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The City of St. John Invites Tenders for the following Works, viz.:—

Excavation, backfill and cartage for sewer in Bridge street.

Excavation, backfill and cartage for sewer in rear of Old Westmorland Road.

Excavation, backfill and cartage for sewer and water main in Murray street.

Excavation, backfill and cartage for water main in Germain street.

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All of which is to be done according to plans and specifications to be seen in the office of the City Engineer, room No. 5, City Hall, where forms of tender can be obtained.

A cash deposit must accompany each bid, the amount being as stated in each specification.

The City does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

All tenders must be addressed to the Common Clerk, room No. 3, City Hall, St. John, N. B., who will receive bids until noon of Tuesday the 28th day of June inst

St. John, N. B., June 14, 1910.

WM. MURDOCH, City Engineer.

ADAM P. MACINTYRE, Comptroller.

At the Tawdrey House

The Gingko Leaf.

Only a scream so thrilling could have induced me, inured as I was to the sounds of a hotel, to spring from my bed on that cold, stormy night; but it was an appeal to the conscience a cry, a demand of innocence for help.

As half dressed I stepped out into the bleak, deserted corrider I saw Filkins, our watchman, coming from the other end, curiously twirling something in his hand.

"Hear it, Mr. Sniffen?" he asked.

"My God, yes! What was it? Who was she?" I answered.

"I don't know, sir. I was winding my register on the floor above, it had just struck 3, when it came whirring and wailing up the well of the stairs, I would have sworn to the floor, I might almost say to the door. I put down like a good fellow, but never a sight or a sound unusual in the hall but this, sir, wafting along as if it had just dropped from the tree."

"Why, this is a gingko leaf," I exclaimed as I took the broad, regular leaf from him. "Strange that it should be found floating here at this hour."

"Yes, sir," agreed the man unintelligently.

"The gingko tree, Filkins," I explained, " is a native of Japan. There are, it is true, specimens of it to be found in this country; yet if I wanted to match this leaf I do not just know how or where I should go about doing it, and I used to be thought quite a dab at botany.

"Curious, but trivial, in comparison with such a mysterious call. You say you would have almost sworn to the door, Filkins? Do you want to say more, seeing it is I?"

"Seeing it is you, sir, I don't mind saying it was the 811 suite I had in mind."

"The suite occupied by the Banning girls, Filkins—impossible! Why of all well equipped, self-sufficient—in the right sense, mind—young gentlewomen, they are the finest I have ever met. I couldn't even dream of Gertrude being so ill bred, and as for sweet Clarice, why, it is a profanation to—"

I stopped short at the sudden thought of that hung from the electric fixture in the Banning's parlor. A coincidence, of course, but how very, very singular for all that.

"All the same, sir," persisted Filkins, "if it don't come from there, then it didn't come from anywhere short of the great above. I went into their private hallway and listened. There came from within a soft, tinkling sound as if a draught might have set some glass ornaments a-swinging. It died away directly. I should have knocked then and there had I not heard you stepping out."

"You shall knock there and now, Filkins," I decided, "as is clearly your duty. Come."

Filkins rapped on the parlor door once, twice, thrice, in true watchman's fashion. No response for a moment, and then the threshold showed a gleam of light. A voice called tremulously, "Who is there?" A voice, naturally firm but shaken; the voice of Gertrude Banning.

"It's me, Filkins," he replied. "I heard a scream—is anything wrong?"

The door opened cautiously on a crack. I caught a glimpse of Gertrude's face, the face I had always admired for its strong, tranquil beauty. It was averted as if to hide strain. I am sure she didn't see me.

"Hush," she whispered, "or you will disturb Clarice, who goes awy early in the morning for a little visit with the Bealls. No; there is nothing wrong. I havn't heard a sound. Thank you, Filkins, for your care, you are a great comfort to us all. Good night."

Despite the praise there was a dissatisfied look on Filkins's face as he lingered after the door closed.

"Hark," he murmured, with raised finger. "There it goes again. Don't you hear?"

"Oh, the slightest draught from an open window will set those girandoles going," I answered indifferently.

"Yes, sir," agreed the man unintelligently; "but all the samee I shall watch out to see Miss Clarice make her early start."

I went to my room, but not to sleep. Ever since the Banning sisters came to the hotel after their trip around the world I had felt a strong interest in them. For one thing, their loveliness appealed to me by the very contrast; that of Gertrude, so imperious, so Junoesque, so essentially physical; that of Clarice, so delicate, so Psyche-like, so essentially spirituelle.

Then, too, I was acquainted with their guardian, Judge Abram Beall, now living in dignified retirement on his fine estate twenty miles or so away, across the river; but besides and beyond they were both frankly pleasant to me, a lonely old man, when some of the other women in the hotel were inclined to shun me as a bore.

Hence I was troubled by Filkins's dogged insistence. The man had all the defects of honest vigilence. If anything went wrong in the house while under his charge he was bound to expose it, hurt whom it might.

Did I then think that Gertrude had been untrue in her denials? At least I feared it. That tinkling sound had come not from girandoles but from a Japnese chime of thin little brass plates which hung on silken threads from the electric fixture in the Bannings' parlor; and each of these plates was fashioned in the likeness of a gingko leaf.

II.

Just as I had finished breakfast I met Miss Banning, coming down later than usual. She was as ever dressed with extreme care and elegance. She stopped with a cordial smile and extended hand, but there were hard little lines beneath her eyes and around her lips I had never noted before.

"You must be more gallant than ever to me, Mr. Sniffen," she said. "Clarice has run off for a few days with the Bealls, though she knew that tiresome social work would keep me in town."

"She must have made an early start I remarked.

"Yes, at 6 o'clock, and all by herself; wasn't that just like her? She is such a child in some ways. She insists that she enjoys breakfasting at the station, the ride on the ferryboat gives her such an appetite. Sometimes I am dreadfully worried about her, Mr. Sniffen."

"Worried? There can be no good reason for that. I should say Miss Clarice was stronger than she looks. A flower, you know, may be vigorous."

"It isn't that; but she is so impulsive, so irrational at times, so like to poor, dear mamma before—— There, Mr. Sniffen, my anxiety was going to make me indiscreet; but I know I can trust you not to infer or remember."

Her trust was ill founded, for presently as I passed on aimlessly in deep thought I was doing both the things she was sure I would not do. Was this chance remark another piece of the puzzle I was trying to blend into shape? Could it be that she was trying to prepare me——

"Mr. Sniffen, sir; one word, please," came a cautious voice.

I looked up. I was pssing the porter's room, and Filkins was standing in the doorway, beckoning me within.

"I did see a lady going out the side entrance on First street, Mr. Sniffen, at 6 o'clock," he said. "There was nobody around, and I was a bit away coming from the second floor. She was dressed in blue, with her veil down; I'd never doubt it was Miss Clarice, only——"

"Only," I snapped. "Have a care, Filkins. Good judgment can be refined into nonsense."

"Yes, sir, Only half an hour later I met Miss Gertrude coming into the hotel by the Second street side entrance. She was dressed in blue, with her veil up, and——"

"They have blue suits exactly alike, What of it?"

"Yes, sir; and I had seen the skirts of the lady going out the First street entrance catch up a whisp of straw; and, so help me, sir, that same whisp was clinging to Miss Gertrude's skirts when she came back. She stopped in the Second street entrance to shake it off, and scared enough she looked."

"Did she see you?"

"Neither time; but——"

"Your whole suspicious fabric is made of straw, Filkins," I interrupted warmly. "What more natural than that Miss Gertrude should have walked part way with her sister? What more natural than that one being ready first should have gone ahead to buy some luncheon perhaps? What more natural than that the skirts of a dozen ladies should pick up some litter? The state of the hotel's entrances before the cleaners get at them is disgraceful."

"Yes, sir; but I feel it my duty to tell the boss, all the same."

What more could I say, when all through my excuses Miss Gertrude's words "all by herself" had been ringing in my ears. I was perplexed. I was alarmed; but yet her cordial smile, her extended hand, her solicitude for her sister! I could not credit the treachery of so charming a creature.

"Don't go that, Filkins," I blurted, "until I come back from Judge Beall's where it happens some business calls me this morning. If I don't bring you word that Miss Clarice is there, well and happy, why, then, you may go ahead, and I'll go with you."

"Yes, sir," agreed Filkins.

Luckily as I was passing through the station, still conjuring a valid reason for the visit I had so impulsively undertaken, whom should I meet but Judge Beall himself, hurrying for the slip with a vigor worthy of younger years.

"Ah, Sniffen," he cried, "the very man I want to see! Going over to the city? That's right. We can have a smoke and a chat on the boat."

"What I want is this," the Judge continued when we had begun both under reasonably comfortable circumstances. "You know my wards, the Banning girls; you see them every day. Well, you must come to the Probate Court tomorrow morning, when I make my final accounting, and testify they are both alive."

"I don't understand," I faltered. "Why shouldn't you do that yourself?"

"They might not take my word for it, Sniffen. I'm the guardian, a suspicious character in the sight of the law, ho, ho! You see by the terms of the will the title to the principal vests on that date; one-half to each girl, if living, the whole to the survivor should either be dead."

"And how is your charming visitor?" I asked after I had agreed to be on hand at the hearing.

"Charming? Yes, that's all right too. I don't know any man with more agreeable manner and talk than Rudolph Crabbe, though he's a razor in affairs. 'Suavitor in modo, fortiter in re,' hey; that's about the ticket.

"But how did you know he had arrived from Japan? Oh, from the girls of course. I have heard if whispered, Sniffen, that each of them was taken with him when they met him abroad, but that he seemed to hold back as if waiting for the best terms.

"Perhaps he'll want me to take him to the hearing. Gad, I should be glad to see the three of them together! A remarkable chap in more ways than one."

"But you have already seen two of them together."

"What do you mean? I haven't seen either of the Bannings for a fortnight; mother is away, so I couldn't have them at the house. Oh, you think I went into town with the Captain last evening? Well, perhaps he did see them, the sly dog didn't say why he was going. Do you know they say he's a dab at hypnotism?"

Then I gave up, relapsing into a meditation which deepened after the Judge's hasty adieu on arriving in town.

III.

As a result of this meditation I first went to the park and plucked a leaf from a gingko tree. Then I returned, still heavy with thought, to the Tawdrey House. Filkins was at the servants' entrance, evidently watching for me as I was looking for him.

"Any news, Filkins?" I asked, seeking to postpone what I had to say.

"Betters first is courtesy, sir," replied Filkins.

I tersely told him who had and who had not arrived at the Beall estate.

"Now, my man," I said, restraining his significent move toward the office, "Wait a moment! What is it you wish?"

"To protect the innocent, sir, and keep any scandal from the Tawdrey House," he answered.

"Exactly; then we are both of a mind."

"A queer looking old cove, Mr. Sniffen, excuse me, not unlike you, occupied 812, directly across the hall, last night. Had I known it I might not have been so cock-sure that the scream came from 811.

"For why? Because the fire escape runs down the shaft from 812 into the alley used by the servants. I hear the gate was open, and a motor car was seen speeding away early in the morning.

"There was foul play sir, I fear. A powerful man with the added strength of desperation might have carried that poor young woman down and out."

"With the added strength of hypnotism Filkins. Yes, it must have been so. I see it all; but I cannot, will not believe that Gertrude is as wicked as she seems.

"Her words to me indicated a fear of her sister's sanity. The villan may have convinced her that insanity would work a forfeiture of her rights under the will. At least I will try it; at least I will give her a chance to liberate her soul.

"My chance resemblance to his disguise is providential. You must be guided by me, Filkins; I know, I know. Two are better than three, my man, for safety, for secrecy, even if the third were your boss. Listen!"

Carried away by my vehemence. Filkins did just what I said. While I stood in the dark little hallway leading to 812 he placed the gingko leaf on the knob of 811, rapped briskly, and hurried away.

Presently the door of 811 opened cautiously. In the strong light from the parlor I could see the gingko leaf floating to the floor. Gertrude caught it; she pressed it to her throbbing bosom. Shee closed the door. She hurried out and across.

"Rudolph, Rudolph," she cried, her hands on my shoulders. "Are you back so soon? Did all go as you planned? Is poor Clarice safe in the asylum God, how she screamed! Will the doctor testify as you wish—Oh!"

I grasped her firmly by the two wrists. I drew her across the corridor into her own parlor. In the strong light I faced her.

"Yes, Gertrude it is I, Mr. Sniffen," I said sternly. "Sent in God's mercy to save you from a crime without a name.

"You poor infatuated creature; did you for a moment dream that your lover would take any chances? It is not Clarice's incarceration as insane that he plots; that would be unavailing; at the most it would only provoke judicial inquiry. It is her death."

"That isn't true she panted. "Rudolph could not be so cruel. Clarice is queer, just as mother got to be; she is, she is! It is for her own good I consented. She would only squander her portion, while he and I——"

"Would be happy on the price of blood? Ah, Gertrude, miserably as I have been deceived, at least I know you too well for that. There is but a moment for you to decide. Either come with me at once to where this wretch has taken your sister, or I summon the police, I send for your guardian, Judge Beall; I tell all I know and have reason to believe."

At first sullenly, then willingly she started with me on our quest for a life.

IV.

At first sullenly, then willingly, she went with me across the river and out on the road toward Judge Beall's estate, within a mile of which was situated Dr. Provest's private asylum on the shores of a beautiful lake; and closely, craftily followed Filkins, keen to the situation as it was developing from my scattered instructions.

Yes, thank God, Gertrude was not wholly cruel or base. Rather, far rather, was she now struggling against the obsession of a master mind which had given her false hopes, false ideals and false beliefs. Indeed, as well as I could make out, the two sisters had been influenced by Crabbe, each according to her kind; Clarice's love for him being tempered by fear and Gertrude's love for him being hardened by a mad devotion.

From Gertrude's wild denials and unconscious admissions I came to see as if from a mountain the simplicity and strength of Crabbe's plot. Of course he had had no idea of surrendering Clarice to the care of Dr. Prevost, who by the way enjoyed an honorable reputation. On the contrary, once across the river Clarice, under his influence, would be forced to wander in the direction of the asylum; to enter the grounds, to cast herself into the lake.

This would accord with her purpose of visiting her guardian; it would also acord with Gertrude's belief that her sister was mentally unsound and needed to be taken under charge. Thus I had hope that late as it was we might be in time.

As we entered the extensive grounds I caught a glimpse through the trees of Filkins making a detour toward a clump of woods some little distance back from the lake, along the shores of which the road led to the house. My attention to his motive, however, was distracted by a startling sight.

Out from the clump stepped Clarice. In her mien and carriage there was a martyr's exaltation. Without a pause or waver she marched down the slope to the lake. Her purpose was as obvious as was our inability to prevent it. We both dashed forward frantically, calling as we ran.

In vain. If Clarice heard she did not heed. I can imagine no scene so horribly beautiful as that of the dense, bounding woods, the green lawn, the deep blue of the skies and the darker blue of the gently lapping water, with this fair young woman placidly advancing, her head high and composed, like some convert of long ago about to be baptized.

She reached the brink, but she faltered not. In and in she advanced, while the waters rose, now lapping greedily!

A scream out of the air; a scream of terror, of abject terror, with a quality to it which must repeal, must disgust. I looked toward the clump. Filkins had a man by the throat and was choking his senses away.

That scream was the breaking of a double spell. Though I was running as fast as I could,Gertrude darted by me like a fawn, and as she sped I could see the tears streaming from her eyes.

"Clarice! Clarice!" she cried though but faintly, "wait for me, come to me! It is I, Gertrude, who will love you, who will care for you forever more!"

Faint though this cry, Clarice heard and heeded. Already at the scream she had stopped short, the waters to her waist, with the wild look around of a roused somnambulist. Now she too cried, joyously, pathetically, as she rushed to the shore and threw herself into her sister's arms.

"Let that brute go, Filkins!" I called.

And Filkins did let Rudolph Crabbe go, back to the obscurity whence he had come, but he kicked him vigorously before he went.

As I saw the two girls viewing this punishment with wondering scorn I knew that on the morrow I would be well once thought of reserving for able to testify as Judge Beall wished in the Probate Court.

Cute Picture of Ethel Roosevelt

SECOND DAUGHTER OF COL. ROOSEVELT PLAYING WITH HER DOG BONCO. A REPORT OF HER ENGAGEMENT TO JIMMY WILLIAMS A NEWSPAPER MAN, ROUSED THE EX-PRESIDENT TO WRATH

MONCTON BAKERS FINED FOR EVADING THE LAW

Decision in Case Brought Against Police Again Deferred--Judge Mills, of Dorchester, Ill.

Moncton, N. B., June 24.—Two local bakers were in the police court this morning charged with selling bread under weight. They were fined five dollars each.

Owing to illness Judge Wells at Dorchester postponed the meeting of the police commission to give judgment in the case brought against the police by F. W. Sumner in consequence of the recent arrest of one of his employes, was not held.

The remains of Mrs. Robert Ripley were taken from her late home,Sunny Brae, this morning, to Amherst,where interment takes place this afternoon. Rev. Jas. Strothard of Moncton, will be the officiating clergyman.

The ninth district meet of the United Baptists opens today in Steeves settlement. The meetings conclude Sunday.

The remains of the late Mrs.George Patterson, who died as a result of injuries received in a lamp explosion Tuesday night, were taken to Sydney this morning en route to Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, for interment. Grant Patterson, a son, and Jack Rogers, a nephew, accompanied the body.

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RAILWAY IMPROVEMENTS PROMISED P. E. ISLAND

Charlottetown, P. E. I., June 24.—Deputy Minister Campbell and the other members of the Railway Board completed their tour of the Island Railway last night, leaving today for Pictou, thence over the I. C. R. to Montreal. The Board will reach Ottawa July first, confer with Mr. Graham before the latters departure for the West.

Last night the Board heard the business men of Charlottetown unanimously demand improvement in the local train service, particularly respecting the time table from Summerside to Charlottetown.

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