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The Midnight Guest

By FRED M. WHITE

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

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(Continued.)
Stevens made no reply. He sat there quivering from head to foot, sick with suspense and anxiety, wondering in his mind when Dallas was going to strike. At any other time the ghastly color of his face would have attracted attention, but the man was occupied with his own thoughts. He was staring moodily into the fireplace.

"Don't talk about it," Stevens managed to say at length. "If you had told me about it at the time, I never should have touched that stuff. But I had got it in my pocket, and I had given my word before I had heard of the murder. And how was I to know that there was a chance of Mr. Delahay coming back? If anything happens you will say as much for me, won't you?"

Stevens asked the question with trembling eagerness. He made his request more with a view to impressing Dallas than anything else. But the culprit by his side, apparently, had no idea of the drift of the question, or why it was asked.

"Oh, you have nothing to fear," he said moodily. "At least, it is all right as long as that stuff isn't traced. But what is the use of sitting here jawing like this? Let us go to a music-hall or theatre or something of that kind—anything to get away from one's thoughts. Every now and again—"

The speaker rose to his feet, and Stevens dragged his trembling limbs from the settee. At the same moment, Dallas appeared upon the scene and touched the stranger lightly on the shoulder.

"I hope you know who I am," he said. The other man like relief, just for a moment all the gloom left his face. Then he recovered himself and looked at Dallas steadily.

"Dallas, of Scotland Yard," he said. "Oh, I know you well enough, sir, and I expect you know me."

"Name of Cooney," Dallas said briskly. "Jim Cooney, I am best known for burglary at the residence of Mr. Louis Delahay, in Fitzjohn Square."

"Yes, that's right enough," Cooney said. "I am not going to complain. Up on my word, I am glad it is over. If you just let me have a cigarette and another drink I'll tell you all about it; and a nice sort of pal you are Stevens. Oh, I'd give something to have you for five minutes to myself. You sneaking rat!"

"I couldn't help myself," Stevens whined. "Upon my word, I couldn't. Besides, what does it matter? Inspector Dallas knows all about it. He even knew you were coming here tonight, though I swear he never had a single hint from me. Isn't that so, Inspector?"

"Am I telling the truth, or am I a liar?" "It is perfectly true, Cooney," Dallas explained. "I followed Stevens here, knowing quite well that he was waiting for you."

"The assurance seemed to be sufficient, for Cooney asked no further questions. Nor was it for Dallas to explain that, till a few moments ago, he had no idea of the real identity of the man whom Stevens had come to meet. Cooney took a long whiff of his cigarette and pitched the end of it into the fireplace.

"I am quite ready for you now," he said, "and I'll tell you all about it if you like. Oh, I know everything I say will be taken down in evidence against me; but it is little I mind that. I plundered the dead body of Mr. Louis Delahay, all right. He was dead when I got there, and if I didn't tell you so, you overheard enough to jug me half a dozen times. Don't look at me like that, Mr. Dallas, sir. Don't think I had any hand in the murder, sir. May I die if I ain't as innocent of that as a kid."

"Better not say too much," Dallas suggested. "Really, I am not curious to hear, and now, come along. You can have a cab if you like. Perhaps you may come out of this better than you expect

—if you are only candid." Cooney pleaded. "I'll tell you everything, sir, I will—straight—everything—from start to finish. Sit down and listen to me; and you need not be afraid that I shall try and escape. I don't want to."

CHAPTER XLIV.

The Story of a Crime.

Dallas shrugged his shoulders indifferently. Truth to tell he was both annoyed and disappointed. He had looked forward with every assurance to laying his hands on the actual culprit in the person of Cooney. As it was now, the whole thing looked like beginning all over again. A suspicion of the real truth was dawning on his mind.

"It was like this," Cooney said, in a harsh, strained voice. "I have been pretty short of a job for some time, and I promised to pay for a lot of furniture I bought for my house by a given time. I had the stuff on the hire-purchase system, and I knew precious well what would happen if I did not keep the instalments up. I had only a day or two to spare, and I was getting pretty anxious. That same evening I met Stevens in a public house. I hadn't seen him for some time, and, naturally enough, I asked him what he had been doing. Then he told me that on behalf of a party, whose name he didn't mention, he had been shadowing a certain house in Fitzjohn Square. I wasn't particularly interested until he let out that he could tell me a good deal about the houses there, and how some of them would be easy work for the likes of a chap such as me, for instance. Then I asked a few questions, and hears all about Mr. Delahay's studio. Thinks I to myself, here's a bit of luck for you, Jim Cooney. I had all the information I wanted. The next night I goes round and has a look at the studio. The thing was as easy as eating your dinner. I waited till it got pretty late, and then I got into the house from the back. When I did get there, I was rather alarmed to see a light in the studio. I crept along to the door, and looked in. You can imagine my surprise when I saw a gentleman painting there. When I looked at him again I had no difficulty in recognising Lord Ravenspur.

"What he was doing there, I don't know. But seeing it wasn't his own house, I reckoned he wasn't likely to stay long, so I just sat down to wait patiently for such a time as I could have the place to myself. It wasn't more than an hour before I heard the door open, and two other people came in. They were a lady and a gentleman, but who the lady was I don't know from Adam. The gentleman, as you will guess, was Mr. Delahay himself. I suppose the lady was really Mrs. Delahay, too; I mean, the woman who is suspected of the murder. But I am getting a bit away from the point. I had hardly time to hide myself behind a recess with a curtain in front of it before the newcomers came into the hall and began to talk. They were conversing in a low, confidential tone, so that I could not follow very well, but I could see that they were annoyed to find Lord Ravenspur there, and they were casting about for some means of getting rid of him. Presently the lady said something about the light and the cable, and the gentleman seemed to fall in with her suggestion. Anyway, I saw him take a knife from his pocket, and go down into the basement. A moment later the whole place was plunged in darkness."

"You mean that the cable was cut?" Dallas asked. "Well, I am glad that mystery is cleared up. I am bound to tell you gentlemen, that that cut cable has caused me no end of trouble. It started me out on a dozen, more or less impossible, theories. I see exactly what happened now. Mr. Delahay and his companion doubtless thought that if they cut off the light, they would get rid of Lord Ravenspur."

"That is exactly what they did," Cooney resumed. "I heard his lordship fusing about, and trying the electric switches but he gave it up as a bad job, and after a bit left the house. Mr. Delahay appeared presently from somewhere, with a lamp, which he carried into the studio, and the lady followed him. I was close enough at hand to see what took place. The lady had come, evidently for some valuable jewelry, for Mr. Delahay produced a case from a safe, and handed it over to her. My word, but those stones did sparkle! It seemed to me that I was in luck that night. My game obviously was to take no further heed of the studio but to follow the lady as soon as she left the house. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning, and there wasn't a soul about. In my mind's eye I saw those stones already in my pocket. But, unfortunately for me, Mr. Delahay walked with his visitor as far as the front gate, and stood looking up the road until the

THE OLD AND THE YOUNG THE STRONG and THE WEAK

During the Summer Months are Subject to Sudden Attacks of Bowel Disturbance, Such as Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Pain in the Stomach and Summer Complaint, and the Children get Cholera Infantum and Cholera Morbus.

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Mrs. C. W. Brown, Grand Harbor, N.B., writes: "I consider Dr. Fowler's EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY to be the best remedy for Summer Complaint, as it cured me of a very bad case. I can recommend it highly to any one."

lady was safe in a hansom. It was as much as I could do to get back to the house again without being discovered, but I managed it all right. There were several valuable articles I had marked down, and directly Mr. Delahay was back in the studio I began to gather them together. I dropped one trinket, which tinkled on the floor and my heart was in my mouth. I thought that the sound didn't reach the ears of Mr. Delahay. But I was mistaken. A minute or two later I heard him coming, and I bolted through the window into the garden. It was hard work, but I managed to get away safe for me to go back, and then I went. I turned on the light. My heart was fair in my mouth. Then I looked down at the floor. There lay Mr. Delahay as dead as a rabbit. I believe I howled for a moment. I was taken to! But there he lay, and there was his watch-chain a-shining in the light, and then it comes into my head that, if I got pluck enough, here was a way to pay for them sticks of furniture of mine. It was hard work, but I managed to screw myself up to it at last. After all said and done, I'd only come here to take what I could get, and it wasn't that which knifed the poor gentleman. Besides, he might have died a natural death for all I knew. There was no sign of blood about, and nothing that suggested violence. All the same, I couldn't go through it again if you offered me ten thousand of the best."

(To be continued.)

YORK LOAN DIVIDEND MAY BE 40 PER CENT

Liquidators Make an Encouraging Announcement—Considerable Saved from the Wreckage.

(Toronto World, Friday.)

An official announcement was made yesterday by the National Trust Co., as liquidators of the York Loan Savings Co., that

it is confidently expected that, instead of the 25 per cent. dividend, which was first anticipated, a maximum, the liquidator will be able to pay at least 40 per cent., but as regards the dividend, the liquidator has not yet been in a position to make further announcement within a short time."

A schedule attached, showing how the claims of the different shareholders have been divided by the liquidator, states that after deducting \$745,529.91 for the expenses of the liquidation, the ordinary claims were reduced to \$2,888,435.26.

The ordinary claims will be further reduced as follows: Duplicates taken off list, \$90,000. Arrears, approximately \$100,000 when deducted from the dividends, will reduce the claim sheet about \$250,000.

Share loan notes of \$102,000 and interest when deducted from dividends to which the borrowing shareholders are entitled will reduce claim sheet about \$250,000.

Ordinary claims have been reduced to \$2,888,435.26.

The result of the settlement is that all the shareholders, with a few exceptions, rank equally upon the assets of the estate, the total amount of the preferred claims being \$99,427, whereas the total amount of the ordinary claims is \$1,250,000. If these preferred claims had been allowed, there would have been very little left for the ordinary shareholders. The result of the settlement is practically to affirm the judgments given by George Knapp, K., the official referee, in the different cases. All litigation between the shareholders is now settled and appeals to the privy council are now out of question.

SOME FEELING AROUSED IN CARLETON CHURCH

At a business meeting of the Ludlow street Baptist church last night, a motion was submitted that Rev. A. McNinch, of Albert County, be called to the pulpit in succession to Rev. C. E. Jenkins. The vote stood twenty-six for and seventeen against, and the suggested call was abandoned. There was reported to be some feeling over the matter. The older members were said to favor the call while the younger were opposed to it. One of the congregation said afterwards there was likely to be a split over the matter.

From another source it was learned, however, that this was improbable, and that the pulpit committee would meet to-night to select a name to submit to the vote of the congregation. It is likely this name will be that of Rev. J. McLuckie, a graduate of the Spurgeon college, London (Eng.), who is now supplying in Albert County.

The first open air service of St. Luke's church last evening was well attended. The lantern slides were very interesting. Rev. R. P. McKim spoke eloquently to those assembled.

Thinking Swearing All Right. Providing the provocation equals the offence of Jones stepping on Smith's corns. Far better to use Putnam's Corn Extract—it does cure corns and warts in one day without pain. Try "Putnam's" and stand looking up the road until the

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



POMPADOUR SUNSHADES WITH EMBROIDERY FROCKS.

A charming color not in the summer toilette is the pompadour sunshade carried with delectable costume confections of sheer lingerie fabrics, fine laces and beautiful designs in blind and eyelet embroideries and over chapeaux of beautiful white braid and straw with all white trimmings of soft transparencies, which frequently depend in streamer fashion down the back and swath the crown, over which spread soft white wings.

PREMIER HAZEN BACK FROM OUTING

Party Had a Most Enjoyable Vacation—A Peculiar Ad- With a Moose.

Hon. J. D. Hazen and W. C. H. Grimmer, the surveyor-general, returned on Saturday after an enjoyable ten days spent on the Tobique.

The premier had never previously visited this great game section of the province and in an interview with a Telegraph reporter yesterday expressed himself as delighted with his experiences which he said had given him a knowledge of the game conditions which would be of the greatest value to the government in dealing with such matters.

Besides the premier and surveyor-general the party consisted of Miss Katie Hazen, Miss Lois Grimmer, D. K. Hazen and Arthur P. Hazen, manager of the Bank of B.N.A., and the guides and their assistants.

The trip, Mr. Hazen said, had been undertaken by the surveyor-general and himself at the invitation of the Guides Association of N. B., the guides being anxious for members of the government to see for themselves the conditions which prevailed in the woods as regards game and sport generally. The guides were Adam Moore, Charles Crennans and Arthur Pringle. The two first-named hunted the Tobique and Nepisiquit districts while Mr. Pringle was located on the Miramichi.

On the outward journey the party went to Plaster Rock by train and drove through to the Forke, thirty-five miles, where they stopped for dinner. On the way they met Dr. and Mrs. Gifford, who had ridden in their auto from Providence (R.I.), and at their invitation the surveyor-general, Arthur P. Hazen and himself entered the car with them to the Forke. On arriving there they were made the guests of Col. Parker, of Washington, Messrs. Emmett, Townsend and Weeks, of New York, who, as members of the Tobique Salmon club, entertained the party most hospitably, extending to them every kindness and placing the salmon pools of the club at their disposal. A like courtesy was also extended on the return trip.

From the Forke, canoes were taken up the left branch to Nictaux Lake, where the home camp of Mr. Moore was situated in beautiful surroundings. In addition Mr. Moore owns ten other camps in the district in which he hunts. The camp consisted of three buildings—one a dining room and a kitchen, another a large general room with sleeping apartments for men and a third with apartments for women. Boats, traps, camp and that of Mr. Crennans on Bathurst Lake were most comfortably fitted up.

From this point a carry of three miles brought the party to Bathurst Lake, at the head of the Nepisiquit. It had been the intention of the party to go down this river to Bathurst, but it was finally decided to return by the Tobique in canoes all the way to the St. John in order to give an opportunity to see the river from the Forke to its mouth.

Mr. Hazen explained that both the surveyor-general and himself were anxious to see the Narrows, as for some time there had been an agitation to build a dam at that spot. The proposal had been strenuously opposed by the fisheries department at Ottawa and by the lumber interests on the Tobique on the ground that the dam would destroy the stream as a fishing river and be disastrous to the

salmon industry on the St. John. The Tobique, it was pointed out, was now the only river entering the St. John to which salmon resorted for the purpose of spawning.

Referring to the abundance of game met with on the trip, Mr. Hazen said from The Forke up to the lakes the country abounds in moose and deer. Six moose were on one occasion seen together and 15 all between 40 and 50 miss had been sighted.

Asked if anything unusual happened on the trip, Mr. Hazen said that while at Nictaux lake an incident occurred which the guides said was without parallel in their experience. One evening the surveyor-general, accompanied by Miss Hazen and Miss Grimmer, with Messrs Moore and Crennans as canoe men, went out after dark with a jack lantern to look for moose. With a light in the canoe the canoe is invisible to the moose and it is possible to get very close as the animals stand in the water. Quite a number were seen and finally the canoe passed quite close to a large bull and in doing so the light from the lantern was turned full on him. This happened in a narrow stream or bogged at the head of the lake and the shadows of the trees cast by the light alarmed the moose so that in rushing for the opposite bank, he bounded with his fore feet right into the canoe, which was invisible to him, and went right over it, sinking it with his weight.

The animal struck the surveyor-general and bruised him considerably. Fortunately there were only a few feet of water where the adventure occurred and the party escaped with nothing worse than a ducking. The guides, in referring to the incident, said the moose was not attacking the canoe or its occupants but was alarmed by the shadows cast by the lantern.

Mr. Hazen said he had never previously been up the Tobique and was delighted at the prosperous condition of the settlements as far as The Forke. The land from that point to the lakes seemed to be of excellent quality and well suited for settlement. The crops seen gave promise of an abundant harvest. He added that he found good hotel accommodation at Plaster Rock and at The Forke, where Mr. Miller is building a large hotel, at which the party stayed on the way down and were very comfortable.

"Nothing," said the premier in conclusion, "could have exceeded the kindness and attention of our hosts, the guides and, in addition to a delightful holiday, the surveyor-general and I have acquired a knowledge of the game conditions which we could not have obtained in any other way. It will be of great value to us in dealing with such matters in the future."

MONCTON DEATHS

Moncton, N. B., July 12.—A telegram received by friends here today, announced the death at Winnipeg last night of Mrs. S. Rankine, formerly Miss Daisy McSweeney, of Moncton, and daughter of the late Thomas McSweeney of this city. Mrs. Rankine's home was in Vancouver, but at the time of her death she was with her mother about in Winnipeg. She had been married about a year. She is survived by her husband, mother, sister, Miss Ella McSweeney, and a brother, Thomas. She was a niece of Mrs. H. W. Chapman of this city.

The death occurred quite suddenly here this morning of Mrs. McDonald, wife of Henry McDonald, of the I. C. R. stores department. Mrs. McDonald had only been ill four or five days, with pneumonia. She was fifty-five years old and leaves beside a husband one daughter, Mrs. Herman Thomas, Moncton; two sons, Seth, of Putnam (Conn.), and Harley, of New York. Deceased was a daughter of the late Edward Chambers, of Brule (N. S.).

Every London music hall makes dancing the chief feature of its programme.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



Simple Simon went a-fishing For to catch a whale; All the water he could find Was in his mother's pail. Find his mother. ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE. Upper left corner down, in sleeve.

BURDEN ON FAMILIES OF MEN WHO DRINK

R. B. Addison So Refers to the Liquor License System—Admirable Address in E.D.C. Hall.

Does it pay to have a number of working men, poor and ill-clad, in order that another man may be enabled to conduct a business in order that brewers may have places to live in?

These and kindred questions were asked last evening by R. B. Addison, in the course of a very vigorous temperance address at the Every Day Club. Mr. Addison declared that people pay more for liquor than for religion, benevolent institutions and education. The burden of the license system fell upon the families of the men who drank.

The liquor business, said Mr. Addison, was a bad business. Even if a dealer preferred that his customer be sober men, the business itself tended to make drunkards. The only effective way to deal with the traffic was to prohibit it. The license system might reduce the number of saloons but it did not interfere with the consumer. He could still purchase all he desired. Mere restriction was not enough.

Away back in the twilight of the world, Moses might have said the world was not ready for the commandments handed down from Sinai; but the prohibition, "Thou shalt not!" had thundered down the ages. It was true that the enactment of a law did not regenerate a man, but prohibition would rob the liquor traffic of its strongest support. It would then be under the condemnation of the people.

It caused more disease, sin, suffering and death than any other agency. People took stringent measures against smallpox and said it was right to do so, but they licensed the rum traffic and sent its victims to the chain gang. The remedy was

total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the state.

The Sunday school choir of the Tabernacle church sang and there were solos by Miss McMaster and Miss Lulu Colwell.

Rev. E. W. Kelly will be the speaker next Sunday evening.

OBITUARY

Miss Mary J. Carr

On Saturday morning Miss Mary J. Carr died in her mother's residence, 50 St. David street, aged sixty-two years. She was the daughter of Rebecca and the late Robert Carr, rigger. She had been ill for seven months with paralysis. On the morning of her death Mrs. Henry Carr, whose husband is a distant connection of the family, was in the house. Miss Carr was sitting in a rocking chair propped up with cushions. She asked Mrs. Carr for a glass of hot water, which she drank. She thanked her attendant and desired her to lie down and rest. Soon afterwards the invalid asked Mrs. Carr to fan her. This she did, at the same time turning to open a window. When Mrs. Carr again turned towards her charge she was dead.

Miss Carr leaves no relative besides her mother, who is eighty-seven years old, and who is practically blind and deaf and unable to do much to help herself.

After the funeral, which will take place this afternoon, Mrs. Carr will reside with Mrs. Henry Carr, 38 St. David street. An only son, who was connected with the Sheffield house, died some years ago.

W. Hooper, of Toronto, addressed the men of the sea in the Seamen's Institute last evening. The song service was very bright. Several took part in the after service and many requests for reading matter were made. The flowers sent in by Mrs. Cruickshank were given to the men.

Boots and Shoes AT BARGAIN PRICES

- Men's Tan Lace Boots \$2.25 Boots \$1.59
- 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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PLAYS AND PLAYERS

NEW SINGER AT THE NICKEL The Nickel has a regular summertime programme for its myriad patrons today and tomorrow, the particular feature of which will be the great labor play, The Man in the Overall, a melodrama that has been praised from ocean to ocean and which is replete in thrilling situations and heart-interesting climaxes. This photo is nearly 1,200 feet long and will be watched with rapt attention. The other pictures will be Bill, The Billpost, a farce of pictorial merriment and The Miser Poiled, a pretty tale of love vs. gold. Jack Gurney, of Bangor, whose illustrated song singing has pleased innumerable New Englanders, will make his bow to Nickelgoers in the latest seashore jingle, "Sweet Rosie May" and

the handsome baritone is practically assured of a hearty welcome. Miss Foley's contribution will be a dainty bit of sentimental harmony, "That's What the Daisies Said."

THE HUNTLEY STOCK CO.

The amusement loving public will have a chance soon to pass on the merits of the Huntley Stock Company which comes here heralded as an exceptionally strong dramatic organization. They will appear at the Opera House on July 27, 28 and 29. Their repertoire consists of "Hazel Kirke," "Woman Against Woman" and the Southern idyl, "Hearts and Flowers." Mr. Huntley and Miss Hilton will be seen in the leading roles. The opening play will be "Hazel Kirke."

