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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)

When he reached Miss L'Estrange's flat, for some time no one answered his ring, and then the door opened but a little way to let out a voice which said: "What is it? I am not dressed. She's gone. I told you you'd be too late."

"Is she gone?" said David, blankly, eager enough now to see her.

"Look here, why should I be bothered with the lot of you at this ungodly hour of the morning?" cried the fickle L'Estrange. "I can't help your troubles! Can't you see when anybody is in bed?"

"But why did you let her go before I came?" asked David.

"You are cool! Am I your mother?"

"I wish you were for this once."

"Nice mother and son we little two would make, wouldn't we?"

"That's not the point. I'm afraid you are getting cold. You ought to have contrived to keep the girl till I came, though it is my own fault. But can't anything be done? Where is she gone to?"

"To Strauss, of course."

"With the certificates?"

"I suppose so. I know nothing about it, and care less. I did try to keep her back a bit for your sake, but she had his address, the underhand little wretch?"

"But stop—how long is it since she has gone?"

"Not three minutes. It's just possible that you might catch her up, if you look alive."

"How can that be? I shouldn't know her. I have never seen her. We may have passed each other in the street."

"Listen. She is a small, slim girl with nearly white hair and little Chinese eyes. She has on a blue serge skirt with my old astrakhan bolero and a sailor hat. Now you can't miss her."

"But which way? Where does Strauss live?"

"I promised not to tell, and I'm always as good as my word," cried the reliable Miss Ermyn L'Estrange, "but between you and me, it's not a thousand miles from Piccadilly Circus; and that is where Jenny will get down off her bus; so if you take a cab—"

"Excellent. Good-by! See you again!" said David.

David was gone, in a heat of action. He took no cab, however, but took to his heels, so that he might be able to spy at the occupants within and on the top of each bus on the line of route, by running a little faster than the vehicles. At this hour London was already out of doors, going shopping, going to office and works. It was a bright morning, like the beginning of spring. People turned their heads to look at the man who ran faster than the horses, and pried into the buses. Victoria, Whitehall, Charing Cross, he passed—still he could see no one quite like Jenny. He began to lose hope, finding, moreover, that running in London was not like running in Wyoming, or even like his run from Bucks. Here the air seemed to lack body and wine. It did not repay the lungs' effort, nor give back all that was expended, so that in going up the steep of Lower Regent-St, he began to breathe short. Nevertheless, to reward him, there, not far from the Circus, he saw sitting patient in a bus-corner the sailor hat, the bolero, the Chinese eyes, and reddish white hair of Jenny.

The moment she stepped out two men stepped forward to addres her—David and Van Hupfeldt's valet. Van Hupfeldt lived near the lower portion of Hanover Square, the way to which being rather out in and odd to one who does not know it, his restlessness had become unbearable when Jenny was a little late, so he had described her to his valet, a whippersnapper named Neil—for Van Hupfeldt had several times seen Jenny with Miss L'Estrange—and had sent Neil to Piccadilly Circus, where he knew that Jenny would alight, in order to conduct her to his rooms. However, as Neil moved quickly forward David was before him, and the valet thought to himself: "Hello, this seems to be a case of two's company and three's none."

David was saying to Jenny: "You are Miss L'Estrange's servant?"

"I am," answered Jenny.

"She sent me after you. I must speak with you urgently. Come with me."

Now, in Jenny's head were visions of nothing less than wealth—wealth which she was eager to handle that hour. She said, therefore, to David: "I don't know who you are. I can't go anywhere—"

They stood together on the pavement, with Neil, all unknown to David, behind them listening.

"There's no saying 'No' " insisted David. "You're going to see Mr. Strauss, aren't you? Well, I am here instead of Mr. Strauss in this matter."

But this ambiguous remark failed of its effect, for Neil, whose master had told him that in this affair he was not Van Hupfeldt but Strauss, intervened with the pert words: "Begging your pardon, but I am Strauss."

However, this short way of explaining that he was there on behalf of Strauss was promptly misunderstood by Jenny, who looked with disdain at the valet, saying: "You are not Mr. Strauss!"

"Of course he isn't," said David quickly. "How dare you sir, address this lady? Come right away, will you? Come now. Let's jump into this cab."

"Who are you? I don't even know you!" cried the perplexed Jenny.

"I didn't say I was Mr. Strauss himself," began Neil.

"Yes, you did say so," said Jenny, "and it isn't the truth, for I know Mr. Strauss very well, and neither of you isn't going to get over me, so you know!"

"Don't you see," suggested David, his wits all at work, "that one of us must be true, and as you are aware that he is false——"

"What is all this about?" demanded Jenny. "I have no business with either of you. Just tell me the way to Hanover Square, please, and let me go about my business."

"That's just why I'm here, to show you the way," said Neil. "I dunno why this gentleman takes it upon himself—"

"Best hold your tongue, young man," growled David. "You must be stupid to think this young girl would go off with you, a man she never saw before, especially after detecting you in a direct untruth—"

"As for that, she don't know you any more than me, seemingly," retorted Neil. "Mr. Strauss sent me——"

"How is she to know that? Miss L'Estrange sent me. Didn't I know your name, Jenny, and your mistress's name?"

"Well that's right enough," agreed Jenny on reflection.

"Then trust to me."

"But what is it you want, sir?"

"It is about the papers," whispered David, confidentially. "It is all to your good to come with me first and hear what I have to say. Miss L'Estrange—"

"Well, all right; but you must be quick," said Jenny, rushing to a decision.

David hailed a cab, and he and Jenny turned their backs upon the defeated valet, got in, and drove off. However, Neil, who had witnesses Van Hupfeldt's fever of eagerness to see this girl, followed in another cab. David drove to the Tube Station near Oxford Circus—she would accompany him no further—and, while he talked with Jenny in a corner there, Neil, lurking among the crowd of shop-gazers across the street, kept watch.

"I propose to you," David said to Jenny, "to give the certificates to me, and in doing so, I understand that you are a poor girl—"

"That's just it," answered Jenny, "and I must know first how much I am to get for them—if it's true that I have any certificates."

"Right enough," said David, "but the main motive which I hold out to you is not what you will receive in hard cash, but that you will do an immense amount of good, if you give the papers to me. They don't belong to this Mr. Strauss, but they do belong to the mother and sister of a poor wronged lady, a lady whose character they will clear."

"Ah, no doubt," agreed Jenny, with the knowing leer of a born Cockney; "still, a girl has got to look after herself, you see, and not mind other people's troubles."

"What!" cried David, "would you rather do the wrong thing and earn twenty pounds or do the right thing and earn five pounds? You can't be in earnest saying that."

"It isn't a question of five pounds, nor yet of twenty," snapped Jenny offended at the mere mention of such paltry sums, "it's a question of hundreds and thousands." Her mouth went big for the "thousands." "Don't think that I'm going to part with the papers under high figures, if so be I have any papers."

"Under what?" asked David—"under hundreds, or under thousands?"

"Under thousands."

"Now hold on a bit. Are you aware that I could have the papers taken from you this minute, papers that don't belong to you, which you propose to sell to some one other than the rightful owners?"

At this Jenny changed color. There was a policeman within a few yards, and she saw her great and golden dream dissolving.

"It remains to be seen if I have got any papers. That's the very question, you see!" she said.

"You might be searched, you know, just to clear the point. Yet you needn't be afraid of that, for I'm disposed to meet you, and you aren't going to refuse any reasonable offer, with no trouble from the police to follow. So I offer you now—fifty golden sovereigns for the papers, cash down."

"You leave me alone," muttered Jenny, sheepishly, turning her shoulder to him.

"Well, I thought we were going to be friends; but I see that I must act harshly," David said, making a threatening movement to leave her.

"You can have them for one hundred pounds," the girl murmured in a frail voice with downcast eyes; to which David, not to drive a hard bargain with her, at once answered: "Well, you shall have your one hundred pounds."

The next moment, however, he was asking himself: "Who's to pay? Can I afford these royal extravagances in other people's affairs? Steady! Not too much Violet!"

He walked a little way from the girl, considering it. He could not afford it. There was no earthly reason why he should. But he might go to Violet, to Mrs. Mordaunt, and obtain the one hundred pounds, or their authorization to spend the sum on their behalf. In that case, however, how make sure of Jenny in the meantime? It would hardly do to leave her there in the station, so near to Strauss. She would be drawn to him as by a magnet, and he thought that if he took her with him to the Mordaunts, she would recover her self-assurance and demand from the women, more perhaps, than they could afford. In the end, he decided to take her to his flat, and leave her there in Mrs. Grover's charge till he returned from the Mordaunt's.

"That's a bargain, then," he said to her; "one hundred it is. I take it that you actually have the certificates on you?"

"I may have," smirked the elusive Jenny.

"That's all right. 'Have' and 'may have' are the same things in your case. So now I shall go right away to procure the one hundred pounds, and meantime you'll come with me to your old flat in Eddystone Mansions—that's where I live now—No, don't be scared, there's some one there besides myself, and the ghost doesn't walk in the daytime."

They hailed another cab, and again Neil, leaving his lurking-place, drove after them. He saw David and Jenny go into the mansions, then stood uncertain whether to hurry home and tell the position of affairs to Van Hupfeldt, who, he knew, must by this time be raving, or whether to wait and see if Jenny and David came out again.

He was loitering a little way up the house - stairs, thinking it out, when he heard the lift coming down, and presently he saw David rush out—alone. Jenny, then, was still in the building. Neil ran to the liftman.

(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.

NET WAISTS ARE EXTREMELY POPULAR.

Very dainty confections in waists for dallions, appliques, insertions and edging semi-dressy wear this fall are made of fine of exquisite laces are a feature of these plain net, so fine in fact that at a little waists. They are inset with entre deux distance the effect is that of a very sheer and these bandings very often outlined lingerie fabric. The designs of these with edging. The cuff is of the lace and waists is usually quite simple, and very finished with soft frills, one, two and much like that illustrated herewith, me- sometimes three in number.

Don't Undermine Yourself to Bright's Disease

TAKE GIN PILLS NOW

Bright's Disease claims its thousands yearly solely because people won't heed nature's warnings.

Pain in the back and constant headaches mean Kidney Trouble. Swollen hands and ankles, and pain in the joints, mean Kidney Trouble. Frequent desire to urinate—urine hot and scalding—mean Kidney Trouble. Neglecting sick Kidneys means Bright's Disease.

If you know your kidneys are affected—or if you suspect they are affected—give them the help they need—GIN PILLS. Taking GIN PILLS regularly soothes the irritated, inflammed membranes—gives to the kidneys new strength—corrects every kidney and bladder trouble

NAPANEE, May 13, 1906.
I received the sample box of GIN PILLS and was greatly benefitted by them. My kidneys were in such bad condition I could not lift or stoop without great pain. In fact, they pained me nearly all the time. I have taken three boxes, working all the time at heavy work on the railroad, and did not lose a day. FRANK TRUMPER.

And they are sold on a positive guarantee that they will cure you or money refunded. Put them to the test with the understanding that you must be cured or you get your money back.

So sure are we that GIN PILLS are just what you need in your own case, that we will send you a free sample to try. Write, mentioning this paper, to the Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg.

50c. a box—6 boxes for $2.50. 89

HER HUSBAND WAS A DRUNKARD

A Lady who cures her husband of His Drinking Habits Writes of Her Struggle to Save her Home.

A PATHETIC LETTER.

"I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Tasteless Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his week's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming, at all hazards. I sent for your Tasteless Samaria Prescription, and put it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that had set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me—a peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive loving husband, comforts and everything else dear to a woman's heart; for my husband had told me that whiskey was vile stuff and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving him the medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another lot, to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from promises before. He never has and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

Free Sample and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Enclose stamp for reply. Address The Samaria Remedy Co., 36 Jordan street, Toronto, Canada.

Also for sale by Chas. R. Wasson, Druggist, 100 King Street.

A small house belonging to John Miles, situated near the breakwater at Negrotown point, was burned to the ground yesterday afternoon. There is some talk of incendiarism. Mr. Miles, who is a cripple, said that this is the second house that he has built inside of a year, and which has been destroyed by fire, so he is again without shelter.

BIG LIST FOR THE NEW YORK COURTS

Criminal Courts of New York Reopened Today With More That 1,200 Cases on Calendar.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7—With more than 1,200 cases on the standing calendar the criminal courts of New York county reopened today after the summer vacation for what promises to be one of the busiest sessions on record. In the insurance cases the defendants are Dr. Walter R. Gillette, who was vice-president of the Mutual Life, Robert A. Grannis, who was vice-president of the Mutual Life; George W. Perkins, vice-president of the New York Life; Chas. S. Fairchild, president of the N. Y. Security Co.; John H. Hegeman, president of the Metropolitan Life; Thomas D. Jordan, comptroller of the Equitable and Frederick A. Burnham, Geo. Burnham Jr., and George D. Eldridge, of the Mutual Reserve. Mr. Jerome and Assistant Attorney Kresel, will have charge of the insurance cases. Mr. Jerome will ask that October 16th. be fixed as the date for the trial of Dr. Gillette.

George Burnham Jr., who was convicted of larceny, will be tried again, this time on the forgery indictment against him. Burnham's conviction was reversed by the appellate division.

THE YORK LOAN

How Liquidation is Working Out---The Prospects of Dividends.

As there are many St. John people financially interested in the York County Loan & Savings Company affairs, the following will be of interest.

Under the provisions of the act passed at the last session of the dominion parliament ameading the winding-up act, Neil McLean, official referee, Osgoode Hall, on June 11, 1907, upon the application of the National Trust Company, liquidator of the York County Loan & Savings Company, made an order appointing counsel to represent the different classes of shareholders and creditors in order to speedily determine the rights of 114,000 claimants.

The solicitors appointed by the official referee to represent the different classes were: C. A. Masten, Alfred W. Briggs, W. M. Douglas, K. C., W. N. Ferguson, W. H. Hunter, W. J. Tremesar, all of Toronto, and S. D. Biggar, Hamilton.

The classification of solicitors appointed follows:

Ferguson 1.—The holders of fully and partially paid permanent stock, to determine the question as to their liability as contributories, or their right to rank as claimants.

Masten 2.—The shareholders who claim to rank as creditors, on the ground that the issue of their shares were ultra vires of the company.

Briggs 3.—The shareholders of class "C," the certificates which purport to give to the holders a first charge upon the assets of the company.

Hunter 4.—The holders of shares payable on demand, or which had matured prior to the date of liquidation, and of shares which were withdrawable at any time on thirty days' notice, whether notice of withdrawal had been given or not, or if given, whether it had expired prior to the date of liquidation, or not.

Biggar 5.—Shareholders to whose credit at the date of liquidation, there stood a cash balance, after the transfer of a portion of the proceeds of the withdrawable value of their stock, in payment for permanent stock or other stock in the company, or pianos or life insurance.

Biggar 6.—Shareholders whose books had been handed in, prior to the date of liquidation, with an application to have the proceeds turned over to life insurance, or upon a purchase of a piano or otherwise, and where the transfer had not been completed upon the books of the company, at the date of liquidation, and whether the stock had matured and was withdrawable or not.

Tremecar 7.—Agents, clerks and other employes of the company.

Douglas 8.—The shareholders, who, in each issue or question to be determined, are not included in the class, the rights of which, are being considered or determined in such issue or question, and generally the class or classes of shareholders who may make no claim to any preference over any other class of shareholders, or who may be ultimately determined to have no such preference.

Hunter 9.—The holders of "juvenile" shares.

Hunter 10.—The holders of shares in arrear at the date of liquidation but which had not lapsed, or which having lapsed, had the right of revival under the by-laws.

Following is a copy of a notice which appeared in the Toronto newspapers on Oct. 3, 1907:

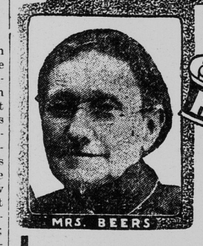
"There has been some misunderstanding with reference to the present position of the York County Loan & Savings Company liquidation. The machinery for determining the rights of the creditors was provided by the dominion act and no change has taken place in the liquidation except that Mr. Kappele has taken over the work of the referee at the point where Mr. McLean requested to be relieved.

"Several statements have appeared that a dividend will be paid in the near future. As a matter of fact, it will be some considerable time before any dividend can be paid. The referee has given a series of appointments for the consideration of the matters to be adjusted, but it is absolutely impossible, owing to the nature of the issues to be tried, that the referee can give a final judgment for some months, and after his judgment is delivered the various parties have the right of appeal (first) to a single court judge and from there to the other courts of appeal. It is, therefore, possible that it may be a year or longer before the court can instruct the liquidator to pay a dividend. In the meantime the assets are being realized upon to advantage, and as soon as the court is able to give the liquidator a direction a small dividend can be paid."

5 DOCTORS FAILED

CHRONIC ULCERS COVERED HER BODY & CRIPPLED HER.

HOW CURE CAME



MRS. BEERS

How Zam-Buk cures chronic ulcers and sores is seen by the following experience of Mrs. Beers, of L'Orignal (Ont.) She says:—"Some years ago ulcers and sores broke out on my legs and different parts of my body, and spread to an alarming extent, causing me great agony. I began to try salves, oils and medicines of various kinds, but the sores refused to heal. I then consulted a medical man, who treated me for some time, but the ulceration continued just as bad as ever. Another medical man was consulted, then another and one after another until I had tried five different Doctors. All gave me up in despair. The ulceration and the skin disease were getting worse all the time, so I then went into the Hospital. I was there five months, and came away very little better. I next went to another Hospital, and stayed there three months, —again with no success. By this time my legs were covered with sores, my bones seemed all picked out with ulcers, and I could not walk without the use of a cane and a crutch. I was in such a shocking condition that I was longing for death.

"I saw a report of the value of Zam-Buk and I obtained a small supply. This did me so much good that I went to Ottawa and bought a further supply. A few weeks trial of this wonderful balm healed the ulcers, removed the sores, and I am to-day completely cured.

"For many years I was obliged to use a cane and crutch to walk. Now I have thrown both cane and crutch away, and feel as well and vigorous as at the age of 30."

Do You Suffer from Any of These?
Zam-Buk heals all skin diseases—eczema, scaly sores, ulcers, ringworms, poisoned wounds, barber's rash, pustules, face blemishes due to blood poison, rheumatism and neuralgia. It heals cuts and lacerations, stops bleeding, cures piles, eases fistula, reduces enlarged veins. It cures burns and scalds, and it is an excellent "first aid" remedy. It is highly antiseptic. All druggists and stores sell at 50 cents a box, or from ZAM-BUK CO., TORONTO, for price. 6 boxes for $2.50.

FREE BOX
Send this coupon, the name of this paper and a 1 cent stamp to the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and you will receive a free trial box. 9Z1

Zam-Buk

Pain anywhere, pain in the head, painful periods, Neuralgia, toothache, all pains can be promptly stopped by a thoroughly safe little Pink Candy Tablet, known by Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Pain simply means congestion—undue blood pressure at the point where pain exists. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets quickly equalize this unnatural blood pressure, and pain immediately departs. Write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., and get a free trial package. Large box 25 cts. Sold by all druggists.

WEDDINGS

Moore-Darrah.

Chipman, N. B., Oct. 7—A pretty wedding took place on Wednesday evening, October 2, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Darrah, when their eldest daughter, Lila M., was united in marriage to D. Havelock Moore of Island Lake (Alta.), formerly of Jerusalem, Queens county. The bride, who was gowned in a suit of cream panama, and was unattended, entered the parlor during a march which was beautifully rendered by Miss Carrie Darrah, cousin of the bride, the ceremony being performed by Rev. D. McD. Clarke, pastor of the Chipman Presbyterian church.

After the ceremony fifty-five of the immediate relatives and friends partook of a dainty repast, served by Misses Gussie Brown, Bertha Morrison, and Isa Darrah, after which an enjoyable evening was spent in games, music, etc. The following tokens testify to the esteem in which the young couple are held: Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Porter, silver meat fork; Mr. and Mrs. D. Crossman, silver cake basket; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reid; 1 doz. silver knives and forks; Elmer and Carrie Darrah, cream and sugar set; Ethel and Clifford Reid, niece and nephew of the bride, silver cream laddle; Mr. and Mrs. M. Moore, silver cake basket; Miss Stevens, St. John, silver cake plate; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sommers, tray cloth; Mr. and Mrs. John Darrah, silver meat fork; Myrtle Rankine, silver berry spoon; Mrs. Wm. Darrah and family, silver scallop dish; Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Rankine, table cloth; Presbyterian Sunday school, Bible; Jas. E. Rankine, silver fruit dish; Miss Alma MacAllester, St. John, sofa pillow; Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, breakfast casters; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Baird, butter knife and sugar shell; Mr. and Mrs. Staples, china berry set; Chas. Rankine, pair towels; Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Darrah, silver cracker jar and 1-2 doz. spoons; Misses G. and M. Brown, silver berry spoon; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Darrah, silver pie knife; Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Flood, St. John, silver card receiver; Miss Jen MacAllister, St. John, trap cloths; Miss Ethel and Jas. Ward, silver sugar bowl; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. P. Darrah, tray cloths; Miss B. Morrison, table cloth; Miss Isa Darrah, fern jardiner; Mr. E. R. and Miss N. Kennedy, fern and jardiner; Miss Elsie Moore, glass fruit bowl; S. W. Augusta (Me.), $5; Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Darrah, $10; Mrs. Robt Moore, $1; J. S. Darrah, $20; Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Briggs, $3; Wm. J. Darrah, $25. The groom's present to the bride was a fur lined coat. Mr. and Mrs. Moore left on the following Monday for Island Lake (Alta.), where they intend to reside for some time, as Mr. Moore is director of the Alberta Northern Lumber Company of that place. The good wishes of their many friends accompany them.

W. J. Shields, traveling organizer for the International Carpenters' Union, who has just returned after a tour in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, addressed a meeting of the local union in Berryman's hall last night.

G. B. Dunn, of Houlton (Me.), owner of the mill that was recently destroyed by fire at Grand Bay, was in the city yesterday. J. A. Gregory, who is agent for the property, when asked last evening if Mr. Dunn had formed any plans with regard to rebuilding, said he had nothing to give out for publication.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE
DIABETES
Dangerous Imitations. The public warned against them. Sold only in Boxes.

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?