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"THE LATE TENANT"

By GORDON HOLMES

(Continued.)

This was too much. Violet advanced toward him with eyes aflame. "There were days in the history of the world when men were struck dead from Heaven!" she cried.

"That is yet possible,' he answered with a strange humility.

"Do you deny all, all?" she almost screamed.

"Not only do I deny, but I affirm, and I have my proofs. I have known for some time, not very long, it is true, that a man named Johann Strauss did assume my name when he married your sister. There is nothing remarkable in that. I am a rich man, known to many. The adoption of a pseudonym is a common device of actors. There was no real resemblance between this person Strauss and myself. Of that fact those who were well acquainted with him—Dibbin and Sarah Gissing—will assure you tomorrow in this house. I have your sister's marriage certificate, and the birth registration of her child. I know where the child is. I will bring the foster-mother to tell you that I was not the man who intrusted the infant to her care. I have your sister's diary, which this Harcourt did really secure. I got it from him by a trick, I admit, but only to save you from becoming his dupe. Now I have placed all my cards on the table, by the side of your marriage settlement. Can David Harcourt do as much?"

The girl's lips quivered a little. What was she to believe? In whom was she to trust? She wanted to cry, but she dug her nails into her white hands; for the encircling clasp of David's arms still tingled on her shoulders. "Why do you tell me all this only when I forced it from you?" she asked.

"You answer your own question. You force it from me. Exactly I would prefer that my promised wife should have trust in me. I wish to spare you certain sordid revelations; but because some American adventurer happens upon a family tragedy and uses it for his own purposes—whether base or not I do not stop to inquire—you treat me as the one quite unworthy of belief. Violet, you hurt me more than you know." The man's voice broke. Tears stood in his eyes.

The girl was nearly distraught under the stress of the struggle going on with her. "Henry Van Hupfeldt," she said solemnly, looking him straight in the face, "may the Lord judge between me and you if I have wronged you!"

"No, sweet girl, you cannot wrong me; for my conscience is clear, but it is a hard thing that you should incline rather to this blackmailer than to me."

"Blackmailer!" The ugly word came from her lips in sheer protest; the lash of a whip could not have stung as cruelly.

"Yes, most certainly. Did he not demand a hundred pounds from you? Let me go to him and offer five hundred, and you will never see or hear of him again."

"Oh, if that is so, there is no faith or honesty in the world."

"Is he your world, then?" demanded Van Hupfeldt, bitterly, and even Mrs. Mordaunt broke in with her moan:

"Oh, Vi!"

"Let us end this distressing scene," went on Van Hupfeldt with a repressed indignation that was exceedingly convincing. "Mr. Sharpe, you see, of course, that Miss Mordaunt cannot be expected to complete these agreements today. Please be here tomorrow at the same time. Before that hour I shall be back in London with all the witnesses and documents which shall prove to Miss Mordaunt's complete satisfaction that she has been grossly misled by a cleverly concocted story. Indeed, I would be glad if, subsequently, you interviewed this David Harcourt. It seems to me almost credible now that he himself believed the extraordinary tale he has made up."

"Whatever you please shall be done, sir," said the lawyer. "And may I add, for the benefit of these two ladies, that—er—my own knowledge of your position and —er—career completely excludes such a preposterous—er—"

"Thank you, Mr. Sharpe," broke in Van Hupfeldt. "You mean that kindly, I know; but this is a matter between Miss Mordaunt and myself at the moment."

The solicitor gathered up his papers and withdrew. For a little while there was no sound in the room except the mother's sobbing and the daughter's labored breathing; for unhappy Violet was so torn with doubt that her breast appeared to be unable to harbor its agitation. A few minutes ago she deemed herself free from a compact hateful to her soul; yet, here was Van Hupfeldt more convincing, more compelling, than ever. To her terrified eyes the man assumed the shape and properties of a python, a monstrous snake from which there was no escape.

And then the sibilant hiss of his voice reached her dulled ears. "Mrs. Mordaunt, may I appeal to your authority? Surely this Harcourt will not be admitted here in my absence? I do not ask much, only a respite of twenty-four hours. Then I return, with all the proofs."

"Why have they been withheld so long?" came Violet's agonized protest.

"I do declare, Vi," broke in her mother, "that you would try the patience of Job! Have you lost all your fine sense of honor and fairness? What more can Mr. Van Hupfeldt do to please you? And where do you meet this young man who so unwarrantably thrusts himself into our affairs, I should like to know?"

Poor Violet knew that the British matron instinct was fighting against her now. And there never was a girl more bound up in her family ties than this one. "Forgive me, mother," she said wearily. "The long struggle is at an end, now. Let Mr. Van Hupfeldt keep his promise, and I shall not cause further difficulty."

"Well said!" cried Van Hupfeldt, eagerly. "That is a brave resolve. I accept it implicitly. Mrs. Mordaunt, I trust you will not be angry with my Violet while I am away. I know how she has suffered. It is for me to make amends for all that. And I promise her happiness, a full cup. And, meanwhile, Violet—"

"I agree. I neither see nor speak to nor send any message to David Harcourt, as far as lies in my power until you return tomorrow."

"I kiss my hand to you both!" cried Van Hupfeldt with the gallant air which came natural to him, and he went out. His preparations were soon made. A carriage took him to the station; but before he quitted the manor, he sent for the gamekeeper.

"You were remiss in your duty," he said sternly to the man. "The person of whom I warned you has been in the park and has spoken to Miss Violet. Now, listen carefully to what I say. Obtain any help you require and guard this house and its grounds so that not a bird can fly over it nor a rabbit scamper among the bushes without your knowledge. Do this until I return tomorrow and I give you fifty pounds, but fail in the least particular and you will be dismissed instantly." He was gone, with a rush of whipped horses.

Velveteens took thought. "Twiced in one day!" he growled. "A licking or the sack, an' fifty quid or the sack—which is it to be?"

It might be one, or all, or none. Of such firsts, seconds, and thirds is the acrostic of life made up. But the promise of money stirred the man's dull wits. No watch-dog could have been more faithful to his trust, and, by lavish offers of silver and beer—deferred luxuries, of course—home secured the aid of certain local poachers, his lasting enemies, but his friends for the night. In a word, if David had crept again into the park, he would probably have been beaten to a jelly.

But David attempted nothing of the sort. He was loyal to his pact with Violet, never dreaming of the ordeal to which the girl had submitted. Nevertheless, having no sort of occupation, he kept his eyes and ears open. He saw Sharpe drive through the village and was told that the lawyer was head of a trusted firm in the county town. He saw Van Hupfeldt pass toward the station, and the ostler learned from a railway porter that the "gentleman from the manor" had gone to Lunnon."

This gave David cause to think, seeing that there was no news from Violet. But he waited, with much hope and some spasms of miserableness, through the long dull evening; heard nothing from her; went to bed, tossed restlessly until the sun rose; met the village postman at the door of the inn; and still received no tidings. He breakfasted, hung about, watched the road, sauntered as far as the lodge nodded affably to velveteens behind the bars, and caught no sign of the spell of silence. He returned to the inn and wrote a letter, which he intrusted to His Majesty's Postmaster-General for express delivery.

Sure enough, the postmistress's young sister refused to be turned back by the Cerberus at the gate, nor would she tell her business. The man knew her, suspected her errand, but dared not interfere, having a wholesome regard for the law; so all he could do was to note her coming and going, and report to his briber, for he was Mrs. Mordaunt's servant.

And this is what David wrote:

My Dear One—Can it be that some newly conceived lie has kept you from sending for me? I only ask your full inquiry; I stand or fall by that. But spare me this silence; for I am eating my heart out.

Yours,

DAVID.

The messenger tripped back. "No answer, sir," she said, and the words smote David such a blow that his cheek blanched, while the girl wondered.

"To whom did you hand my note?" he managed to ask.

"To Miss Violet, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Gave it to her myself."

"And she read it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did she say anything?"

"Just that, sir, no answer."

Then David, in a mighty wrath and fume, dashed off another note.

Very well, be it so. I return to London. God help you if you marry that man! You will sink to the pit, and the angels alone will be able to lift you therefrom. Let there be no error this time. I leave for London at one-fifteen, p. m. If you want me you must either detain me now or come to me in London.

Back went the postmistress's sister, marveling at the strangeness of these one-sided missives between the young woman at the manor and a handsome young man at the Feathers. Being 17, she took David's side as against Violet. So she added, on her own account, when she saw the white-faced aristocrat in the house, the explanatory statement that "the young gentleman seemed to be very much upset at receiving no reply."

Poor Violet, in whom loyalty was hereditary, could not break her word. But she did say: "I have no message today, but I know Mr. Harcourt's address."

(To be continued.)

Senator Costigan, of Edmundston, and J. B. Lambkin, of the I. C. R., Halifax, both members of the Order of Knights of Columbus, were visitors at the weekly meeting of St. John Council, K. of C., last evening and were warmly welcomed. Both made short addresses. This was Senator Costigan's first visit to the St. John council rooms and he heartily congratulated the local knights upon their prosperity and the comfortable quarters in which they are housed. An impromptu programme of music was much enjoyed.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



ERMINE IN NEW SHAPED SCARF AND MUFF.

Among the smart new fur pieces of the season are some very attractive ermine sets designed for wear with dressy costumes and afternoon tailormades. The majority of these, like the pictured set, show a small or medium sized neckpiece and a muff. This scarf of ermine is the new four-in-hand, fitting closely around the throat. It is tied exactly like a man's necktie, and the long slashed ends are trimmed with the tiny black tails and the white paws of the little animals. Twelve ermine skins make the muff which is in reality quite narrow, but made to look wide by the double fringe of tails and paws. Scarf and muff are both lined with white satin.

PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause. Pain is congestion, pain is blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created a little pink tablet. That tablet—called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablet—eases blood pressure away from pain centers. Its effect is charming, pleasingly delightful. Gently, though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure.

If it's painful periods with women, same cause.

If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets stop it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.

Bruise your finger, and doesn't it get red, and swell, and pain you? Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure. You'll find it where pain is—always. It's simply Common Sense.

We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

When Sorrow Came

"It was ten years ago that Hallowe'en brought me my great sorrow," said the grey-haired man in a corner seat. My wife and I sat at home, and knowing that the children would be sure to visit us in their frolicking we paid no attention when a timid knocking came at the door. It was repeated several times, but we smiled at it. Next day, when I went to the grocery, I received such a stab that I shall never get over it."

"It was something connected with the knocking?" was queried.

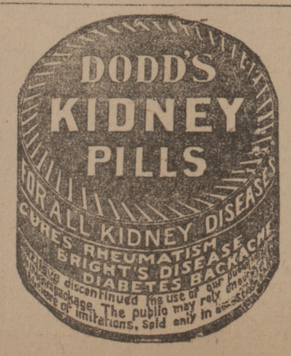
"It was. Twenty-one years previously my son Harry had run away from home, and we had never heard the slightest word from him. In fact, we believed him dead. I learned at the grocery that it was our long-lost that had returned to us the night before and knocked for admission. We didn't answer him, and thinking we did not care to see him again he had gone away with tears in his eyes, and we may never see him in this life again. That is my sorrow, sir, and that is why I shall never smile again."

"My case almost exactly," replied the other. "My boy Joe ran away, was gone twenty-one years and came back and knocked as yours did. I opened the door and in he walked, and I've been boarding and clothing him ever since for nothing, and may have to for the rest of his life. That is my great sorrow. If you want a long-lost son, sir, I'll sell you mine dog cheap and throw in a box of paper collars to boot." JOE KERR.



There was a small boy named Tom West,
Who in vanity extended his chest;
No boy and where
Could assume such an air,
Just because he was flashily drest.

The attendance at the civic fair in Glad Tidings Hall last night was again very large. The voting contest, however, was not so keen and at the close the state of the poll was: Ald. Sproul, 146; Ald. Bullock, 136; and Ald. McGoldrick, 70. The fair will be continued this afternoon and tonight.



INTERESTING REPORT OF TEACHER TRAINING DEPT.

E. R. Machum Tells the New Brunswick Sunday School Convention of the Work Done During the Year.

At last evening's session of the New Brunswick and P.E. Island Sunday School convention at Fredericton the following report on the teachers' training department was submitted by E. R. Machum:

I T—Delivered Tuesday night HLead come

The Teacher Training Department of the New Brunswick Sunday School Association was organized in 1896, and the first class was graduated the following year at the convention held in Centenary church, St. John, the diplomas being presented by Dr. H. M. Hamill. Both an elementary and an advanced course of study were formulated, the diplomas being issued by our own association, the international association while recognizing and encouraging the work having no direct supervision or setting up any standard. Some four hundred pupils received the diplomas of the New Brunswick association.

In 1903 the international executive committee appointed a committee on education. This committee after collecting all possible data as to the teacher training departments then existing formulated standards for both elementary and advanced courses, and decided to issue international diplomas. The rules for the issuing of the international diploma are as follows:—

(1) The provincial or state association must have a teacher training department and exercise supervision over all classes and students, said supervision to be evidenced by enrollment and examination.

(2) A course or courses of study must be selected by the association and approved by the committee on education.

(3) The examination must be conducted on questions sent out or approved by the association supervising the work.

(4) The examination must be in writing, without help, and under the supervision of the association conducting the examination.

(5) Those taking the examinations shall make a grade of not less than seventy per cent.

The standard for the elementary course requires

(1) An outline study of the Old Testament.

(2) An outline study of the New Testament.

(3) A general study of Sunday school organization and management.

(4) A study of the essential principles and methods of teaching.

The standard for the advanced course consists of five general divisions.

(1) The Bible: Introduction to the Old and New Testaments; Biblical geography, Biblical history, Biblical doctrine or fundamental Biblical truths.

(2) General church history.

(3) Pedagogy and child study.

(4) Sunday school history.

(5) Sunday school management.

New Brunswick at the convention of 1903 adopted the international plan and in 1904 thirty-six international diplomas were granted, for the elementary course, New Brunswick thus securing the honor of being the first association to receive these diplomas.

Last year Mrs. George H. Dickison of Kirklands received the diploma for the advanced course at the St. John convention, and New Brunswick again had the honor of presenting the first graduate, but only because our convention was held a week earlier than that of Nova Scotia as that association also had one graduate.

The report for the current year is as follows:—

Pupils enrolled and reported to superintendent	388
Pupils examined and passed in elementary course	61
Pupils completing advanced course	3
Pupils passed in one or more subjects of advanced course	23
Total number who have received the elementary diploma to date, not including those who had taken this course in Prince Edward Island previous to its union with the New Brunswick Association	623
Total number who have received the international diploma for advanced course	4

Those completing the advanced course this year are:—Mrs. V. L. Bridges, Gordonsville, N. B.; Miss Laura Dickison and Miss Louise McDougall, Kirklands, N. B.

Those completing part of the advanced course are:—

BIBLICAL SECTION.

In full—Hugh M. Brownell, Jennie H. Brownell, Little Shemogue; Alice C. Dickison, Kirklands.

In part—James Roland Murray, Hermon Murray, Murray Road; Stephen S. Peacock, Murray Corner; Walter W. Murray, David S. Murray, Bessie M. Scott, Murray Road; May Blacklock, Susie J. Anderson, Little Shemogue; Mary A. Peacock, Murray Corner; Mary Willett, Helen Adam, Mrs. A. R. Melrose, Georgie Adam, Andrew Malcolm, Mrs. Robert Reid, R. M. Currie, Mrs. Sarah E. Gale, St. John.

CHILD STUDY AND PEDAGOGY.

Edith G. Simpson (Mrs. D. H.)—Gibson, N. B.—In full.

Alice C. Dickison—Kirklands, N. B.—Completed.

Carrie E. Tracey—Tracey Station—Hamill's S. S. Teacher.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MANAGEMENT.

Edith G. Simpson (Mrs. D. H.), Gibson, N. B.

The names of those receiving the elementary diplomas are as follows:—they are arranged in order of merit—

Angus S. Somers—Port Elgin.
Agnes B. Lamb—Chapmans.
Ruby Stephens—Murray Road.
William A. Duncan—Little Shemogue.
Agnes Jean Scott—Murray Road.
Barbara May Scott—Murray Road.
Eldon M. Taylor—Little Shemogue.
Ivey Johnson Scott—Murray Road.
Leona M. Murray—Murray Corner.
Murdock T. Blacklock—Little Shemogue.
Vessie J. Taylor—Little Shemogue.
Marie A. Blacklock—Little Shemogue.
Kate S. McPherson—St. John.
Mrs. L. V. Bridges—Gordonsville.
Amy Louise Lamb—Chapmans.
Harmon H. Hastings—Murray Road.
Margaret V. West—Moncton.
Georgia Craig—St. John.
Mary A Murray—Murray Corner.
Nina M. West—Moncton.
Phoebe K. Vanwart—St. John.
William Read—Chapmans.
Vesta Johnston—Chapmans.
Rachael A. Evans—Tay Mills.
Nita Barchard—Elgin.
Bessie L. Long—St. John.
Mrs. A. J. Machum—St. John.
Mabelle I. Taylor—Chapmans.

(Continued on page 7.)

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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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We positively guarantee "Brick's Tasteless" to do exactly what we claim it will do as printed on the label of the bottle, or any advertising matter, and every druggist who sells "Brick's Tasteless" is authorized to refund to his customer the full purchase price if one bottle does not show a decided improvement, which improvement will result in a complete cure if additional bottles are taken.

We therefore request you to try a bottle of "Brick's Tasteless" on our recommendation, and if no improvement is shown after taking it, return the empty bottle to the druggist from whom you purchased it and he will refund your money.

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

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