

Sept. 24, 1907
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Men's Overcoats \$7.50 - Now \$5.60
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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)
"I'll tell you what, sir," said the man, "there's more in this than meets the eye. Miss L'Estrange, she never saw anybody, but she 'eard all sorts o' rummy noises, an' 'twice she found that all 'er things 'ad bin rummaged. An' it was no thief, neither. The maid, she 'schully eavr the pore lady. If I may s'y it in confidence, sir, and you wants ter be comfortable, there's No. 18 in the next block."
"I have rented the place for six months, and I shall stay in it," said David. "Have another? No? Well, here is half a crown. Say nothing about to-night's adventure. I am going to bed."
"Lord! Goin' ter sleep 'ere alone? 'scaped his companion. "I wouldn't do it for a pension."
"Yet I am paying for the privilege. However, not a word, remember."
"Right you are, sir. 'Ope you'll 'ave a good night's rest, sir. I'll be in the lift for another 'arf hour, if you should 'appen to want me."
Left to himself, David bolted the outer door again, and returned to the dining-room. Obeying an impulse, he jotted down some notes of the occurrence, paying special heed to times and impressions. Then he went to bed, having locked his bed-room door and placed his revolver under his pillow. He imagined that he would remain awake many hours, but, tired and over-slept, he was soon asleep, to be aroused only by the news-agent's effort to stuff a morning paper into the letter-box. The dawn was shining through the drawn-thrust patterns of the blinds.
"The air of London must be drugged," thought David looking at his watch. "Asleep at half-past eight of a fine morning!"
Such early morning reproaches mark the first stage of town life.
After breakfast he went to his bank. He had expended a good deal of money during the past month, and was well equipped in substantial, owned a comfortable home for six months—barring such experiences as those of the preceding night—and found at the bank a good balance to his credit.
"I will hold on until I have left two hundred pounds of my capital and earnings combined," he decided. "Then I shall take the next mail steamer to some place where they raise stock."
He called at the agent's office.
"Nothing amiss, I hope?" said Mr. Dibbin.
"Nothing, whatever. I just happened in to get a few pointers about Miss Owen-doline Barnes."
Harcourt found that in London it was helpful to use Americans in his speech. People smiled and became attentive when new notions tickled their metropolitan ears. But the mention of the dead tenant of No. 7 Edgewise Mansions froze Dibbin's smile.
"What about her? Poor lady! she might well be forgotten," he decided. "When I shall see her?"
"So soon? I suppose you knew her?"
"Yes. Oh, yes."
"Nice girl?"
The agent bent over some papers. He seemed to be unable to bear Harcourt's steady glance.
"She was exceedingly good-looking." He answered: "Tall, elegant figure, head well poised, kind of a face you see in a Romney, high forehead, large eyes, small nose and mouth—sort of artist type."
"Were a lot of lace about the throat?"
"What? You know that?"
"Oh, don't be started," said Harcourt. "There is her head in chalks you know, over the mantelpiece."
"Ah, true, true."
"I wonder if it were she or some other lady who was in my flat last night at half-past eleven."
Dibbin again stared, stared at Harcourt, and groaned.
"If it distresses you I will talk of something else," said Harcourt.
"Mr. Harcourt, you don't realize what this means to me. That block of buildings brings me an income. Any more talk of a ghost at No. 7 will cause dissatisfaction, and the proprietary company will employ another agency."
"Now, let us be reasonable. Even if I hold a seance every night, I shall stick to my contract without troubling a board of directors. I am that kind of a man."

"But, meantime, you should help me with information."
Dibbin blinked, and dabbed his face with a handkerchief. "Ask me anything you like," he said.
"When did Miss Barnes die?"
"On July 28 of last year. She lived alone in the flat, employing a non-resident general servant. This woman left the flat at six o'clock on the previous evening. At half-past eight a. m. next day, when she tried to let herself in, the latch appeared to be locked. After some hours' delay, when nothing could be ascertained of Miss Barnes' movements, though she was at a rehearsal in the afternoon, a door was forced, and it was discovered that the latch was not only locked but a low or bolt had been shot home, thus proving that the unhappy girl herself had taken this means of showing that her death was self-inflicted."
"Why do you say that, if a coroner's jury brought in a verdict of 'Death from Misadventure'?"
"Mr. Dibbin's eyes shifted again slightly. 'That was — er what one calls —' "I see. The verdict was virtually one of suicide?"
"It could not well be otherwise. She had purchased the sleeping-draft herself, but, unfortunately, fortified it with strychnine. How else could the precautions about the door be explained? This is the only means of egress. Each window is sixty feet from the ground."
"Did she rent the flat herself?"
"No. That is the only really mysterious circumstance about the affair. It was taken on a three years' agreement, and furnished for her, by a gentleman."
"Who was he?"
"No one knows. He paid in cash in advance for everything."
"David was surprised. 'Say, Mr. Dibbin,' he queried, 'how about the references upon which the over-landlord insisted in my case?'"
"What are references worth, anyhow?" cried the agent testily. "In this instance, when inquired into by the police, they were proved to be bogus. A bundle of bank-notes inspires confidence when you are a buyer, and propose to part with them forthwith."
"Surely suspicions were aroused?"
The agent coughed discreetly. "This is London, you know. Given a pretty girl, a singer, a minor actress, who have her home and lives alone in apartments exceedingly well furnished, what do people think? The man had sufficient resources to remain unknown, and these reasons were strengthened by Miss Barnes's identity. She left not even a scrap of paper to identify him, or herself, for that matter. All we had was his signature to the agreement. It is, I believe, a false name. Would you care to see it?"
"Yes," said David.
Dibbin took some papers from a pigeon-hole. Among them David recognized the deed he had signed a few days earlier. A similar document was now spread before him. It bore the scrawl, "Johann Strauss," with the final S developed into an elaborate flourish.
(To be continued.)

Stomach troubles, Heart and Kidney ailments, can be quickly corrected with a prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The prompt and surprising relief which this remedy immediately brings is entirely due to its Restorative action upon the controlling nerves of the Stomach, etc.
A weak Stomach, causing dyspepsia, a weak Heart with palpitation or intermittent pulse, always means weak Stomach nerves or weak Heart nerves. Strengthen these inside or controlling nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative and see how quickly these ailments disappear. Dr. Shoop of Racine, Wis., will mail samples free. Write for them. A test will tell. Your health is certainly worth this simple trial. Sold by all druggists.

WEDDINGS
Martin-Cassidy.
Chatham, Sept. 23.—A very pretty wedding was solemnized at 3:30 this morning in the Pro. Cathedral when Miss Mamie Cassidy, daughter of Charles Cassidy, was united in marriage to John Martin. The ceremony was performed by Rev. M. A. O'Keefe. The bride looked very pretty in a suit of dark red poplin and white picture hat. She was attended by Miss Katie Kenny, who also looked charming in a suit of brown, and brown hat. The groom was supported by his brother, Harry Martin. After the ceremony the happy couple drove to the home of the bride's parents, where a tempting wedding breakfast was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Martin left on the 6:30 train for St. John and Halifax.

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Join the Ferreroze Health Club
These clubs are springing up all over the country. They embrace careful diet, fresh air, water drinking and the use of Ferreroze.
Thousands have been cured—raised to health from a condition of nervousness and semi-invalidism.
First of all Ferreroze is a blood former. Thin, colorless blood in a single week shows a great increase in red cells and coloring matter. This is why Ferreroze makes thin, colorless people glow with ruddy health. When the nerves are taken into account, Ferreroze shows its marvelous power. Morbid thoughts, depression and sleeplessness disappear as mist before the sun. The nerves are made strong, given energy that withstands the wear and tear of hard toil and worry.
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Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

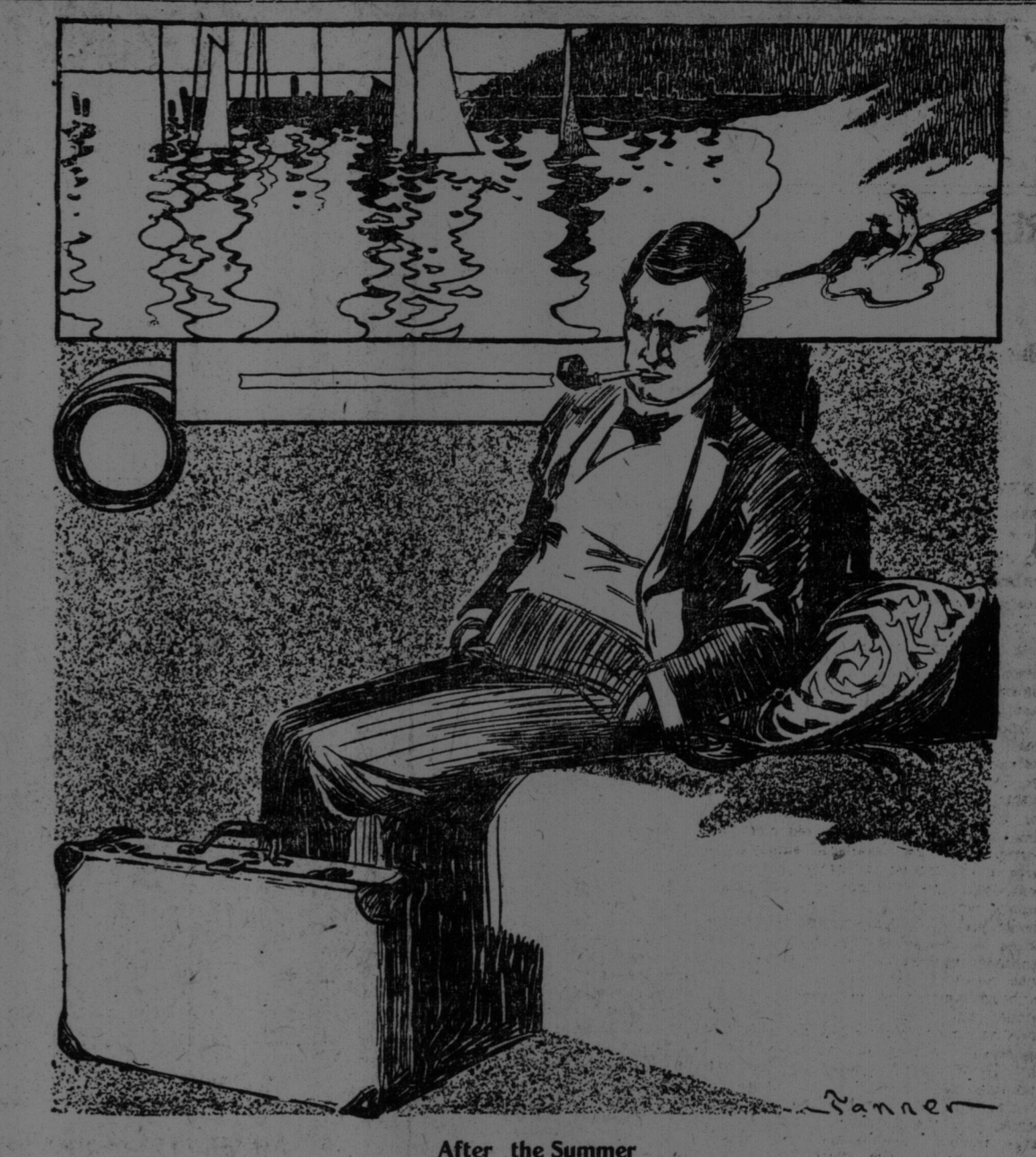


LARGE VELVET SHAPES ARE TRIMMED WITH OSTRICH.
The fad for fancy feathers, while it has lessened the use of ostrich, has by no means driven the latter beautiful feather from the field, and we find many of the most artistic picture hats of the season trimmed with sweeping ostrich plumes. A shape with a medium high crown, sharply rolled on the brim, is covered smoothly with green velvet and trimmed with two long full plumes in the new old gold shade, which is so fashionable at the present moment in Paris. There is a romper in fancy feather effect. It is green tipped with old gold, and green ribbon is draped about the crown and arranged in an extremely smart bow on the high bandeau which lifts the hat on the tilt side.

FATE OF COLLINS WILL BE IN THE JURY'S HANDS TODAY

Defence Put in No Evidence Yesterday and Argument of Counsel Was Completed.

Hopewell Cape, Sept. 23.—Contrary to general expectation, the defence in the Collins trial offered no evidence. Hon. Mr. McKeown began his closing address to the jury at luncheon at 2:15. It was raining all day and the court room was well filled with interested spectators. Mr. McKeown spoke for nearly three hours. His address was an able and eloquent plea for his client. During the whole time of its delivery the prisoner in the dock sat with flushed face and absorbed manner. At times he would lean back, and again with both arms on rail of dock resting his chin in his hands.
At 7:30 Solicitor-General Jones closed for the crown. During the first part of his address, the prisoner sat tilted back in his chair against the back of the dock. As far as his outward appearance was concerned he was in no way moved while the links of circumstantial evidence were being formed around him.
Mr. McKeown said in part that he did not feel the burden on him great, as he had merely to sum up the evidence. The crown, in a case like this, he contended, is bound to prove its case beyond a reasonable doubt. The accused may elect to go to the stand or not. At the first trial he did not go on, but at the second trial he went on much against his (McKeown's) judgment. It did not matter much, he went on, as the testimony of a man accused of such a crime as this would have little weight with a jury. There seemed to be an impression abroad, he continued, that the result in the last trial was arrived at because of a dictate for having an execution in a few days. He assured them this was incorrect and the real reason the jury failed to find a verdict guilty was because of the weakness of the crown's case.
He then dwelt on the enormity of the crime committed in New Ireland more than a year ago, describing it as one from which instincts of humanity rose in revolt and one which would seem to have summated a life of crime. He was confident the veil has not yet been drawn from the tragedy, and not one effort has been made by the police force in St. John in any other direction than against the prisoner. The crown has every force at its disposal, and does not matter much, he said, and rightly so, to the other hand, the boy at the bar was penniless and almost friendless.
The learned counsel then went on to cite from the criminal code on the nature of circumstantial evidence, and claimed he would be able to show that the crown's case in the present instance is threadbare. The murder of Mary Ann McAuley, he pointed out, was said by the doctors to have taken place at any time between 9 a. m. and 9 p. m. on Monday, yet the accused was seen on the road loitering about near the priest's house. He asked the jury if it was probable that if Collins had committed the crime would he do that. He admitted that the prisoner lied, and he lied because he had stolen goods in his possession.
He then went on to speak of the absence of apparent motive. The crown might argue, he said, that he committed the deed to cover up his theft, but he did not think they would believe this. There had been a most judicious wedding done by the crown in this case, and every man who had expressed an opinion favorable to Collins had been stood aside. He was content, however, to leave the matter in their hands. It did not devolve upon



After the Summer
Broke! Broke! Broke!
By thy sad grey sands, O sea!
And oh! for the shilling shokels spent
That will never come back to me.
Ah! well for the hotelman,
And the bootmaker, chipper and gay,
But alas! for my wad of early June,
That has vanished like mist away.

RUDYARD KIPLING INVITED TO ST. JOHN

The Creator of Mulvaney, Now on His Way to Canada, Invited to Address the Canadian Club.

Rudyard Kipling is now nearing the coast of Canada. It is probable that before he lands at Rimouski he will receive a wireless message inviting him to address the Canadian Club of St. John. Canada has taken an especial interest in the tariff preference to the British manufacturers.

THE FALL OF DOUGLAS

As a result of an experience at Stetson Outer's big mill on Saturday evening last, John Douglas of Pokok is now at the general public hospital suffering from cuts and bruises and a bad shaking up, and was taken to the hospital where he told those in attendance that he, with another man was piling deals at the time of the accident. On examination it was found that he had sustained several cuts and bruises and was badly shaken up.

NOVA SCOTIA HURT

OTTAWA, Ont., Sept. 23.—(Special — James Carroll, of the auditor general's office, who came here from Inverness county, N. S., two years ago, is lying seriously ill in St. Luke's Hospital with a wound in his neck which he received in his boarding house, 99 Gloucester street.

HOME PAPERS

THE TELEGRAPH AND TIMES

THESE PAPERS are delivered to St. John residences by CARRIER. They are taken into the homes of responsible and desirable people who pay for the privilege of reading them.
An advertisement in The Big Papers will place you in company with the most prominent local and general advertisers in Canada.
The TELEGRAPH and TIMES enjoy a greater advertising patronage than any other two papers in New Brunswick, and if business is any indication of ability to deliver results, then The Big Papers are always "making good."
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