suppose he should have fallen into the hands of the Envydomites?'"

"This thought made Andy and Rachel tremble with their kind father, whom they loved so dearly. So, when the hour-glass told them that it was past bedtime they decided to go in the direction their husband and father had gone, hoping to meet him en route homeward. But as a precaution against arousing Jacob's anxiety on their account, should he return home by another route and find them all missing, it was decided to have Rachel remain at home and wait for her father, or news of him.

After her mother and brother, with lantern in hand, had departed on their way Rachel sat a long time by the window watching the two roadways that passed their cottage in the hope of seeing her father's form approaching. But being a little girl, and unused to being up late at

night, she soon fell into a light sleep from which she was aroused by a gentle touch on the shoulder. Quickly opening her eyes she saw standing just outside the open window a beautiful fair-haired maiden, probably fifteen years of age. "I'm a fairy," said the maiden, putting her hand on Rachel's head, "and I know that your father is in trouble. An old witch, one whom I know very well to be a most wicked one, has lured him from his home into the enemy's country. He is now imprisoned in an old and ruined cottage which stands just over the border of Envydom. I can lend my assistance to you to rescue your father, but I am helpless alone."

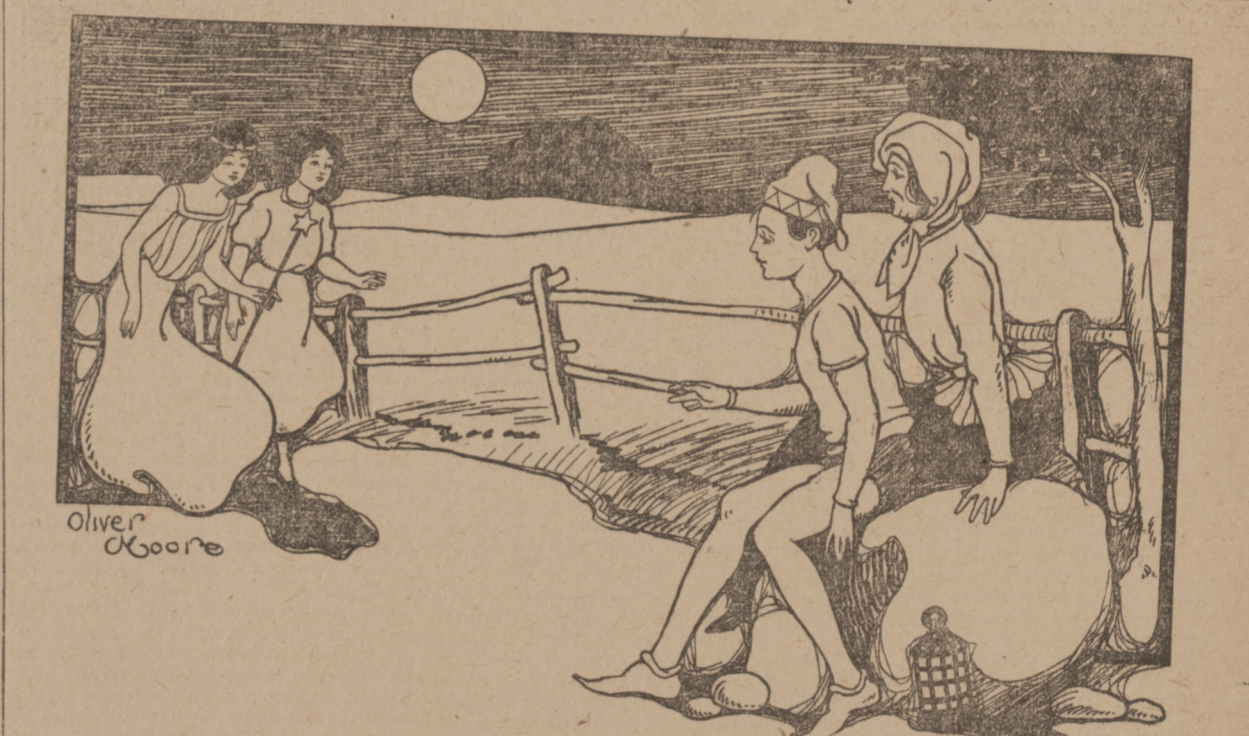
"Oh, help me, gracious fairy," cried Rachel eagerly. "Tell me how I may assist in rescuing my dear father from the clutches of the wicked Envydomites."

"Come with me," said the fairy. Rachel hurriedly did as she was bidden, and soon the two were off down the same road where Nancy and Andy had gone over an hour before. After a long walk they overtook Rachel's mother and brother, for they had given out, foot-sore from the brambles, and had paused by the roadside to rest a bit. You may believe the good woman and the anxious boy were surprised when Rachel approached them in the company of a fairy.

As soon as they came within sight of the old house where Jacob was held a prisoner the fairy took from the end of her wand a tiny cap which she blew into a large-sized one. Then handing it to Rachel she said: "You must now go forward to the house, wearing this cap. As

soon as you put it on you will assume the shape of the old witch that led your father hither. Say to the guard about the sleepy they would better stretch out on the ground and take a nap. As soon as they fall asleep—which will be within a few minutes—you remove the cap, show your father who you are and lead him forth. And, let him remember this warning: 'Beware of all strangers who would lead him away from his own town.' Now, after you have shown your father your face, put the cap on again, so that in the event of any of the guard waking as you pass out they will not be suspicious. If questioned, just put your finger to your lips and smile and nod your head knowingly. Then the wicked guard will think you have some wicked notion in leading the prisoner away, but will rest assured that you will soon return with him. Once over the boundary of their country you are safe."

"But, good fairy, will not you await me here? My father will want to thank



THEY WERE SURPRISED WHEN RACHEL APPROACHED THEM IN THE COMPANY OF A FAIRY.

We now intend to put you to work making swords and battle axes for us to use in the war we shall soon wage against your countrymen. And as soon as we are through with your services we shall put you out of the way, for you are too skillful a man to let live—so long as you belong to the enemy."

All that night Jack Corbin passed in the tumble-down old shanty, a strong armed guard stationed about him. He did not sleep a wink and sat wondering what course to pursue on the morrow.

And while Jacob was thus suffering captivity his wife and children were up and doing at their own village. They had patiently waited till nightfall for his return, but as the hours passed and the village lights went out one by one they became very uneasy about his prolonged stay.

"Why, your father has had time to go to and return from the very border of our country," said Nancy Corbin to her

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you for your great kindness."

"No, my dear child, I do not work for thanks. Besides, I am fully aware of your father's good heart, and know beforehand how grateful you will be. I also read the generous thoughts within your own noble little heart. So, I must say farewell and be going. If you follow my instructions you'll be safe."

"But the magic cap?" said Rachel.

"Keep it for future use," said the fairy. "If you or yours are ever in distress or need you will find it a great help to you. But you must use it with discretion—never except when in real need of it must you dare to put it on."

And then the fairy was gone and Rachel, in the guise of the old witch rescued her father just as the fairy had instructed her to do.

And the following day an army of the Goodlanders marched down upon the wicked Envydomites, putting them all to flight, and they have never been seen near the boundaries of Goodland since that day.

And the Magic Cap is still a valued possession in the Corbin family, it being the special property of Rachel, the little favorite of the village.

Wonderful Miracles Worked By Dr. Hamilton's Pills

Learned Physician Astounded by the Increasing Numbers of His Cures

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 20.—That unusual knowledge is possessed by Dr. Hamilton is evidenced by the statement of Mrs. MacLeod, of 514 Campbell Road, of this city. For years this lady suffered with torturing reeling headaches that could only be allayed by strong narcotics. "Different physicians," she states, "failed, so I decided to see what Dr. Hamilton could do. I purchased a few boxes of his Mandrake and Butternut Pills and their use immediately gave me the most grateful relief. Headaches and their depressing influence left me. Spells of fainting weakness, long hours of sleeplessness, fear of nervous collapse, all these disappeared after treating with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. My restoration to vigorous health is complete and no remedy could do more than Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut."

By searching out all weak spots, by enriching the blood, nourishing and purifying the system, Dr. Hamilton's Pills work marvels for the sick and weak. 25 cents per box at all dealers.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURES RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, AND ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Dodd, 100 West Broadway, New York.

Looked Like Intended Suicide

The citizen who was seen brandishing a fierce looking razor, says it wasn't suicide, but corns that he was thinking about. Needless to say his wife bought him Putnam's Corn Extractor and hid the razor—very wise, because Putnam's cures in twenty-four hours. Try it.

The missions for women, conducted last week by the Redeemptorist Fathers in St. Peter's and Holy Trinity churches, were closed Sunday afternoon and the men's mission was opened in each church Sunday evening. Very large congregations attended.