

BIG DAY AT THE UNION

Hundreds of keen buyers will be here today, and we expect to be busy up till the closing hour tonight. Try and be here early to avoid the crush.

OUR MONSTER WINTER SALE IS A RECORD BREAKER

We are busy from the time we open to the time we close. Don't delay a moment, sir. Come see what we have for you. We can save you many dollars if you take advantage of this great winter sale.

Store open tonight until 11.30.

Don't miss this sale.

UNION CLOTHING CO.

ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

26-28 Charlotte Street, Opposite City Market.

"THE LATE TENANT"

By GORDON HOBBS

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XVII Hand to Hand

The necessity that was now strong upon David was to act, to fight for it. To hunt for the still hidden photograph and letter was far too slow a task in his present mood of turbulence and desperation. The photograph, indeed, would furnish certain proof as to whether Strauss and Van Hupfeldt were one. So might the letter. But of what use would proof of anything whatever be, when he was all shut out from access to the Mondant's? He thought, however, that if he could come within earshot and striking distance of Van Hupfeldt, then something might result, he was not clear what. He put on his hat and went out, as grim a man as Hupfeldt himself, to the streets of London that afternoon. He did not know where Van Hupfeldt lived, but he turned his steps toward the Constitutional Club.

He meant at least to discover if Van Hupfeldt was a member there, and he might discover more. But he was spared the pains of inquiry, for he was still at a distance of thirty yards from the club when he saw Van Hupfeldt come out and step into a carriage.

David cringed half under a dray, till the carriage began to move, then followed some way behind at his own trot. He thought now that perhaps he was about to track Van Hupfeldt to his house.

The carriage drove straight to Baker Street Station into which Van Hupfeldt went and took a ticket. David, listening outside the outer entrance to the small booking office, could not catch the name of his destination, but when Van Hupfeldt had gone down into the gloom and fume, David, half-way down the flight of stairs, stood watching. He had no little fitness in tracking, and ferreting, and remaining invisible, and when Van Hupfeldt had taken his seat, David was in another compartment of the same train.

The dusk of evening was thickening when their train stopped at the town of Pangley, twenty miles from London, where Van Hupfeldt alighted.

David saw him well out of the little station before he himself leaped, as the train began to move. He then took the precaution to ascertain the times of the next up trains. There would be one at quarter past eight and another at ten p. m. While he sat at the station, he was asked to get up.

Sciatica Cured Mrs. Chas. F. Haley Restored by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

"I was utterly hopeless with sciatica. I could not move in bed without aid. Doctors treated me, but I did not improve. I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and ten days ago am a well woman." This tribute to the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is made by Mrs. Chas. F. Haley, of Yarmouth, N. S. Two years ago she suffered most severely from an attack of sciatica, and for a number of months was an invalid confined to her bed. She further states: "It is impossible for me to describe the pain from which I suffered. I endeavored to continue my profession as a music teacher, but was forced to give it up. The doctor said the trouble was sciatica, but his treatment did not help me. I could scarcely take a step without the most acute pain shooting through my back and down the limb. Finally I took to my bed and lay perfectly helpless, and could not move without aid. The pain was never absent. I consulted another doctor, but with no better results, and I began to think I would always be a sufferer. One day a friend who was in to see me asked why I did not take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and on her advice I decided to do so. The result was beyond my most hopeful expectations. All the pains and aches disappeared and I have never since been troubled with sciatica. I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the trouble from which I suffered."

When the blood is poor the nerves are starved, then comes the agony of sciatica, neuralgia, or perhaps partial paralysis. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich, red blood, which feeds the starved nerves, drives out pain and restores health. It is because these pills actually make new blood that they cure such common ailments as rheumatism, anemia, backaches and headaches, heart palpitation, indigestion and the painful irregularities of growing girls and women. You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

fate of some excess charge, he kept his eyes on the back of Van Hupfeldt, walking down the rather steep street. And, when it was safe, he followed.

At the bottom of the street they crossed a bridge, and thenceforward walked up a road with hedges on both sides. David was straight and long, for the road was straight and long, and there was little cover in the hedges, where he walked some distance from the road. Once Van Hupfeldt turned, and seemed to admire the last traces of color in the western sky, whereas David, as if shot, dropped into the grass and bracken. He hoped that Van Hupfeldt, being a man of cities and civilization was unconscious of him; but he felt that he in Van Hupfeldt's place would have known all, and he had a fear. The light was fast falling, but he could clearly see Van Hupfeldt well, then Van Hupfeldt might have seen him dimly. Van Hupfeldt, however, gave no sign of it.

David saw him go into the gateway of a pretty dwelling, and a big hearty countrywoman ran out to meet him, her face beaming with good cheer. Carrying a child in her arms, she escorted Van Hupfeldt into the house with, it was clear, no lack of welcome, and when they had disappeared, David, vaulting over a hedge in the orchard, crept near the house and hid behind a shed in which he saw a white calf. He waited there for a long time, how long he did not know, for once, when he peered at his watch, he could see nothing. The night had come moonless and black. The place where he lurked was in the shadow of trees.

Meantime, within the house, Van Hupfeldt sat with the child on his knee. He was so pale that Mrs. Carter, the child's foster-mother, asked if he was well. Some purpose, some fear or hope, agitated him. Once when the countrywoman left the room to fetch a glass of milk, the moment he was alone he put down the child, sped like a thief to the grandfather's clock ticking in its old nook by the settee, opened it, put the minute-hand back twenty minutes, and was seated again when the milk came in.

These visits to the child, of which he said one every week, always lasted half an hour. This time he stayed so much longer that Mrs. Carter glanced at the clock, only to be taken aback by the darkness of the hour.

"Blow us!" she cried. "I thought it was later 'n that. You still have plenty of time to catch the quarter past eight, sir." But Van Hupfeldt stood up, saying that he would go. Putting on his coat, he added: "Mrs. Carter, I have been followed from London by a man who, I fancy, will present himself here presently when I am gone. He wishes to know more about my affairs than he has a right to know. If he comes I have a reason for wishing you to receive him politely, and to keep him in talk as long as he will stay. But, of course, you won't satisfy his curiosity in anything that concerns me. In particular, be very careful not to give him any hint that my name was Strauss during my wife's lifetime."

"You may rely on me," said Mrs. Carter, in the secret voice of an accomplice. "Now, little one, go to bed," said Van Hupfeldt, a thin and lanky figure in his long overcoat, as he bent with kisses over the boy in Mrs. Carter's arms.

Five minutes after he was gone David was at the farmhouse door. He, too, would like a glass of milk.

"You're welcome, I'm sure," said Mrs. Carter, "step inside."

His first glance was at the clock, for he did not wish to lose the quarter past eight train, since that would mean losing his present chance of tracking Van Hupfeldt to his address. But the clock reassured him. He indolently took it for granted that it was more or less near the mark, and it pointed to twenty minutes to eight. He would thus have time to strike up an acquaintance with Mrs. Carter, as a preliminary to closer relations in the future.

"And where is baby?" he asked.

"Oh, you know about him?" said Mrs. Carter. "He's in bed to be sure."

"I saw him in your arms as I was passing up the road half an hour ago."

"What, you passed along here? I didn't notice you."

"It came up from the station. Now this is something like good milk. You have a nice little farm here, too. Do you manage it yourself?"

"Yes, my husband died a twelvemonth or so ago. "It must be hard work with baby, too, as well, especially if you've got any such common ailments as rheumatism, anemia, backaches and headaches, heart palpitation, indigestion and the painful irregularities of growing girls and women. You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

more do you want?"

"I only know the father by sight—that is, if he was the father who was in here just now. I take it he was."

"Ah, there, now, you're asking."

"Oh, there's no secret, Mrs. Carter. Mr. Johann Strauss is a well-known man."

"Is that his name — Strauss? Well, well, live and learn."

"That's his name, and that's his writing, Mrs. Carter!"—words which David uttered almost with a shout, as he caught Story two.

"You are bound to admit," said David, imperatively, "that this envelope was directed to you by the gentleman who was just here."

"Well, so it was; what of that?" asked Mrs. Carter, in a maze as to what the row was about.

"That's all right, then," said David, quieting down. "I only wanted to be sure."

"This then, settled it. Van Hupfeldt was Strauss. David kept the envelope, slipped the milk, and for some time talked with Mrs. Carter about her cows, her fruit, and when she had said all that was to be said or kept. When it was ten minutes to eight by the big parlor clock he rose to go, said that he hoped to see baby next time, if he might call again, and shook hands. But in going out, from force of habit, he glanced at his watch, and now saw that it was only a few minutes past eight.

"Great goodness!" he exclaimed. "your clock is all wrong!"

No sir," began Mrs. Carter.

David had five minutes in which to run a good deal over a mile, and he ran with all his speed; but some distance from the station he saw the train steaming out, and pulled up short.

At that moment Van Hupfeldt in the train was thinking: "It has worked well. He is in a hurry, and he is not ten—ten an hour and three quarters. He has only a charwoman. She will not be in the flat at this time. He is so pale that Mrs. Carter, the child's foster-mother, asked if he was well. Some purpose, some fear or hope, agitated him. Once when the countrywoman left the room to fetch a glass of milk, the moment he was alone he put down the child, sped like a thief to the grandfather's clock ticking in its old nook by the settee, opened it, put the minute-hand back twenty minutes, and was seated again when the milk came in."

More people succumb each year to some form of kidney trouble than any other cause. The slightest form of kidney derangement often develops into Bright's kidney disease, diabetes or dropsy. When either of these diseases are suspected the sufferer should at once seek the best medical attention possible. Consult only a good, first-class physician, leave patent medicines alone.

There are many of the lesser symptoms of kidney trouble which can be treated at home, and can be obtained at any good prescription pharmacy and anyone can mix them by shaking well in a bottle. The dose for adults is a teaspoonful after each meal and again at bedtime.

There is no better general remedy known to relieve all forms of rheumatism, kidney and blood. It cleans the clogged-up pores in the kidneys so they can filter and strain from the blood the poisonous uric acid and waste matter which if not eliminated remain in the blood, decompose and settle about the joints and muscular tissues causing the untold suffering and deformity of rheumatism.

Backache is nature's signal notifying the sufferer that the kidneys are not acting properly. "Take care of your kidneys," is now the physician's advice to his patients.

A. O. Skinner said last night that he had not yet received any word from Sir Frederick Borden relative to the exhibition buildings. Asked as to the plans of the commission to inquire into the workings of the prohibitory law on P. E. Island, he replied that nothing definite has yet been decided on. He is at present waiting to hear from one of the commissioners, but hopes to go to the island next week to begin the work.

ON THE SAFE SIDE

They told me of a farmer two miles away from the Connecticut farmhouse where I was stopping who had a cider mill and was making a few barrels of the sweet, and one day I took a walk over to the place. The farmer had made only two barrels of cider and was through grinding. "I don't exactly understand you," I said. I asked him about the apple crop, the price of cider and so on, but found him disinclined to talk. In fact, it was plain that he distrusted me. I told him how I used to walk five miles to a cider mill in my boyhood days and did my best to show him out, but the most that I could get out of him was what he intended to sell one barrel and keep the other for himself. He was evidently much relieved when I took my departure, and I could not make him out at all. Two days later I ran across him in the village just as he had unmade one of the barrels at a grocery. He tried to dodge me, but I hailed him and he came forward and said: "I couldn't get but three dollars a barrel for it."



I asked him about the apple crop.

"It's tolerably fair, and I hope you are not going to freeze me out," I said. "Why, hasn't you from the Standard Oil Company?"

"Of course not."

"And you haven't run cider up to five dollars a barrel and threatened to freeze out any one that sold it for less?"

"My friend you are away off."

"Honest injun?"

"I have nothing whatever to do with the corporation you name."

"Ge-e-why, but I took you for the boss of it myself, and I've been a shaking in my boots ever since you showed your nose in the mill. Come along and have two drinks of beer at my expense."

"But that's a fair price isn't it?"

JOE KERR.

How to Test Your Kidneys

If any of your family have been troubled with kidney disease make a test of the urine and satisfy yourself whether you need a good remedy before the disease has caused serious complications.

Tomorrow morning put some urine in a glass or bottle and let it stand for twenty-four hours.

If it shows particles or germs floating about, is milky or cloudy, contains reddish sediment, then your kidneys are diseased.

Commence at once to take Ferronez to arrest these unnatural conditions.

Ferronez is especially intended for the immediate relief and cure of kidney and bladder troubles, and its health-giving properties will be felt at once in new strengthening of the system.

Ferronez quickly corrects urinal disorders, headache, and pain in the back. It improves the appetite, digests the food, makes it nourish the nerves, makes them strong and enduring, and fits one for lots of hard work.

Don't be misled by cheap, so-called kidney cures offered by dealers for the sake of extra profits. There is only one safe and reliable specific for Kidney, Bladder, Liver and urinal troubles, and its name is Ferronez. Refuse point blank to accept a substitute, and insist on your druggist supplying "Ferronez"; price 50c per box at all dealers.

OBITUARY Miss Annie E. Murphy, daughter of the late James and Caroline Murphy, died yesterday at the home of her uncle, James W. Fleming, 222 Brunswick street, Mrs. Murphy, who was twenty-two years old, had been sick for three months. She was highly esteemed by a large circle of friends. She belonged to Somerville (Mass.), but had lived for the last eight years in St. John. She is survived by one brother, Frank, in this city. The funeral will take place Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

The death of an estimable and amiable woman took place yesterday at noon, when Mrs. Eliza Long, widow of Samuel Long, of Belleisle, passed away at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Hays, 194 Elliott Row. Mrs. Long was in her eighty-fifth year but retained to the last her bright intellectual powers and amiable nature. She was born in County Kerry (Ire.) and came to New Brunswick while a young woman. She married soon after and until two years ago resided at Belleisle. Since that time she lived with her daughter and had many friends in the city who will regret to hear of her death.

She leaves two sons—Rev. David Long, of Vancouver, formerly pastor of Victoria street Baptist church, and George Long, of Belleisle. Three daughters also survive. They are: Mrs. Thomas Hamilton, 194 Elliott Row, and Mrs. George Hathaway, of the North End, and Mrs. Walter Lawson.

LIPPTON GIVES UP



LIPPTON GIVES UP



HE SAYS HE CAN'T PRODUCE THE GOODS TO BEAT UNCLE SAM. HE HAS TRIED OFTEN AND HARD, BUT ALWAYS FAILED.

Just Like the Stores Who Try to Beat Our Prices. They Can't Do It. And to Show You What We Can Do, Read What We Offer for

Thursday, Friday and Saturday:

- Men's 65c. White Dress Shirts, - Sale Price 42 Cents
65c. Wool Fleece Shirts and Drawers, " 42 "
35c. Braces - - - - - Sale Price, 19 "
35c. Neckties - - - - - " 19 "
Boys' \$3.00 Two-piece Suits - - - - - \$1.98
5.00 Three-piece Suits - - - - - 3.48
Men's 3.00 English Hair Line Pants - - - - - 2.24
3.00 Bannockburn Tweed Pants - - - - - 1.98
\$12.00 Hewson Tweed Suits Progress Brand - - - - - 7.75
10.00 Canadian Tweed Suits - - - - - 6.84
18.00 English Melton Overcoats - - - - - 11.98
14.00 Beaver Overcoats - - - - - 9.98
16.00 Scotch Tweed Overcoats - - - - - 10.98
8.50 Black Frieze Overcoats - - - - - 5.98
10.00 Fancy Tweed Overcoats - - - - - 6.98
100 dozen Men's Linen Handkerchiefs - - - - - 3c. Each
100 dozen Men's 35c. Cashmere Hose - - - - - 19c.
Men's \$3.00 King Hat - - - - - 1.98

Shoes at Wholesale Price For Men and Women.

100 Pairs Ladies' \$2.00 Boots. Sale Price, \$1.23

Now is the Time for the Ladies to Get Their Furs.

- Ladies' \$45.00 Mink Furs - Sale Price \$39.98
33.00 " - - - - - 28.98
28.00 " - - - - - Marmot " 22.98
20.00 " - - - - - " 15.98
18.00 " - - - - - " 13.98
15.00 " - - - - - " 11.98
10.00 " - - - - - " 7.98
25.00 " - - - - - Marten " 19.98
18.00 " - - - - - " 14.98
15.00 " - - - - - " 10.98
Mink Muffs - - - - - from \$7.00 to \$40.00
Sable Muffs - - - - - from \$7.00 to \$16.00

Many others too numerous to mention.

- \$6.00 White Wool Blankets Sale Price \$4.48
4.25 " - - - - - " 2.98
3.50 " - - - - - " 2.75
Ladies' \$2.25 All-Wool Golf Vests - - - - - 1.48
35c. All-Wool Toques - - - - - 25c.
50c. " - - - - - " 39c.
\$2.00 " Shawls—Red, White and Black, \$1.48
1.50 " - - - - - " 1.20
1.25 " - - - - - " 98c.
1.50 White Clouds - - - - - 1.18
1.25 " - - - - - " 98c.
1.00 " - - - - - " 68c.
1.50 D. and A. Corsets - - - - - 1.00
75c. D. and A. Corsets - - - - - 58c.
50c. D. and A. Corsets - - - - - 39c.
\$35.00 Broadcloth Coats, Black or Blue Latest Styles, - - - - - 28.00
20.00 Beaver Cloth Coats, Latest styles - - - - - 14.98
20.00 Plaid Coats, Newest Patterns, - - - - - 14.98
15.00 Plaid Coats, Newest Patterns - - - - - 11.98
12.00 Plaid Coats, Newest Patterns, - - - - - 7.98

Ladies' Suits to Order, \$12.00 to \$35.00
Ladies' Coats to Order, \$10.50 to \$30.00

It would pay you well to See Our Windows if you had to walk miles. Be the First to Get the first of the Best that is to be had.

Wilcox Brothers, Dock St. and Market Square

GREY SQUIRREL THROW

Or Four-in-Hand, and Pillow Muff to match, at \$15.00

The scarf is Sixty inches long, lined with best broadcloth silk; the Muff made in the finest possible manner. The fur used is choice Russian Sable or grey Squirrel. These cannot be purchased retail for less than twice the price.

We will forward a set C. O. D. allowing you the privilege of returning same if not satisfactory.

A. J. ALEXANDOR, Wholesale Manufacturing Furrier, 504-506 St. Paul Street MONTREAL