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The Midnight Guest

By FRED M. WHITE

Author of "The Crimson Blade," "The Corner House," etc.

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(Continued.)

The minutes passed along, and no one came, but at length Walter's patience was rewarded. He heard a slight swish and away in the branches of the acacia over-head. He could hear deep and regular breathing coming nearer and nearer to him. Then, presently, in the darkness, he discerned the little figure of the Italian. A moment later, and the intruder was caught below the eaves in a grip that made him fairly groan again. He struggled just for a moment, but the steady grip seemed to crush the life out of him, and he desisted. Walter bore him back and his left hand shot out, and once while studio was bathed in flame once more. Before Valdo could realize what had really happened, Walter's hands were all over him in a way for which he had never experienced. Nothing more dangerous could be light than a small sheath-knife, which Walter swept into his pocket. He was quite calm and self-possessed now. He coolly indicated a chair, into which Valdo flung himself sullenly.

"Now I should like to have a little conversation with you," he said. "You will recall that we have met before."

"I have not forgotten the fact," Luigi Silva said sullenly. "It was at the Imperial Palace Theatre."

"Quite correct," Walter said. "I came to see that remarkable performance of yours. I was very much interested, and I must congratulate you warmly. At the same time, it occurred to me that yours is a dangerous kind of entertainment."

A contemptuous smile flickered over Silva's face.

"There is no danger whatever," he murmured; "anybody could do it if they had arms like mine."

"I am afraid you do not quite take my meaning," Walter murmured. "There are better help yourself, especially as I am likely to detain you some time."

With a defiant air the Italian took and lighted a cigarette. He did not appear in the least unprepared, though the furtive glances which he occasionally turned in the direction of his captor showed that his mind was not altogether at ease. He would have given much to know what the other quite so sure of his ground.

"My time is my own," he said.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, your time is mine. But I dare say you will wonder why I am detaining you like this. To tell you the truth, since your last visit here—"

"That is not true," Silva cried. "I have never been here before."

"Why play with me?" Walter asked contemptuously. "It is some days since you were here last. To refresh your memory, I am alluding to the night when you came here by way of the ventilator in the dome, and made a murderous attack upon my uncle, who owes his life to the fact that I was not very far away. It is no use your denying this, because I am in a position to prove it. I dare say you congratulated yourself upon the fact that you got clear away. You would chuckle to think how mystified we all made upon a public man in his own studio, from which there is no exit but the door; and on the night of the strange affair the door was locked. No one but a bird could have escaped through the ventilator. You can picture to yourself what a sensation the business would have caused if the police had been called in and the affair made known to the Press. Now I dare say you wonder why the police were not called in at once?"

Silva pulled at his cigarette savagely, but made no reply.

"Well, I am going to be more polite than you are."

Walter said, "and I am going to tell you. I had a fancy to play the detective myself. I looked around for some sort of a clue and at length I found one. Ah! I see you are interested."

"Only in my own safety," Silva muttered.

"Well, that is the same thing. On the floor close by where you are seated I found a shabby yellow playbill, advertising the performance of Valdo, the flying man, at the Imperial Palace Theatre. The bill was neatly folded, and was of recent date. Now I know perfectly well that neither Lord Ravenspur nor any of his friends would be interested in that kind of thing. Therefore, how did the bill get here? Probably left by the flying man himself, and a flying man would be the only kind of human being capable of getting in and out of this studio in that mysterious fashion. Upon this, I made up my mind to come and see you, and I did. I have only to place the information, together with my testimony, in the hands of the police. Indeed, I have only to send for a constable now and give you in custody. After that you would not be likely to give us any cause for anxiety the next seven years."

The Italian's eyes gleamed as he glanced readily about him. There was no reason for Walter to ask himself if his prisoner understood. Silva shrugged his shoulders.

"That is what you are going to do?" he asked.

"Oh, well, come to that presently. In the meantime, I want a little information. You will remember when we were talking to you in the manager's room at the Imperial, a lady came in and addressed a few words to you. She was only there for a moment, but she stayed quite long enough for me to recognize her features. I want to know what Mrs. Delahay needs to see you for."

A sharp laugh broke over Silva's lips.

"You are very clever," he sneered. "Oh, so clever. So you are interested in Mrs. Delahay. You think, perhaps, that I know a deal about the murder of her husband. I know less about it than you do, and I have no concern with her at all. You had better ask her. She will probably be astonished."

"Ah, I see what you mean," Walter exclaimed. "It is stupid of me not to grasp the problem sooner. Of course, it was not Mrs. Delahay at all I saw with you, but her sister, Countess Flavie."

Something like an oath broke from Silva's lips.

"Thank you very much," Walter said. "You could not tell me any more if you were ever so candid. And now I know exactly what brings you here. It is not robbery."

"Robbery!" Silva broke out vehemently. "Sir, your words are a deadly insult. I am an honest man, though I may only be a servant; I would never touch what does not belong to me."

"In that case you came here for violence then," Walter said. "You must be a strangely illogical mind. You would not sell your hands with another man's money but you would not hesitate to attack him in the back under cover of the darkness. Come, don't let us argue any longer. You came here the other night to murder my

uncle. But for a fortunate chance, Lord Ravenspur would be in his grave now. It is useless to deny it."

"Have I made any attempt to deny it?" Silva said, in a voice that was utterly devoid of passion. "Have I lied to you in any way? I stand before you in no manner in your face, and doubtless if our positions were reversed, I should act as you are acting tonight. I should act as you are acting tonight. I shall hand me over to the authorities. I shall be no worse treated if I tell the truth. I did come here to take Lord Ravenspur's life. I am only sorry that I failed."

(To be Continued.)

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Dr. Shoop's Night Cure

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CANNIBALISM IN THE FAR NORTH

A Terrible Tale From the Wolds of Quebec—Three Lives Lost.

Montreal, June 16.—That three lives have been lost in the far Quebec north and that two of the men were eaten by a third, while one of the two remained partially devoured by the cannibal, is the story of a terrible tale from the Wolds of Quebec. The tale is a true one, and it is a story of cannibalism in the far north.

Last September, Joseph Guenet and a man named Bernard, both of Paris, started north on a hunting trip accompanied by a guide, Lemieux, a guide in January another party left Quebec with the intention of going to the Height of Land district. The party was composed of Joseph Guenet, Bernard, and Lemieux, and they were accompanied by a dog named "Gusset" and "A. T. Lemieux."

The water party started ten days in an unavailing search for the men. The party, backed and run almost entirely by Lemieux, was accompanied by a dog named "Gusset" and "A. T. Lemieux." The party was accompanied by a dog named "Gusset" and "A. T. Lemieux."

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Fashion Hint for Times Readers



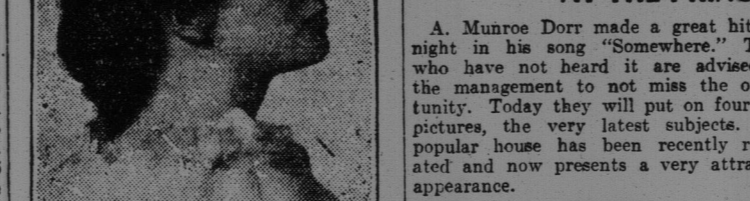
The newest mode for over the seas. In sharp contrast to the modes of the past two or three seasons are the new costume models which the great French couturiers are exploiting as the latest dictates of Dame Fashion. In these beautiful creations of such soft clinging fabrics as crepe de chine, mousseline and similar silky weaves the sleeves are small, quite tight fitting in many cases, and often of the mousseline type, and bodies and skirt awathe and drape the figure revealing its every line and curve. The tunic is featured strongly in these new ideas, as is also the long train and the scarf or soft of soft diaphanous material, beautifully embroidered, draping the shoulders and swathing the bust and waistline, the long ends depending gracefully to the hem of the garment. Great picture hats of quaint shape.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

MARY EMERSON SCORES ANOTHER BIG SUCCESS

It is doubtful whether any visiting artist has ever been accorded a more flattering reception than that given to Mary Emerson and her company in Samuel Lewis' romantic play of court life, "His Majesty and The Maid," which Mr. Lewis wrote for Miss Emerson, and which has long been very successful in the States.

The performance of "His Majesty and The Maid" was given again last night to greatly increased business over the opening night, and as certain call after certain call was demanded and taken, it was apparent that star and company appealed strongly to the audience present.



MISS MARY EMERSON.

For the balance of the week Miss Emerson and her company will present the romantic play, "Will O' The Wisp," "His Majesty and The Maid," "Will O' The Wisp" was written for Miss Emerson, and like the first play, "Will O' The Wisp" was a great success in the States. The name "Will O' The Wisp" is that given to the girl, Rose, by the old man who has brought her up, because she is always dancing. In this Miss Emerson dances the tarantelle, a dance little seen at the present time. The supporting company is provided with strong roles, and will, no doubt, give a good account of itself. There will be a matinee Saturday.

FORESTERS' COMMITTEE TO INQUIRE INTO LOANS

Supreme Chief Ranger Moves For a Standing Committee for That Purpose.

Toronto, June 16.—The Supreme Court of the Independent Order of Foresters opened this morning in the Temple building with an excellent representation of delegates. The morning's work was mostly ritualistic and ceremonial, though some business was transacted in reading of reports from supreme officers.

Fraternel greetings were received from the Sons of Scotland and the Ancient Order of United Workmen. They were enthusiastically received.

The report of Supreme Chief Ranger Elliott G. Stevenson was outspoken on the question of rates. The proposals embodied in the report, however, are by no means the ones which will be adopted since Mr. Stevenson is prepared to allow the court to decide that for itself. He has simply launched the discussion by reference to it in his report.

The first few paragraphs are devoted to kindly mention of the name of the late Dr. Oroniyatka. In this connection, Mr. Stevenson observes that it seemed an impossible task to undertake to fill his place and the most that he could hope for was to discharge his duty as he saw it.

He said, "We have not been content to accept the calculations of government ac-

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



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