MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

Great Overcoat Day

You will never miss the price when you see the quality and style of Overcoats that are selling at this

Monster Winter Sale

Better get yours now and have the full benefit of it; the cold weather is here. You can get the good long coat here that will keep your legs warm, if the coat's good. Style isn't everything. Cloth is important; tailoring still more so. Style costs nothing--and yet it does. Two coats may be made in same style, but the one that's best tailored will be the most stylish. Get your overcoat where you know what's back of it.

Our Guarantee always makes you safe here.

Good Overcoats for Men at - $4.69 to $18.19
Good Overcoats for Young Men at 4.29 to 14.49
Good Overcoats for Boys at - 3.29 to 7.90

We have the Latest CORDUROY OVERCOATS with Velvet Collars for Children---See them.

Don't Miss This Sale

It positively ends SATURDAY, Oct. 26, at midnight.
Store open evenings until 9.30; Saturdays until 11.30.

Union Clothing Co.

26-28 Charlotte Street, opposite City Market, - - St. John, N. B.
ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

WHITE EVENING COAT.

Although the colored evening coat fills quite an important place in winter fashions the white evening wrap is as much a favorite as ever. Many women find it a much more economical investment in this direction than at first might be supposed. True, the cloth, of which the majority of these garments are made, soils readily, but it is easily cleaned and brought back to its original dainty freshness. A splendid new model is of ivory white cloth trimmed in a novel fashion with lace bands. The garment hangs loose from the shoulders to the fashionable seven-eights length. The novelty is the capelike collars of the cloth which, before cutting, has been stitched in fine pintucks over the entire surface. Wide lace bands are inset in this collar, and its points are finished with lace and cord ornaments, both front and back. A touch of color is introduced in the collar of green velvet overlaid with Irish-lace, and a piping of the velvet is seen in the high cuff of the full sleeve. Pale green satin is the lining.

Pimples & Face Sores

are a common trouble. Impurities which should be thrown off from the body have a tendency to remain in the system, thus clogging the pores and giving rise to all sorts of disagreeable skin troubles. Zam-Buk applied to the skin has a most wholesome effect. It stimulates and helps the skin to throw off any impurity and restores the skin to a healthy state.

"Zam-Buk is the best household balm ever brought into a home." Such is the opinion of Mrs. Sarah McDonald, of Birr, (Ont.) She says:—"My little girl had a severe and obstinate rash on her skin. I applied Zam-Buk a few times and the skin trouble which had defied all other remedies, went away like magic."

Zam-Buk cures Eczema, Ulcers, Scrofula, Poisoned wounds, Festering Sores and all Skin Diseases. Rubbed well in it Zam-Buk is the finest embrocation for Rheumatism, Sciatica, etc. Of all stores and druggists at 50 cents, or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto for price, 3 boxes for $1.25. (*C. E. Fulford Limited.*)

Zam-Buk

NOT STENUOUS ENOUGH.

Miss Brinmore—Oh! Mr. Princevard, I heard that you were "left back" on the 'Varsity team?

Princevard—Yes, I'm left back all right, the captain thought I wasn't quite up to the mark.

"THE LATE TENANT"

By GORDON & HOLMES

(Continued.)

And now once again David felt himself outdone by the cunning of this man. The room was large, crowded with objects of luxury, and the switch a needle in a bundle of hay. In which direction to grope for it David did not know. He ran to where he had flung Van Hupfeldt, to compel him by main force to turn on the light. But Van Hupfeldt was no longer there. The suddenness of the darkness made it black to the eyes. David could not find the switch, and fearing less Van Hupfeldt might snatch away the letter to Violet in the dark, he flew back to the bureau, oversetting first a chair, and then colliding upon Van Hupfeldt a little distance from the bureau. Again he flung Van Hupfeldt far, and, keeping near the bureau, grouped along the beading of the wall, to see if he could encounter another switch.

In the midst of this search, his ears detected the sound of a key in the outer door, and understanding that help had arrived for the enemy, instantly he took his decision, felt for the eight or ten envelopes on the bureau, slipped them all in to his pocket, and was gone. In the hall, coming inward he met Neil and an officer, but, as if making a deep bow to the majesty of the law, he slipped as easily as a wave under the officer's hand, and disappeared through the wide-open door. The officer ran after him. This was simple. From the moment when David pitched through the house-door below the stairs, he was never more seen by that particular officer to the day of his death.

Under a lamp in Oxford street, when he stopped running, he took out Strauss's letters from his pocket with a hand that shook, for in his heart was the thought: "Suppose I have left hers behind!"

But no; that fifth one was hers: "Miss Violet Mordaunt, Dale Manor, Rigsworth, near Kenilworth." Remembrance came to him with an ache of rapture. Within twenty-four hours he would see her. He was so pleased that he was at the pains to throw Strauss's other letters into the first pillar-box. What did it matter now that the diary, certificates, anything or everything, had been filched from him? To-morrow, no, that day, he would see her. He was so pleased that he was at the pains to throw Strauss's other letters into the first pillar-box. What did it matter now that the diary, certificates, anything or everything, had been filched from him? Tomorrow, no, that day, he would see Violet.

CHAPTER XVII.

David More than Regains Lost Ground.

Harcourt was now in the position of a man who thinks he has invented a flying machine — enthusiasm became stronger than knowledge, belief was made to do service as evidence. To meet Violet, to lok again into those sweet eyes of hers, that was the great thing he promised himself next morning. Indeed, it is to be feared he deliberately surrendered himself to dreams of such a meeting, while he smoked pipe after pipe in his lonesome flat, rather than set himself to an orderly review of his forces for the approaching trial of strength with Van Hupfeldt.

No sooner was he well clear of Van Hupfeldt's house than he knew that he was safe from active interference by the law. The man whom he now looked upon as his rival, the subtle adversary whom he had scorned to crush when appealed to for mercy on the score of physical inferiority, would never dare to seek the aid of authority. Nursing that fact, ready enough to welcome the prospect of unaided combat, David did not consider that an older head in counsel would not be a bad thing. Dibbin, whose ideas were cramped within ledgers and schedules, had, nevertheless, as he said himself, "been young once." Surely David could have sufficiently oxygenized the agent's thin blood with the story told by the hapless Gwendoline that the man should hie with him to Rigsworth and there be confronted with the veritable Strauss. Dibbin was a precise man. It would have been hard for Van Hupfeldt to flout Dibbin.

But no, David smoked and dreamed, and saw a living Violet in the chalk portrait of the dead Gwendoline, and said so many nice words to the presentment thus created that he came to believe them; and so he consigned Dibbin to his own musty office, nor even gave heed to the existence of such a credible witness as Sarah Gissing, poor Gwendoline's maid.

He left a penciled note on his table that the charwoman was to call him when she came at eight — for in such wise does London conquer Wyoming — and with the rattle of her knuckles on the door he was out of bed, blithe as a lark, with his heart singing greetings to a sunny morning.

The manner of dress, the shade of a tie, the exact degree of whiteness of linen, were affairs of moment just then. Alack! here was our erstwhile rounder-up of steers stopping his hansom on the way to the station in order to buy a smart pair of doeskin gloves, while he gazed lovingly at a boutonniere of violets, but forbore.

It was noon ere he reached Rigsworth, and inquiry showed that the Mordaunts' house was situated at the farther end of the small village. He walked through the street of scattered houses, and attracted some attention by the sure fact that he was a stranger. At any rate, that was how he regarded the discreet scrutiny to which he was subjected.

"A big house with a lodge-gate, just past the church on the left," were the station master's directions, and David had no difficulty in finding his way. His heart fell a little when he saw the style of the place. The lodge was a pretty villa in itself. Its garden would be of great worth within the London suburban area. Behind it stretched the park of Dale Manor, and the turrets of a mansion among many lordly elms seemed to put Violet on a somewhat inaccessible pinnacle. David did not know that people of moderate means can maintain a good sporting estate by letting the shooting, but he had learned in the free air of the States to rate a man on a different level to parks; if a half-bred rascal like Van Hupfeldt was able to enter this citadel like a thief for one daughter of the house, why should not an honest man storm it for the sake of another?

At the lodge, however, he met with a decided rebuff. "No visitors admitted," was the curt response of a gamekeeper sort of a person who was lurking in a doorway when David tried to open the locked gate.

"My business is important," urged David, quietly, though his face flushed a little at the man's impudent manner.

"So's my orders," said velveteens.

"But I must see either Mrs. Mordaunt or Miss Violet."

"You can't see either. Absolute orders. Your name's Harcourt, isn't it?"

Then David knew that Van Hupfeldt had over-reached him by the telegraph, and the shattering of his dream-castle caused such lightnings to gleam from within that the surly gamekeeper whistled to a retriever dog, and ostensibly revealed a double-barreled gun which lay in the corner of the porch.

David was likely to have his own way with clodhoppers, even in the hour of tribulation.

"Yes, he said, "my name is Harcourt. And your's?"

"Mine is no matter."

"Very well, 'No Matter.' You are obeying orders, I have no doubt; but you must be taught civility. I give you notice, No Matter, that a little later I shall lick you good and plenty, and if you don't take it like a man you will likely be fired into the bargain."

The keeper was for abusing him, but David turned away. And now he was not the well-dressed, gloved spick-and-span Londoner, but the Indian of the prairie, with a heart from which the glow had gone, with eyes that saw and ears that heard and a brain that recorded everything.

He was instantly aware that the country policeman who had lolled through the village behind him was a forewarned spy. He knew that this functionary watched his return to the railway station, from which, as David happened to remember, the time-table had shown a train London-wards at one o'clock.

The station-master was affable enough, gave him some bread and meat and a glass of milk, and refused any payment. When the train came in, David, sourly smiling, saw the constable loll on the platform. He could not resist the temptation to lean out of the carriage window.

"Good-by, P. C. 198," he said.

Now, he was traveling first-class, and, in England, even a villain demands respect under that circumstance.

"Good-day, sir, said the man, surprised.

"You will know me again, eh?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"I am glad of that. Tell that chap at the gate of Dale Manor that I shall keep my fixture with him soon."

P. C. 198 scratched his head. "Funny affair," he muttered as the train moved off. "Looks an' talks more of a gentleman than van Wot's-his-name, any day."

At the next station, four miles away, David slipped out of his carriage quickly and waited in a shed until the train had gone again. Then he interviewed the station-master, and somewhat astonished the official by tendering a return ticket from Rigsworth to London.

"Can't break your journey," said the regulations.

"But I've done it," said David.

"It's irregular," complained the other.

"And the train is half a mile distant—"

David meant to forfeit his ticket. This was a new light. He paid a few pence, took a receipt, and promised himself some fun at Rigsworth.

He asked for no information. From the train he had noted a line of telegraph posts in the distance, and he stepped out smartly along a by-road until he gained the main thoroughfare. Then, being alone, he ran, and the newly bought gloves burst their seams, so he flung them off.

When less than a mile from Rigsworth he heard the whistle of a train. Springing to a high bank, he made out the sinuous, snake-like curling of an engine and coaches beyond the hedge-rows — a train coming from London. "Van Hupfeldt is in it, of course," he decided. "I must make sure."

(To be continued.)

IMPURE BLOOD

Clogs the Kidneys
Slows the Heart
Fags the Brain.

Weakens Every Part of the Body —Causes Organic Diseases.

Just as strength is the natural outcome of pure blood, so is debility and sickness the result of impure blood.

To know how quickly how surely Ferrozone cures, to see how it rebuilds and restores, you have only to read the following letters—read them carefully—see if the symptoms resemble yours.

Miss Evelyn M. Gaetz, of Kingston, writes: "I have had an attack of blood disorder which broke out in horrid looking pimples. They were ugly red disfiguring blotches that ruined the appearance of my face. I tried all sorts of medicine, but the pimples didn't leave. I was recommended Ferrozone and gave it a trial. I noticed an improvement after the second box, and kept up the treatment which finally cleared my skin. 'As the result of Ferrozone I have a clear healthy complexion and can recommend it to all other young women similarly affected."

Another young lady well known in society circles of Springfield, who derived exceptional benefit from Ferrozone, says: "I felt it my duty to make known the value of Ferrozone. My trouble was poor weak blood, and as a consequence my lips were pallid, and my cheeks had no color. I was'nt at all strong, and required a bracing tonic. Ferrozone soon brought color to my cheeks, improved my appetite and made me stronger than I had been in years. I favor Ferrozone because it is so simple to take and works so quickly."

No blood remedy exists that has the power to cure, to heal, to restore like Ferrozone; try it, 50c per box at any drugstore.

Miss Elizabeth Robinson Scovil's lecture on the Wonders of Modern Medicine, to be given at the Natural History Museum tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock, promises to be of great interest. The speaker's wide knowledge of her subject insures an educational treat and the social half hour after the lecture, when refreshments will be served by a number of young ladies who are graduate nurses, will add considerably to the afternoon's enjoyment.

Douglas M. Ring returned from Boston yesterday and went through last night to Moncton, where he will attend the funeral of his sister, Miss Nellie Ring, who died at noon on Sunday after a long illness. Miss Ring's many friends in St. John will regret to hear of her death. Only a few months ago a sister, Mrs. Mitchell, of Coverdale, died suddenly. Besides her one brother, Miss Ring leaves two sisters in the States.

William Downie, general superintendent of the C. P. R. here, went to Montreal last evening.

"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

An Asthmatic's Story Told.

Sleepless nights, suffocating sensations, difficult to even breathe. "I can scarcely describe all I suffered from Asthma," writes Mrs. E. P. Cavanaugh of Colborne. "Spasms of coughing would come on that made me weak. Nothing did me any good until I used the fragrant, healing Catarrhozone. I am delighted to recommend this remedy which cured me of chronic asthma after scores of good physicians had given me up. Catarrhozone is better for asthma, gives quicker relief than any remedy I know of. My cure is a perfect one." Try Catarrhozone, it never fails to cure asthma. Complete outfit $1.00; trial size 25c.

DR. HAY WRITES OF THE GAGETOWN CONVENTION

To the Editor of The Telegraph.

Sir,—I would like to bring before the public a few facts in answer to Dr. Hetherington's letter.

First, Dr. Hetherington agreed to the convention being called and stated in his speech at the convention that he had consented to the convention being held on the date on which it was held.

Second, the details respecting the carrying out of the convention, the hiring of steamers and the arrangements for getting the voters there were agreed to by Dr. Hetherington.

Third, it was arranged that every effort should be made to get a large attendance of the voters of Queens and Sunbury present, and posters were sent through the country for that purpose and advertisements were published in the daily morning papers.

Fourth. Dr. Hetherington also agreed that whoever was nominated by the convention would receive his hearty support.

Fifth. The convention was the largest ever held in Sunbury and Queens.

Sixth. When the chairman asked those present who were in favor of Colonel McLean to stand up, all present including Dr. Hetherington stood up.

I remain, yours, etc.,
H. B. HAY.

Chipman, Oct. 21st, 1907.

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. Sold by all druggist.

Mrs. Hugh Wright

Hopewell Hill, Oct. 21—The funeral of Mrs. Rebecca Wright, widow of Hugh Wright, of Mountville, whose death occurred at her home there on Friday, took place Sunday afternoon and was largely attended. The deceased, who was eighty-three years of age, was a daughter of the late William Feareaby, of St. John. She leaves two sons—Wilmot Wright, of Mountville, and Rufus Wright, of the I. C. R., and three daughters—Mrs. Leander Elliott, of Albert; Mrs. Lucy E. Stewart, of this village, and Miss Alice Wright, at home; also two aged sisters—Mrs. Margaret Wright, of Mountville, and Mrs Eliza Pettingill, of Boston, besides a large circle of relatives and friends, who will hear of her death with regret. The deceased lady was well known and very highly respected. She was a good friend and neighbor, and will be much missed in the community in which she has resided over fifty years. The funeral services yesterday were conducted by Rev. Thomas Hicks, of Albert, pastor of the Methodist church.

Mrs. Snelling, of Randolph county (Mo.), had on display at the Clark fair last week a bedspread 88 years old. It was made by her grandmother. She carded the cotton of which it was made and did all the spinning and weaving.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, BACKACHE, DIABETES

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."

RATES ARE NEVER CUT. One price to all. Telephone main 705 for The Advertising Dept.

COMBINED CIRCULATION OVER 15,000