MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

13 Scrofulous Lumps

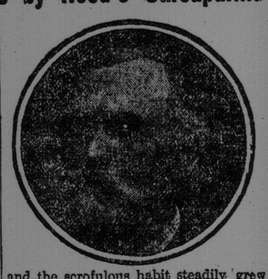
Inherited Disease—Eyes Affected—Weak, Could Hardly Walk—Life of Suffering.

Still Another Great Cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla

The following letter is from Mr. Geo. A. Zirkle, School Teacher in Mt. Horeb, Tenn., well-known all through that county, where he was born and has always lived.

"Mt. Horeb, Tenn., Jan. 10, 1906.
"C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.

"I have suffered all my life, until lately, from inherited scrofula. When a mere babe I had a scrofulous sore back of my ear. At 21 I had 13 scrofulous lumps on my neck. At 37 the disease assumed a new and tantalizing form. My eyes were affected so that I could not read after sunset, and when I closed them it was difficult to reopen them. There was always intolerable itching all over my body. Then a tumor on my neck changed to the front of my neck, suppurated and was followed by others, until six had formed and broken. I became so weak I could scarcely walk, and could hardly attend to my teaching. All the medicine I tried failed to help until I began the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In less than three months the sores healed, a troublesome catarrhal taint disappeared



and the scrofulous habit steadily grew less apparent. Today I am in the best of health, weigh more than ever in my life. Do you wonder that I believe in Hood's Sarsaparilla? I can do no less than recommend it everywhere and every day."

A Valuable Remedy.

"I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as a valuable remedy for purifying the blood. As a spring medicine it is invaluable. I am using it for rheumatism and it is doing me good." MRS. BRISLE, 37 Hermine St., Montreal, Que.

The KING OF DIAMONDS

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of:
"The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," Etc.
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(Continued.)

"Thanks. I won't forget."

Philip raised his hat and took the quickest route westward. He did not count on being recognized so easily.

Mr. Abingdon received him with some degree of reserve. The magistrate could not understand the receipt of a letter bearing the address of the Pall Mall Hotel, a place where he had been entertained at dinner occasionally by one of his wealthy friends, but which war far removed from the limit imposed on the pocket of any man whose resources depended on the exercise of an ordinary profession.

But Philip still figured in his mind as a regard urchin. Not even the skilled police magistrate could picture him as the actual owner of millions of pounds worth of portable property. Hence, the boy's appearance now told in his favor. Cursory impressions soon yielded to positive bewilderment when Philip began to relate his story faithfully from beginning to end, neither exaggerating nor suppressing any salient detail save the actual locality where his astounding adventures found their center and genesis.

Mr. Abingdon did not doubt for one moment that the boy was telling the truth. The romance of his narrative was far beyond fiction.

Philip himself grew enthusiastic as he went on. His brown eyes blazed again with the memory of his wrath and shame at the arrest. He told the magistrate exactly how the proceedings in court had affected him, and gave a vivid picture of his bargaining with Isaacstein, the packing of the diamonds, the fight between the policeman and a burglar, his interviews with all sorts and conditions of men, and the ruses he had adopted to preserve his secret.

At last he came to the transaction which secured for him the ownership of the mews itself. He read copies of his letters to the solicitors, and their replies, and then, of course, the magistrate knew where the meteor had fallen.

"That is a very clever move on your part," he said, smiling. "It invests you with all the rights and usages of that particular piece of earth, and effectually stops anyone from disputing your possession of the meteor. How did you come to think of it?"

"You put the idea into my mind, sir," said Philip, modestly.

"I? In what manner?"

"You hinted, at our last meeting, that some one might lay claim to my diamonds on the ground that they had fallen on their property. I do not intend that anyone living, except yourself, shall ever know the history of my meteor, but I thought it best to buy the place outright in the first instance, and then devote it to a charity which I intend to found in memory of my mother."

Mr. Abingdon smiled again.

"Your confidence is very flattering," he said. "I suppose you took up your quarters at the Pal Mall Hotel in order to impress people with your importance and secure instant compliance with your wishes?"

"That was my motive, sir."

"Then, my young millionaire, in what way do you wish me to serve you? Of course, you have not sought this interview and told me your story so unreservedly without an ulterior object in view? You see, I am beginning to understand you already a little better than when we first met."

Philip did not reply immediately. He did not want to risk a refusal, and he was not yet quite sure that the magistrate fully comprehended the extent of the fortune which had been showered on him from nature's own mint.

"When Mr. Isaacstein returns from Amsterdam he will pay me something like forty thousand pounds," he said.

"Yes. It should seem so from the receipt you have shown me."

"That will be determined on Wednesday next at the latest."

"Yes."

"If the money is forthcoming it will be proof positive that my diamonds are of good quality, and, as I picked up these dirty stones quite promiscuously, it follows that the others are of the same standard?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, Mr. Abingdon, I can form no estimate of their collective value, but they must be worth many millions. According to Mr. Isaacstein's views, I will be able to command a revenue of between a quarter and half a million sterling per annum."

"It is marvelous, perfectly appalling in some senses," cried the perturbed lawyer, throwing up his hands in the extremity of his amazement.

"You are right, sir. I am only a boy, and the thing is beyond my powers. I can see quite clearly that while I ought to be at college obtaining a proper education, I will be worrying about the care of great sums of money. I do not know anything about investments. How should I? Isaacstein is a Jew, and he will probably endeavor very soon to get the better of me in the necessary business transactions. How can I stop him? I have no older relatives, no friends whom I can trust. For some reason, I do feel that I can have faith in you. Will you take charge of my affairs, advise me during the next few years, tell me how to act as my mother would have told me—in a word, become my guardian?"

For a little while Mr. Abingdon was silent. When words came he could only gasp:

"You certainly are the most extraordinary boy I have ever encountered."

Then Philip laughed merrily.

"I don't think, sir, that I am so much an extraordinary boy as a boy who has been pitchforked into an extraordinary position. I hope most sincerely that you will do what I ask. If I may say so without presumption, it will be a good thing for you. I suppose a man who looks after millions of money is entitled to a vastly bigger income than one who sits hours in a police court dealing with offenses against the law."

"Such has certainly been my experience," said the magistrate, who appreciated the nice manner in which Philip hinted at a good, fat salary for controlling the estate of the King of Diamonds.

"Then you agree," cried Philip, joyously.

"Not so fast, my youthful friend. Even a police magistrate must bow to his wife. Mrs. Abingdon would never forgive me if I took such an important step without consulting her. Will you remain to dinner?"

Then Philip knew that he had gained his point. Nothing was said before the servants, but when they were cozily ensconced in the library before a pleasant fire, he was asked to relate again his entrancing history for Mrs. Abingdon's benefit.

That good lady was overwhelmed. She, like everybody else, had read the newspapers, and, of course, had the additional benefit of her husband's views on the subject of the unkempt boy with his small parcel of valuable gems.

But the presence of Philip under their roof, the glamour of the tale as it fell from his lips, cast a spell over her. She was a kindly soul, too, and tears gathered in her eyes at some portions of the recital.

"What a pity it is that your mother died," she murmured, when he had ended.

The words endeared her to Philip instantly. A worldly, grasping woman would have thought of nothing save the vista of wealth opened up for her husband and herself. Not so Mrs. Abingdon. If anything, she was somewhat afraid of the responsibilities proposed to be undertaken by her spouse, to whom she was devoted.

The magistrate did not promise definitely that night to accept the position offered to him. He would think over the matter. He could retire on a pension at any time. This he would now do without delay, and Philip could certainly count on his friendship and advice, while his house would always be open to him.

Meanwhile, he would give one word of advice—intrust no human being with the power to sign any binding document without his—Philip's—consent. Then it would be difficult for anyone to deal unscrupulously with him.

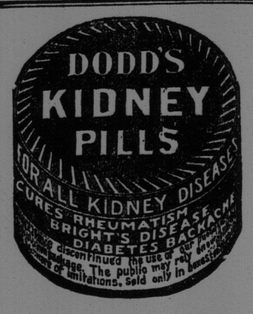
The boy went away at a late hour. He left behind him an exceedingly perplexed couple, but he felt that when Mr. Abingdon had time to assimilate the facts and realize the great scope of the work before him, there was little doubt he would gladly associate himself with it.

At the hotel a telegram awaited him: "Have realized for fifty-two thousand. Returning Monday.

ISAACSTEIN."

Here was the final proof, if proof were wanting. Philip was a millionaire many time over.

(To be Continued.)



Fashion Hint for Times Readers

COATED COSTUME IN TWO MATERIALS.

The fancy for using two materials—plain and fancy—in one costume has brought out many attractive designs in the new season's costumes. Where the garment is a two-piece design, coat and skirt, the skirt is developed in the plain material—silk, satin, cloth or serge, whatever one may choose—and the coat in the fancy weave, preferably a striped weave of the same toning as the skirt in combination with white, gray or some other harmonizing color. In this instance the skirt is of taupe liberty satin, and the novel cutaway coat of white and taupe striped satin, with plain satin collar and cuff trimmings and taupe braids outlining the seams and edges of the garment.

THE GREAT FEATURE ACT

To be Given Before the Grand Stand Exhibition Week, Sept. 12th to 19th.

Gorman's Diving Horses will be the talk of the town at the coming Exhibition. Yes, they are only horses, but such horses. Nothing like them has ever been seen here, and well might the rest of the equine race bow before them as of royal blood, for they are both in name and in fact the King and Queen of horses. Like the warrior monarchs of old, King and Queen possess a daring that lifts them above the ordinary. They are not merely intelligent beasts that have been taught to do tricks. They are brave, fearless beasts that dare to do of their own volition a feat which many human beings would not undertake. To have seen them once is to remember them forever. Not only are King and Queen a wonderful attraction because they dive from a height into a tank of water, do it as if they enjoyed it better than anything else in life, but they are a pair of the most beautiful horses in existence, and as every man, woman and child loves a handsome horse, this fact, together with the fact that they can perform this wonderful feat, combines to make them the most attractive out-door feature act in the world to-day, and the Exhibition Association are to be congratulated upon having secured them for the coming big show.

WANT MACKENZIE KING

Berlin, Ont., Aug. 23.—The name of W. T. MacKenzie King, deputy minister of labor, is prominently mentioned in connection with the nomination of a candidate to contest North Waterloo in the coming dominion election. Mr. King is a native of Berlin and a prime favorite here. He could get the nomination if he would accept, but many of his friends are somewhat unwilling to see him run a strong conservative riding like North Waterloo, where he would be beaten almost to a certainty.

It was said on Saturday that Charles Miller's mill at Pokiok would resume shingle sawing soon and that the sawyers would receive the raise for which they struck some months ago. This was denied by Mr. Miller, who says that the men may return to work at any time, but that the stand taken by the employers on the wages question remains unchanged.

TRAGIC DEATH OF ABNER FOSHAY

Abner W. Foshay, aged 30, of 283 Brussels street, met a tragic death on Saturday afternoon by falling from the I. C. R. motor car on the trip to Fernhill. Foshay was standing on the platform and was either knocked from the platform or fell accidentally and, striking his head on some iron rails piled by the side of the track, died almost instantly from a fractured skull.

Foshay had been in the employ of the I. C. R. for some five years as machinist and had been given the place of fireman on the motor car on the Saturday trips to the cemetery. He was standing on the platform of the car at Gilbert's Lane crossing and, looking down, it is said, to investigate a sudden grinding in the cylinder, lost his balance and fell from the platform. Another story is that he was caught by a switchboard, but railway officials say this would be impossible as the switch is several feet from the car platform. The manner of death is likely to be investigated as the relatives have asked Attorney General Hazen to order an inquest which will likely be done today.

Foshay was seen to fall by John Johnson, the engineer, and the car was stopped as soon as possible. The man was found lying several feet from the track with his head badly cut. Some discarded rails were lying near and the cut resulted from his head coming in contact with them. The body was brought into the depot and L. R. Ross, terminal agent, notified. Coroner Berryman found death to have been caused by a fractured skull. He gave permission to have the body removed to Chamberlain's undertaking rooms and, after hearing the stories of the railroad men, decided there was no cause for an inquest.

News of the accident was sent to the relatives of the dead man and the young wife was almost heartbroken with grief and she was in a serious condition last evening. There are two children. Foshay's mother and father also survive and are almost overcome with grief, he being the only child.

Mr. Foshay said last evening that his son's wife had expressed a wish to know the exact circumstances of her husband's death and with this end in view he had asked the attorney general that an inquest be held.

Foshay is very highly spoken of by his fellow employes and his death is a great loss to his family, who were dependent upon him for support.

The drawing of prizes in connection with St. Joachim's church picnic at Silver Falls took place on Friday last, with the following results:—James McKiever, Coldbrook, barrel of flour, ticket No. 1311; John Allan, St. John, rocking chair, 1150; Mrs. R. West, St. David's street, clock; J. W. Willis, Golden Grove, silk umbrella, 1100; Joseph Lawlor, Coldbrook, pair of blankets, 452; Wm. Lawlor, set of carvers, 457.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

JOSEPH SELMAN COMPANY AT OPERA HOUSE

The celebrated Joseph Selman Company will appear to-night in the four-act comedy drama, "When We Were Twenty-One," often referred to as the most exquisite play ever written. It is a clean, wholesome play that makes a strong appeal to all classes of playgoers. The story revolves around "Dick Carewe" and his affection for his protege, "The Imp." Also the mad love of the "Imp" for "Kara the Firefly." Miss Eastcourt will play "Kara Glynesk" the woman of the music halls. Miss DuBois has the sweetly sympathetic role of "Phyllis." A feature of the Selman Company will be the high class vaudeville introduced between the acts by that brilliant singer Theodore Daly, the clever comedian Harry Wilson and other specialties by Misses Eastcourt and Herman. Carriages may be ordered at 10.40. Don't fail to see this beautiful play. The company arrived this morning from Halifax, where they had been playing the last four weeks, meeting with splendid success. A large and fashionable audience is expected this evening to greet these clever players.

AT THE NICKEL

With the return of that excellent lyric-baritone, Al. Weston, a new melo-drama by the Humanovo Co., and a quartette of especially fine motion pictures, the Nickel today and tomorrow has a programme that surpasses any yet presented at this popular place of entertainment. The picture-play will be a heart-interesting rural drama, The Old, Old Story, a 1,000-foot reel, which takes more than eighteen minutes in the playing. It is full of stirring situations and exciting climaxes. Mr. Weston's song is The Town Where I Was Born, and Miss Felix is booked for Vesta Victoria's immense hit, Swing Me Higher, Obadiah. The motion pictures are Mephisto's Affinity, The Boundary, Mr. Trouble and The Improvised Statue.

Without question this bill—orchestra and realistic effects incidental—is the best at the Nickel for some time. Miss Florence Liberty, of Keith's Theatre, Biddeford (Me.), succeeds Miss V. Ingram as matinee pianist, while Miss Ingram visits her old home in Ottawa for a few weeks.

ONE MAN DROWNED; THREE WERE SAVED

Accident Happened While a Buoy Was Being Placed Off Yarmouth Shore---D. J. Gallagher Injured.

One man dead and three injured—one of them Daniel Gallagher, of 46 Union street, inspector of gas buoys and cornet soloist of the City Cornet Band, is the result of an accident which occurred in Yarmouth Sound on Friday afternoon last while the men were employed in putting a new superstructure under a seventon buoy.

Mr. Gallagher's many friends in the city will be glad to learn that he was not so seriously injured that he could not make the journey home and he arrived here on the steamer Prince Rupert on Saturday afternoon and was driven to his home. He will, however, be kept to the house for some days.

The man who was killed was a French Acadian of St. Margaret's Bay (N. S.), and the other two are also French, one from Halifax and the other from Quebec.

On Thursday morning the government steamer Restigouche cleared from St. John bound for a trip to the buoy stations in the Bay of Fundy. Mr. Gallagher, as inspector, was on board and the crew of the steamer were to assist him in making any repairs to the buoys in which he found any defects. The disastrous accident on Friday afternoon put an end, however, to the trip for a time and the Restigouche is expected in port again today or tomorrow.

The steamer arrived at Yarmouth on Friday morning at 11 o'clock and immediately after dinner work was commenced on the new superstructure for the buoy. Blocks and tackle were used to hoist the bell and for nearly four hours the men worked away without incident.

In five minutes more the work would have been finished and Mr. Gallagher climbed up on the buoy to place in position a new screen for the light.

Suddenly, without warning the two hooks, which were holding the chain to the buoy, gave way and the buoy sank in the sea. One hook broke off short and the other straightened out and all came in a moment. Mr. Gallagher was thrown violently against the side of the steamer, which was lying near, and struck the rail with great force.

The rebound of the buoy sent him against the side again and he struck the guard and then went down. When he came to the surface he had no realization of his injuries and struck out for the steamer's side. A fender and line were thrown to him and, getting hold of the fender, he threw the line to one of the crew who could not swim but who was paddling about to keep afloat after coming up from his enforced immersion in the green waters of the sound. Both men were pulled aboard the steamer and a third man who had also been thrown into the water was saved in the same way.

Captain Bouchard and members of the crew were on deck and looked anxiously about for the appearance of the fourth man but he was not seen and it is thought he received fatal injuries by being struck by the buoy. Captain Bouchard thought Mr. Gallagher would surely be killed when he saw him strike the side of the boat and on examination injuries serious enough were found. Mr. Gallagher's side, back and abdomen, and in fact his whole body was bruised and battered and his legs were hurt.

The buoy rose to the surface and Mr. Gallagher insisted upon remaining on deck until it was placed in position and the light was shining as usual.

The light serves to keep mariners off the dangerous rocks in the sound and one night in darkness might mean a disaster. With this in mind, Mr. Gallagher superintended the completion of the work, then was taken to Yarmouth where he was attended by Dr. Perrin. Interviewed by a reporter for the Yarmouth Times, Mr. Gallagher told his story but exacted a promise that the outside world should should not hear of the accident because of alarm to his family. The promise was kept and when Mr. Gallagher walked into his home on Saturday afternoon it was the first intimation of the accident that his family had.

Mr. Gallagher is now under the care of Dr. A. F. Emery and expects to be out again in a few weeks. He was strongly advised by Dr. Perrin to remain in Yarmouth for treatment but with the thought of his family's anxiety he pushed forward and succeeded in making the journey alone. He reported to F. J. Harding, agent of marine and fisheries by telegraph on Friday night and also asked secrecy on the part of Mr. Harding. The news of the accident spread throughout the city yesterday and callers at Mr. Gallagher's home were surprised to find him able to receive them.

Mr. Gallagher says that every effort was made to locate the body of the missing sailor and that grappling was being carried on without success when he left Yarmouth by train on Friday night at 8 o'clock.

A Digby despatch last night stated that the man drowned was Ernest Trueman, aged 19. The accident happened off the Hens and Chickens shore. The despatch reports, also that the Restigouche was aground from 8 o'clock Friday night until Saturday morning. She arrived at Westport about 2 p.m., Saturday.

Rev. E. W. Kelly, who is home from the mission field in India on furlough, completed two months as supply in the pulpit of Main street Baptist church, and said farewell last evening. On Wednesday Rev. Mr. Kelly will leave to accompany his wife and daughter to their home at Syracuse (N. Y.), and in November will return to take up the work in India.

Rev. D. Hutchinson, pastor of the church, sailed from England on August 21, and is expected to occupy the pulpit on Sunday next.

Rev. Dr. J. A. Gordon, of Montreal, a former pastor, was the speaker in the church yesterday morning.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Adams, whose little son, Theodore Charles, aged two and a half years, died on Saturday of heart failure following an attack of diphtheria. He had been ill but a few days. He was an especially bright and cheerful child. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock from the parents' home, corner of Germain and St. James streets. Rev. Gordon Dickie conducted the service and the interment was in Fernhill.

Work on the new Temple of Honor Hall in Main street is being pushed forward rapidly and the members are employed in raising funds to complete the work. At a recent meeting a generous subscription by Ald. John Willett, of Dufferin ward, was reported and the thanks of the Temple voted.

You never know a man until after you have traded horses with him.

A good resolution is all right—provided you don't let it go at that.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

Peter Pan. (From J. M. Barrie's "Peter Pan.")
Find Wendy.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE.

Right side down, in foliage.

A LITTLE KNOWN PROFESSION

There are tens of thousands of young men out of college, or just about to come out, who are thinking what profession they will adopt. There are so many fathers in this country who are wondering what would be the best profession for their sons. The ordinary professions and walks of life are chock full, although one can always truthfully say of each that there is room at the top. Fathers and their sons hardly ever think about careers out of the ordinary rut. Hence this article. Few people are there in the United States who know much about the cable service, the submarine cable and its advantages.

The cable service is quite different from the ordinary job of the telegraphist. Almost every well-informed man is conversant with the work of the employes in the Western Union and Postal Telegraph Companies. But a cablist gets better pay, has a more adventurous life and many more chances of promotion than a telegraphist.

Associated with the development of the system of the world's cables, now aggregating some 250,000 nautical miles, is some admirable scientific, technical and administrative talent.

An army of over 20,000 men and a fleet of about 45 ships are at present engaged in the different branches of cable work—manufacturing, laying, repairing and operating. Directors, managers, superintendents, engineers, electricians and operators must all be smart men, for in this profession there is no room for the sluggard or the time waster. A resourceful mind, prompt action, personal courage, devotion to duty and a contempt for danger are all required of a man in this service. It would be difficult to imagine a more attractive career for an adventurous young man. By judicious change of companies a man in ten years could travel right around the world in the practice of his profession.

It is worthy of note that while nearly all the cable companies of the world are foreign ones, the young men they recruit for their service are mostly Americans or Britishers. Of course, hundreds of the operators, nay thousands, are foreigners, versed in the language of the countries in which they are stationed. There are yellow and black men amongst these, but the higher jobs, the best-paying ones, are nearly all filled by men of the Anglo-Saxon race.

There are hundred of jobs all over the world which have salaries ranging from $2,500 to $10,000 a year. But all salaries are generous and the arrangements made by the companies for their staffs are quite equal to those made for military officers on foreign service. The companies provide comfortable, even luxurious quarters, especially at the isolated stations. There one can find a fine mess, reading rooms, billiard rooms, ball grounds, tennis courts, boating and sporting facilities and sometimes a theatre and ballroom.

Three months' leave on full pay, with all traveling expenses paid, is granted every three years, and leave, without pay, is granted on application for sufficient reason. At the age of 65 retirement takes place with a pension.

Practically a post in the cable service is as desirable as a government appointment, while the financial conditions, facilities for traveling, variety of adventure and especially the chances of promotion are superior.

The cable companies recruit their men nowadays from the higher social grades, sons of army and navy officers, professional men and from the colleges. Cadets are sent first to the training schools established by the different companies. Service here lasts from three months to a year, depending on the aptitude of the cadet. The usual term is six months. After this training the cadet is sent out, pehaps, to the uttermost part of the earth as an operator or a clerk. The most famous training school is in England between Penzance and Land's End, in Cornwall, and is known as "P. K."

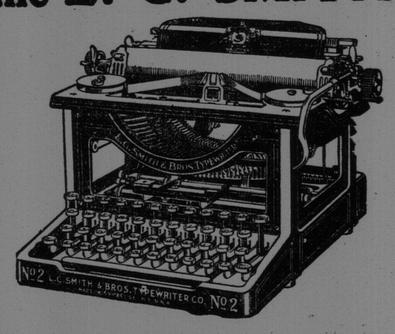
A MISNAMED COUNTRY

The latest maps in the most recent editions of South Africa show one important change that has a most peculiar origin. The name of "Damaraland" for many years has been seen solemnly printed across a huge slice of territory twice as big as New York State. In fact, it was put there in the geographies half a century back and two generations of scholars all over the civilized world have carefully memorized "Damaraland" and where it was in Africa.

Now it has been finally admitted that the name was the result of a crude native joke. It was due also in part to a blunder of the first explorers of the country. Damara is a Hottentot expression which means "Two Dama Women:" It means nothing more than this and nothing less than this and has no other possible meaning. The first explorers asked their guides in a native dialect the name of this land when they first entered it.

The two guides thought they referred to two Dama women who were passing at that moment. They answered the explorers Damara and from that the country was named Damaraland and for 50 years was so printed in geographies all over the civilized world. The text books being printed now will read, however, Hereroland, after the famous tribe of Hereros, who gave the Germans such a terrible struggle before permitting them to establish a German protectorate over this big section of the interior of the African continent. A number of funny errors have occurred in printing the names of new countries in Central and South Africa.

The L. C. SMITH



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HALIFAX, N. S.