

BARGAINS FOR Monday and Tuesday

Every item a money saver. Not a large quantity of any one line, so come early to secure a choice.

Lace Curtains slightly soiled only a few pair in the lot. Look at the prices 35c Curtains for 25c, 55c Curtains for 39c pair. \$1 Curtains for 50c, \$1.10 Curtains 75c, \$1.25 Curtains for 75c. Half Curtains used as Lambrequins, Drapery, etc., worth up to 50c each, Sale price 15c each. Fancy Crepe paper used for drapery, etc., regular 20c, Sale price 10c. Stair Pads, save the Carpet regular price 12c each, Sale price 5c each. Mosquito Netting, keep out the Flies, 8c netting, 5c price 5c yard. White Quilts, not the largest size but fairly large sold at \$1.15 each, Sale price 89c. New Prints good patterns 6c yard. New Cretomes choice patterns at 10c, 12c, 15c yard. Double border Cretomes for portieres etc, 17c, 19c, 22c. \$1.00 Shirt Waists 73c, 75c Shirt Waists 49c. New Art Muslins at 8c, 10c, 12c, a yd. Ladies' Undervests short or long sleeves 25c, Vests 2 for 25c. Ladies' Fine Ribbed Cotton Hose Seamless feet worth 20c pair. Sale price 2 pair for 25c or 15c a pair. Ladies' Summer Combination Suits, regular price 75c, Sale price 46c. BARGAIN ITEMS POSITIVELY CASH ONLY.

E. O. PARSONS, 258, 260 King Street West.

The Midnight Guest

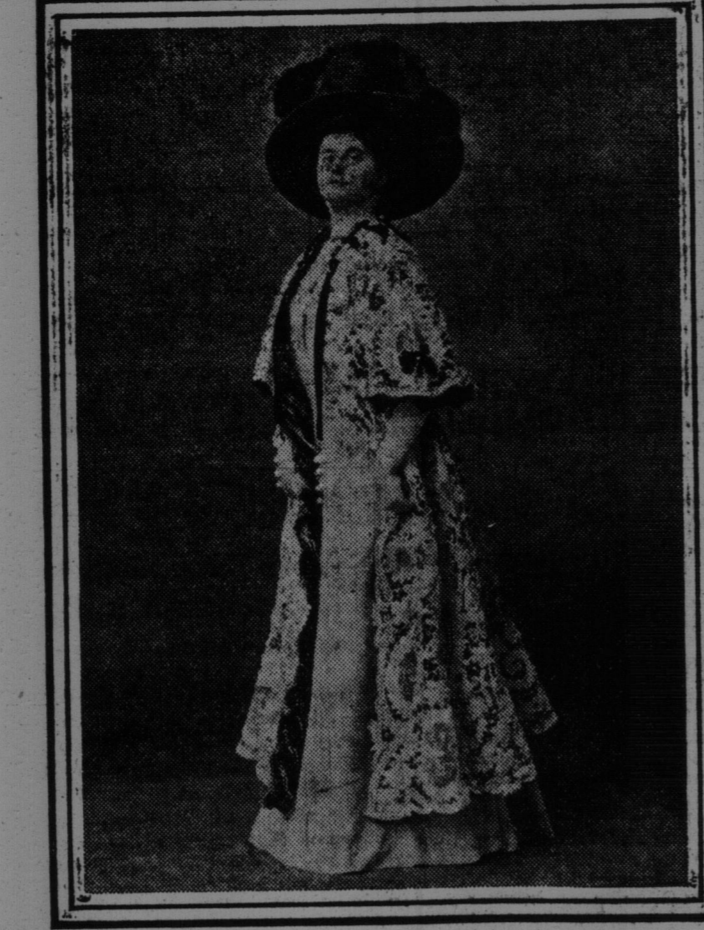
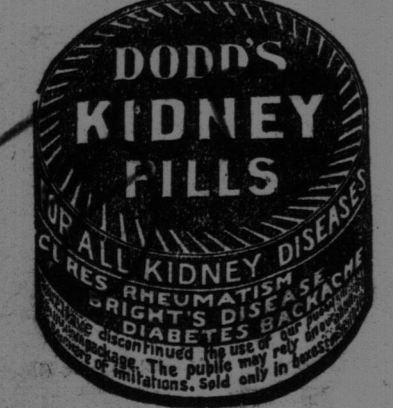
By FRED M. WHITE

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

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(Continued.) "I always keep this place locked," he explained. "Some years ago my three Academy pictures were stolen just as they were finished, and since then I have taken no risk. The annoying part of the whole thing was that one of the missing pictures was the best thing I ever did. What became of it is a mystery." "I remember the picture perfectly well," one of the guests remarked. "It was the study of a woman. Do you recall my coming in one night and you asked me my opinion of it?" Ravenspur said: "I think I can remember it." "Well, it was a superb piece of work," the first speaker went on, "anything more fascinating than the woman's face I don't recollect seeing. I don't know who your model was, Ravenspur, but you had a rare find in her." "I had no model," Ravenspur explained. "The face was more or less an ideal one—composite, if you like. But resembling nobody in particular. However, the thing was a great loss to me, and I have never ceased to regret it. That is why I always keep this place locked up; even when the room is cleaned out, I am always present to see that nothing is disturbed. It is a white of mine." As he spoke Ravenspur switched on the electric lights, until the whole of the beautiful apartment glowed to the illumination of the shaded lamps. The studio itself was circular in shape, and finished in a great dome of stained glass. The floor was littered with rare old Persian carpets and lounges from all parts of the world were dotted about here and there. Round the walls was an almost unique collection of armour. From the centre of the floor rose a fine acacia tree, the vivid green foliage of which seemed to suffer nothing from being cut off from the

outer light and air. Altogether the place was quite unique in its way, and striking evidence of Ravenspur's originality and good taste. On little tables here and there were hundreds of photographs, most of them signed, testifying to the great popularity which Ravenspur enjoyed amongst all classes of society. "You will have to leave these to the Nation," a guest laughed. "What a cosmopolitan gallery it is—a prime on the one side, and a prominent social on the other! Yet, after all, photographs are very commonplace things. You might look over a thousand before your fancy is taken by a face like this." As he spoke the guest took up a portrait from one of the tables, and held it out at arm's length, so that the light fell upon the features. Unlike the rest, the photograph was not framed, and judging from the edges, it had had a certain amount of rough usage in its time. As the guest turned it over, he noticed a young and beautiful girl, with a great cloud of hair hanging over her shoulders. There was something almost tragic in the dark eyes; they seemed to tell a story all their own. "A beautiful face," the guest went on. "The sort of face that a poet would weave an epic around. I don't want to be impertinent, Ravenspur, but I should like to know who she is?" "Where did you get that from?" Ravenspur asked. His voice sounded hard and cold, so that the man with the photograph in his hand turned in some surprise. "Where did you find it?" "My dear fellow, I took it up off this table, as you might have done. Of course, it is no business of mine, and I am sorry if any careless words I have spoken—" "The apology is mine," Ravenspur put in quickly. "I was annoyed just for the moment, to think that that portrait should have been left about. I could have sworn that I had locked it carefully away in a safe. You there is a tragedy behind that charming face. But you will quite understand that I cannot discuss the matter with anybody." "Oh, quite," the offending guest said. "Still, it is a most lovely face. Now, who does it remind me of?" "The likeness is plain enough," Seton put in. "Why it is the very image of our host's young wife, Miss Vera Rayne. Is there any relationship between them, Ravenspur?" "Why, so it is!" Walter Lance cried. "Who can she be, uncle?" Ravenspur had crossed the studio in the direction of a safe let into the wall. He placed his hand in one of the little pigeon holes there, as if seeking for something. Apparently he was unsuccessful



LUXURIOUS EVENING COAT OF LACE. A handsome evening coat of real lace is a luxury which few women can afford to possess, but I heretofore such beautiful imitation laces in garments modeled along the lines of those of the hand-made article that any woman whose wardrobe includes an evening wrap can satisfy her desire for a lace garment at very moderate prices. The heavier laces, such as the Pastenburg braids and Irish crochet, are most effective in this use. To bring out the beauty of the lace it is frequently posed over a foundation of black or some dark color which will tone harmoniously with evening toilettes. The loose-fitting kimona is the best model in this style of wrap.

in his search, for he shook his head doubtfully. "Not there," Ravenspur said to himself. "Most extraordinary lapse of memory on my part. Of course, I must have taken that photograph from the safe when I was looking for something else, and—"

The speaker broke off abruptly. He slammed the door of the safe behind him, and returned to his guests. But the light had gone out of his eyes; he seemed to have suddenly aged.

"Let us have some coffee," he said. "It is true, Morrison, that there is likely to be a serious split in the cabinet!"

CHAPTER V. Vera Rayne.

The conversation became more general now, so that it was possible for a moment later for Ravenspur to slip out of the studio without his absence being observed. He went swiftly away to the library, where he hastily dashed off a note, which he handed over to a servant to be delivered immediately. He seemed to be somewhat easier in his mind now, for the matter had come back to his lips. The smile became deeper, and a shade more tender, as a young girl came into the room. She had evidently just returned from some social affair, for she was in décolleté, with a light silk cloud thrown over her fair hair. Save for the brilliancy of her eyes, and the happy smile upon her lips, she bore a strong resemblance to the mysterious photograph, which had so disturbed Ravenspur a little time before. She crossed the room gaily, and kissed Ravenspur lightly on the cheek.

"So your friends have all gone?" she asked. "No; they are still in the studio. But, tell me, have you had a very enjoyable evening? And how is that you are back so soon?" "I don't know," she said. "One gets tired of going out every night. And it was rather dull. I darsay all this evening has been a waste of time. But I am longing to get into the country again. It seems almost a crime for people to shut themselves up in dusty London, when the country is looking at its very best. Do you know, I was far happier when I was down in Hampshire."

"Well, we can't have everything our own way," Ravenspur smiled. "Still, we shall see what will happen later on. And now, really must go back again to my guests." "Vera Rayne threw herself carefully down into a chair. A little sigh escaped her lips. She ought to have been happy enough. She had all the latest fashions, and great wealth could procure anything she desired. But I am longing to get into the country again. It seems almost a crime for people to shut themselves up in dusty London, when the country is looking at its very best. Do you know, I was far happier when I was down in Hampshire." "Well, we can't have everything our own way," Ravenspur smiled. "Still, we shall see what will happen later on. And now, really must go back again to my guests." "Vera Rayne threw herself carefully down into a chair. A little sigh escaped her lips. She ought to have been happy enough. She had all the latest fashions, and great wealth could procure anything she desired. But I am longing to get into the country again. It seems almost a crime for people to shut themselves up in dusty London, when the country is looking at its very best. Do you know, I was far happier when I was down in Hampshire."

"I was thinking," she said. "Do you know, Walter, I have been thinking a good deal lately. I suppose I am naturally more discontented than most girls, but I am getting very tired of this sort of life. Pleasure is so monotonous." "Ungrateful," Walter laughed. He came and stood close to the speaker's side so that he could see down into the depths of her eyes, which were now turned fully upon him. "There are thousands of girls who envy your fortunate lot."

CRUEL FATE. A large cheque was being sent from a London firm to a railway station near Birmingham marked "John Smith, to be called for." Two weeks elapsed without anyone calling for the cheque, when the following letter was written to the senders:—"Dear Sir: If the cheque sent here for John Smith is not called for in two days it will be killed." IF Women Only Knew That half their ills are due to impoverished blood, they would use Perrozene and be saved lots of pain and suffering. Perrozene is a perfect blood-purifying element to maintain health and vigor. Perrozene is a splendid tonic for women who have lost strength, and who have those depressed feelings of dead weariness. You'll have strength, and your complexion will improve; you will be ten years younger after a course of Perrozene, which builds up the whole human organization; try it. Price, 5s.

TRAMPS IN THE MOJAVE DESERT

The Type a Distinct One—Land of Heat, Mirages and Death, Holds Fascination for Them.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 15.—Mojave Desert, that land of myths and mirages, a part of which Death Valley, believed by many to be the hottest place on earth, is not without its tramps, even in summer, when the thermometer reaches 117. Notwithstanding the burning wastes, scarcity of water, and dangers from animals, they are found in all parts of the desert. Mining camps and ranches are far distant from each other, and the country produces little food, but these tramps find difficulty in getting a living, either by begging or stealing. They will not work, yet manage to live. The Mojave Desert has evolved a curious type of tramp seen nowhere else in the world. His clothes are usually cast-off garments that he has found, begotten, stolen, faded, frayed and full of holes—and his broken shoes are usually wrapped in cloth to protect his feet from the burning sands. He carries a bundle consisting of provisions and a tin of molasses, and a tin of molasses, and a tin of molasses. On reaching a ranch he will make for the spring, and after drinking his fill, he will sleep on the shady side of the house and sleep for hours, until he is wakened by a "hand-out" and is off to the next ranch. Thus he keeps up his brother's journey of the desert to the other, with no object in view, no hope for the future, and that he may live from day to day. All night he will sleep in an alfalfa field, or in a shallow brook, with his head resting upon a rock for a pillow. "Arising from his cool bed he fills his beer bottle with water, and then he begins his long tramp, which is never to end. He follows his trail, and knows little or nothing of the country beyond, except that it is thirty miles to the next spring, and that he must get to the next ranch. He may reach his destination and be dead."

Frequently he falls a victim to heat thirst, and men have died of it, though having jars of water in their possession. The heat is more oppressive than in any other part of the desert to the other, with no object in view, no hope for the future, and that he may live from day to day. All night he will sleep in an alfalfa field, or in a shallow brook, with his head resting upon a rock for a pillow. "Arising from his cool bed he fills his beer bottle with water, and then he begins his long tramp, which is never to end. He follows his trail, and knows little or nothing of the country beyond, except that it is thirty miles to the next spring, and that he must get to the next ranch. He may reach his destination and be dead."

BLOOD MAKING TONIC TREATMENT

A Cure for Anaemia That is Showing Remarkable Proofs of Cures in Stubborn Cases.

A cure for Anaemia That is Showing Remarkable Proofs of Cures in Stubborn Cases. When the body becomes weak and run down, either from overwork, worry or severe illness, an examination of the blood would show it to be weak and watery. This condition is called anaemia, which is the medical term for "bloodlessness." The common symptoms are paleness of the lips, gums and cheeks, shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart after the slightest exertion, dull eyes and loss of appetite. Anaemia itself is a dangerous disease and may gradually pass into consumption. It can only be cured by treating its cause, which is the poor condition of the blood. The blood must be made rich and red, thereby enabling it to carry the nutriment necessary to every part of the body.

HORRIBLE TALE OF STARVING MAN

Gangrene Had Developed in His Feet, Which Had Been Frozen.

Guelph, May 15.—Lying in a barn in a horrible condition, the lower part of his legs slowly decaying and his body wasting away for the last few days, a man was found in a barn near Rockwood, by Captain Head. He was removed to the Guelph General Hospital, where everything possible will be done to save his life. His legs will have to be amputated at the knees. A strong light will be made to save his life. The man tells a pathetic story. He is an Irishman, a native of County Kerry, and gave the name of James Kennedy. He had been in that city for a short time, he had been searching about the United States and Canada. He was unable to secure employment, and during the winter has been travelling about Ontario seeking work and getting food and shelter wherever he was able. During the winter his feet and the lower portion of his legs were frozen. He was unable to give them any attention, and, not realising the seriousness of his condition, did not have his feet attended to. His legs have been getting worse and worse, but still he tramped on until ten days ago, when, from utter exhaustion he crawled into a barn, evidently resigned to his death. Gangrene had set in in his legs and they were slowly decaying. During the ten days that he had been living in the barn he had had nothing to eat but a turnip and a drink of water. The pain from his legs and his starving condition were slowly driving him mad, and when found he could not give any clear account of himself or of his adventures. His mind was wandering and all that could be learned from him was gleaned from fragmentary speech.

RECEIVES ONLY \$1100 FOR FOUR YEARS WORK

It may be thought that there is no patriotism in St. John whose stipend is not sufficient to at least enable him to live with a fair amount of comfort. It would appear, however, that Rev. T. W. Johnson, pastor of St. Philip's church, has received only \$1,100 during the three years and nine months he has been engaged in the work. On an average this works out at less than \$25 a month. Rev. Mr. Johnson, in referring to the matter last evening, said the total amount of money received from all sources during his ministry was \$1,100, out of which he had been paid \$1,100. He thought it would be well for the public to know the financial position of the church. In order to raise funds to carry on the work L. P. Lewis has been soliciting contributions and it is hoped that a substantial sum will be realized. Rev. Mr. Johnson's address is 223 Queen street.

A MEMORIAL WINDOW

A handsome memorial window will be unveiled in St. James' church, Broad street, at the 11 o'clock service on Sunday. The window was presented to the church by Mrs. W. W. Frink in memory of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Turnbull. It occupies the centre of the western side of the church. It is the work of the Lyons Company, of Toronto and is beautiful in workmanship and the skillful blending of colors. The design is pleasing and artistic. The picture represents our Saviour holding the chalice with the words in script. The window is seven feet high and three and a half wide. The inscription is "To the Glory of God and in Memory of John E. Turnbull and his Wife, Ann; Erected 1907."

WATCH THE STOMACH.

HAVE YOU ANY OF THESE SYMPTOMS? If you have either variable appetite, a faint gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach, unsatisfied hunger, a loathing of food, rising and souring of food, a painful load at the pit of the stomach, choking sensations in the throat, headache and dullness of spirits, constipated bowels with alternate diarrhoea, are you gloomy and miserable? THEN YOU ARE A DYSPEPTIC. The cure is careful diet, slow eating, thoroughly chewing the food; avoid drinking at meals. Keep regular habits, shun stimulants, tone the digestive powers and regulate the stomach and bowels with Burdock Blood Bitters. It has cured the worst forms of dyspepsia, even of twenty-five years duration. Mrs. Geo. Parks, Cooper, Ont., writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters and find that few medicines can give such great relief to dyspepsia and stomach troubles. I was troubled for a number of years with dyspepsia and could get no relief until I tried D.B.B. It helped me right away and I think it a wonderful remedy. I would recommend it to all sufferers from dyspepsia." For sale at all Druggists and Dealers.

CURZONS LONDON AND NEW YORK STYLES



We are Tailoring Specialists, and, apart from the question of economising your tailoring bills by obtaining your clothing straight from the World's Capital and the Home Country, it will pay you to get in touch with us. If you set any value upon efficiency of workmanship and the quality of material used in your Tailoring needs, then you would be wise in dropping a postcard to our Agents for Canada, as addresses below. By return you will receive a unique and wide selection of cloths representing the choicest and latest confections of the English woollen markets. With these will be found up-to-date Fashion-plates showing the latest styles, both London and New York, so that you may dress either in English taste or wear right up-to-date New York styles—whichever you prefer. Our business is a colossal one and world-wide, for by our system of self-measurement we are able to fit a customer living in the remotest part of the earth. This undertaking to fit you from your own measurement is backed by our unreserved guarantee to refund money in full where Mail Orders are not executed to your thorough and absolute approval. We invite you to write for our patterns, Measurement Chart and Tape, and Booklet describing in detail the character of our business. All orders are executed on the following understanding—satisfaction to be given in cash in full to be refunded. We can save you 50 cents in every dollar.

Suits to Measure from \$5.14 to \$11.00

CURZON BROS. The World's Measure Tailors (Dept. 53) 60-62 City Road Finsbury, London, England. ADDRESSES FOR PATTERNS: For Toronto and East Canada—CURZON BROS., care Milt Directories Ltd., (Dept. 53), 74-76 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario. For Winnipeg and the West—CURZON BROS., care Henderson Bros., (Dept. 53), 29 Garry Street, Winnipeg. (Please mention this paper.)

PIANO POINTERS.

Now is a good time to get a New Piano, and remember the best is none too good. Show your good judgment and taste by selecting from this list, viz.:

- Gerhard Heintzman, Steinway, Brinsmead, New Scale Williams, Nordheimer, and others. Martin-Orme. Easy Terms if required.

The W. H. Johnson Co., Ltd. 7 MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN, Also Halifax, Sydney and New Glasgow

Advertisement for 'A Mean Suggestion' featuring an illustration of a woman and text: 'If you have either variable appetite, a faint gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach, unsatisfied hunger, a loathing of food, rising and souring of food, a painful load at the pit of the stomach, choking sensations in the throat, headache and dullness of spirits, constipated bowels with alternate diarrhoea, are you gloomy and miserable? THEN YOU ARE A DYSPEPTIC. The cure is careful diet, slow eating, thoroughly chewing the food; avoid drinking at meals. Keep regular habits, shun stimulants, tone the digestive powers and regulate the stomach and bowels with Burdock Blood Bitters. It has cured the worst forms of dyspepsia, even of twenty-five years duration. Mrs. Geo. Parks, Cooper, Ont., writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters and find that few medicines can give such great relief to dyspepsia and stomach troubles. I was troubled for a number of years with dyspepsia and could get no relief until I tried D.B.B. It helped me right away and I think it a wonderful remedy. I would recommend it to all sufferers from dyspepsia." For sale at all Druggists and Dealers.'