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POOR DOCUMENT

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Our new Overcoats and Suits, all the very latest cuts, new fabrics and nobby designs, are a credit to any young man in the city. Give us a call this week and **see how we can back up this statement.**

New Overcoats from $5.60 to $21.00
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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.)

He ran southward at a venture. If there was a conference going on in any house near by, and if the landau was waiting outside, he should recognize it by the horses and by Neil on the box. But, as it turned out, even this recognition was not necessary, for, running down Bloomsbury street, toward a carriage of which he caught sight standing before a French chocolate-shop at the Oxford-St. corner, he saw a man and a girl come out of the shop. The man lifted his hat and nodded toward the girl with his foot on the carriage-step, and then was driven off westward. Half a minute afterward David had overtaken the girl.

"You wretched creature!" he said in the fierce heat of his anger and haste: "Hand me those certificates, and be quick about it!"

"I haven't the faintest idea which certificates you mean," said Jenny, as bold as brass, for she had no doubt been strengthened by the interview in the shop ,and assured of Van Hupfeldt's protection.

This was enough for David. He understood from her words that the papers were now in Van Hupfeldt's hands; where at a flood of rage surged within him, and without any definite purpose, he rushed after the carriage. It had not gone far, because of a block of traffic near Tottenham Court Road, and his hot face was soon thrust over the carriage-door. Van Hupfeldt shrank back into the farthest corner with a look of blank dismay.

"Yes, you can have them, Mr. Strauss —" began David, hotly.

"What is it?" muttered Van Hupfeldt, crouching, with his hand on the opposite door-handle. "That is not my name."

"Whatever your name, or however many names you may own, you can have those papers now; but there may be other things where they came from, and if they're there I'm the man in possession, mark you, and I'll be finding them—"

"Papers! What papers? Find what?" asked Van Hupfeldt, with a scared face that belied his words.

"You cur!" cried David, his heart burning hot within him; "make amends for your crime while you may. If you don't, I tell you, I shall have no mercy. Soon I shall have my hands on you—"

"Drive on!" screamed Van Hupfeldt to his coachman, and, the block of traffic having now cleared, the horses trotted on, and left David red-faced with fury, in imminent danger of being run over by the press of vehicles behind.

CHAPTER XII
The Night-Watches

David returned home angry with himself in all ways, not least for his loss of self-control in pursuing Van Hupfeldt with no object but to vent himself in mere threats. His suggestion to Van Hupfeldt that other documents besides the certificates might be hidden among the picture-frames in the flat was in the tone of a child's boasting. One should find first, he told himself, and boast afterward. However, one of Mrs. Grover's excellent little lunches put him straight, and, though work was a thousand miles from his mood that day, he compelled himself to do it, and the pen began to run.

But first he had said to Mrs. Grover: "I want you to get the steps, and take down every picture in the flat, except the three big ones, which I will see to myself."

Then, with his flower-pot of violets on each hand, he was soon in the thick of the cow-boy and prairie-flower history which he had on hand. His stories were already known on this side by the whiff of reality they brought from the States, and were in some demand. Already the postman handed him printers' proofs, and he had proved to himself that he possessed some of the wisdom of the serpent in choosing a reputable abode, because the men whom he entertained went away saying: "Harcourt has private means. He has taken to literature as a hobby," an idea which made him popular. If certain editors, on the strength of it, wished to pay him half-rates ,they were soon undeceived. David was much too hard a nut to crack in that easy way.

Meantime, neither by sight nor sound had he been reminded of the eerie experience of his first night in No. 7 True, there were noises during the still hours, such as had twice thrilled Miss L'Estrange and Jenny. But they seemed quite natural to him. The dryness of the interior of the block of flats had loosened flooring-boards and dislocated cross-beams, until the mere movement of an article of furniture overhead, or the passing of a next-floor tenant from one room to another, would set going creaks enough to give rise to half a dozen ghost-panics.

That night he had to be at the Holborn Restaurant for an annual dinner of internationals, so he struck work soon after four, seeing that by then Mrs. Grover's task of taking down and dusting was ended, and the pictures now lay in a pile by the dining room sideboard. David procured himself a quantity of brown paper, with gum and pincers, sat on the floor by the pile, and, with an effort to breathe no faster than usual set himself to work. It was not so slight a task as it looked, some of the pictures being elaborately fastened with brown paper, tacks, and bars; and, since they were not his own he had to leave them not less trim than he found them. He was resolved to trust not even a workman in this search. However, being handy, a Jack of all trades, he had got some half dozen unfastened and again fastened before six o'clock.

His gum failing, he called upon Mrs. Grover, received no answer, called again, went searching, but could not find her in the flat. Wondering at this, he stepped outside the front door to invoke the services of a lift-man, when a little way down the stairs he caught a sound of voices in low talk. His ready ear seemed to detect the particular accent of his house-keeper, and he went downward, spying out who it might be. He wore slippers, and for this reason, perhaps approached near the speakers before he was seen. They were Mrs. Grover and a young man. The latter, the moment he was aware of David's presence, was gone like a thief, so David did not see his face —it was dark there at that hour—but he had an impression that it was Neil, Van Hupfeldt's valet, and his legs of themselves started into chase; but he checked himself.

"Who was that man?" he asked Mrs. Grover, when they had gone back into the flat.

"I'm sure I don't know his name, sir," was her answer.

"You know him, perhaps. Is it the same who came here to speak with the girl I left in your charge?"

"I believe it is the same," said Mrs. Grover. "though I didn't see him well."

"Oh, you believe. What on earth does he want of you?"

"He kept asking me questions. I told him to go about his business—"

"What did he want to know?"

"Whether I was satisfied with my place and whether I didn't think that a woman like me could better herself, considering the wages I was getting—"

"That all he wanted to know?"

"That's about all—things like that."

David, looking at her, said: "I am sure he was quite right. You deserve five times the wages I am giving you; so if I pay you a month's wages in advance now—"

"But sir!"

"No, it's no use, Mrs. Grover. You were born for greater things than this. Yet, wherever you go next, do be loyal to the man from whom you earn your bread against all the world. Here's your money."

In vain Mrs. Grover protested. The place was good enough for her, the flat not fit to be left as it was, things not washed, something on the fire. It was of no avail. As David's servant she was suddenly dead. He saw her out with a hearty hand-shake at the door, and his best wishes.

Only after she was well gone did he remember that she had forgotten to deliver up the front door-ky.

As it was now nearly time to dress for the dinner, he left his work on the pictures for the day. In the half dozen or so which he had taken to pieces he had found nothing, and was disillusioned, cross-tempered, disturbed by many things.

He sat down and wrote to Miss Violet Mordaunt: "I am sorry to say that I have failed to receive the documents of which I had the honor to speak to you. I have reason, however, to believe that your fiance, Mr. Van Hupfeldt, has bought them, and from his hand you will perhaps receive them."

But his conscience felt this letter to be hard, ironical, and not sincere; for if, as he suspected, Van Hupfeldt's name was on the certificates as the husband of dead Gwendoline, Violet was little likely to receive them from Van Hupfeldt's hand. So he tore up the note, and wrote another which equally reflected his ill-humor. Nor did this go through the post. In the end, though he knew that she must be anxiously waiting a word of news from him, he shirked for the present the task of announcing his failure to her, and rushed out to the dinner.

He came home late, and as he stepped from the lift to the landing, something—a light or a fancy—caused him to start. It seemed to him that through the opaque glass of his door he had seen a light. Certainly, the impression was gone in an instant, but he had it. He went in with some disquiet of the nerves. All was dark, all still, within. He turned on three or four lights in rapid succession, and his eyes pierced here and there without discerning anything save familiar articles of furniture.

(To be continued.)

"BRICK'S TASTELESS"
REGISTERED

What it is — It is an extract of fresh cod livers, containing all the virtues of pure Cod Liver Oil without the nauseous grease, combined with Phosphorus in the form of the Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, nutritious Extract of Malt and the Fluid Extract of Wild Cherry Bark.

What it does — It will promptly relieve, and if its use is continued, permanently cure chronic bronchitis, all pulmonary affections, croup, hoarseness, nervous disorders due to an exhausted condition of the system, prostration following fevers, debility at change of life, or constitutional weakness at any age, and all blood disorders.

What we do — We positively guarantee "Brick's Tasteless" to do exactly what we claim it will do as printed on the label of the bottle, or any advertising matter, and every druggist who sells "Brick's Tasteless" is authorized to refund to his customer the full purchase price if one bottle does not show a decided improvement, which improvement will result in a complete cure if additional bottles are taken.

We therefore request you to try a bottle of "Brick's Tasteless" on our recommendation, and if no improvement is shown after taking it, return the empty bottle to the druggist from whom you purchased it and he will refund your money.

Can we be fairer?

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

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

VISITING COSTUME IN PRELAT PURPLE VELVET.

As a material for the dressy afternoon costume nothing is more elegant and higher style than velvet. In the soft supple weaves of this season it is particularly adapted to the present modes, and many of the most ultra models for the early fall and winter are of velvet of the new shades. Purple is especially popular and will be seen much among the fashionables this year, trimmed with rich braids, satins and fur. The suit illustrated is a dressy walking model suitable for afternoon reception or matinee wear. The skirt is pleated, each pleat stitched flat over the hips, and the top of the hem is finished with a band of novelty braid about an inch wide, topped with two rows of soutache, this trimming is the same purple shade as the velvet. The coat is a garment of beautiful cut trimmed with braids and ermine fur. The fronts, crossing surplicewise at the waistline, are faced with the fur, likewise the novel sleeves of seven-eighths length which may be turned back to elbow length to form a fur cuff when the coat fronts are worn open. A fitting accompaniement for such a costume is a chapeau of black velvet trimmed with plumes.

CHAMPION OF CANADA WELCOMED

St. John Golf Club Tenders Fine Reception to Miss Thomson.

A largely attended reception in honor of Miss Mabel Thomson, who recently added to her laurels by again winning the ladies' golf championship of Canada, was held in the club house on the local links yesterday afternoon. The social event was marked by happily worded speeches of congratulation and by the presentation to Miss Thomson, of mementos of the occasion from the ladies and gentlemen members of the club.

The hour for the reception was fixed for 4.30 p. m. and the grounds surrounding the club house presented an animated scene as the members drove up in automobiles and carriages. On arrival, they were received in the drawing room of the club by Mrs. George F. Smith, president fo the ladies' association, and by George McAvity, the club's president. The large room had been tastefully arranged for the occasion, the floral decorations including evergreens and rowan berries, presenting a charming appearance. Refreshments were served from the rear drawing room, where Mrs. George McAvity and Mrs. F. Stetson poured tea and coffee. They were assisted by a number of young ladies in serving.

Rheumatism

I have found a tried and tested cure for Rheumatism! Not a remedy that will straighten the distorted limbs of chronic cripples, nor turn bony growths back to flesh again. That is impossible, but I can now surely kill the pains and pangs of this deplorable disease.

In Germany—with a Chemist in the City of Darmstadt—I found the last ingredient with which Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy was made perfected, dependable prescription. Without that last ingredient, I successfully treated many, many cases of Rheumatism; but now, at last, it uniformly cures all curable cases of this heretofore much dreaded disease. Those sand-like granular wastes, found in Rheumatic Blood seem to dissolve and pass away under the action of this remedy as freely as does sugar when added to pure water. And then, when dissolved, these poisonous wastes freely pass from the system, and the cause of Rheumatism is gone forever. There is now no real need—no actual excuse to suffer longer without help. We sell, and in confidence recommend

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MRS. CHADWICK DEAD

Woman Who Swindled Many Banks Died at Ohio Penitentiary Last Night.

Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 10—Mrs. Cassie Chadwick, whose amazing financial transactions culminated in the wrecking of an Oberlin, Ohio, bank, died in the woman's ward at the Ohio penitentiary tonight at 10.15. Mrs. Chadwick had been in a comatose condition for some hours previous to her death, and the end came peacefully. No friends or relatives waited at her bedside, only the prison physician and hospital attendants. Her son,Emil Hoover, had been summoned from Cleveland, but he was not expected to arrive before tomorrow.

A bequest of $150 to the Queen square Methodist Church Women's Missionary Society and also one of $150 to the trustee board of that church have been made by Mrs. William Quinton, formerly of St. John, who died in the United States in August last.

The St. John County L. O. L. will hold a reception on November 5 in the Orange Hall, Germain street, to commemorate Guy Fawkes day and the landing of King William at Torbay. Committees in charge of the arrangements will meet this evening in the Orange Hall, Market building.

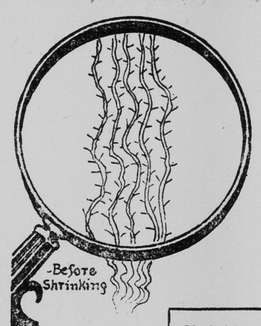
THE SITUATION AT SPRINGHILL

Miners Will Meet Tonight to Consider Calling Strike Off.

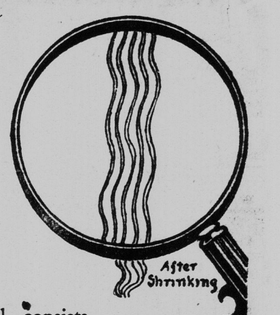
Halifax, N. S., Oct. 10.—The committee from Springhill held another conference with the government this afternoon at which a report from Grand Secretary Moffat was presented. After two hours sitting the meeting concluded its work and committee will return to Springhill tomorrow morning to present the result of the conference to the lodge, which will be called for a special meeting.

It is believed the committee will recommend a cessation of the strike but whether the lodge will agree is not known. One of the leading members of the conference told your correspondent that the committee themselves did not know what the outcome would be. It hinges on interpretation of the award by the board of conciliation. The action of the lodge tomorrow night will decide the whole matter, whether it will be work or continued strike.

Hon. H. A. McKeown, who was counsel for Thos. F. Collins in the trial of the latter for the murder of Mary Ann McAuley, said Thursday that he had no knowledge of the petition which is being circulated in Albert asking commutation of the sentence of death passed upon Collins.



Stanfield's Underwear



A Talk by the Maker to the Wearer

(Chapter 2)

Shrinking The Wool

In its natural state, wool consists of long, curly, silky fibres, dotted with tiny prongs or branches. These prongs, when wet, interlock with the long strands and pull together, to protect the sheep from rain and dampness.

When wool is woven, the same thing would happen, were it not for the Stanfield process, which makes the prongs on each strand of wool lie down until the knitting is finished.

Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear is made absolutely unshrinkable by this special process, invented and perfected by the Stanfields. It is the only method of treating wool, which renders it unshrinkable and uninjured.

One way of getting rid of the prongs, is to burn them off by plunging the wool into a tank containing lime. As the prongs are a part of the wool, naturally the lime will "eat" the wool as well as the prongs. This is why some imported, and some Canadian-made "Unshrinkable," Underwear won't wear. It has been treated with lime in the effort to make it unshrinkable.

The illustrations above, show wool under the microscope both before and after going through the Stanfield process. They show that all the prongs that make it shrink are made harmless, BEFORE the Underwear is woven. And as there is no "shrink" in the wool, there can be no "shrink" in the Underwear.

Every garment, bearing the Stanfield label, is sold with our standard guarantee of "Money Back If It Shrinks."

All sizes from 22 to 70 chest measure. The label tells the weight—RED label for light—BLUE label for medium—BLACK label for heavy weight.

STANFIELDS LIMITED - - TRURO, N.S.

150

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?

PROVINCIAL OPPOSITION

Enthusiastic Convention at Caraquet Yesterday Nominated Three Candidates.

Caraquet, N. B., Oct. 10—At the opposition convention here today every parish was represented, but one and there was much enthusiasm. J. D. Hazen, who was present, briefly addressed the convention, after which a nominating committee was appointed, who submitted to the convention at the evening meeting the names of A. J. H. Stewart, A. J. Witzell, J. A. Dumas, Fred Young and D. L. Robichaud—Messrs. Stewart, Witzell and Dumas were unanimously chosen after a ballot in which they received the three highest votes.

An address was presented to J. D. Hazen commending the course of the opposition upon the questions of the day, especially the highway act, and referring to the fact that Mr. Hazen was the first leader of an opposition who ever thought it worth while to visit Gloucester.

Mr. Hazen, who received an ovation, briefly outlined some of the reasons why the present administration merited condemnation and announced the course he would take in behalf of honest and progressive government.

D. L. Robichaud followed Mr. Hazen and explained in French the position and policy of the opposition.

John Morrissy, M. P. P., also briefly addressed the meeting and was received with applause.

General regret was expressed at the absence of Dr. Landry, of Kent county, who was prevented from being present by illness in his family.

W. R. CHAPMAN RESIGNS

Portland, Me., Oct. 8—The closing day of the Maine music festival was a long and brilliant success, marred only by the announcement at the close of the morning rehearsal that director William R. Chapman, owing to a lack of general popular support, would resign as president. E. A. Noyes said later his resignation would end the excellent series of festivals here and at Bangor.

Mr. Chapman was leader of the St. John music festivals of some years ago.

The tenders for the plumbing and heating of the new Y. M. C. A. building will close with the president Saturday at noon.

EMPRESS OF BRITAIN MAKES FAST PASSAGE

Montreal, Oct. 10—A Canadian boat has beaten the fleet Lusitania. The mails which left Liverpool on the Empress of Britain Friday afternoon last at 7 p. m. will be delivered in Montreal tomorrow morning. Owing to her fast trip the Empress has succeeded in getting her eastern and western mails delivered here before the giant Lusitania has reached New York. The latter will not reach her slip in New York till some time tomorrow morning and before that time the mails of the Empress will have been distributed here. So far as Montreal and Toronto are concerned these mails are 24 hours ahead of the fleet Cunarder.

The treatment of a half intoxicated man by the proprietors of a Mill street saloon was the cause of unfavorable comment last night about 10 o'clock. The man was thrown out into the street and in falling his face struck the sidewalk with great force and he lay motionless, too far gone to move. So sudden was his exit from the door that two ladies who were passing narrowly escaped being struck by him in his fall. A crowd soon gathered. The scene of the occurrence was near the corner of Mill and Main streets. Friends of the injured man assisted him to his feet and guided his steps towards home.