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UNION CLOTHING CO.

ALEX. CORBET, Manager

26-28 Charlotte Street, Opposite City Market

"THE LATE TENANT"

By GORDON HOLMES

(Continued.)

'Did she do this?" asked David in a fierce excitement.

Miss L'Estrange laughed again as she selected a fresh cigarette to replace the spoiled one.

"Did the cat steal cream? Fancy Jenny being offered twenty pounds for a day's prevarication and refusing it! Why, that girl lies for practise."

"Oh, please go on!" he groaned.

"Queer game, isn't it? I often think the ha'penny papers don't get hold of half the good things that are going. Well, Jenny, according to her own version, spoofed Mrs. Mordaunt and your Violet in great shape. What is more, Strauss and a lawyer man wheedled them into signing all sorts of papers, including a marriage settlement. Will you believe it? The Dutchman had the cheek to give your Violet the certificates which Jenny sold to him."

David said something under his breath.

"Yes," said Miss L'Estrange, "he deserves it. I can't abide a man who goes in for deceiving a poor girl. So, at my own loss, mind you, I determined to come here this morning and give you a friendly tip."

"Heaven knows I shall endeavor to repay you!" sighed David, in a perfect heat now to be out and doing, doing he knew not what.

"Is she very beautiful, your Violet?" asked his visitor, turning on him with one of her bird-like movements of the head.

"That is her sister," said David, flinging a hand toward the portrait.

"Ah, I knew Gwen Barnes. Saw her in the theatre, you know. A nice girl, but nothing to rave about. Rather of the clinging sort. You men prefer that type I do believe. And now that you have heard my yarn, you want me to go, eh?"

"No, no. No hurry at all."

"You dear David! Mouth all 'No eyes all 'Yes.' That's it. Treat me like an old shoe. Bless you! we women worship that sort of thing, until, all at once, we blaze up. Well, you will give Strauss a drubbing one of these days, and I shan't be sorry. I hate pretty men. They are all affectation, and waxy like a barber's doll. Well, ta-ta! You're going to have a nice, pleasant day, I can see. But, fair play, mind. No telling tales about your little Ermyn. I have done more for you today than I would do for any other man in creation. And some day you must bring your Violet to tea; I promise to be good and talk nice. There, now; ain't I a wonder?"

And she was gone, in a whirl of flounces and high heels, the last he heard of her when she declined to let him come to the door "with that glare" in his eye being her friendly hail to the lift-man: "Hello, Jimmie! Like old times to see you again. How's the wife and the kiddies?"

Left to his own devices, David was at his wits' end to know how to act for the best. At last he wrote a telegram to Violet:

The girl you met yesterday as Sarah Gissing was not your sister's maid, but another woman masquerading in her stead. I implore you and your mother to come to London and meet me in Mr. Dibbin's office. He knows the real Sarah Gissing and will produce her.

This was definite enough, and he thought the introduction of Dibbin's name would be helpful with Mrs. Mordaunt. Then he rushed off to see Dibbin himself, but he learned from a clerk that the agent would not arrive from Scotland until six-thirty p. m., "which is a pity," said the clerk, ruefully, "because a first-rate commission has just come in for him by wire."

"Some one in a hurry?" said Harcourt, speaking rather to cloak his own disappointment than out of any commiseration for Dibbin's loss.

"I should think so, indeed. Fifty sovereigns sent by telegraph, just to get him quick to Portsmouth."

David heard, and wondered. He made a chance shot. "I expect that is my friend, Van Hupfeldt," he said.

"The very man!" gasped the clerk.

"Oh, there is no harm done. Mr. Dibbin comes to King's Cross, I suppose?"

"Yes. I shall be there to meet him.

Certainly things were lively at Rigsworth. David had a serious notion of going there by the next train. But he returned to Eddystone Mansions, in case there might be an answer from Violet. Sure enough, there he found the telegram sent in her name by Van Hupfeldt. The time showed that it was despatched about the same hour as his own. At first, his heart danced with the joy of knowing that she still trusted him. And how truly wonderful she mentioned Pangley, a town he had not named to her; there must, indeed, have been a tremendous eruption at Dale Manor. Yet it was too bad that he should be forced to leave London and go in chase of Mrs. Carter and the baby. Why, he would be utterly cut off from active communication with her for hours, and it was so vitally important that they should meet. Of course, he would obey, but first he would wait the chance of a reply to his message. So he telegraphed again:

Will go to Pangley. Tell me when I can see you.

He was his own telegraph messenger. While he was out another buff envelope found its way to his table. Here was the confusion of a fog, for this screed ran:

Miss Violet Mourdant travelled to London this morning by the nine-eleven train. This is right. FRIEND.

There was no name; but the post-office said the information came from Rigsworth, and the post-office indulges in cold official accuracy. Somehow, this word from a friend did strike him friendly. It made him read again, and ponder weightily, the longer statement signed "Violet."

He could not tell, oh, sympathetic little sister of the Rigsworth postmistress, that you wheedled the grocer's assistant into writing that most important telegram. It was a piece of utmost daring on the part of a village maid, and perhaps it might be twisted into an infringement of the "Official Secrets Act," or some such terrifying ordinance; but your tender little heart had gone out to the young man who got "no answer" from the lady of the manor, and you knew quite well that Violet had never sent him to Pangley to hunt for a missing baby.

Anyhow, David was glowering ot both flimsy slips of paper, when a letter reached him. It was marked "Express Delivery," and had been handed in at Euston Station soon after twelve o'clock.

This time there could be no doubt whatever that Violet was the writer. Here was the identical hand-writing of the first genuine not he had received from her. And there was Violet herself in the phrasing of it ,though she was brief and reserved. She wrote:

Dear David—I am in London for the purpose of making certain inquiries. I must not see you if I can help it. I must be quite, quite alone and unaided. Please pardon my seeming want of confidence. In this matter I am trusting to God's help and my own endeavors. But I want you to oblige me by being away from your flat to-night between midnight and two A. M. That is all. Perhaps I may be able to explain everything later.

Your sincere well-wisher,
VIOLET MORDAUNT.

Then David ran like a beagle to Euston Station; but Violet had gone from there nearly an hour, because he found on inquiry that the nine-eleven train from Rigsworth had arrived at noon. Yet he could not be content unless he careered about London looking for her, first at Porchester Gardens, then at Dibbin's office, at which he arrived exactly five minutes before she did, and he must have driven along Piccadilly while she was turning the corner from Regent's. London is the biggest bundle of hay when you want to find anybody.

(To be continued.)

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



A PROMENADE TOILETTE.

Two-piece costume of rich black-silk velvet, embroidered with black silk and trimmed with black satin. Such is the type of costume that will be seen on the promenade at the Horse Show where women go to see and to be seen. The skirt, while not of the train length is fashionably long for a dressy afternoon walking costume; the hem just touches the floor. There is a centre front seam and a centre back seam, making the skirt a two-piece circular model finished at the top on the inside with a wide belting such as Paquin has used for the past two years. The coat is what might be called an adeptation of the directoire, though there is no long vest and the sleeves are decidedly Japanese. Black silk embroideries take the line of a sailor collar over the shoulders down to the bust. The bottom of the sleeves are finished with a black satin fold matching the vest and terminating at the bustline. Such a costume is worn with a handsome white or cream colored blouse and a smart hat in a fashionable color trimmed with flowers and foliage.

Dr. Hamilton Speaks On Curing Pimples

Gives Common Sense Advice That Every Person Can Employ at Home

"I believe all skin diseases such as pimples and eruptions originate through the failure of the eliminating organs to pass certain poisonous wastes from the body.

"There is at all times a large accumulation of foul matter in the system,which, if not destroyed, gets into the blood. Germs and disease producing matter are thus circulated through the body. Ultimately they force their way through the pores of the skin, produce pimples, swelling, red blotches and often eruptions horrible to look upon.

"I usually found the primary cause to be with the kidneys and bowels,—these organs are too slow. My Pills of Mandrake and Butternut contain very active vegetable extracts that act on these organs instantly. They give strength, tone, and vigor to the eliminating organs that positively ensures a clean healthy body."

A course of Dr. Hamilton's Pills puts the system in perfect order, they cleanse the system inside as soap and water does outside, they remove all taints and poisons that block the avenues of health and life, make the skin smooth, restore roses to the cheeks and that brightness to the eye that denotes sound health. Because Mild, Safe, Efficient, anyone can use Dr. Hamilton's Pills with perfect results.

HE MUST SEE DR. PUGSLEY FIRST

Sir Frederick Borden Says Nothing Can Be Done About Exhibition Buildings Matter Just Now.

Sir Frederick W. Borden, minister of militia, passed through the city last evening on his return to Ottawa, after a short trip to Nova Scotia on private business. Sir Frederick was evidently in the best of health and spirits.

Asked as to whether or not the St. John exhibition buildings would be available for next year's fair, Sir Frederick said that the question had not yet been decided upon. "I believe I did," he said, "receive a letter treating of the matter, a day or two before I left Ottawa, but I have not had time to think of it. I would not, however, make up my mind without consulting Hon. Mr. Pugsley, and I did not happen to see him after I received the letter. The matter is, of course, mixed up with the drill shed project, and when I see Dr. Pugsley it will be straightened out all right."

Sir Frederick was asked regarding the report that he had entered an action for libel against the Nineteenth Century, the English magazine. "That is old news," he said. "On Friday afternoon I saw the article for the first time, and the same day I cabled to my solicitors in London orders to proceed, and I received word that an action had been begun. I certainly intend to follow the thing through to the bitter end. I don't generally take up a thing before I am prepared to see it through, and this matter is no exception."

The Willing Workers of Germain street U. B. church held a very successful parlor concert last night in the residence of Mrs. Donaldson Hunt, 296 Charlotte street. There was a large attendance, and an excellent programme was given. Among those who took part were: Miss Baskin, C. R. Wasson, Miss Lombard, Charles Knight, Mrs. F. G. Spencer, Miss Cheyne, Miss Cathers and De Witt Cairns. Mrs. J. M. Barnes played the accompaniments. The ladies' mandolin club also gave a number of selections, and Miss Cookson an exhibition of club swinging.

The St. John Deaf Mute Association elected officers for the ensuing half year last evening in their rooms, Prince William street, as follows: President, William Baillie; treasurer, Chester Brown; secretary, S. J. Doherty. George S. McKenzie, of Moncton, the president of the Maritime Provinces Deaf Mute Association, was an interested spectator of the proceedings. Before the close of the meeting he warmly complimented the members on having such handsome quarters.

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FURS. FURS.

FROM MONTREAL.

"Another one of our special offerings to immediate purchasers—

Alaska Sable Stole and Muff

$30.00.

"The Stole is fur on both sides around the neck, with long stole ends, lined with rich brown satin, and trimmed with two heads, and ten Alaska Sable Tails.

"The Muff is a large full-furred one, made in the new pillow shape.

"This set will be sent with the privilege of examination, to any address, to be returned if not satisfactory."

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MONTREAL

Hallowe'en—

A HOLIDAY OF TRADITIONS

BY WALDON FAWCETT



MAKING A JACK-O-LANTERN



PHOTOS BY FAWCETT



TAKING HOME THE "POSSUM" FOR THE HALLOWE'EN FEAST



PREPARATIONS FOR HALLOW EEN



DUCKING FOR HALLOW EEN

DICKING APPLES FOR THE HALLOW EEN FEAST

No holiday on the calendar depends more for its charm upon tradition and the customs handed down from generation to generation than does that fateful night of mirth and mystery—Hallowe'en. Most of our American holidays commemorate historic events within the past century and a half and consequently cannot, of course, have any of the characteristics of ancient ceremonial. Even Christmas has, in its observance, been modernized out of all semblance of the old-time celebration. Hallowe'en, however, not only retains its time-honored significance and long-established ritual but finds its chief attraction in these reminders of bygone periods.

The festival of the night of October 31 has a number of different designations, though none are so commonly used as Hallowe'en. The others are All Hallow Even, Nutcrack Night and Snapapple Night, the latter two being derived of course from practices associated with the occasion. Hallowe'en derives its most common name as the eve or vigil of All Saints' or All Hallows Day (November 1). From time out of mind this has been heralded as a night when witches, devils and other mischief-making beings go abroad on their baneful midnight errands. By a strange coincidence, however, this same night is supposed to be devoted by the fairies to a grand anniversary celebration.

The traditions of Hallowe'en also teach that on no other night in the twelvemonth do such supernatural influences prevail as after dark on the final day of October. According to ancient beliefs the spirits of the dead then wander about and in some instances the spirits of living persons have conferred upon them the temporary power to join the ghostly clan. Persons who have had the good fortune to be born on October 31 are especially likely to be warned or advised by the elves on each recurring anniversary of their natal day, but sometimes, so it is said, other persons have the gift of conversing with the airy visitants on such occasions.

Saint Matrimony is the patron saint of Hallowe'en and indeed this autumn holiday is best known as the night of all nights for peering into the future and especially for discovering just what sort of husband or wife fate has selected for each unmarried participant in the rites. It is this function of the holiday which helps to keep its observance alive with the young people of the nation and not a few of their elders who are yet youthful in spirit. Not only are the mysterious spirits that are abroad on Hallowe'en supposed to be infallible in their verdicts but it is also of manifest advantage that they demand neither fee nor reward for piercing the veil that hides the future. The performance of some very simple ceremony is all that is exacted of the curious young man or woman who would learn interesting particulars regarding the destined life-partner.

The origin of Hallowe'en seems to be hidden in an intermingling of classic mythology and Christian superstitions. The plan of making nuts and apples conspicuous in the Hallowe'en festivities is traced back to the custom of the ancient Romans to hold on November 1 a feast to Pomona, the goddess of fruits and seeds, at which time there was a formal opening of the stores of eatables laid up in summer for use during the winter. On this same date occurred the great autumn festival to the sun with which the Druids or ancient Celts celebrated thanksgiving for their harvest and it was the belief of the Druids that on the eve of their holiday—the present Hallowe'en—the Lord of Death summoned those wicked souls that had within the year been condemned to hence-forth occupy the bodies of animals.

The people of England have long set store by an elaborate observance of Hallowe-en, but even antedating their allegiance was that of the Irish. In the Emerald Isle it was the custom from the earliest days for each household to set out on this holiday the best viands it could afford, apples and nuts being inevitable features of the menu. In not a few instances peasants went from house to house collecting breadcake, butter, cheese, eggs, and other eatables suitable for a feast. Indeed, throughout Great Britain bread or cake has long been associated with the Hallowe'en feast, and even today in many English households a cake is baked for each member of the family. An early Hallowe'en observance was that of ringing the church bells all night long, but a stop was put to this by King Henry VIII.

As has been said, many of the features of the Hallowe'en programme in ancient times have been continued to this day, but for the most part the customs which were once ceremonies of belief are now observed only in jest. Hallowe'en being the first of the autumn and winter holidays and, for the young people, the first break in the school year is invariably welcomed with especial enthusiasm. The circumstances that Hallowe'en is not a national holiday does not in the least affect its observance since its festivities are for the most part reserved for the period after nightfall when the work-a-day world is presumably at leisure.

Various schemes for obtaining matrimonial forecasts on Hallowe'en have been handed down to the present generation. The roasting of nuts is an essential prelude to most of them. Some inquisitive maidens are wont to place a number of nuts, each bearing the name of a lover, on the bars of a grate or among the embers. According to the ritual if a nut cracks or jumps the lover will prove unfaithful whereas if it begins to blaze or burn he has regard for the person making the test. If a nut burns quietly and brightly especial sincerity of affection is supposedly indicated. Similarly if nuts named for a girl and her lover burn in unison an early wedding is to be expected.

Apples vie with nuts as Hallowe'en vehicles for discovering the intentions of Cupid. Indeed one of the best known rusES, and perhaps the one most generally practiced at the general time is that in which the credulous maiden eats an apple before a looking glass while combing her hair, confident that if directions be followed explicitly the face of her destined conjugal partner will be seen in the mirror as though peeping over her shoulder. Equally well known is the scheme whereby any maiden may find out the first letter of the name of her future husband by peeling an apple, taking the paring by one end and after swinging it three times around her head allowing it to fall in whatever fashion it may. It must be confessed that some slight stretch of imagination may be necessary to construe the position of the paring as indicating a desired letter.

There has been transplanted to the United States from Scotland another means of peeping into the matrimonial lottery. By this plan the young women go hand-in-hand, blindfolded, or at least with eyes closed, to the cabbage patch and each pulls the first plant met with. Earth on the root of the cabbage thus selected signifies dowry. The shape and size of the vegetable denote the appearance and size of the future spouse and the taste of the heart and stem indicate his disposition. Nor is all the Hallowe'en prognosticating for the benefit of the fair sex. There have been designed for ardent swains numerous forms of divination, the best known of which is that whereby the smitten youth descends cellar stairs with a candle in one hand and a mirror in the other, hoping to have the face of a sweetheart reflected back to him from the glass.

All the Hallowe'en pranks above mentioned and a host of others are introduced as adjuncts of the Hallowe'en party which now constitutes one of the most popular forms of entertaining in this country. The tradition has decreed the occasion one of mystery as well as a night of jollity and laughter paves the way for unique entertainments and many quaint conceits in the line of amusements have been devised by resourceful hosts and hostesses. Hallowe'en has become especially popular at schools and colleges, as a brief season given over to the pranks of the students. Particularly is there a fantastic observance of the holiday at girls' boarding schools and women's colleges.

Novelty is the keynote of everything connected with a Hallowe'en festivity. Like as not the invitations, menu cards, tally cards, etc., are bespattered with representations of witches riding brooms, blinking owls, broad-winged bats and pumpkins while for decorative purposes there are pressed into service a variety of nature's vivid-hued products such as cornstalks, pumpkins, carrots, russet oak leaves and green pine boughs. Finally the refreshments, which are an indispensable feature, include apples, nuts, grapes and other autumn delicacies.

Since mystic rites are to be essayed and ghost stories and other spooky subjects are likely to be among the topics of conversation, it is not only permissible but appropriate that there should be no brilliant illumination of the scene of a Hallowe'en party and this enables the use of candles set in hollow carrots or the employment of jack-o-lanterns.

Certain well-known American hostesses, famous as the originators of oddities, have given Halowe'en entertainments in barns and attics and in one instance a cellar was utilized,—black draperies and the symbol of the skull and cross-bones adding to the "creepy" atmosphere. Highly popular as Hallowe'en entertainments are, masquerade parties of one kind or another and shadow pantomimes have come into extensive vogue in recent years. Some of the games which are now regarded as indispensable to a Hallowe'en frolic have no significance as matrimonial barometers. Foremost among these is the prank of ducking for apples. The apples are set afloat in a tub and each person essays to catch one of the floating prizes with the teeth, his hands being tied behind him. The popping of corn at an open fire, fortune telling and other old-fashioned diversions are also revived for the benefit of the younger generation on Hallowe'en.

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