


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 mat
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, Office, Shop or Home. In the SICK ROOM, it keeps medicines and nourishment always at the right 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

205.

The KING OF DIAMONDS

By LOUIS TRACY

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

CHAPTER XIII After Long Years.

"All right, strongly built man, aged about forty-five, but looking older, by reason of his grizzled hair and a face seemed 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 right 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 asked himself "Now, why was that built there?"

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 Salter 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."

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; provided he satisfied the superintendent; how it was really destitute or needy, and his small capital for trading purposes next day.

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

ground, the gymnasium, 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 ken down in the world and died, for an' for gotten, in a little shanty in Johnson's Mews, as it was called in those days."

"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. My 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 recollect the shop well enough. But, if Mrs. Anson died so poor, how was her son able to set this great house on its legs? It must have cost a mint of money."

"Faix, ye're right. Quarter of a million went afore there was a boy under its roof. And they say it costs fifty thousand pounds a year to keep it goin'." But 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 he's called that?"

"Dye name 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 splendid diamond mine of his own, no one knows where. Sure, now, what's wrong wid ye?"

"For the visitor was softly using words which to O'Brien dull ears sounded very like a string of curses.

"I'm sorry," growled the other, with an effort. "I've been in Africa, an' I get such a spasm now an' then in my liver that I can hardly stand."

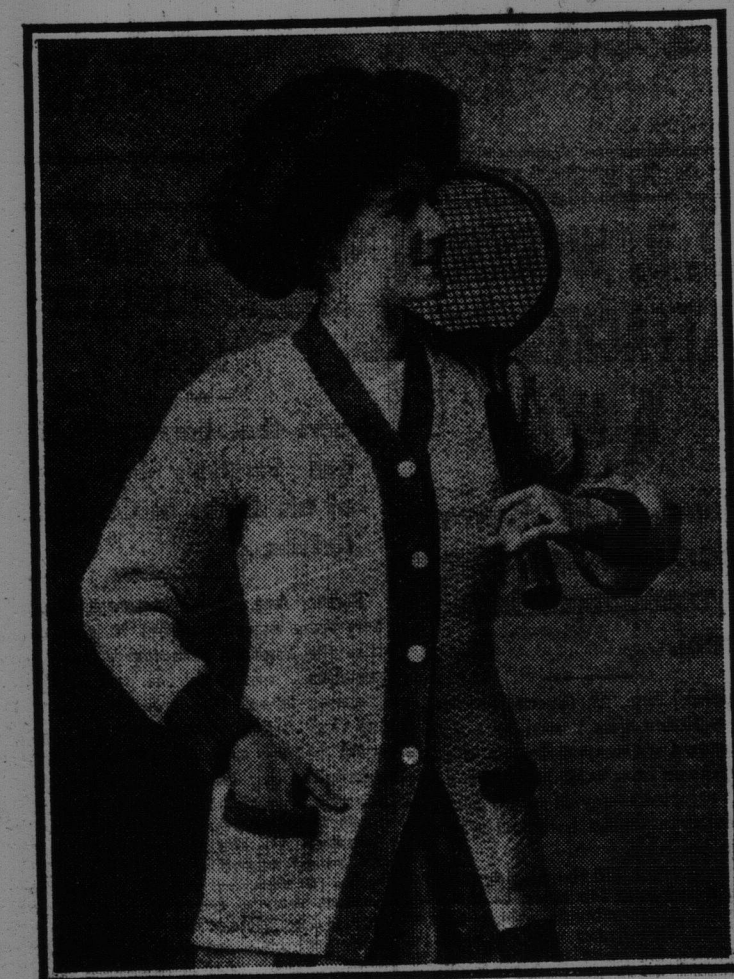
"That's no way to cure yourself—profoundly the name of th' Almighty," cried O'Brien.

"No, I'm sorry, I tell you. But about this boy—"

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

O'Brien was deeply offended by the language used beneath a roof followed by a distance, come up and asked O'Brien what the stranger was talking about.

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 these sweaters are now made with some fulness at the top and a tulle at the top of the cuff, 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.

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(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 Selmán 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. Edmond'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. Selmán's three weeks' engagement.

In the character of Richard Carew, Mr. Selmán 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.

It was a fine piece of emotional acting and the curtain fell to loud applause.

Miss Eugene DuBois gave a clever rendering of Phyllis and made the character both sympathetic and attractive. The tragic feature in act three where Karen, admirably played by Miss Eastcourt, sends all her lovers away, held the audience with its strong dramatic interest.

The play is well cast, and well acted throughout and the scenic effects are all that could be desired.

Harry Wilson contributed two songs as a specialty. One of them "Take Me To The Ball Game," appeared to be just what the audience wanted, and the song was repeated in the chorus with no uncertain sound.

"When We Were Twenty-one" will be repeated this evening. On Wednesday night Sherlock Holmes, with Mr. Selmán in the name part, will fill the bill.

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 early 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 Statue.

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 Mephisto, 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.

In nearly 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-lives."

"Fruit-a-lives" 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 regularity, and cures the most obstinate cases of Constipation. They stir up kidneys and skin to throw off all the urea, or dead tissue, which has been poisoning the system. They sweeten the stomach, improve digestion and tone up the whole body. The headaches disappear—because the source is removed. 50c. a box—6 for \$2.50. Trial size, 25c. Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

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.

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 the way of a donation.

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 call showed that eighty members were in attendance.

Mr. Nixon, of Portland, 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 Mrs. Harvey, of Halifax; Fred Boal, of Sussex; Mrs. Dixon, Miss Eleanor Morrison, Hugh Renwick and Miss Mother.

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.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. It is entirely curable, if you have a running sound imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation is removed, and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be forever lost, and deafness is caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Sold by Druggists.

J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

GREAT FEATURE ACT FOR THE EXHIBITION

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 will merit the rest of the equine race how 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 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, can perform this wonderful feat, combine to make them the most attractive outdoor feature act in the world today, and the Exhibition Association are to be congratulated upon having secured them for the coming big show.

HALIFAX CHILD BADLY BURNED

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 24.—A three-year-old girl named Hill 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 clockers 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. box. Ask your druggist or doctor about this formula—it's fine. Sold by all druggists.

X-RAY Stove Polish

For free sample write J. S. CREED, Agent, Halifax. The Shine THAT GOES TWICE AS FAR

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 re-

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 the 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.

Omnivorous

(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

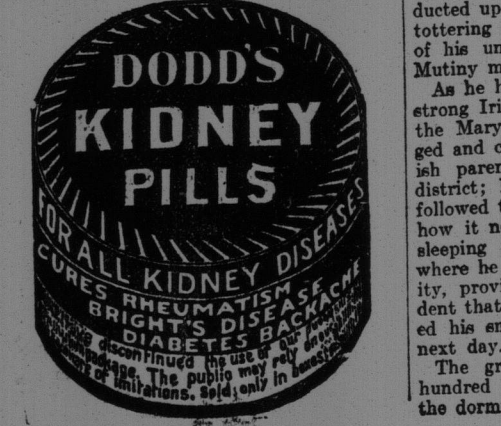
L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter

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

Our typewriter balances, does two-color work, has the really frictionless carriage, and instantly removable plates. 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.



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURES NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BACKACHE, GRAVEL, GOUT, AND ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.