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"THE LATE TENANT"

By GORDON HOLMES

(Continued.)

Amidst the maelstrom of his doubts and fears one fact stood out so clearly that he could not fail to recognize it. Not Violet alone, but some other hidden personality, most earnestly desired her absence from the flat that night. In a word, Van Hupfeldt, who knew of the photograph and the letter being hidden there, had the strongest possible reason for seeking an opportunity to make an absolutely unimpeded search of every remaining nook and crevice. But how was Violet's anxiety on this head to be explained? Was she, too, wishing to carry out a scrutiny of pictures, cupboards, and ornaments on her own account?

Then, with a sort of intuition, David felt that it was she who had already visited her sister's latest abode at midnight, and that she had been the cause of her presence had given rise to the ghost legend. And with the consciousness that this was so came a hot flush of shame and remorse that he had so vilified Violet in his thoughts on the night of his long run from Chalfont. It was she who had been standing at the end of the corridor on the first night of his ever-memorable tenancy of this sorrow-laden abode, and, no doubt, her earlier efforts at elucidating the dim tragedy which cloaked her sister's death had led to the experiences of Miss L'Estrange and Jenny.

Well, thank goodness! he heard nearly all the threads of this dark business in his hands now, and it would go hard with Van Hupfeldt if he crossed his path that night. For David resolved, with a smile which had in it a mixture of grimness and tenderness, that he would obey the letter of Violet's request while decidedly disobeying its spirit. She wished him to be "away from the flat between midnight and two a. m." Certainly he would be away; but not far away—near enough, indeed, to know who went into it and who came out, and some part of their business there if he saw fit. Violet, of course, might come and go as she pleased; and so Van Hupfeldt or any of his myrmidons.

Thereupon, determined to oppose guile to guile, he dismissed his charwoman long before the usual time, and called the friendly hall-porter into consultation.

"Jim," he said, when the lift shot up to his door in response to a summons, "I guess you want a drink."

Jim knew Harcourt's little ways by this time. "Well sir," he said, stepping forth, and unshipping the motor key, "I'm bound to admit that a slight lubrication wouldn't be amiss."

"In fact, it might be a hit, a palpable hit. Well, step lively. Here's the whisky. Now, Jim, listen while I talk. I understand there is to be a meeting of ghosts here to-night—no, not a word yet; drink steadily, Jim—and it is up to you and me to attend the convocation. There is nothing to worry about. These spirits are likely to be less harmful than those you are imbibing; indeed, we may be called on to grab one or two of them, but they will turn out to be ordinary men. You're not afraid of a man, Jim?"

"Not if 'e is a man, sir. But will there be any shooting?"

"Ah, you heard of that?"

"People will talk of bullet-marks, sir, say nothing of drops of blood."

"Drops of blood? Where?"

"All round our front door. They wasn't there overnight, an' next day there was a revolver bullet stuck in your kitchen skirting-board."

"Excellent! Clear proof that our sort of ghosts will bleed if you punch them hard enough on the nose. Now, I want you to listen in three ways. In the first place, I am going out about seven and will return about nine. I want you to make sure that no one enters my flat within those hours. Secondly, when I come back, I wish to reach this floor without coming in by the front door. You understand? If any one should be watching my movements, I would like to be seen leaving the mansion but not returning.

Thirteenth, I want you to join me on guard when you close the front door at midnight, hiding the pair of us somewhere above, so that we can see, without fear of mistake, any person who may possess keys which fit my front door."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said the porter, setting down his glass. "Well, I'm your man, sir. Leave everything to me. When you comes home at nine just pop along the other street until you sees a door leadin' to a harem. Drop down there, an' you'll find yourself in our basement. At twelve sharp I'll come up in the lift and fix you up proper."

"Jim, you're a treasure!" said David.

CHAPTER XXI. THE MIDNIGHT GATHERING.

When the train from Rigsforth brought Violet into Euston Station, she hurried through the porter and asked an official to direct her to the nearest post office. At this instant a slight accident happened which had a singular bearing on the events of the day. Neil, the valet, who had driven to Euston, just in time to meet the incoming train, had seen her, and was pressing in close pursuit when he tripped over a luggage barrow and fell headlong.

He was not much injured, but shaken more than a little, and when he was able to take up the chase again, Violet had vanished. Hence she was freed from espionage, and Van Hupfeldt could only curse his useless emissary. The man Neil certainly did rush about like a whirlwind as soon as he recovered his breath; but Violet was in the post office writing to David, and securely hidden from his fiery eyes.

Oddly enough, the first person she wished to see was Miss L'Estrange. She remembered the actress well, as she had visited her once (Jenny, the maid, was out on an errand at the time), and it was one of the many curious discrepancies in the tissue of mingled fact and fiction which obscured her sister's fate that such a volatile and talkative woman should have written the curt little note sent at Van Hupfeldt's bidding. Violet could not understand the reason, but she saw a loophole here. The long journey in the train had enabled her to review the information she possessed with a certain clarity, and precision hitherto absent from her bewildered thoughts. In a word, there were several marked lines of inquiry, and she was resolved to follow each separately.

She felt that she had gone the wrong way to work in the first frenzy of her grief. She was calm now, more skilled in hiding her suspicions, less prone to jump at conclusions. All unknown to her, the little germ of passion planted in her heart by David's few words in the summer-house was governing her whole being. From the timid, irresolute girl, who clung to unattainable ideals, she was transformed into a woman ready to dare anything for the sake of the man she loved, while the mere notion of marriage with Van Hupfeldt was so loathsome that she was spurred into the physical need of strenuous action to counteract it.

So it was in a restrained yet business-like mood that she climbed the stairs leading to Miss L'Estrange's flat and rang the electric bell. The door was opened by Jenny.

Not all the resources of pert Cockneyism availed that hapless domestic when she set eyes on Miss Mordaunt. She uttered a helpless little wail of dismay, and retreated a few steps, as though she half expected the wonder-stricken young woman to use strong measures with her.

"Well, what is it now?" came her mistress's sharp demand, for in that small abode there reigned what the Italians call "a delightful confidence," Jenny's drawing-room rush being audible in the scrawling room.

"Ow!" stammered Jenny, "it's a young lady, miss."

"A young lady? Is she nameless?"

"No," said Violet, advancing toward the voice; "but your maid seems to be alarmed by the sight of me. You know me, Miss L'Estrange. I only wish I had discovered sooner that you employed my sister's servant, Sarah Gissing."

Ermyn was accustomed to stage situations. She instantly grasped her part; for she was fresh from the interview with David, and there could be no doubt that the unmasking of Van Hupfeldt was as settled now as the third act of the farcical comedy in which she would play the soubrette that night.

"Sarah Gissing!" she said with a fine scorn. "That is not her name. She is Jenny—Jenny—bless if I have ever Viled her anything else. Here, you! what is your other name?"

"Blackie, miss," sobbed Jenny, in tears.

"But you said only yesterday that you were Sarah Gissing?" cried Violet.

"Yes, miss, an' it wasn't true."

"So you have never seen my sister?"

"No, miss."

"Why did you lie to me so shamelessly?"

"Please, miss, I was pided for it."

"Paid! By Mr. Van Hupfeldt?"

"There is some mistake," broke in Miss L'Estrange, who was a trifle awed by Violet's quiet dignity. "It was a Mr. Strauss who came here and asked permission for Jenny to have the day free yesterday in order to give some evidence he required."

"Are you quite sure it was Mr. Strauss?" asked Violet, turning away from Jenny as though the sight of her was offensive.

"Positive! I rented, or rather I took your sister's flat from him, and he has been plaguing my life ever since about some papers he imagined I found there."

"But you wrote to me a little while ago," pleaded Violet.

"Strauss is a plausible person," countered the other woman coolly. "He came here and spun such a yarn that I practically wrote at his dictation."

"There is no mistake this time, I hope."

Miss L'Estrange's color rose, and her red hair troubled her somewhat; but she answered with an effort: "There has never been any mistake on my part. Had you come to me in the first instance, and taken me into your confidence, I would have helped you. But you stormed at me quite unjustly, Miss Mordaunt, and it is not in human nature to take that sort of thing lying down, you know."

Then, seeing the sorrow in Violet's eyes, she went on with a real sympathy: "I wish we had been more candid with each other at first. And I had nothing whatever to do with Jenny's make-believe of yesterday. The girl's a first-rate cook, but she can lie faster than a dog can trot."

This poetic simile popped out unawares; but Violet heard the kindly tone rather than the words.

"I may want you again," she said simply. "May I rely on you if the need arises?"

"Indeed you may!" was the impulsive reply. "I have wept over your sister's unhappy fate, Miss Mordaunt, and I always thought Strauss was a villain. I hope that nice young fellow, David Harcourt, who has been on his track for months, will catch him one of these days, and give him a hiding at the very least."

"Oh, you know Mr. Harcourt?"

"(To be continued.)"

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For men who toil and labor, for the office man, the minister, the teacher—these will Ferrozone bring a new life of spirit and robust health.

For growing girls, women of all ages—no tonic is more certain. Sold in 50c. boxes by all dealers.

PRESENTATION TO FATHER CORMIER

Moncton, Oct. 31.—Rev. Father Cormier, former assistant to Father Savage, who left today for Kingsclear, York county, to which parish he was recently transferred, was this morning presented by the local French societies, Alliance Nationale, Artisans and L'Association, with a purse of nearly \$400 accompanied by an address. The departing priest was also presented with household articles to the value of about \$150 by the ladies of St. Bernard's congregation.

Father Cormier was very popular with his parishioners here and there are many regrets at his departure.

Father Antoine Ouellette, of Shediac, who has been transferred to Madawaska, left tonight for his new parish.

HEAVEN HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.

"Doctor—Well, John, how are you today?"

John—"Verra bad, verro bad. I wish Providence 'ud 'ave mussy on me an' take me!"

Wife—"Ow can you expect 'it if you won't take the doctor's physic?"

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



VIOLET CREPE DE CHINE WITH SILVER TRIMMINGS.

An afternoon and dinner costume by Hordens which will be worn during the Horse Show this fall. This costume embodies all the high style features of present day models and this is one of the most fashionable materials used this season. The color is a soft purple net, a deep royal purple, but that which is more or less of a light heliotrope in its shading. The skirt is a pattern model with clusters of woven-in chenille handings ranging in number from 3 to 13. Each one of the gores are set together with a fancy chenille trimming which also joins the hem to

the skirt proper. The fullness is pleated in at the waistline and stitched down in flat pleats over the hips. The bodice which is a draped adaptation of the Japanese idea, shows the chenille borders and the novel chenille trimming set in the edges of the drapery which borders the guimpe of white flared with silk and silver threads and eased into a high folded feathered girdle worn outside the skirt belt. Shades of purple in Oriental embroideries are introduced in the white satin bands at the top of the high boned collar and in the cuffs of the lingerie under-sleeves.

YOU MUST DRESS WARMLY

Advice of Noted Authority, Also Simple Home Prescription.

Now is the time when the doctor gets busy, and the patent medicine manufacturers rear the harvest, unless great care is taken to dress warmly and keep the feet dry. This is the advice of an old eminent authority, who says that Rheumatism and Kidney trouble weather is here, and also tells what to do in case of an attack.

Get from any good prescription pharmacy one-half ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Kargon, three ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Mix by shaking in a bottle and take a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime.

Just try this simple home-made mixture at the first sign of Rheumatism, or if your back aches or you feel that the kidneys are not acting just right. This is said to be a splendid kidney regulator, and almost certain remedy for all forms of Rheumatism, which is caused by uric acid in the blood, which the kidneys fail to filter out. Any one can easily prepare this at home and at small cost.

A NOVEL TEST OF STRENGTH

Montreal Men Loaded With 200 lb. Bags of Salt in Endurance Contest Yesterday.

Montreal, Oct. 31.—One of the most extraordinary contests ever pulled off in Canada was held here today, when a large proportion of the French population turned out to see the strong man contest arranged by La Presse for the French-Canadian people of the province. The contest was simple in its essence. Each contestant was loaded with a 200 pound bag of salt on his shoulders and had to go over a given course and carry it as long as he could.

The novel contest attracted great interest throughout the whole province, and even in the eastern States. There were 121 starters, and it took more than an hour to get them all going, a wagon load of salt bags and half a dozen longshoremen being kept busy getting the men off. More than 100,000 people turned out to witness the affair, and the three main street car lines of the city were completely tied up for several hours, owing to the immense crowds which blocked the streets.

The winner was a husky farmer from the northern districts of Quebec, named Joe. Ouellette, who started shortly after 2 o'clock and walked over the course with his 200 pounds load until 5.55. He quit only then because every other competitor was out of the game, and offered to carry his bag a couple of miles back to La Presse office if necessary.

The surprise of the contest was the fifth man, a chap of forty years of age, weighing only 138 pounds, who succeeded in carrying his load for several hours.

The contest resulted in such excitement that a further competition will likely be held here within a week or two, while the winner of the second prize has challenged Ouellette to a further contest for a bet of \$200 a side, each competitor to carry 250 pounds of salt.

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.

The machine which cuts up wood to make matches turns out 40,000 "splints," as they are called, in a single minute.

Peter, who resides in Digby. This summer his grandson, Roy V. Killelee, of Beverly (Mass.), and his son visited the old gentleman.

The funeral will take place Sunday, with interment in the Catholic cemetery. The deceased retained all his faculties till the last.

George P. Thomas

Moncton, Oct. 31.—Geo. P. Thomas, the well known barrister of this city, died today at Salisbury, where he has been living the last month or two. Deceased was one of the best known lawyers in the province. He was a native of P. E. Island but has lived in Moncton almost ever since he was admitted to the bar. He was 61 years of age and was a brother of Rev. W. B. Thomas, St. Stephen, the

well known Methodist clergyman, and Charles H. Thomas, constable of Moncton. He studied law with the late Charles Hostead. He has been in failing health for the past few years, his death being due to tuberculosis.

Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION

New Glasgow, N. S., Oct. 31.—(Special)—The annual convention of the Maritime Y. M. C. A. opened here today. Delegates are arriving from all the provinces, and by tomorrow, when the session settles down to business, it is expected 150 delegates will be enrolled.

Tonight, in the United church hall, H. B. Ames, M. P., of Montreal, addressed a mass meeting.

THERE is but one make of Chocolates good enough for the Canadian girl and her mother—Stewart's chocolates.

They are the "crowning glory" of chocolate

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Pull it out as far as it will go, and, on being released, it promptly SPRINGS BACK to its original form.

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THE TELEGRAPH and TIMES enjoy a greater advertising patronage than any other two papers in New Brunswick, and if business is any indication of ability to deliver results, then The Big Papers are always "making good."

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