

# The Opening of Our New Store

We are now Situated at our

## NEW STORE 17-19 Charlotte Street

and Will have our opening

### To-morrow Friday at 8 a.m.

We have one of the finest stores in Canada and invite the public to call and see us at

### Our New Home

For the two Opening Days, **Friday and Saturday** we will give special discounts and special bargains in all lines; so in visiting our store, if you decide to make any purchases, it will be money in your pocket to do so. We have felt for a long time that we were on the wrong side of King Street and have been looking forward to getting into our New Store on Charlotte Street. We are now here,—in the right stand, and in a store that will enable us to handle more easily our rapidly growing trade. Come in—and see us on **Friday and Saturday** even if you don't make any purchases. We invite the public, and all will be made welcome.

### Special Discounts

Men's Suits at . \$3.89, 4.89, 5.49 and up  
Men's Pants at . \$98c, \$1.19, 1.39 and up

### Special Bargains For Our Opening

Boys' 2 Piece Norfolk Suits at \$1.89, 2.49, 2.89, 3.29  
Boys' Pants at . . . . . 39c, 59c, 89c, 98c

Other lines of Men's and Boys' Clothing at Discounts ranging from **Ten per Cent to Thirty-three & One-third per Cent**  
**Furnishings for the Holiday at Opening Prices.**

A Special Lot of New Negligee and Outing Shirts, regular \$1 to \$2.25 Shirts. For Friday and Saturday—your choice for 79c each.

A Special Line of—  
**New Fancy Hose, American**

Just Arrived. Regular 50c value. For Opening 35c pair or 3 pairs for \$1.00.

We have just received one of the finest lines of American Neckwear ever imported to this city. Look at these goods at special opening prices.

Discounts on all regular goods such as **Collars, Belts, Underwear, Trunks, Travelling Bags, Etc.**

In fact **All Goods** on Friday and Saturday at

**Special Opening Prices**

As the Painters will not have our Show Windows finished this week, we will be unable to make as good a showing of our Goods as we would like, but—

**Come in, We have the Goods, at the Right Prices.**

We will have **Extra Salesmen** to handle the crowds on **Friday and Saturday, so**

**Come Early---Come Often.**

EVERYBODY WELCOME

# HENDERSON & HUNT 17-19 Charlotte Street

Outfitters to Men Who Know

## The Midnight Guest

By FRED M. WHITE

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

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(Continued.)

"I haven't the slightest idea," Ravenspur said wearily. "I was sitting in my chair when the light suddenly went out and I heard the door locked. Then I had to fight for my life, and was nearly done for when I called out for assistance."

"And you saw nothing of him?" Walter asked.

"Nothing whatever," Ravenspur went on. "I could only feel him. And after that I reflect no more till you came."

"A most extraordinary thing," Walter said, somewhat impatiently. "Surely you have some idea as to who the man is. Surely he must be the same man who mistook Sir James Seton for yourself to-night?"

No reply came from Lord Ravenspur. Evidently he desired to say no more. He seemed anxious to be alone. But Walter, angry and hurt, walked rapidly about the room seeking for a way whereby the late visitor had vanished. But he looked in vain. There was no possible means of exit other than the door, and the fireplace was too narrow to admit of anybody coming or going. As to the roof, it was of heavy stained glass, and as impregnable as the walls themselves. The mystery who could have explained it all sat there silent, and moody, and tongue tied.

"Is there anything more that I can do for you before I go to bed?" Walter asked.

"Are you sure I can't help you?" "I am afraid not, my boy," Ravenspur said in a dull, mechanical way. "I know that you won't chatter about this thing. And perhaps, a little later on, I shall be able to speak more plainly. I shall be glad if you will help me up the stairs and get me into bed. I have had a great shock to-night."

It seemed almost cruel to pursue the subject further, and Walter refrained from questions as he noticed the ghastly whiteness of his uncle's face. The latter was disposed of at length, and then Walter came downstairs again. He now had the house practically to himself. All desire for sleep had forsaken him. Besides that, it was no nice thought to reflect on the possibility of that ruffian being still on the premises. Walter had not the slightest doubt in his mind that the man had left the studio in some secret manner, and that he had come there through no ordinary channel. What was to prevent him returning again when the

house was asleep and finishing his work? In itself, the fact of Lord Ravenspur possessing a bitter enemy was remarkable. And Lord Ravenspur's obstinate silence was more remarkable still. Walter had given his word to say nothing of these events, but that did not bind him from making enquiries on his own account.

He returned to the studio once more and made a thoroughly searching examination of the place. Was there some secret door which Lord Ravenspur used, and of which nobody knew anything? It had never occurred to Walter till that moment that his uncle might have turned down pages in his life, but that conclusion was inevitable now. Still, though Walter spent the best part of an hour in his search, he had nothing to show for his pains. He was about to give up the thing in despair when a piece of yellow paper, lying by the side of the Persian rug where Lord Ravenspur had fallen, attracted his attention. It was a small, shabby sheet, of paper, folded in four and printed from worn-out type, in fact, just the class of bill which is circulated amongst travelling circus and shows of that kind. It was the last thing in the world that anyone would have looked for in the studio of so fastidious a man as Lord Ravenspur. Slowly and thoughtfully Walter unfolded and read the hand-bill.

It was an advertisement of the nightly programme of the Imperial Palace Theatre. The name of the place sounded imposing enough, but the locality of Vauxhall Bridge Road somewhat detracted from the importance of it. So far as Walter could judge, the Imperial Palace Theatre was no more than a shady music hall giving two shows a night, and most of the names on the bill were absolutely unknown to fame. The star turn appeared to be one Valdo, who was announced as the flying man who had made such a sensation through the leading halls in Europe.

"I wonder if this is a clue," Walter murmured to himself. "At any rate, I should like to see this Valdo. I'll go down to the Imperial Palace to-morrow night and enquire for myself."

Walter, folded up the shabby bill and placed it in his pocket, after which he went thoughtfully to bed.

### CHAPTER VIII

The Mystery Deepens.

Nobody in the Park Lane house appeared to have the slightest suspicion that anything had been wrong. The stolid, well-trained servants accepted the explanation of the broken door quite as a matter of course. And when Vera had come down in the morning she appeared to have forgotten the incident entirely. Lord Ravenspur was not feeling particularly well, and he had decided to keep to his room for the day. The explanation was perfectly simple and quite natural. All the same, Walter was thankful that Vera should ask him no questions. It was no easy matter to preserve a cheerful and unconcerned face at the breakfast table, but he seemed to manage it all right. He was just a little quiet and subdued, but then there was nothing remarkable about that, especially in view of Lord Ravenspur's feelings on the subject of his engagement to Vera.

The day dragged on, and Walter waited

with what patience he had till the evening. He was not displeased to find that Vera was dining out with some friends in Sloane Square, for this would give him the opportunity he needed. He changed his dinner jacket presently for an old tweed coat and cap. Then he set out on his errand in Vauxhall Bridge Road. Walter was not alone on this occasion, for he was accompanied by a journalist friend whose particular study was the life and habits of the lower classes. It was this friend who had suggested the advisability of the humble garb, so that they could thus mix freely with the people around them. Walter congratulated himself upon his friend's prudence when he saw the class of audience that filled the Imperial Palace Theatre.

The place was large enough, and by no means lacked artistic finish. At one time it had been an actual theatre, run by some enthusiast with a view to the elevation of the masses and the production of high-class plays at popular prices. The experiment had ended in a ghastly failure and now a shrewd, hard-headed publican in the neighborhood was making a fortune by the simple expedient of giving his patrons exactly what they required.

"What part of the house shall we try?" Walter asked.

"We can't do better than the pit," Venables replied. "That will cost you sixpence, or perhaps, if you like to be extravagant, we can have a box for half-a-crown. Still, we don't want to make ourselves conspicuous. The pit is quite good enough for me. You can smoke here, you know, and drink too, so the matter of that. But I should not advise you to try the latter experiment."

The house was fairly well filled as the two friends entered and took their seats. The audience for the most part were respectable enough, but the whole place reeked with perspiring humanity, and the air was pungent with the smell of acrid tobacco. A constant fusillade of chaff went on between the stage and the audience. Indeed, the artists, for the most part, appeared to be on the most friendly terms with the habits of the theatre.

A dreary-looking comedian was singing one of the inevitable patter songs, full of the feeble allusions to drink without which songs of that kind never appear to be complete. The audience listened stolidly enough.

"Are they never going to tire of this kind of thing?" Walter asked of his companion. "Is there nothing humorous in the world outside the region of too much beer? These people sadden me."

"Oh, they are all right," Venables said cheerfully. "They are quite happy in their own particular way. I have long ceased to look for anything fresh on the music hall stage. An original artist and an original manner would be tolerated."

(To be continued.)

In St. James' church, Bridgetown (N.S.) on June 3, Miss Genevieve Marguerite Bessie, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Irvin, will be married to B. B. Richardson, manager of the Royal Bank at Summerside (P. E. I.) and son of the late James F. Richardson of Halifax.

### Afraid to Sleep

Miss Norma K. Straubenzick, well known in Bedford, says: "Every year I was attacked with Asthma. I used every medicine I ever heard of, and treated with many good physicians. I was able to get relief but never a permanent cure. Then a bad attack came on I was afraid to go to sleep, the coughing and choking were so severe. Catarrhones cured me, and for more than a year I haven't been bothered." Catarrhones invariably cures Asthma and Catarrh, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 sizes. The latter is guaranteed. Sold everywhere.

## PLAYS AND PLAYERS

### NEW SONGS AT THE NICKEL

A perfectly pleased houseful of people saw the Nickel's new show last evening from the opening hour until the commencement of the final programme and it is safe to predict crowds will be the rule again this afternoon and tonight. The leading film was somewhat of an innovation in the line of picture-dramas, a strongly emotional story of a collegiate youth who went the pace for a while and made large loans of a grasping lender. When he had gone his limit and the money lender came down upon him for the funds the youth attempted to rob his lavish father but was frustrated by a loving mother whose heart was nearly broken by the discovery. The parents forgave and the money lender was dealt with by the father as he justly deserved. The other pictures, A Delightful Dream and The Female Police elicited lots of laughter. Miss Wren will today have a new song, "Won't You Waltz Home Sweet Home With Me For Old Time's Sake," and Mr. Maxwell will render the new summer hit, "Sweet Sixteens."

### HOOLIGAN IN NEW YORK

"Hooligan in New York," the big trick pantomime comedy-drama is booked to appear at The Opera House tonight, and will be presented by a company of well

known and well liked dramatic artists, including Nellie LaFlair, Maymie Maxwell, Carrie Herbert, Edna Hubert, Ryan & Douglas, Robt. Merideth, Clinton DeWitt and Frank H. Collier in his original creation of Hooligan.

"Hooligan in New York" carries a car load of scenery and trick properties to properly present this novel play. A realistic railroad scene, an opium den, City Hall Park at night, Greely Square and East Side Den are some of the scenic sensations that will be shown.

### AT THE PALACE

The biggest hit of the season was produced at this theatre last evening and the enormous crowd that witnessed this performance was more than pleased. The one act farce comedy "Is Marriage a Failure" took the audience by storm and from the very beginning the people were kept in a roar of laughter until the close. This good farce will be repeated tonight and you should avail yourself of the opportunity of witnessing this performance.

The pictures were very good and called forth applause as well as much laughter. Miss Margaret Lee sang "Sweetheart Days" and was given a hearty reception. All next week at this theatre Mr. James Fairbanks "The Man Behind the Fun" will produce the funniest comedies ever seen in St. John. Harrison and Moffatt will be seen tomorrow night in the soldier sketch "Tommy Atkins."

Don't fail to see tonight's show at this theatre.

### WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB GETS A START

Charter List is Closed With Seventy Members—A Good Beginning.

A meeting of the executive of the Women's Canadian Club, was held on Wednesday in the Church of England Institute rooms. In the absence of Lady Tilley, Mrs. Robert Thomson presided. Nominations for charter membership were received, after which the lists were ordered closed. The question of a formal opening at this season of the year was debated and the matter left open for further consideration. It was decided to notify all persons wishing to become members of the Women's Canadian Club to forward their names and addresses to a member of the committee or to Mrs. D. P. Chisholm, secretary, 95 Coburg street. Those who have already signed as charter members will upon forwarding the fee to the treasurer, Miss Travers, Sydney street, receive their membership cards.

The following is a list of charter members:—

Lady Tilley, Mrs. Robert Thomson, Mrs. E. A. Smith, Mrs. D. McLellan, Mrs. G. Holt White, Mrs. J. D. Hazen, Mrs. G. M. Campbell, Mrs. George U. Hay, Mrs. John McAvity, Mrs. D. P. Chisholm, Miss Travers, Mrs. Lemuel Tweedie, Mrs. F. E. Barker, Mrs. C. H. Fairweather, Mrs. George F. Smith, Mrs. Chipman Skinner, Mrs. John H. Thomson, Mrs. F. A. Pelias, Mrs. H. S. Bridges, Mrs. Ira Cornwall, Mrs. J. B. Travers, Mrs. George West Jones, Mrs. Leonard



THE LACE-TRIMMED LAURA.

Hats trimmed with lace, yards and yards of Valenciennes edging, are among the most effective midsummer millinery. The side-brimmed sailor shapes especially admit of the form of trimming, great whorls of plisse Valenciennes edging decorating the medium-high crown at the left side, and tiers of the same draping the side of the brim all around. A pretty use of flowers with lace shows a wreath of tiny roses draped from the edge of the crown over the lace.

### CITY MARSHALS TO BE PAID ON COMMISSION

Several Matters Discussed at a Special Meeting of the City Treasury Board.

At a special meeting yesterday afternoon, the treasury board decided, by a vote of seven to three, that for taxes collected the city marshals should in the future be paid on a basis of \$1 for each account, this to be in addition to the usual fee of forty cents, and that they be allowed a commission of 2 per cent on their returns. It was further decided to give the chamberlain authority to increase the number of marshals from seven to eleven and that no marshal who failed

to return 400 accounts during the year should be eligible for re-appointment. Each marshal will be bonded by the city in the amount of \$1,000.

On the question, raised by the chamberlain, whether the rate of ten cents a thousand for loading deals over the side should apply to the summer season, it was decided that no charge in summer should be made.

It was decided to refund a licence fee of \$7.50 charged H. D. Marr, milliner, for a man milliner who had been here only three days.

On motion of Ald. Pickett, the Chamberlain was instructed to submit a statement of the arrears of taxes in each ward on real estate for 1907, with the names of the delinquents. The report will be discussed at a special meeting.

Some of our distant relations come under the head of posterity.

## Colds Colds

Ask your doctor if Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is not just the right medicine for such cases. He knows all about it. Then follow his advice.

Cold after cold, cough after cough. One cold no sooner cured than another one comes. It's a bad habit, this taking-cold habit. What you want is a medicine that will break up this habit, heal inflamed membranes, strengthen weak tissues. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

