

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B. TUESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1908.



Here is the Maid with lovely eyes
Of blue, like far celestial skies.
She has no ill which beauty mar
For ABBEY'S SALT keeps them a far.

At Dealers—
25c. and 60c.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

Is "The Fountain of Perpetual Youth."

A Fact That's Stranger Than Fiction

Fill a Thermos Bottle with a hot drink, leave it out in below-zero weather for 24 hours, and your drink will still be hot. Fill a Thermos Bottle with a cold drink, stand it in the blazing, Summer sun for 72 hours, and your drink will still be cold.

The Thermos Bottle

utilizes one law of nature to defeat all the others—made with a vacuum—one bottle inside, another with an airless space between. No heat or cold can get out from the inside nor in from the outside. Yet it's perfectly simple. You merely put in the liquid and cork it up.

All Trips When motoring, yachting, hunting, canoeing, picnicking, traveling, you can have hot drinks or cold drinks always ready if you put them into Thermos Bottles before you start. There's a Thermos Bottle Basket for 6 bottles, also leather auto case for 2.

Everywhere You'll never be without refreshing drinks wherever you go if you take with you Thermos Bottles filled with hot coffee, cold milk or any other liquid you like.

Any Time Morning, noon or night—the Thermos Bottle provides you with hot drinks or cold drinks just when you want them. The Thermos Bottle is always ready.

The Thermos Bottle provides hot or cold drinks for LUNCHEON at Office, Shop or Home. In the SICK ROOM, it keeps medicines at a comfortable temperature. It supplies the BABY with warm milk day or night.

Thermos Bottles are sold at the leading department stores, hardware stores, drug stores, jewelry stores, leather goods stores, automobile supply stores—everywhere. Pint and quart sizes.

Prices from \$3.50 up. Send for free booklet.

CANADIAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO., LTD., Montreal

The KING OF DIAMONDS

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of:
"The Wings of Morning," "The Pillars of Earth," etc.

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(Continued.)

CHAPTER XIII
After Long Years.

"I'll tell you, strongly built man, aged about forty-five, but looking older, by reason of his grizzled hair and a face seamed with hardship—a man whose prominent eyes imparted an air of alert intelligence to an otherwise heavy and brutal countenance, disfigured by a broken nose, stood on the north side of the Mile End road and looked fixedly across the street at a fine building which dwarfed the mean houses on either hand.

He had no need to ask what it was. Carved in stone over the handsome arch which led to an interior covered court was its title—"The Mary Anson Home for Destitute Boys." A date followed, a date ten years old.

The observer was puzzled. He gazed up and down the wide thoroughfare with the manner of one who sought himself.

A policeman strolled leisurely along the pavement, but to him the man addressed no question. Apparently unconscious of the constable's observant glance, he still continued to scrutinize the great pile of brick and stone which thrust its splendid campanile into the warm sunshine of an April day.

Beneath the name was an inscription: "These are they which passed through great tribulation."

A queer smile did not improve the man's expression as he read the text.

"Tribulation! That's it," he continued. "I've had ten years of it. And it started somewhere about the end that fine entrance, too. I wonder where Sallor is, and that boy. He's a man now, maybe twenty-six or so, if he's alive. Oh, I hope he's alive! I hope he's rich and healthy and engaged or married to a nice, young woman. If I've managed to live in hell for ten long years, a youngster like him should be able to pull through with youth and strength and a bag full of diamonds."

Without turning his head, he became aware that the policeman had halted at some little distance.

"Of course, I've got the mark on me," said the man, savagely, to himself. "He's spotted me, all right. Well, I'll let him see I don't care for him or any of his



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

DRUGGISTS
CURES NEURALGIA
RHEUMATISM
BRUISES
DIABETES
MIGRAINE
HEADACHE
ETC.

breed. I never did care, and it's too late to begin now.

He crossed the road, passed between two fine iron gates standing hospitably open, and passed at the door of the porter's lodge, where a stalwart commissionaire met him.

"Have you called to see one of the boys?" said the official cheerfully.

"No, I'm a stranger. It's a good many years since I was in these parts before. In those days there used to be a news here, and some warehouses at the back, with a few old shops."

"Oh, I expect so, but that is long before my time. The Mary Anson Home was founded ten years ago, and it took two years to build. It's one of the finest charities in London. Would you like to look round?"

"Is that allowed?"

"Certainly. Everybody is welcome. If you go in by that side door, there you'll find an old man who has nothing else to do but take visitors to the chief department. Bless your heart, we lose half our boarders that way. People come here, see the excellences of the training we give, and offer situations to boys who are old enough."

The man appeared to be surprised by the commissionaire's affability. He did not know that civility and kindness were essential there if any employ would retain an excellent post.

He passed on, measuring the tessellated court with a backward sweep of the eye. In the sunlit street beyond the arch stood the policeman. The visitor grinned again, an unnamable and sly grin, and vanished.

The policeman crossed over.

"What is that chap after?" he inquired.

"Nothing special," was the answer. "Last time he was here the place was a mess, he said."

"Unless I am greatly mistaken, he has a ticket in his pocket."

"You don't say? Do you know him?"

"No, I'll look him up in the album in the station when I go off duty."

"Well, he can't do any harm here. O'Brien takes visitors over a regular round, and, in any case, the man seemed to be honest in his curiosity."

"You never can tell. They're up to all sorts of dodges."

"Thanks very much. I'll ring for O'Brien's relief and tell him to keep an eye on them, as the old man is blind as a bat."

Meanwhile the stranger was being conducted up a wide staircase by a somewhat tottering guide, who wore on the breast of his uniform the Crimean and Indian Medals.

As he hobbled in front, he told, with a strong Irish brogue, the familiar story of the Mary Anson Home—how it fed, lodged and clothed six hundred boys of British parentage born in the Whitechapel district; how it taught them trades and followed their careers with fostering care; how it never refused a meal or a warm sleeping place to any boy, no matter where he came from or what his nationalities; how it satisfied the superintendent; how it taught them trades and followed their careers with fostering care; how it never refused a meal or a warm sleeping place to any boy, no matter where he came from or what his nationalities; how it satisfied the superintendent; how it taught them trades and followed their careers with fostering care.

The great central hall where the six hundred regular inmates ate their meals, the dormitories, the playgrounds, the drill

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



TWO-TONE OUTING SWEATER.

Of the many designs now shown in sweaters none is prettier and more practical than the coat model which buttons down the front from a little above the bust line to an inch or two below the waist line. Sleeves of the coat model, which is usually in a different tone from the body of the garment, and matching the neck and front facing, and the heading on the pockets.

shed and gymnastics, the workshops, the library, the theatre, were all pointed out, but the big man with the staring eyes was not interested one jot in any of these things.

"Who was Mary Anson?" he asked, when the well-worn tale was ended, "and how did she come to build such a fine place here?"

"Ah, ye may well ask that," said old O'Brien. "Sure, she didn't build it at all. She was a poor widdy livin' alone at wid one son, Mr. Philip that is now. She was a born lady, but she kern down in the world and died, forsook an' forgotten, in a little shanty in Johnson's Mews, as it was called in those days."

"I remember it well."

"Ye do, eh? Maybe ye know my old shop, the marine store near the entrance to the court?"

"Yes."

"Arrah, ye don't tell me so. Me eyes are getting worse, an' I can't make out yer face. What's yer name?"

"Oh, I'm afraid ye didn't know one another. I can't recall your name, though Mr. Philip would find that and more to delight the soul of the mother that's dead. Sure it's airy for him, in a way. Let's be the Diamond King."

"The Diamond King! Why is he called that?"

"O'ye mane to say you never—Man alive, what part of creation did ye live in that ye didn't hear tell of Mr. Philip Anson, the boy who discovered an extra-ordinary diamond mine of his own, no one knows where. Sure, now, what's wrong wid ye?"

"There's no more to see now, if ye please. That's the way out."

O'Brien was deeply offended by the language used hence a row followed in which Mary Anson, the sightseer had to go, and quickly. Another commissionaire, who was observing them from a distance, came up and asked O'Brien what the stranger was talking about.

(To be continued.)

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

A WARM WELCOME FOR THE SELMAN COMPANY

If the production of "When We Were Twenty-one," in the Opera House last evening, by Joseph Selman and his company, is any criterion, the announcement that during their engagement they would present a high-class repertoire of plays capably acted, is fully justified. H. V. Emond's well known comedy delighted the large audience and they were not slow to mark their appreciation. It should be a happy augury for Mr. Selman's three weeks' engagement.

In the character of Richard Carewe, Mr. Selman was particularly pleasing. In the first act the scene where he proposes a distance, come up and asked O'Brien what the stranger was talking about.

(To be continued.)

A SPLENDID SHOW OPENS THE WEEK AT NICKEL

Those who omit seeing the show now running at the Nickel, will miss one of the best treats yet presented at the big picture house. Last evening and yesterday afternoon the attendance was large and appreciative, which will be sufficient advertisement for big business during the remainder of the run.

In the first place the new play by the Humano Company was of thrilling melodramatic interest, something entirely different from previous productions and appealing to every person in the audience. "The Old, Old Story" is a western rural play with honest folks, a scheming villain, a comely country lass and heartless city folk in the cast. Al Weston, who made his bow once more to Nickelgoers, received an ovation on his every appearance and Miss Felix was rapturously received in Vesta Victoria's English hat, "Swing Me Higher, Obadiah." The remainder of the programme consisted of the pictures "Mephisto's Affinity, The Boundary, Mr. Trouble and The Improved Status."

THE GIRL Nihilist AT THE CEDAR TONIGHT

The great Russian story, A Girl Nihilist, was greatly appreciated by the large audience present last night. The Triumph of Love is an interesting love story. The Youthful Motorist, a comedy film and sure to please everybody. Percy Sayce had to respond to several encores in the new song hit, Tipperary. Same show tonight. Admission 5 cents.

HEADACHES ARE DANGER SIGNALS

They Tell Us Plainly That Something is Wrong Inside.

There are tablets and powders that will stop a headache promptly—but removing a danger signal does not take away the danger.

Instantly every case a headache—of whatever kind—is a symptom of poisoned blood, due to Bowels, Kidneys and Skin failing to thoroughly remove indigestible food and waste, worn-out tissue from the body. Then digestion is poor, causing sick headaches, or uric acid is formed and deposited on the nerves, causing neuralgia.

Not only the danger signal, but the danger itself as well, is quickly removed by "Fruit-a-tives."

"Fruit-a-tives are tablets made of the combined juices of oranges, apples, figs and prunes containing all their medicinal properties, concentrated and intensified. They cause the liver to secrete more bile, which moves the bowels freely and relieves Constipation. They stir up kidneys and skin to throw off all the uric acid, or head aches, which have been poisoning the system. They sweeten the stomach, improve digestion and tone up the whole body. Headaches disappear—because the source is removed. 50c. a box—6 for \$2.50. Trial size, 25c. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

DEAF MUTES CONVENTION

Sessions Were Continued Yesterday—River Sail and Sports Today.

The convention of the Maritime Deaf Mutes' Association commenced its sessions yesterday afternoon. The president expressed satisfaction at the excellent condition of the Lancaster School for the Deaf and spoke of J. Harvey Brown's generosity in his work.

A congratulatory letter from the president of the Ontario association was read. President MacKenzie's announcement that he would retire from the chair and decline to serve another year was received with indignant protests and he finally accepted nomination for the fourth year.

The roll called showed that eighty members were in attendance.

Mr. Nixon, of Fortland, Me., presented an excellent paper on "Thriftiness Among the Deaf, and Its Reward." This was followed by an address by William Ballie on "Good Manners and Courtesy Due to Ladies."

The evening session was given up to amusing stories told by different members and a most enjoyable time was spent. Among those who took part were Mr. Harvey Brown, Fred Boal, of Sussex; Mrs. Dixon, Miss Eleanor Morrison, Hugh Renock and Miss Moshier.

This morning the delegates and members of the local association went for a sail on the river. This afternoon a series of sports are being held on the grounds of the School for the Deaf, Lancaster.

BUCKWHEAT MAKES A GREAT DISCOVERY

Editor Evening Times.

Sir:—The words are running through my mind.

"Be not rash, the darkest day, 'Wait 'till to-morrow, 'It has passed away."

At this late day, I've discovered that women are indispensable. I thought they gave tone to life. Hannah's absence pained me, no more not a cog, but a motor in the machinery of life. They make things go. I started in to milk and make butter. The butter looked all right. I heard Hannah say something about a pound for a pound so I put a pound of salt to a pound of cream. I'll not get any money—one customer writes: "Sod-on and Gomora—Lot's wife in 2 pound butter." Another—"Salt McCarty, you found me, no more if you please." Third writes—"Dead Sea must be fresh new—whole family down with salt rheum." I put the padlock on the dairy. Then the cows took to kicking—I stuck to the job till tin pills and I looked like old junk, then I turned the cows out. Well! The pigs mist the milk and squeal night and day. The hens all commenced chucking and the rooster acts as if he was a new premier—he crows night and day. Things are getting on my nerves—neigh-bors are writing about "Far and fasteners." I bought 5 gal. of lamp oil out at the corner store—so as to take an oil bath in case of necessity. I wish Hannah and the children would come home.

Yours, BUCKWHEAT.

WEDDINGS

Stackhouse-McCartney.

A very pretty wedding took place at the residence of George Craft, Millidge avenue, last Friday evening, when his daughter, Mrs. Annie McCartney, was united in marriage to James W. Stackhouse, of St. John, California. Rev. R. P. McKim tied the nuptial knot. The happy couple left by the steamer Calvin Austin Saturday evening for Boston. They will visit New York, Chicago and other cities in the United States on the way to St. John, their future home. Mr. Stackhouse is a native of this city, and left here some years ago and came here only recently to claim his bride. Mr. and Mrs. Stackhouse were given a grand send-off when the Austin left the wharf.

Cooling, Delicious, Refreshing

Part of the day's pleasure is missed if you do not drink "Saldia" Tea. It satisfies the thirst. Everyone likes it.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



Run! Run! Little page, tell your lady fair
That her lover waits by the turret stair,
That the stars are out, and the night wind blows
Up the garden path from the crimson rose.
Run! Run! Little page.
Find his lady.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.
Right side down, head against left shoulder.

Nothing so fine as

Cowan's Maple Buds

They are an excellent confection.

Cowan's Cream Bars

Milk Chocolate, etc.

Sold everywhere in Canada.

THE COWAN CO., Limited, TORONTO

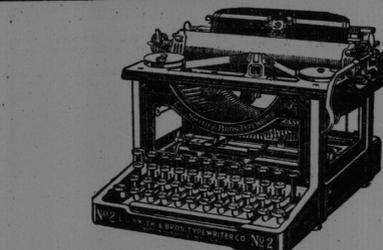
OUR MID-SUMMER PIANO AND ORGAN SALE

is nearly over. We are giving some great bargains, which you should not fail to take advantage of. We possessed some pianos last winter that had been out only a few months on rental and which would pass for new; and we have new pianos, samples sent from manufacturers. All these bargains are being cleared out. You will not get such snaps in the fall.

Call or write to

The W. H. JOHNSON CO., Limited

7 Market Square, St. John.
Also Halifax, Sydney and New Glasgow.



Omni vorous

(LATIN---omnis, all; voro, eat)

Look it up in the dictionary if you want to, or, better still, watch the elastic, flexible, automatic paper feed of our typewriter for a little while at work. Uniform under any and all conditions. No adjustments, no attachments.

Would you expect less on an

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter

made by experts of twenty years' successful practice? Of course not, and you wouldn't get it if you did.

Our typewriter carriages, does two-color work, has the really frictionless carriage, and instantly removable platen. We have made the improvements other typewriter manufacturers failed to accomplish. Have our demonstrator call and explain the machine.

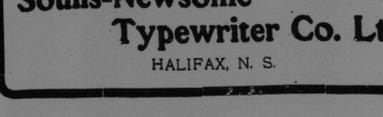
Soulis-Newsome Typewriter Co. Ltd.

HALIFAX, N. S.

HALIFAX CHILD BADLY BURNED

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 24.—A three-year-old girl named Nell was almost burned to death tonight. Her clothing caught fire from a falling lamp and the child was terribly injured. A general alarm was sounded, the onlookers thinking the house was in danger. The child was removed to the hospital.

Pink Pain Tablets—Dr. Shoop's—stop Headache, womanly pains, any pain, anywhere, in 20 minutes sure. Formula on the 25c. Ask your druggist or doctor about this formula—it's fine. Sold by all druggists.



X-RAY Stove Polish

For free sample write to J. S. CREED, Agent, Halifax.

The Shine THAT GOES TWICE AS FAR