MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

"THE LATE TENANT"

By GORDON HOLMES

(Continued.)

All this seemed plausible enough. But, then, how had Van Hupfeldt got away? Had he a flying machine? Was he a griffin? Were there holes in the wall?

But, if as a matter of fact, he or some other had been in the flat, and had some way got out other than by the front door, here was a new thought—that Gwendoline Mordaunt may not, after all, have committed suicide. Suicide had been assumed simply because of the locked and bolted front door. But how if there existed some other mysterious exit from the flat? In that case she might have been done to death — by Strauss, by Van Hupfeldt, if Van Hupfeldt was Strauss.

David, no doubt, was all too ready to think evil of this man. Nevertheless the question confronted him. Why, he asked himself, should Gwendoline have committed suicide? She was a married woman—the certificate, seen by Miss L'Estrange, proved that. True, Gwendoline had received some terrible letter four days before her death, as her servant had told David, and she had said to the girl: "I am not married. You think that I am; but I am not." Still, a doubt arose now as to her suicide. Her Sister Violet did not believe in the suicide. Nothing was certain.

However, this new theory of the tragedy put David upon writing to Violet the first thing in the morning. Vague as his doubt, it was a set-off against his shame of defeat in the matter of the certificates. It was something with which to face her. He resolved to tell her at once all that was in his mind, even his shocking suspicion that Van Hupfeldt was Strauss, and he wrote:

"Mr. David Harcourt has unfortunately not been able to secure the certificates of which he had the honor of speaking to Miss Mordaunt, but believes that her fiance, Mr. Van Hupfeldt may be in a position to give her some information on the subject. However, Mr. Harcourt has other matters of importance to communicate to Miss Mordaunt for her advantage, and, in case she lacks the leisure to be alone in the course of the day, he will be pleased to be at her sister's grave this evening about five, if she will write a line to that effect."

He posted this before eight in the morning, went off to seek his old charwoman in Clerkenwell, breakfasted outside, came home, and set to work afresh upon the pictures.

And that proved a day of days for him. For, before noon, on opening the back of a mezzotint of the "Fighting Temeraire," he found a book, large, flat, and ivory-white. Its silver clasp was locked. He could not see within, yet he understood that it was no printed book, but in manuscript, and that here was the diary of Gwendoline Mordaunt. He was still exulting over it, searching now with fresh zeal for more treasure, when he received a note: "Miss Mordaunt hopes to lay some flowers on her sister's grave this evening about five."

Her paper had a scent of violets, and David, in putting it to his nostrils, allowed his lips, too, to steal a kiss;—for happy men do sometimes kiss scented paper. And he was happy, thinking how, when he presented the diary to her, he would see her glad and thankful.

At the very hour, however, when he was thus rejoicing, Van Hupfeldt was going up the stairs at 60A Porchester Gardens. He was limping and leaning on his valet, and his dark skin was now so much paler than usual that on his entrance into the drawingroom Mrs. Mordaunt cried out:

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Do not distress yourself at all," said Van Hupfeldt, limping on his stick toward her. "Only a slight accident—a fall off a stumbling horse in the park this morning—my knee—it is better now—"

"Oh, I am so sorry! But you should not have come; you are evidently still in pain. So distressing! Sit here; let me—"

"No, really," said he, "it is nearly all right now, dear Mrs. Mordaunt. I have so much to say, and so little time to say it in. Where is Violet?"

"She is in her bed-room; will soon be down. Let me place this cushion—"

"She is well, I hope?"

"Yes; a little strange and restless today, perhaps."

"What is it now?"

"Oh, some little fall of the spiritual barometer. I suppose. She has not mentioned anything specific to me."

"You received my telegram of this morning?"

"Saying that you would come at half-past one? Yes."

"Well, I am lucky to have found you alone, for in what I have now to suggest to you, I do not wish my influence to appear—let it seem to be done entirely on your own impulse—but I have to beseech you, Mrs. Mordaunt, to return to Rigsworth this very day."

"Today? Rigsworth? But there are still hosts of things to be seen to before the wedding—"

"I know, I know. Even at the cost of putting off the wedding for a week, if you will do all that is to be done from Rigsworth instead of in London, you will profoundly oblige me. I had hoped that you would do this for me without requiring my reason, but I see that I must give it, and without any beating about the bush. Only give me first your assurance that you will breathe not one word to Violet of what I am forced to tell you."

"Good gracious! What has happened?"

"Promise me this."

"Well, I shall be discreet."

"Then I have to tell you that Violet has made an undesirable acquaintance in London, one whom it is of supreme importance, if our married life is to be a success, that she should see not once again. It is a man—No, don't be unduly alarmed—I don't for a moment suspect that their intimacy has proceeded far, but it has proceeded too far, and must go no farther. I may tell you that it is my belief that letters, or notes, have passed between them, and, to my knowledge, they have met at least once by appointment in Kensal Green cemetery, for I have actually surprised them there. Now, pray, don't be distressed. Don't, now, or I shall regret having told you. Certainly, it is a serious matter, but don't think it more serious than it is—"

"Violet?" breathed Mrs. Mordaunt, with a long face.

"The facts are as I have stated them," proceeded Van Hupfeldt, "and when the knowledge of them came to me, I was at some pains to make inquiries into the personality of the man in question. He turns out to be a man named Harcourt."

"Oh, you mean Mr. Harcourt, the occupier of the flat in Eddystone Mansions? Why, he was here yesterday. Violet herself told me—"

"Here? Yesterday?" Van Hupfeldt turned suddenly greenish. "But why so? What did the man say?"

"Violet did not seem to wish to be explicit," answered Mrs. Mordaunt; "but I understood from her that he is interested in Gwendoline's fate."

"He? By what right does he dare? He is interested in Violet! That is whom the man is interested in, Mrs. Mordaunt, I tell you! And do you know what this man is? I have been at the pains to discover—a scribbler of books, a man of notoriously bad character who has had to fly from America—"

"How awful! But Mr. Dibbin, the agent, had references—"

"References are quite useless. It is as I say, and I am not guessing when I assert to you that Violet has a penchant for this man—a most dangerous penchant, which can lead to nothing but disaster, if it be not now scotched in the bud. I demand it as my right, and I beseech it as a friend, that she never see him again."

"Yet it is all most strang. I think you exaggerate. Violet's fancies are not errant."

Well, say that I exaggerate. But you will at least sympathize, Mrs. Mordaunt, with my sense of acute danger of your further stay in London at present—"

"I think you make a mountain of a molehill, Mr. Van Hupfeldt," said Mrs. Mordaunt, with some dryness, "and I am sorry now that I have promised not to speak with Violet on the subject. Of course, I recognize your right to have your say and your way, but as for leaving London today at a moment's notice, really that can't be done."

"Not to oblige me? not to please me?" said he, grasping the old lady's hand with a nervous intensity of gesture that almost startled her.

"We might go to-morrow," she admitted.

"But if they correspond or meet to-night?"

"Well you are a lover, of course; but you shouldn't start at shadows. Here is Violet herself."

"Leave us a little, will you?" whispered Van Hupfeldt, rising to meet the girl in his impulsive foreigner's way, but, forgetting his wounded leg, he had to stop short with a face of pain.

"Are you ill?" asked Violet, and a certain aloofness of manner did not escape him.

"A small accident—" he told over again the history of his fall from a horse which had never borne him. Mrs. Mordaunt went out. Violet stood at a table, turning over the leaves of a book, while Van Hupfeldt searched her face under his anxious eyes, and there was a silence between them, until Violet, taking from her pocket David's first unsigned note to her, held it out, saying: "It was you who sent me this?"

"I have told you so,' answered Van Hupfeldt, gray to the lips. "Why do you ask again?"

"Because I am puzzled," she answered. "I have this morning received a note in this same handwriting, unless I am very much mistaken, a note from a certain Mr.—"

"Yes. Harcourt — Christian name David."

"Quite so. David Harcourt—I can say it," she answered quietly. "But how, then, comes it that your note and his are in the same handwriting?"

Van Hupfeldt's lips opened and shut, his eyes shifted, and yet he chuckled with the uneasy mirth of a ghoul: "The solution of that puzzle doesn't seem difficult to me."

"You mean that you got Mr. Harcourt to write your note for you?" asked Violet.

"You are shrewdness itself," answered Van Hupfeldt.

"I did not know that you even knew him."

"Ah, I know him well."

"Well, then, have you brought the certificates?" she asked keenly.

"Which certificates?"

"Which? You say that? Surely, surely, you know that a certificate of marriage and one of birth were found in the flat by a Miss L'Estrange?"

"No, I didn't know. How could I know?"

"But am I in a dream? I have made sure that it was upon some knowledge of them that you relied when you wrote in the unsigned note. 'It is now a pretty certain thing that your sister was a duly wedded wife.'" And she looked at David's letter again.

"No, I had other grounds. I needn't tell you what, since they are not yet certain—other grounds. I have not heard yet of any certificates—"

(To be continued.)

"Brick's Tasteless"

REGISTERED

IT
- is an extract of fresh cod livers, containing all the virtues of fresh cod liver oil without the nauseous grease, the compound syrup of hypophosphites, nutritious extract of malt and the fluid extract of wild cherry bark.
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- makes the weak strong.
- is a specific in sore throat and lung diseases.
- is so prepared that it can be assimilated without the least digestive effort.
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Can we be fairer?

Two Sizes—8 ounce bottle 50¢; 20 ounce bottle $1.00

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

THE TRAVELING COAT IS A SMART MODEL.

The traveling coat is such a utilitarian garment serving so many different uses in the wardrobe, that it should be selected with the utmost care. The style of garment should be considered first and then the material of which it is made. The most serviceable material and quite the smartest this season is a Scotch mixture which never wrinkles in wearing and does not show the dust and dirt of travel. This illustrated model is an especially good garment. It has the broadened shoulder line attained with a Gibson pleat piped with brown velvet, brown being the color of the fabric, and the newest cut possible in travelling coats. The double-breasted front fastening with novelty metal buttons is loose fitting, while the back is fitted in to the figure just enough to suggest its lines. The full length coat sleeves are roomy enough for any blouse sleeve, and the cuffs, like the collar, are of brown velvet stitched with silk in a lighter shade. As a street garment with one of those little "dresses" which are to be so popular this winter such a coat is particularly good style.

CLERGYMEN PAY TRIBUTE TO LATE BISHOP KINGDON

Fredericton, N. B., Oct. 13.—Fitting reference to the death of the late Bishop Kingdon was made by Bishop Richardson and Rev. Sub-Dean Street from the Cathedral pulpit today and by Rev. Canon Cowie at the parish church. Large congregations were in attendance and the tributes paid to the memory of the departed prelate were followed with interest. The interior of the cathedral was draped in mourning and presented a very sombre appearance.

At Brunswick Baptist church this evening pastor McDonald referred briefly to the bishop's death and extended the sympathy of his congregation to the grief stricken family.

Arrangements for the funeral are about completed and it promises to be one of the most imposing seen here in many years. Bishop Worrell, of Nova Scotia has signified his intention of being present and it is expected that most of the clergy of the diocese will be here for the ceremonies. Two archdeacons and four canons of the diocese assisted by the cathedral sidesmen will convey the casket from the bishop's late home to the cathedral at 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. At 5 o'clock tomorrow there will be evensong and the body will lie in state from the close of this service until 9 o'clock in the evening, during which time the cathedral will be open to visitors. Holy Communion will be celebrated by Bishop Richardson at 8 o'clock on Tuesday morning and the body will again lie in state from 9.30 until 1 o'clock, being guarded by relays of clergymen and laymen.

The funeral service, which is to be conducted by Bishop Richardson, will begin at 2.30 o'clock, Bishop Worrell, and several visiting clergy assisting. Interment will be made in the family lot at St. John's cemetery, Nashwaaksis. It was announced at the cathedral that the body would be removed to the cathedral at 3 o'clock but The Telegraph correspondent learns that this was an error.

At the morning service in the cathedral Bishop Richardson spoke from I Cor. 15-20 "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." Referring to the death of the late Bishop Kingdon he said in part:

"It would ill befit me to let this opportunity pass without paying a willing tribute to the memory of the life that has been taken from us. In many respects the late bishop was a man of extraordinary powers. To those of you amongst whom he has lived for so many years there is nothing for me to say which you do not know far better than I can hope to tell you. Yet, you will want me to be your spokesman on this occasion, and I must not shrink from taking up the task. Much might be said about his scholarship, and it would scarcely be possible to say too much. Moreover as in the course of this year's work I came to know him better I was made to marvel at his breadth and depth of knowledge. Only a phenomenal memory and tireless industry could account for his vast stores of learning. It is, I suppose, in a sense true to say that a man's scholarship is not so much revealed by what he says as by what he does not say. In other words it is not the explicit statement of a direct fact, but the passing and unexplained references in ordinary conversation that reveal the well stored mind. That was pre-eminently true of Bishop Kingdon. It was hardly possible to talk with him for more than a few minutes without being made to feel that there were in his mind depths of thought and learning far beyond either the experience or power of ordinary men. His death has left the church in Canada distinctly poorer. It is hardly going too far to say, I think, as a theological scholar, there is no one in the church to take his place.

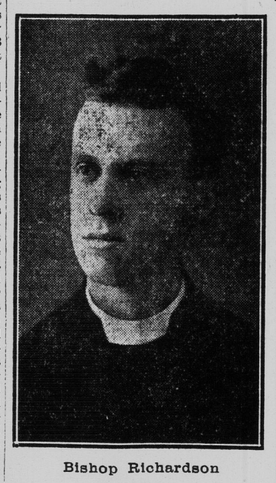
"I have been greatly impressed, too, by his wonderfully close attention to the details of his work as a diocesan. Most careful and complete records have been kept of all his official accounts. He was in the habit of making exhaustive statements of statistics covering almost every branch of church work. Amongst some of the books and papers which recently he handed over to me, there are arranged in comparative form, figures collected from the different census reports, showing the relative standing of the various religious bodies in the province, and their respective gains and losses in certain periods.

"An immense mark, too, has been made upon the church in the diocese by the late bishop's keen business instinct and familiarity with law. The most scrupulous care was taken by him to provide for the safe-keeping of all deeds and documents relating to the church, and the force of his example in this respect has been felt and may today be seen in almost every parish, and in the lives of very many of the clergy who have worked longest with him.

"These are only some of the superficial aspects of the bishop's character, though they are not unimportant. Indeed there is little room to doubt that the church is immeasurably stronger because of the wonderful care that he always took for the business side of her activities.

"When I turn from the material to speak of the spiritual, it is not so easy to know what to say. It is simple enough to describe what one sees upon the surface, but when one tries to touch the underlying depths the task is infinitely harder. One word I must not leave unspoken. I must not leave unrecognized what Bishop Kingdon did in this diocese and elsewhere to awaken the church to the greatness of her spiritual and sacramental privileges. Under his earnest care it was impossible to think of confirmation as a human rite alone. He never wearied of laying the most solemn stress upon the laying on of hands as a divinely ordered instrumentality.

"It has been my privilege in this diocese to build upon the broad foundations laid by other workmen, first in Trinity church, St. John, where I followed and reaped the seed sown by Archdeacon Brigstocke, and secondly in my present position, where the work done by Bishop Kingdon has made it infinitely easier for me to follow him, than it might otherwise have been. It is only the simple truth if I say that much of the work done by my eminent predecessor along sacramental and spiritual lines is only now beginning to be fully felt.



Bishop Richardson

"It may be true that in recent years the church has not made much numerical increase, but it is also undeniably true that the percentage of communicants to the population is vastly greater than once it was.

"There is much more that might well be said. If I might venture to draw the veil from the retired life which he had lived during the past eighteen months, it would speak of the wonderful patience with which he bore what to a man of his temperament must have been a very great trial, the being compelled to lay aside all active work. There are few things harder, I suppose, than to have to sit still, but I never heard the bishop utter a complaint. His was the ministry of silent suffering. There is no need to ask where he found his strength. The life that he lived in the flesh he lived by the faith of the Son of God. He could look forward to the coming end without fear or faltering in that he knew that 'Christ is risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept.'"

At St. Ann's church this evening, Rev. Canon Cowie, in referring to the bishop's death, called attention to the fact that he had passed away on the second anniversary of the death of Rector Roberts. He spoke in eloquent terms of the late bishop's work in the diocese, referring particularly to the careful manner in which he had administered the funds. He regarded his death as a great loss to the church.

At the cathedral this evening Rev. Sub-Dean Street, who is now the oldest clergyman in the diocese, spoke very feelingly of the departde bishop. He remarked that the bishop was a man who gave one the impression of being thoroughly in earnest in his work in the diocese, and never spared himself from his duties when health permitted. He dwelt upon the bishop's scholarly attainments, and declared that he was a man of trying patience.

In the Episcopal churches of the city fitting references to the death of Bishop Kingdon were made yesterday.

In St. John's (Stone) church yesterday morning before the sermon the rector Rev. Gustave A. Kuhring, made the following brief address touching on the death of Bishop Kingdon:

"This morning we meet with two seemingly different thoughts upon our minds and hearts. We meet on the one hand to rejoice with great gladness at the remembrance of God's goodness to us in sending us a harvest far above our deserving; to rejoice that another year has passed and adds another evidence of God's faithfulness to His word: 'Seed time and harvest shall not fail.' On the other hand we cannot but be affected by the fact that death has come into our midst and removed from us Bishop Kingdon, the head of our church in this diocese.

"Much has been said by the press of his scholarship, devotion to duty, and much more will be said in the pulpit of this diocese by those whose bishop and friend he was for many years. Those who knew him for many years will be best able to speak of his virtues.

"Coming to this diocese in June, 1905, my relationship with the late bishop has been a short experience, but I may be permitted to pay my brief tribute to his memory. Nothing but kindness and courtesy has marked his relationship to me as my bishop, and his encouraging fatherly words to me at my induction are still fresh in my mind. I have heard from others of his practical sympathy with many of them in their deep distress, and of his generosity to the needy in the early days of his work when he had the means to distribute.

"At a ripe age he has been gathered to his fathers. To him it is rest from hard labors, and much distress. He has gone forth to reap the fruit of his labors.

"Are not, therefore our harvest thanksgiving services this day most appropriate? The very loss we sustain will chasten our minds to appreciate the lessons of harvest, and the joy of this earthly harvest gives us more faith to look forward to the great harvest of human souls.."

In Trinity church the lectern was draped in black in striking contrast to the brighter decorations for the harvest festival. At the morning service Rev. R. A. Armstrong, the rector, preached, taking for his text Leviticus, ch. 23, v. 40, "And ye shall take you on the first day the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook; and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days."

Alluding to the two events which marked the services of the day—the harvest festival and the death of Bishop Kingdon --Rev. Mr. Armstrong said they could not but feel the contrast in their decorations, symbolical alike of joy and thanksgiving and of sadness and mourning. The palm and the willow entered into the lives of everyone of them.

They mourned the loss of Bishop Kingdon whose scholarship, intellectual attainments and organized ability were well known, and whose heart was full of sympathy for the welfare of the diocese. Because the late bishop was taken from them in his old age their grief might not be quite the same as if he were younger, but they felt his loss none the less keenly. He had a great love for Trinity church as the recent gift of his valuable library indicated. By his death they had lost a friend.

At the conclusion of his sermon in St. James church yesterday morning Rev. J. E. Hand, the rector, made a short but feeling reference to the death of Bishop Kingdon, and to the loss the church and province had sustained.

In St. Luke's church, the rector, Rev. R. P. McKim, said in part: "Since last we worshipped together God has been pleased to take our bishop unto Himself. * * * To many of us he was the bishop, for we did not know his predecessor, and we shall miss him. We shall miss his kind-hearted, loving thoughtfulness. He always showed his kindly interest in St. Luke's. More than once he said to me, 'I will do anything for St. Luke's. I will do anything for you and for your work there.'

"As one of his clergy, I shall miss him. Always kind and considerate, manifesting his fatherly interest, urging me often to 'take care of myself,' never letting me go from his presence without the earnest, cheery 'God bless you.'

* * * "Twenty-five years ago he left bright prospects, the fellowship of friends and comrades, home, to come and work here and give himself to us, and now God has called him, and he, as we shall do some day, has laid down his task at Jesus' feet. His work here is over; let us ask ourselves how have we helped him? how have we prayed for him? Those opportunities are past, but it is still our part to bless God's holy name for all His servants departed this life in His faith and fear; beseeching Him to give us grace to follow their good examples, that in them we may be partakers of His heavenly kingdom and to pray 'give grace, oh Heavenly Father to all bishops, and especially to our bishop.'"

In the Mission church Rev. J. E. Rivington-Jones referred fittingly to the death of the head of the diocese, saying that though the bishop was a stranger to him personally, the death of a bishop in itself was a distinct loss to every churchman. Two special hymns were sung as a mark of respect.

In the Church of the Good Shepherd, Fairville, Rev. LeB. McKiel alluded to the death of the bishop in a sermon on the subject of immortality. He spoke of the life of Bishop Kingdon and the great work he had accomplished for the church in the province. In the evening Miss Spike, the organist, played the Dead March in Saul.

Memorial services were held in St. Jude's church at 8 o'clock, 11 and 7 o'clock. At the 11 o'clock service, the rector, Rev. G. F. Scovil, referred to the intimate association of the bishop with the church. His lorship had dedicated the church, had confirmed many of the members, ordained the rector, and had celebrated at the altar.

In the course of his sermon at St. Mary's church last evening Rev. Dr. Raymond spoke of the loss sustained by the diocese in the death of the bishop. He referred to his early years with the consecrated life full of every activity, the faithful work in outlying parishes and the great interest manifested in the beneficent funds of the church. Solely by the bishop's efforts, the superannuation fund had been raised from $5,000, when he took charge, to $40,000 at the present time. He had also shown interest in the fund for the education of clergymen's children, and the home mission fund.

HOW TO TEST FLOUR.

How to know when food stuffs are "good" is a puzzle that faces the inexperienced housekeeper at every turn. From market to butcher, from butcher to grocer, the same perplexity awaits her, but she can escape many mistakes by keeping a pad to jot down things she has proved, and has reason to know will be good.

Good flour should be creamy, not dead white, nor yet have that bluish cast that some flours have. It should not feel damp, sticky nor clammy. It should not form into lumps when pressed in the hand; it should have some elasticity, some "life," as the millers express it. When made into dough it will be elastic, easy to knead, staying in the round, puffy shape with a springiness that is quite noticeable.

Ontario fall wheat flour, with its rich, mellow flavor, provides that beautiful brown crust in well made bread. Manitoba flour provides the gluten. The two combined and blended in just the right proportions, give the good qualities of both, with their faults eliminated.

This Blended Flour stands every test. It has already gained a deservedly popular place in the esteem of good housekeepers, and in fact they declare the Blended Flour is far ahead of any that can be bought today.

The best way to assure yourself of the quality of flour is to buy a little and try it. You will save yourself some trouble, however, if you begin by using Blended Flour, then you won't want to use any other. Blended Flour is certainly best for bread, and best for pastry.

Corns Are Like Knots

Year by year they grow harder and incidently more painful. Why suffer when you can be cured for 25 cts. spent on Putnam's Corn Extractor. Fifty years in use and guaranteed to cure.

At the meeting of I. C. R. freight handlers, held yesterday, the following officers were elected: William Howard, president; John Murphy, vice-president; Thomas Ryffin, financial secretary; Thos. McLaughlin, treasurer; Alex. P. Wallace, secretary. The question of wages was taken up and considerable discussion took place. A special meeting will be called soon by the president, when a definite course of action in the matter will be decided on.

Centenary church school room was crowded yesterday afternoon at the rally day service and the proceedings were interesting. An orchestra furnished music and solos were given by Mr. Graves and Mrs. Corbett. Mrs. George A. Horton gave a recitation and Rev. Dr. Sprague delivered a stirring address. Next Sunday Centenary church will celebrate the 68th anniversary of its founding. Rev. Mr. Aikens, of the Brunswick street church, Halifax, will preach the anniversary sermon.

STORE CLOSED

All Day Today and Tomorrow

Monster Sale

BEGINS WEDNESDAY, OCT. 16

Doors Open at 9 a. m. Sharp

Be On Hand Early to Avoid the Rush

Union Clothing Co.

26-28 Charlotte St. (opposite City Market), St. John, N. B.

CONVICTED OF MURDER

Jean Roberts Convicted at Houlton After Ten Hours Deliberation.

Houlton, Me., Oct. 12—After deliberating more than ten hours the jury in the supreme court, which has listened to the evidence during the past week in the trial of Juan Robens, alias Jack Roberts, a guide and farm hand, charged with the murder of J. Edgar Dickinson at Smyrna Mills on October 18, 1906, returned a verdict of guilty. This was the second trial of Roberts, the first held last spring having resulted in a disagreement of the jury.

The jury was given the case by Chief Justice Emery, the presiding judge, at 12.06 today. As the hours passed without any news from the jury room and no indication of a verdict, the opinion grew during the evening that there would be another disagreement. Supper was served to the jury in their room at 7 o'clock and the discussion of the prisoner's fate continued.

FEED NEW POWER TO TIRED NERVES

That's Why Dr. Hamilton's Pills Win Sick People Back to Health.

Worn out, tired in the morning, you lack the energy and ambition to work as of old. This means "nerve decay"—nerves that are starved for the want of good rich blood.

It's blood nourishment that vitalizes the nerves. Your blood is thin, weak, watery. It's filled with poisons that hang on because your kidneys don't filter properly.

See here, fix up your kidneys, put new life in your liver, and you'll feel like new in a month.

To do this you must use Dr. Hamilton's Pills, they make life look bright and pleasant because they restore harmony and vigor to the organs that need repair.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills warm the blood and fill it with nutriment that's bound to build you up, that's sure to lift your weakness, that invariably does make joyous robust Good Health.

Think of it, youthful strength, lots of nerve force, plenty of red blood surging through your veins—isn't this reason enough for your using Dr. Hamilton's Pills? Sold in 25c. boxes by all dealers.

SCHR. DEMOZELLE CUT DOWN BY BARGE

Vessel Bound to St. Stephen Sunk Near Vineyard Haven.

Vineyard Haven, Mass., Oct. 13—The British schooner Demozelle, of Parrsboro (N. S.), Captain G. M. Morris, from Guttenburg (N. J.), for St. Stephen (N. B.), with a cargo of 220 tons of coal, was sunk at the entrance to Vineyard Sound early today by collision with the barge Harrisburg, and the five men on board had barely time to escape going down with her.

The Demozelle was entering Vineyard Sound with a fresh breeze from the north and clear weather, and the tug Teaser, Captain Calhoun, was passing out through the sound towing barges Harrisburg and Horace A. Allyn, from Boston, for Philadelphia. Captain Morris, of the schooner, was at the wheel, and one man was on the lookout, the other three members of the crew being below. The tug passed the schooner all right but, according to the Demozelle's captain, the Harrisburg did not follow the course of the tug and struck the schooner on the starboard bow, cutting her down so that she sank in five minutes. Those on board had just time enough to cut the yawl boat clear from the stern and get into it before their vessel sank. They saved none of their personal effects.

They then boarded the Harrisburg and later were brought to this port by the Teaser. The Demozelle and her cargo will be a total loss, but the barge was uninjured.

The men will be sent to Boston tomorrow morning and from there will be forwarded to their homes in Nova Scotia by the British consul.

After landing the crew here, the Teaser proceeded with her two barges for Philadelphia.

The Demozelle lies in about thirteen fathoms of water, with Cuttyhunk bearing northwest, one half west, and Gay Head southeast, one half east, with topmasts out of water. She is directly in the track of vessels and a dangerous obstruction to navigation.