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POOR DOCUMENT

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UNION CLOTHING CO.
26 and 28 Charlotte Street,
(Old Y. M. C. A. Building.)
ALEX. CORBET, Manager

"THE LATE TENANT"

By GORDON HOLMES

(Continued)

"Well, but all that says nothing. Many people answer such a description. Was there no photograph of him in the flat? Did you ever see a photograph?"

"Yes, there was a photograph on the mantelpiece of Miss Barnes's bed-room. In a silver frame it was; but the day after her death the silver frame was still there, and the photograph was gone, for I noticed it myself."

"Do you realize that you are telling me a mighty odd thing," said David with sudden interest. "How soon after the door was forced did you go into the flat."

"Wasn't I there when the door was forced? Didn't I go in at once?"

"And how soon afterward did you notice that the photograph was gone from the silver frame?"

"How soon? Soon afterward."

"It was one of the men who forced the door who removed the photograph from the frame?"

"I don't think that, sir, I would have noticed it if that had been the case."

"When you went in you found the body of your mistress lying dead the front door had been bolted inside; so there was no way for any one to have come out of the flat. And when you left your mistress the previous night the photograph was in its frame, but gone when the door was forced the next day. Those are the facts, aren't they?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that seems to say that it was Miss Barnes herself who removed the photograph, doesn't it? And it follows that the photograph is still in the flat?"

"P'raps she did it to screen him," suggested Sarah, indulging in the vanity of thought. "I shouldn't wonder if it was it. No doubt she tore up the photograph, or burnt it.

"But you didn't see any shreds or ashes of it anywhere?"

"Not of a photograph, although I did sweep out the place the same day too. Still, that's not to say she didn't tear it up because there was no shreds of it, for there are ways and means."

"Were there shreds of any kind about?"

"Yes; she must have torn up a good few letters overnight before doing what she did. There was no end of litter, for that matter."

"But suppose she did not burn or tear up the photograph," said David, "where would she have hidden it? Can you suggest a place? Did you ever know her to hide anything? For, if she hid one thing, she may have hidden others, mayn't she?"

"I believe there's one letter she must have hidden," answered Sarah. "unless she destroyed it—a letter that came from Paris four days before she made away with herself. I saw the postmark and the handwriting, so I know. It was from him, for he was in Paris at the time, and it was that letter that was the death of her. I feel certain. It came about eleven o'clock, soon after breakfast. She was at the piano in her dressing-gown, singing, not ordinary singing, but a kind of moaning of different notes, practising her voice like—it used to give me the blues to hear her every morning, it was so doleful like, moan, moan, moan! So I says, 'A letter for you, mum,' and she first stared at it in my hand, then she jumped up sudden like, and kind of snatched it out of my hand. But she didn't read it. She went with it to the front window, looking out, holding the letter behind her back with her two hands, trembling from head to foot. So, not having any excuse to stay, I went out, but didn't quite close the door. I loitered for a little while; but, not hearing anything, I went about my work, till half an hour later something seemed to say to me: 'Better have a look,' and when I peeped into the dawing-room, there she was sitting on the floor with her face on the sofa, and the letter in her hand. I thought she had neuralgia, she looked that much in pain, you never saw. I spoke to her, but she looked at me, sick like, and didn't say nothing. I don't believe she could have stood up, if she had tried, and it doid go to my heart to see her struck down and helpless like that."

David's close interest in her story pleased the girl. Such a nice young man he was! Perhaps he might call again some evening.

"My missus wasn't quite right the rest of her time, I don't think," she went on. "She wandered about the flat, restless as a strange kitten, singing bits of songs, and she had a sweet soprano voice, I'm sure, that pierced you when she screamed out the high notes. She didn't go to the theatre any more, after the letter. The next day she comes to me in the kitchen, singing and chuckling to herself, and she says to me: 'What are you doing here?' says she. 'How do you mean, mum?' says I. 'Listen, Sarah,' says she, putting her face close to mine, 'you shouldn't be here, this is not a place for a decent girl like you. You are to understand that I am not married. I told you that I was; but it was a lie. I have a child; but I am not married,' and she ran off, laughing again to herself as wild as a bird."

"No, not that!" interrupted David, for the outspoken revelation hurt him. "It was not much that which I wished to hear. Let us talk of the letter and the man. You never saw the letter again? You can't think what your mistress may have done with it?"

"No, I never saw it again," said Sarah, "nor I can't think where she may have put it, unless she tore it up. There's only one queer thing which I can call to mind, and that is, that during the afternoon of the day before she died, I went to buy some soda, and when I came back I found her standing on a chair, hanging up one of the pictures in the long corridor. I wondered at the time whether it had fallen down or what, though I didn't say anything. But now I come to think of it——"

David thought to himself: "She was then hiding the marriage and birth certificates which Miss L'Estrange afterward saw when the picture fell. She was reluctant to destroy them, and yet wished to screen the man, having in her mind the purpose to take her own life. The man's photograph and the fatal letter from him were not hidden in the picture, but somewhere else, perhaps. I must search every cranny."

"Of course," he said aloud, "you could easily identify her husband if she was shown to you again?"

"Oh, rather, sir," Sarah answered, "I've seen him dozens of times. He used to come to the flat anyway twice a week, though sometimes he would be away for a goodish stretch, mostly in Paris."

"They were an affectionate pair—fond of each other?"

"They were that, indeed," said Sarah with a smile, as one who understood that sort of thing. "He, I'm sure worshipped the ground she walked on, and she was just as bad. It came as a surprise to me that anything was wrong, though latterly she did use to have red eyes sometimes after he had been with her."

"What name did she call him by?" asked David. "His name was Johann Strauss wasn't it?"

"He was a Mr. Strauss, sir, yes, but not the other name you say. At least she always called him Harry."

"Henry is sometimes the English for Johann, you see," muttered David, with a random guess that Sarah was none the wiser. "Henry too, was the name of the child, wasn't it? How about the child? Don't you know where it is?"

"I only know that she used to go every Tuesday and Thursday by the seventeen minutes past two train from Baker-St and be back by six o'clock, so it couldn't have been very far. 'Pon my word, sometimes she'd go half crazy over that child. There was a little box of clothes that she's many a time made me waste half a day over, showing me the things, as if I'd never seen them afire, everything that was possible embroidered with violets, and she'd always be making——"

"Fond of violets was she?" broke in David, ready enough to catch the phrase.

"Oh, it was all violets with her,—violets in her hair, at her neck, at her waist, and all about the place. She had a sister called Violet, and I came to know her sister as well as I knew herself in a manner of speaking, she was always telling me about her. For often she had nobody to talk to, and then she'd make me sit down to hear about her mother and this Miss Vi and the child, and what she meant to do when her marriage could be made public, and that. She was a good, affectionate lady, was Miss Gwen, sir. You couldn't help loving her, and it was a mortal hard thing what happened."

It was just then that the mistress of the tavern looked in with an unsympathetic face; so David slipped a gold coin into the hand of the staring Sarah. The talk had already lasted a long while, and the inn-door had to be opened to let him out.

He walked the two miles back to the station, and there learned that the last up-train for the night had just left. Even on the suburban lines there is a limit to late hours.

This carelessness on his own part caused him to growl. It was now a question either of knocking up some tavern, or of tramping to London—about twenty-one miles. However, twenty-one miles made no continent to him, and, after posting himself by questions as to the route he set out.

Throwing his overcoat over his left arm, he put his elbows on his ribs, lifted his face skyward, and went away at a long, slow, swinging trot. One mile winded him. He stopped and walked for five minutes, then away he went again at a steady jog-trot; and now, with his second wind, he could have run in one heat to Bow Bells without any feeling but one of joy and power. He had seen Indians run all day long with pauses. He had learned the art from them, and London had scarce had time as yet to enervate him. Up hill and down dale he went steadily away, like a machine. It was dark at first, dismal in some places, the sky black, crowded with stars, like diamond-seed far sown; but suddenly, while he was trotting through the main street of Uxbridge, all this was changed, the whole look and mood of things underwent transformation, as the full moon floated like a balloon of light into the sky. It was then about one-thirty in the morning. Thenceforth his way was almost as clearly lit as by day.

Through dead villages he passed, through dead Ealing to Shepherd's Bush; there were cats, and there were policemen, and one running man, little else. Here or there a constable was half-drawn into giving chase, but wisely forbore—he never would have caught David Harcourt. But at Shepherd's Bush David came to the foot of a long hill, which he shirked, and drew up. From that point he walked to Notting Hill, past Kensington Gardens, toward Oxford Circus. It was near three a. m.

Walking on the south side of Oxford-St. eastward, he stopped to look at some books behind a grille. The moonshine was so luminous, the sky so clear, that he could see well enough to read their titles. This was the only quiet hour of London. There was not a sound, save the echo of a policeman's tread some way off down Regent street. Not even a night cab rattled in the distance. And then, on the other side of the street, his quick ears caught the passing of swift-gliding feet—a woman's.

(To be continued.)

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

A NEW VERSION OF THE SILK JUMPER.

There is a new jumper model in the fall waist lines which is exceedingly attractive. In reality it is not a jumper, but the jumper effect is so apparent that it seems quite right to call it such. It is made of a plain dark colored silk taffetas or ordeda, tucked across the shoulders in clusters of quarter inch tucks graduated in length to form a pointed yoke in the front. The guimpe or rather the chemisette is of tucked batiste, and it is made so that it can be detached with ease for laundering. Inch wide bands of the black silk piped with white finish the edge of the simulated jumper and form a design at the bustline in the front trimmed with small crochet buttons. To further carry out the jumper idea the full puff sleeves finished with a narrow silk cuff piped with the white silk, have a lingerie cuff of the tucked batiste which is also detachable. This is a decidedly pretty finish to the sleeve and one which will be made much use of this year.

Constipation

Baked sweet apples, with some people, bring prompt relief for Constipation. With others, coarse all-wheat bread will have the same effect. Nature undoubtedly has a vegetable remedy to relieve every ailment known to man, if physicians can but find Nature's way to health. And this is strikingly true with regard to Constipation.

The bark of a certain tree in California—Cascara Sagrada—offers a most excellent aid to this end. But, combined with Erypt'en Senna, Slippery Elm Bark, Solid Extract of Prunes, etc., this same Cascara bark is given its greatest possible power to correct constipation. A toothsome Candy Tablet, called Lax-ets, is now made at the Dr. Shoop Laboratories, from this ingenuous and most effective prescription. Its effect on Constipation, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath, Sallow Complexion, etc., is indeed prompt and satisfying.

No griping, no unpleasant after effects are experienced, and Lax-ets are put up in beautiful lithographed metal boxes at 5 cents and 25 cents per box.

For something new, nice, economical and effective, try a box of

Lax-ets

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

INCREASE IN IMMIGRATION

So Far This Year 230,000 Newcomers Have Arrived in Canada.

Ottawa, Oct. 3—For the first eight months of this year the total immigration to Canada was 216,865, an increase of 50,038, as compared with the first eight months of 1906. The total for the eight months is more than the total immigration during the whole six years, 1896 to 1902, and the increase for the eight months alone as compared with last year is nearly three times the total immigration during the first year of the present government's regime.

The immigration via ocean ports was 143,394, the increase being 43,900, or 44 per cent. The immigration from the United States totalled 31,253, a decrease of 2,668, or 8 per cent as compared with last year.

For August the immigration via ocean ports was 16,936, and from the United States 3,683, a total of 20,619.

The figures for September are not yet vailable, but it is known that the total immigration to Canada to date for this year is over 230,000.

Of the arrivals from European ports during the five months, April to August, 88,248 were males, 28,502 females and 26,644 children under 12 years of age.

Since 1897, the total immigration to Canada up to the end of August last has been 1,148,949.

TO ENLARGE MONTREAL POST OFFICE AT COST OF HALF MILLION DOLLARS

Montreal, Oct. 3—(Special)—Peter Lyall & Sons have been awarded the contract for the half a million dollar extension to the Montreal post office, which will make it the largest in the dominion.

At a meeting of the executive of the Canadian Club yesterday the following were elected members: Geo. W. Hoyt, R. A. Jamieson, W. A. Steiper, Geo. S. Shaw, W. A. Harrison, Dr. J. A. McIntyre, D. Arnold Fox, Dr. C. S. Emerson, John McKane, W. H. Hayward. It is not known yet whether there will be any club luncheon before the first week in November, when Lieut.-Gov. Tweedie will be the guest and the speaker.

Cured her Father's Drunkenness by a Simple Remedy.

Saves her father from a drunkard's grave. Free sample of Samaria Tasteless Prescription checks his drinking and leads to a complete cure.

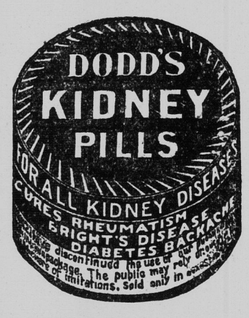
"It seemed hopeless to keep father from drinking, and we all felt the disgrace. When things were at their worst a friend advised me to try Samaria. I saw that you offered a free sample treatment and that the remedy was tasteless and could be given secretly. I determined to try it, and, have been glad every day since. The full treatment, which I gave him in his tea, cured him, and I am pleased to say he never touches whiskey now. How glad I am that I wrote you and how happy we all are together Father says that he could never have stopped drinking of his own accord."

Free Package and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Address: THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 26 Jordan Chambers, Jordan St., Toronto, Canada.

120 MILES OF G. T. P. OPEN FOR TRAFFIC

Ottawa, Oct. 3—Traffic on the first completed section of the new transcontinental railway opens this week. The railway commission's inspector has authorized the company to open for freight traffic 120 miles of the road from Mile 54, Portage La Prairie to Mile 176 at Rae Saskatoon. The inspector has reported the road to be a good one in every regard and equal to anything in the west. The company has its engines and cars to begin traffic operations at once. Connection is made with the C. P. R. and C. N. R. at Portage La Prairie. Before the close of the year 200 miles of track will be opened for traffic.

Samuel McCord, of the Newman Brook Quoit Club, left yesterday for Amherst, where he has accepted a position with Coates & Co., clothiers. His club mates presented to him a handsome dress suit case and an address.



The Superfine in Chocolates

Everything that is used in making Stewart's Chocolates—fruit flavors, sugar, cream and chocolate—must be the finest that money can buy. Our years of experience tell us just how to blend these choice materials to make the most delightful chocolates obtainable.

Stewart's TORONTO, CAN.

17 THE STEWART CO. LIMITED, TORONTO.

Store Open Till 11 P. M. Saturday.

$3 PANTS NOW .... $1.98.

Men's All-wool Underwear from 48c. to $1.75.

GREAT REDUCTIONS

Without doubt the most important sale ever held at the height of the season, embracing garments that are emphatic leaders in the realm of fashion. **EVERY SUIT AND OVERCOAT IS CORRECT STYLE.**

Men's Black Melton Overcoats,	Regular $7.50; now $5.60.
Men's Grey Melton Overcoats,	Regular $9.00; now $7.00.
Men's Fancy Tweed Overcoats,	Regular $12.00; now $10.00.
Men's Fancy Tweed Suits,	Regular $10.00; now $7.98.
Men's Scotch Tweed Suits,	Regular $12; now $10.00.
Boys' Suits, - - -	from $1.98 to $5.00
Boys' Overcoats, - - -	3.85 to 6.00

UNION CLOTHING CO., —26-28 Charlotte Street—

Old Y. M. C. A. Bldg. ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

Gilbey's **"Strathmill"** Scotch

Guaranteed Genuine Pure Malt Whisky
Six Years' Old, and Full Measure in Each Bottle
FOR SALE IN ALL THE BEST BARS IN CANADA
Ask for It, and Refuse Substitutes

Agents: McINTYRE & COMEAU, LIMITED, ST. JOHN, N. B.

WHERE DOES THE PAPER GO?

The *first* question asked by a general advertiser. The *Telegraph* and *Times* reach that class of people who subscribe and agree to pay for the reading privilege. These papers go *first hand* from the publishers *by carrier* and *not* through street boys to be left in office or store by purchaser after reading. Common sense teaches that *every paper* passed into homes direct *will be read.* The *Telegraph* and *Times* are *home papers.* Do they contain *your* advertisement?

NEXT YEAR'S FAIR TO OPEN EARLIER

Directors of Halifax Exhibition Decide to Open 1908 Show Late in August.

Halifax, N. S., Oct. 3—The Nova Scotia exhibition commission met today and decided on the dates for next year's exhibition. It was decided to open it on the last Wednesday in August, and close on the first Thursday in September.

The cold and wet weather has been the means of changing the view of the commission as to the time an exhibition can profitably be held. The date selected does not cover Labor day, as the commission thought it did. In consequence of this the date may be made a week later at the annual meeting about a month hence.

The new Y. M. C. A. building is going up rapidly and the main building is now complete as far as the third story. The ell, which is to be used as a gymnasium, is finished as far as brickwork goes and will be roofed in immediately. The excavation for the swimming tank, which has been hewn out of solid rock, is practically finished, but probably the floor will not be laid till spring on account of the frost. By the way things look now the building will be ready for occupation on May 1 next.

Bert—I hear that Dinks has a broken leg.
Bessie—Did you hear how it happened?
Bert—He bought a horse that was advertised to be so gentle that a woman or a child could handle it.