

"THE LATE TENANT"

By GORDON HOLMES

(Continued.)

"Well, God help me, then!" she murmured, half crying. "What, then, does Mr. Harcourt mean? He says in the note of this morning: 'Mr. Harcourt has not been able to secure the certificates, but believes that Miss Mordaunt's fiancé, Mr. Van Hupfeldt, may be in a position to give her some information on the subject.' What does that mean when you never even heard of the certificates?"

Van Hupfeldt, looking squarely now at her, said: "It means nothing at all. You may take it from me that no certificates have been found."

Violet, flushed angrily, "Some one is untrue!" she cried out.

"I fear that that is so," murmured Van Hupfeldt, dropping his eyes from her crimsoned face.

There was silence then for a while.

"With what object did this Harcourt come to you yesterday, Violet?" asked Van Hupfeldt.

"He wished to obtain my mother's authorization for him to spend one hundred pounds in buying the certificates from Miss L'Estrange's servant."

"Ah, that was what he said was his object. But his real object was slightly different, I'm afraid. I know this man, you see. He is poor, and not honest."

"Not honest?"

"No, not honest."

"You say such a thing?"

"But what is it to you? Why do you care? Why are you pale? Yes, I say it again, not honest! The miserable ruffian."

"If he heard you, I think he might resent it with some vigor," she said quietly.

"Why do you speak so strangely? What is it? Do you doubt what I tell you?" asked Van Hupfeldt.

"I neither doubt nor believe. What is it to me? I only feel ashamed to live in the same world with such people. If it was not to obtain my authorization to spend the one hundred pounds for the certificates, why did he come?"

"There were no certificates!" cried Van Hupfeldt, vehemently. "The certificates were an invention. What he really wanted was, not your authorization, but the one hundred itself. He hoped that when he asked for your authorization, you, in your eagerness to have the certificates, would produce the one hundred pounds, which to a man in his position is quite a large sum, whereupon he would have dumped, and you would have heard no more either of him or of your one hundred pounds. But, as you did not hand him the money, he now very naturally writes to say that he can't get the certificates. I know the fellow very well. I have long known him. He comes from America, where he has played such ingenious pranks once too often."

Violet sighed with misery, like one who hears the unfavorable verdict of a doctor.

"Oh, don't!" she murmured.

"I am sorry to offend your ears," said Van Hupfeldt, looking with interest at the palms of his hands a few minutes earlier, "but it was necessary to tell you this. This is not the sort of man who ought ever to have entered your presence. How, by the way, did you come to know him?"

"I met him by chance at my sister's grave. He told me that he is the tenant of the flat. He seemed good. I don't know what to do!" She let herself fall into a chair, leaned her head on her hand and stared miserably into vacancy, while Van Hupfeldt, limping nearer, said over her:

"You ought to promise me, Violet, never again to allow yourself to hold any sort of communication with this person. You will hardly, indeed, be able to see him again, for Mrs. Mordaunt has just been telling me of her sudden resolve to go down to Rigsworth tomorrow morning."

"Tomorrow?"

"So she says; and perhaps on the whole it is best, don't you think?"

Violet shrugged hopeless shoulders. "I don't care one bit either way," she said.

"So, then, that is agreed between us. You won't ever write to him again."

"I don't undertake anything of that kind," she retorted. "I must have time to think. Are you quite sure that all this intimacy is the God's truth? It is as if you said that mountain streams ran ink. The man told me that there were certificates. They fell out of a picture-frame, he said. He is a young man with dark-blue eyes."

"He is a beast!"

"I don't know that yet. I have no certain proof. I was to see him this evening."

"To see him? Ah, but never again, never again! And would you now after hearing—"

"I am not sure. I must have time to think. I must have proof. I have no proof. It is hard on me after all."

"What is hard on you?" demanded Van Hupfeldt; and, had not the girl been so distraught, she would have seen that he had the semblance more of a murderer than of a lover. "What proofs do you

want beyond my word? The man said that there were certificates, did he not? Well, let him produce them. The fact that he can't is a proof that there were none."

"Not quite. No—there is a doubt. He should not be condemned before he is tried, after all. If Miss L'Estrange was to say that there were no certificates, that would be proof. You must know her address—give it to me, and let me go straight to her."

"Certainly, I have her address," said Van Hupfeldt, his eyes winking a little with crafty thought, "but not of course, in my head. You shall have it in a day or two. You can write and question her from Rigsworth, and she will tell you that no certificate fell out of any picture."

He thought to himself: "For I shall see that she tells you what I wish, if she has any love of money."

"But couldn't you give me the address today?" asked Violet. "That would settle everything at once."

"Today I'm afraid it is out of the question," answered Van Hupfeldt. "I have it put away in some drawer of some bureau. It may take a day or two; but find it I will, and meantime, it is much to expect that my angel will believe in her one best and eternal friend? Assume me now that you will not see this undesirable person this evening."

"I do not mean to at this moment, but I do not decide. I said that I would. He pretends he has something to say to me."

"He has nothing! He is merely impudent. Where were you to see him? At the grave, I think? At the grave?"

Violet blushed and made no answer. Mrs. Mordaunt came in. "So mother," said Violet to her, "we go home tomorrow."

"I have thought that it might be well, dear," answered her mother, "in which case we shall have enough to do between now and then."

"But why the sudden decision?"

"We are not at all moments our own masters and mistresses, dear. This at present seems the indicated course, and we must follow it."

"May I have the pleasure to come with you, if only for a day or two?" asked Mr. Hupfeldt.

"Of course, we are always glad of your company," said Mrs. Mordaunt, "answered Mrs. Mordaunt; "but it is such a trying journey, and it may affect your injury."

"Not trying to me where Violet is," said Van Hupfeldt.

"Violet should be a happy girl to have so much devotion lavished upon her. I am sure," said Mrs. Mordaunt, with a foolish smile at her daughter, "I do hope that she is duly grateful to you, and to the Giver of all our good."

Violet said nothing. In her gloomy eyes, if one had looked, dwelt a rather lurid look. She presently left Van Hupfeldt and her mother, and in her own room lay on a couch thinking out her problem. "To go to the grave, or not to go?"

She had promised; but how if David Harcourt was truly the thing which he was said to be? Her maiden mind shrank and shuddered. It was possibly false, but then, it was possibly true—all men seemed to be liars. She had better wait and first hear the truth from Miss L'Estrange. If Miss L'Estrange proved him false, she, Violet, would give herself one hour; the writing to him of one note—such a note stinging, crushing, killing! After which she would forget once and forever that such a being had ever lived, and seemed nice, and been detestable. Meantime, it would be too unadvisedly to see him. It could not be done; however much he drew her with his strong magnetism, she should not, and would not. Why could he not have been good, and grand, and high, and everything that is noble and wonderful, as a man should be? In that case, ah, then! As it was, how could she? It was his own fault, and she hated him. Still, she had promised, and one should keep one's word unless the keeping became impossible. Moreover, since she was to leave London on the morrow, she would dearly like to see the grave once more. The new wreath must be already on its way from the florist's. She would like to go, dearly, dearly, if only it were not for the lack of dignity and reserve.

Thinking such thoughts, she lay so long that Van Hupfeldt went away without seeing her again; but he had no intention of leaving it to chance whether she saw David that evening or not. Certain that the rendezvous was at the grave, his cautious mind proceeded to take due precautions, and by three o'clock the eyes of his spy, a young woman rather overdressed, were upon the grave in Kensal Green cemetery, while Van Hupfeldt himself was sitting patient in the smoking-room of a near hotel, ready to be called the moment a sign of Violet should be seen.

Violet, however, did not go to the grave. About four o'clock one of the servants of 69 A, Porchester Gardens, arrived at the cemetery in a cab, went to the grave, put the new wreath on it, and on

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



PEIGNOIR OF RIBBON AND LACE.

What may be accomplished with ribbon and lace in the way of a pretty negligee is illustrated in this delightful boudoir creation of palest pink satin ribbon and Valenciennes insertions. The shops ask all kinds of high prices for this peignoir, but the clever needle woman can produce one equally as pretty for a third or even a quarter of the price of the ready-made article. All that is necessary is a flat pattern of paper over which the lace and ribbon are basted and then a little patience in sewing each strip of lace and ribbon together. In this garment the cross line of ribbon and lace is broken under the arm by the panel of points outlined with a narrow banding of cluny like that joining the body of the gown and the circular dounce. The ribbon is shirred over tiny featherbone cords into the lines of a Zouave jacket and this same treatment is noted in the sleeves, which are open on top of the arm and tied together with narrow ribbon amid the cascades of lace. The neck is cut rounding and finished with a lace frill which follows the edges of the front to the bottom of the skirt. A dainty petticoat of fine cotton with lace or embroidery trimmings is worn with such a gown.

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the wreath put an envelope directed to "David Harcourt, Esq.," and went away. The moment she was gone, Van Hupfeldt's spy had the envelope, and with it hurried to him in the hotel. Breaking the it open without hesitation, he read the words: "Miss Mordaunt regrets that she is unable to visit her sister's grave today, as she hoped and from tomorrow morning she will be in the country, but if Mr. Harcourt really has anything of importance to communicate to her, he may write and she will reply. Her address is Dale Manor, Rigsworth, near Kenilworth, Warwickshire."

"What do you think of this handwriting?" Van Hupfeldt asked of his sheatendant, showing her the note. "Do you think you could imitate it?"

(To be continued.)

Women Suffer Agonies from Kidney Trouble

GIN PILLS CURE THEM

There is Mrs. Ripley, for instance. She suffered terribly with her back. It ached, ached, ached—all the time. Even in bed, it seemed as if she could not get easy. It finally became so bad that housework was impossible. She certainly was a discouraged woman when she began to take GIN PILLS. And there isn't a happier, healthier woman in the Dominion than this same Mrs. Ripley to-day.

Williamssdale East, May 9th. I cannot refrain from writing you the benefits I have received from GIN PILLS. Before I had taken GIN PILLS I suffered dreadfully with my back, and had suffered for twenty years. I have tried almost everything but got no relief until I got GIN PILLS. I have taken six boxes and now I have not the sign of a pain or an ache in my back. I am now 48 and feel as well as I ever did in my life. There is nothing can hold a place with GIN PILLS for pains in the back to which women are subject. Yours truly, Mrs. MILLANOR C. RIPLEY.

Mrs. Ripley had serious Kidney Trouble. And the sick kidneys were making her back ache—were giving her those splitting headaches—were sapping her strength—and dragging her down. GIN PILLS really saved her life. GIN PILLS cured her kidneys. She has been well ever since. GIN PILLS are a grand medicine for women. Try them at our expense. Mention this paper when writing and we will send you a free sample so you can see for yourself just what GIN PILLS will do for you. The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg, Man. 91

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer \$100,000 for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists.

OFFICERS RE-ELECTED

Women's Auxiliary of Natural History Society in Annual Session.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' auxiliary of the Natural History Society was held yesterday afternoon in the society rooms in Union street. Mrs. Geo. F. Matthews presided and presented an excellent report. The plans for the winter work were discussed and it was agreed that the society had experienced a very successful year.

The following officers were re-elected: Mrs. Geo. F. Matthews, president; Mrs. G. U. Hay, Mrs. George F. Smith and Miss Grace Leavitt, vice-presidents; Mrs. Chas. McDonald, recording secretary.

In her address Mrs. Matthews spoke of the recognition of the museum as one of the most useful civic institutions in St. John and urged the members to make special efforts to remove the mortgage. During the summer 700 visitors had inspected the museum and four delightful outings had been held. More than 100 names had been added to the membership list and some generous donations had been made.

In speaking of the work planned by the auxiliary for the winter the president said the paid lecture course this fall, by which they hope to realize at least the amount needed to keep the museum open to the public every afternoon, will open Oct. 23 at 4 p. m. It has been decided to have these lectures on Wednesdays. Miss Elizabeth Robinson Scovell will give the opening lecture on The Women of Modern Medicine.

On the succeeding Wednesdays will be a course of Historical Sketches. Four lectures on Acadia: The Indians in Acadia, by Mrs. H. Roberts; The French in Acadia, by Mrs. H. Lawrence; The English in Acadia, by Mrs. Neales; The Scots in Acadia, by Mrs. Geo. F. Smith; then three lectures on foreign countries: An Episode in French History, by Mrs. Fiske; An Episode in German History, by Mrs. John McAvity; An Episode in Russian History, by Mrs. L. A. Curry. There will also be the free course of lectures beginning in January and to be given every Wednesday afternoon for eight weeks.

Wm. McIntosh, the curator, reported on improvements in the museum and dealt with a proposal to give up one room entirely to New Brunswick history. He made a request for Indian relics, particularly Indian basketry and bead work. A proposal to form a class for girls, similar to that for boys, was made.

The following contributions were reported: Miss Longmaid, \$40, entitling her to life membership; Mrs. G. U. Hay, \$10; Mrs. Silas Alward, Mrs. Peck, Mrs. Geo. F. Smith, \$5 each.

The society will at some time during the winter entertain as guests the pupils of the Netherwood school and the Rotherham College for Boys, that all members bringing in requisitions to the building fund or names for membership should do so at an early date.

In reference to the paid lecture course, a feature of each lecture will be a social half hour with refreshments served to all attending. Tickets for the course may be had from members, and individual tickets at the door.

The Hiraiva Mission Circle of Centenary church has reopened for the winter months yesterday. The following officers were elected: Miss Mabel Barbour, president; Miss Turner, let. vice-president; Mrs. LeLachur, 2nd vice-president; Miss Annie Buzley, corresponding secretary; Miss Edna Austin, recording secretary; Miss Gertrude Hennigar, treasurer; Miss Florence Reid, auditor; and the following watch towers: Japan, Miss Gertrude Reid; China, Miss McLaughlin; India, Miss Nellie Robertson.

TOMORROW, Wednesday

THE MONSTER SALE

WILL BEGIN AT THE

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YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS THIS SALE



It's baking day and wash day, too. Oh! such a lot of work to do! There're pies and bread and cake to bake. And other goodies, too to make.



And frocks for Nell and May and Sue. Must laundered be, and nicely, too. It's work from early morn till night. If one would keep one's house just right. ANNIE JAMES.

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Lea & Perrins Sauce

adds the finishing touch to make the perfect Soup, Roast, Chop, Steak and Game.

ASK ANY HONEST GROCER FOR THE BEST SAUCE.

HE IS SURE TO GIVE YOU LEA & PERRINS!

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Then there will be no Biliousness—no Headaches—no Sluggish Blood—no danger of Typhoid Fever.

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It will promptly relieve, and if its use is continued, permanently cure chronic bronchitis, all pulmonary affections, croup, hoarseness, nervous disorders due to an exhausted condition of the system, prostration following fevers, debility at change of life, or constitutional weakness at any age, and all blood disorders.

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



DIDN' GET HIM.

Natica—She became engaged while she was abroad, I believe.

Phoebe—Yes; to a count.

Natica—And is she a countess now?

Phoebe—No; she is count-less now.

Last evening Gordon Division No. 275 S. of T. elected the following officers for the ensuing quarter: R. H. Cother, W. P. Agnes Cunningham, R. S. R. White, A. R. S. S. P. McCavour, F. S. H. L. McCavour, Treas.; Mrs. Evans, Chap.; K. Spear, Comd.; N. McFarland, A. Cond.; H. McCavour, I. S.; C. Ledford, O. S.; Mrs. W. King, S. P. P. W.