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Corner Union and Coburg Streets

## The Midnight Guest

By FRED M. WHITE

Author of "The Crimson Bill," "The Corner House," etc.

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(Continued.)

Cooney paused and shuddered. Great beads of perspiration poured down his face. Then he resumed once more. "Well, he was dead, and there was an end of it. Just for the moment I wasn't thinking about much besides my little happy home. I pocketed all the valuables I could lay my hands upon, and carried them away. You may say that that was a mad thing to do, but after I saw Mr. Delahay lying dead at my feet, it seemed to me as if he wasn't likely to miss 'em. Oh, I know as I stand in what the papers call a serious position. But that's the gospel truth, and I can't tell you any more. It seems to me I have said enough. And now, if you will call a cab, sir, I am ready for you."

A cab was called, and Dallas drove off in the direction of Bow street with his prisoner. He stopped just a moment to exchange a few words with Lancel and Venables.

"There is no reason why Mrs. Delahay should not know this just yet?" Walter asked. "You may be sure that she tells her position keenly. Would there be any objection to getting her to accompany us as far as Cannon Green to-night? You will understand why."

"None at all," Dallas said. "I'll send a message to the man who is watching outside the Grand Hotel, and let her know that his presence there is needed no longer. All the same, we have still got to find the culprit. It isn't Cooney. He told us the truth, I'm certain. The culprit is at Cannon Green! What a fool I've been!"

Mrs. Delahay received her visitors in a dull apathetic way, which had never left her since the night of the tragedy. But her face cleared, and her manner became more soft and gentle as she listened to the story which Walter had to tell. She dropped into a chair, and let her head fall wearily. The tears ran unrestrainedly down her cheeks. She wiped her eyes presently. There was something like a smile on her lips as she turned to Walter.

"I believe those tears saved my reason," she said. "I have not been able to cry. I have not been able to feel the last few days. The death of my husband was had enough. The knowledge that I was suspected of his murder was worse, but the feeling that my own sister possibly had a hand in the tragedy was worse than all the rest. There are one or two matters to be explained yet, but the great truth is growing plain, and I feel like a living being once more. Oh, yes; I will come down to Cannon Green with you. I am looking forward to it with something like pleasure. I know that when I have seen my sister everything will be cleared up."

It was a different woman who came down from her room half an hour later, ready for the journey. She looked sad and pathetic enough in her deep mourning. The trouble still brooded in her eyes, but the look of stony despair was no longer there. They came at length to the house on the common. The windows were lighted up, the hall looked comfortable and cheery.

In the drawing-room were the Countess Flavia and Vera. They rose as Mrs. Delahay entered.

"I have brought your sister," Walter explained briefly. "She has much to say to you. Perhaps I had better leave you alone."

### CHAPTER XLV

Count Flavia's Diary.

It was getting exceedingly late now, but the two sisters Descartes, together with Vera, were still in the drawing-room. Nobody cared to disturb them. It was felt that they would have much to say to one another. And no doubt, all they had to tell would be disclosed when the proper time came. Valdo had not recovered consciousness again. He lay there overheard, with a vigil-eyed nurse watching him. Venables had not come down with Mrs. Delahay and Walter. He had

excused himself on the plea of business, and on the understanding that he would visit Cannon Green the following day. In the dining-room for the last hour or two Walter had been seated, deeply engrossed in the slim, parchment-covered volume which had been sent him by Countess Flavia at the urgent request of her dying servant.

Time was going on, and still Walter did not look up from the book. It was long past two before he finished. Then, with a firm step and a determined air, he went up to the little library where Lord Ravenspur was busy writing letters. The latter looked up, and demanded to know what his nephew wanted.

"I want you to look at this," Walter said. "It is a diary written by your late friend Count Flavia, whose handwriting you will, of course, recognize. The diary came into the hands of Silva after his master's death. Now Silva told me some time ago—in fact, during that memorable interview in your studio—that he had in his possession documentary evidence which would prove that his mistress was an injured woman, and his master a scoundrel of the deepest dye. When I asked him why he did not produce this book at the trial, he shrugged his shoulders, and said that it would have been useless. Public opinion against the Countess ran so high that nobody would have believed that he was anything but a forger. But that will be for you to judge. Before we go any further, I want your assurance that this is your dear friend's own handwriting."

Lord Ravenspur turned over the leaves of the manuscript, more or less languidly. One leaf after another he fluttered over; then he handed the book back to Walter again.

"I am not going to contest the point," he said. "Beyond question, this is my unfortunate friend's handwriting; though the letters are quite plain, the writing could not be easily forged. Indeed, to forge such an amount as that would be the work of a lifetime. But what do you want me to do?"

Walter signified that he would like his uncle to read the whole of the volume, but Lord Ravenspur shook his head.

"I am afraid I cannot," he said. "I can speak Italian fairly enough, as you know, but this is merely colloquial, and I had never time really to master the language. But, seeing that you spent three years of your life there, don't you think that you had better read it out to me. I suppose it is interesting?"

"I never read anything that fascinated me more," Walter said. "Mind you, this is the secret diary of Count Flavia. He had no idea that anybody would ever read it. I have gone through the volume from start to finish, and I am forced to the conclusion that your friend was the poisonous scoundrel that Silva declares him to be. I tell you, if this book was published, it would cause a great sensation from one end of Europe to the other. It is the work of a brilliant man with a fine style and an imaginative mind—the history of an attempt to deprive a woman of her will, and of her reason. For the three years during which the Count and Countess Flavia lived together the woman's life was one long, incessant torture. Mind you, there was no actual violence, but the tortures were exquisite and cruel all the same. And here we have them in the Count's own words. It is absolutely necessary that you should listen to some extracts from this amazing work."

"Go on," Ravenspur said quietly; "I am all attention."

Walter bent back the book, and began to read.

"February 17th, 1887. What man is there who has ever succeeded in penetrating the unfathomable depths of a woman's mind? What fools we men are to assume a knowledge of the sex until we have married, and have the object loved before us day by day! There is Carlotta, for example. Carlotta's prevailing trouble is that she is jealous of me. She seems to think that because she cut her self off from her family for my sake, I am to be at her beck and call henceforth and for ever. This peculiar form of jealousy interests and amuses me. It is a pleasure to study it from a scientific basis. This morning I told her I was going to Florence for a day or two, and she wept because I would not allow her to accompany me. I could see that she does not trust me, wherefore I caused a friend of mine who can imitate a woman's writing excellently, to write me a passionate love-letter, which fell quite naturally into Carlotta's hands. "The scene which followed was exquisitely amusing. I have never seen a woman weep to such an extent before. Positively my charming Carlotta was enchanting. I was quite sorry at length when she assumed a mantle of dignity, and left me. Still, this is only the first

## Fashion Hint for Times Readers



CREPE DE CHINE GOWN WITH CHENILLE BORDER.

Very beautiful and artistic are those costumes of bordered crepe de chine and similar soft, clinging materials designed for semicereemonious occasions, such as informal house dinners and restaurant dining. Sometimes the border is in a contrasting darker shade than the material itself, and again it is in the same tone. The border is used in various ways, though the pictured arrangement is much the most attractive, both in skirt and bodice, in this instance developed with a guimpe of beautiful lace.

## PLAYS AND PLAYERS

### HUNTLEY STOCK COMPANY

"Hazel Kirke" will be the initial offering of the Huntley Stock Company which is to open three days engagement at the Opera House on Monday, July 27.

This sterling play is pronounced to be one of the best presented pastoral comedy dramas offered to the theatre-going public, while in incident and theme it is most powerful, every climax breaking with almost volcanic intensity. So much, by way of introduction. To go into the play itself, nothing can be said to detract from its worth. In the entire company, from the artists who interpret the leading roles to the actors who assume the minor allotments there is not one person who has been negligently selected or unintelligently cast. This comedy drama which lacks all of the melodramatic thunder of bygone days is not new or unknown. It was one of the greatest reigning successes of the Madison Square Theatre in New York City when Edith Eliazer and DeWolfe Hopper were members of the cast. The situations, the motives, the characters, mingle without the least jarring or tugging, or straining, giving a pleasing fineness to a story that is said to be taken from life. The climaxes develop quickly and break magnificently, while the lighter moments are as rolling as a Sousa

of many such scenes if I engineered them properly. I see that Carlotta is in possession of all the emotions, so that, by studying her alone, I shall be in a position to add some really extraordinary chapters to my great book on women and their ways.

"March 19th 1887. Carlotta has afforded me a month of absolute enjoyment. Why do people pay money to sit in stuffy theatres and watch comedies and tragedies when they can see and hear the real, palpitating thing for nothing? Outwardly, Carlotta and myself are at daggers drawn. She thinks I am unrepentant and angry, but, as to myself, I have never been more cheerful and happy in my life. And when Carlotta throws a tensa to leave me, I ask her why she has not the slightest intention of leaving me. Women are very much like cats in these matters—they will make many sacrifices for the sake of the domestic hearth. I was talking to Dr. Sacchi, the great surgeon, the other day, and he was telling me of the fierce joy that comes through some new discovery which has been the outcome of vivisection. But, then, Sacchi is only working in the interests of humanity, whereas my vivisection allows me to see the exquisite suffering of the patient. I can study the nerves, and the palpitating wound, at the very moment when the knife enters.

(To be continued.)

### WEDDINGS

#### Redstone-Redstone

Queensdown, N. B., July 13.—At the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Malcolm Redstone, Queensdown, Queens County, on Tuesday, June 30th, her daughter, Maud Blanche, was united in marriage by Rev. C. B. Lewis, to Herman Wilcott Redstone, of Kingston, Kings County.

The bridal couple stood beneath a floral arch of ferns and roses. The bride looked charming, gowned in white silk. She was given away by her brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Redstone were the recipients of many handsome presents. The bride's travelling costume was of shepherd's plaid with white hat.

The happy couple left by steamer Elaine for St. John. They will visit New York and other points of interest before proceeding to Boston, Mass., where they will make their future home.



march, the sentimental fragments being truly natural and the comedy hits as sparkling as the lights which adorn the stage.

### NICKEL STILL GETS CROWD

It was a merry muslined and straw-hatted summer crowd that filled the Nickel's big interior yesterday afternoon. But particularly the evening, and each and every member of it saw a great show of pictures, and listened to a couple of remarkably good songs. One of the features of the day was the debut of Jack Gurney, the robust tenor, whose rendering of the seaside novelty, "Sweet Rosie May," was received with unstinted plaudits. Miss Foley's new song, "That's What The Daisies Said," was perhaps the most tuneful and catchy thing this talented mezzo has yet sung here.

In the pictorial department The Man In The Overalls made the biggest hit. The scenery in the sawmill and furnace room wrought the onlookers up to a state of considerable excitement. Bill The Billposter and Pete The Paperhanger, was a continuous round of laughter and The Miser Rolled, a pretty love rose. Altogether it was a great show for the happy July St. John people, and the orchestra rounded out a programme of entertainment unsurpassed; same show to-day.

### ST. JOHN GIRL HAD A NARROW ESCAPE

Miss Enid Hutchinson Clung to Capsized Boat for Over an Hour.

Ottawa, July 13.—Miss Enid Hutchinson, of St. John, nearly lost her life in Blue Sea Lake the other day. The skiff in which she was cruising with Allan Cameron, upset in a squall, and the two had clung to the boat for more than an hour before they were rescued.

If one feels dull and spiritless, in the spring or early summer, they call it "Spring Fever." But there is no fever—no ailment. It is the after effect of our winter habits. The nerves are mostly at fault. Tired, worn-out nerves leave us languid, lifeless, and without spirit or ambition. A few doses of Dr. Shoop's Restorative will absolutely and quickly change all of these depressing symptoms. Those who are of course, don't bring you back to full health in a day or two, but it will do enough in 48 hours to satisfy you that the remedy is reaching that "tired spot." Druggists everywhere are advising its use as a splendid and prompt general tonic. It gives more vim and more spirit to the system than any other known nerve or constitutional tonic. It sharpens a failing appetite, aids digestion, freshens sluggish livers and kidneys, and brings new life, strength and ambition. Test it a few days and be convinced.

### FLOWER DAY ON THE PLAYGROUNDS

Those interested in the children are asked to remember that Thursday will be flower day at the playgrounds and the committee again wish to remind their friends that flowers of all kinds will be most acceptable. Mr. Henderson, of the baggage room has offered to take charge of those sent in by train and P. Nase & Sons of those sent in by boat. Last Thursday, more than 300 children were made happy with bunches of flowers. The committee wish to thank those who contributed so generously last week, especially those at Shediac and Oak Point.

The Talisman, the first steamer of the Boston & Cuba Steamship Company's service, will arrive at St. John on July 27 to load for Havana direct. This is the service about which P. F. Doody, of Boston, was here last spring, and the Talisman is the first ship of the line to be sent to St. John, the others having restricted their operations to Boston.

William Thomson & Company are the agents.

Mr. and Mrs. I. B. DeLong, of New Germany (N. S.), announce the engagement of their daughter, Meda Claudine, to Thomas Johnstone Gunn, of St. John. The marriage will take place early in August.—Halifax Herald.

### Six Coast on a Cow.

Port Jarvis, N. J.—Three couples, while coasting down the long hill, struck farmer Caldwell's cow. Sled and all slid down down a quarter of a mile on the cow's back, the steel runners of the sled having caught on the cow's horns. At the bottom of the hill, the young people were hurled many feet and the cow so badly injured that she had to be shot.

Mr. C. J. Placey, a prominent farmer of Wolverton, Que., was afflicted with serious kidney trouble. For years he suffered tortures with pain in his back. Doctors said he had incurable kidney disease. "I was discouraged," writes Mr. Placey, "when I was advised to try 'Fruit-a-tives.' I used altogether fifteen boxes and am now well—all signs of kidney trouble having left me."

"Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices and tonics in tablet form—and never fail to cure all Kidney, Liver, Stomach, Skin and Bowel Troubles. 50c a box—6 for \$2.50. At all dealers.

## CAPT. FLEMMING IS NEW HARBOR MASTER

City Council Appointed Him Yesterday Over Other Candidates—Other Business Done.

At the monthly meeting of the common council, yesterday, R. H. Fleming was appointed harbor master, receiving 12 votes on the second ballot out of 17 cast. The recommendation of the treasury board that \$13,000 be voted the school trustees for improving the safety of the school buildings, was adopted. Consent to the issue of \$40,000 debentures for the annex to the Winter street school was also given. Offers from thirteen riparian owners at Loch Lomond who claimed damages by the raising of the water, to settle all past and future claims for \$5,015, were accepted. Ald. Kelley gave notice for the appointment of a special committee to look into the proposed contract with the St. John Railway Company, for repairing the streets with the view of submitting a proposition for permanent improvements in the streets. The mayor presided and the full council was present with the common clerk.

The recommendation of the water and sewerage board with respect to Loch Lomond claims was that the following amounts be paid:

|                                           |           |
|-------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Nathan Benjamin                           | \$150.00  |
| Amanda J. Crockett                        | 200.00    |
| John H. Sherwood                          | 850.00    |
| Richard Horford                           | 400.00    |
| David White & Malcolm White               | 250.00    |
| Annie Gilmore                             | 200.00    |
| Ross Neill                                | 250.00    |
| James McDermott                           | 50.00     |
| G. O. Baxter                              | 65.00     |
| Lydia A. Stackhouse and George Stackhouse | 250.00    |
| Joseph W. Stackhouse                      | 250.00    |
| Alexander F. Johnston                     | 200.00    |
| Total                                     | \$3115.00 |

In the case of Alexander F. Johnston, it was further recommended that \$1,000 should be paid for his interval farm adjoining the farm of R. G. Murray, and that it be conveyed to the city. Mr. Murray to take the farm from the city, and also the lot of land recently purchased by the city extending from the main road along the lake, back to the rear line and from the land of the Joy Fishing Club to the lands of A. G. Gray, and to execute a covenant against the emptying of sewage into the lake.

The value of the lot owned by the city, is \$300, and with the \$1600 given for Mr. Johnston's farm, the total amount paid in damages is therefore \$5,015.

The report of the board of works was taken up on the recommendation to appoint a harbor master. That Frank D. Alward be appointed as he was willing to do the work for a small addition to his salary and \$1,000 a year would be saved.

Ald. Elkin said Mr. Alward would be quite satisfactory to the shipping interests.

After some discussion on motion of Ald. Baxter all names before the council were put in nomination and balloted on.

The applications previously received were: R. H. Fleming, J. H. Crossley, Thomas Trainor, J. A. Mowry, George E. Finley, G. W. Colwell, T. G. Starkey, and Edward Baskin.

Ald. Baskin nominated Mr. Alward, Ald. Kelley nominated Captain W. Rudbeck and Ald. Christie nominated Charles McLaughlin.

On the first ballot by some error eight votes were cast, there being only seven eligible voters. The vote stood Fleming, 9; Rudbeck, 2; Mowry, 6; Alward, 1. Another ballot was taken which resulted as follows: Fleming, 12; Rudbeck, 1; Mowry, 3; Alward, 1. The mayor did not vote.

Mr. Fleming was declared elected.

A section of the board of works report recommending additional work on the Clark & Adams wharf to the extent of \$10,100, was after some discussion referred back to the board with power to act.

A section of the safety board report recommending the purchase of hose, was referred back.

The reports of the ferry and appeals committee and the water and sewerage board were adopted.

The report of the committee on the mayor's address was received and referred to the boards interested.

## The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



Ruby and Babette.  
(From the Ice Maiden, by Hans Anderson.)  
Find the Ice Maiden.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE.

Upper left corner down, in front of Simple Simon.

Here is the Maid with lovely eyes  
Of blue, like far celestial skies.  
She has no ills which beauty mar  
For ABBEY'S SALT keeps them a far.

At Dealers—  
25c. and 60c.

**Abbey's**  
Effervescent Salt

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Men's Dongola Lace Boots \$2.25 Boots \$1.49

Men's Canvas Shoes \$1.50 Shoes 79c.

Men's Blucher Oxford Shoes, Patent \$3, \$2.19

Childs' White Canvas Shoes size 10 only 49c

These are only a few of the many bargains we are offering. Every Shoe in stock is marked down fully

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Boots and Shoes at big cut prices

Come and Shoe the whole family and save money

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## Your Advt. Here

Will be read by thousands every day

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