

**Wonderful Sale**

Children's Silk and Embroidery Headwear

at prices that must appeal to every mother

**Silk, Lace and Embroidery Bonnets**

your choice of all worth up to \$1.50 each for 50c. **Silk Hats \$1 and 1.50 each**

Buy now, you can never get such values again.

**MILITARY FEATHER POMPONS**

White, Alice, Blue, Brown, Navy, Grey and Green, \$1.00 each

Sale of Fancy Collars and Bows 15 cents each

**Marr Millinery Co.**

Corner Union and Coburg Streets

**The KING OF DIAMONDS**

By LOUIS TRACY

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

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(Continued.)

"Put 'arf that in a pint of water," he said, looking critically at the sodden mess of coffee, "an' when it comes to bubble let it settle. It'll surprise you to find 'ow grateful an' comfortin' it tastes on a cold night. As for the crabs, if you bake 'em over the fire, they're just as good as the rucks you buy in time."

This good Samaritan had repeated his gift on two occasions, and Philip had a fairly large supply of coal, sent to his mother by the colliery company, so his position, desperate enough, was yet bearable had he not sought to accustom himself to the new conditions of life. There was a chance that his wild broodings would have yielded to the necessity to earn a living, and that when next a situation was offered to him he would keep it, but the occurrences of the stormy night had utterly shaken him for the hour. He was up at the window, the distance he heard the faint rumble of thunder. The elemental strife was beginning again. This was the second and more disastrous outbreak of the evening of March 19th.

Although wet to the skin he was warm now on account of his long and arduous walk. When he unlocked the door another flash of lightning revealed the dismal interior. He closed and locked the door behind him, and the mantlepiece were a farthing candle and some matches. He groped for them and soon had a light. On other occasions his next task was to light a fire. By sheer force of habit he gathered together some sticks and bits of paper and arranged them in the grate. But the task was irksome to him. It was absurd to seek any degree of comfort for the few minutes he had to live. Better end it at once. Moreover, the storm was sweeping up over the East End with such marvelous speed that the lightning now played through the tiny room with dazzling brilliancy, and the wretched candle burned with blue and ghostlike feebleness. The cold of the house, too, began to strike chill. He was exhausted from hunger that he did not eat soon he would not have the strength left to carry out his dread purpose.

He sprang erect with a mocking little laugh, picked up the candle and the piece of rope, and climbed the stair to the garret. He unlocked the top, not yielding to overwhelming desire, went on and stood at the side of the bed on which his mother had died. He fancied he could see her lying there still, with a smile on her wan face and unspoken words of welcome on her lips.

A flood of tears came and he trembled violently.

"I'm coming to you mother," he murmured. "You told me to trust in God, but I think God has forgotten me. I don't want to live. I want to join you, and then, perhaps, God will remember me."

He stooped and kissed the pillow, nestling his face against it, as he was wont to fondle the dear face that rested there no many weary days. Then he resolutely turned away, descended four steps of the ladder-like stairs, and tied the clothes line firmly to a hook which had been driven into the ceiling during the harnessing period of the room ten years before. He then deliberated he knotted the other end of the cord round his neck, and he calculated that by springing from the stairs he would receive sufficient shock to become insensible very quickly, while his feet would dangle several inches above the floor.

There was a terrible coolness, a settled fixity of purpose far beyond his years, in the manner of these final preparations. At last they were completed. He blew out the candle and stood erect.

At that instant the room became abso-

lutely flooded with lightning, not in a single vivid flash, but in a trembling, continuous glare, that suggested the effect of some luminous constellation, fierce with electric energy. Before his eyes was exhibited a startling panorama of the familiar objects of his lonely abode. The brightness trembled, and he started back from the very brink of death.

"I will wait," he said. "When the thunder comes, then I will jump."

Even as the thought formed in his mind of ball of fire—so glowing, so iridescent in its flaming heat that it dominated the electric wave fluttering in the overburdened air—darted past the little window that looked out over the tiny yard in the rear of the house, and crashed through the flagstones with the din of a ten-inch shell.

Philip, elevated on the stairway, distinctly saw the molten splash which accompanied its impact. He saw the heavy stones riven asunder as if they were tissue paper, and from the hole caused by the thunderbolt, or meteor, came a radiance that sent a spreading shaft of light upward like the beam of a searchlight. The warmth, too, of the object was almost overpowering. "Were not the surrounding walls constructed of stone and brick there must have been an immediate outbreak of fire. As it was, the glass in the window cracked, and the woodwork began to scorch. In the same instant a dreadful roar of thunder swept over the locality, and a deluge of rain, without any further warning, descended.

All this seemed to the wondering boy to be a very long time in passing. He felt occupied but a very few seconds. People in the distant street could not distinguish the crashing of the fallen meteor, and the accompanying thunder, and the downpour of rain came in the very nick of time to prevent the wood in the house and the neighboring factories from blazing forth into a disastrous fire.

The torrent of water caused a dense volume of steam to generate in the back yard, and this helped to minimize the strange light shooting up from the cavity. There was a mad hissing and crackling as the rain poured over the meteor and gradually dulled its brilliancy. Pandemonium reigned in that curiously secluded nook.

Amazed and cowed—not by the natural phenomenon he had witnessed, but by the interpretation he placed on it—the boy unfastened the rope from his neck.

"Very well, mother," he whispered, aloud. "If it is your wish I will live. I suppose that God speaks in this way."

**CHAPTER III.**

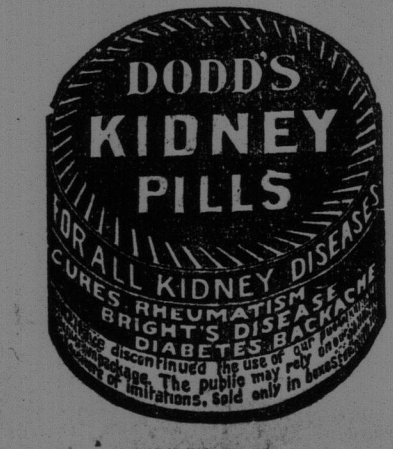
What the Meteor Contained.

Philip descended the stairs. He was almost choking now from another cause than strangulation. The steam pouring in through the fractured window panes was stifling. He took off his coat, first removing from an inner pocket the bundle of clothing under Mrs. Anson's pillow, and carefully stuffed the worn garment into the largest cavity. By this means he succeeded somewhat in shutting out the fire as well as the lurid light that still flared red in the back yard.

The lightning had ceased totally, and the improvised blind plunged the room into impenetrable darkness. He felt his way to the stairs and found the candle, which he relighted. The rain beating on the roofs and on the outer pavement combined with the wailing sound in the inclosed yard to make a terrifying racket, but it was not likely that a youth who attributed his escape from a leathern death, self-inflicted, to the direct interposition of Providence in his behalf, would yield to any sentimental fears on that account. Indeed, although quite weak from hunger, he felt an unaccountable elation of spirits, a new-born confidence in him, a sense of power to achieve that which hitherto seemed impossible.

He even broke into a desultory whistling as he went over the hearth and resumed the laying of the fire abandoned five minutes earlier with such sudden death. The candle, too, burned with cherry glimmer, as if pleased with the disappearance of its formidable competitor. Fortunately he had some coal in the house—his chief supply was stored in a small bin at the other side of the yard, beyond the burial place of the ragging, steaming motor, and consequently quite unapproachable.

Soon the fire burned merrily, and the coffee-stall keeper's recipe for using coffee grounds was put into practice. Philip had neither sugar nor milk, but the hot liquid smelled well, and he was now so cold and stiff, and he had such an empty sensation where he might have worn a belt, that some crusts of bread, scattered



**"How's Your Stomach?"**

is the way people in China say "Good Morning." The greeting of almost every nation is an inquiry after health. The Chinese have the after thought of the matter. A strong stomach is the foundation. Look after this organ and the general health cares for itself. Man is so constituted it cannot be otherwise. It is the mission of

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

to keep the stomach well, the liver active and the bowels regular. They dispel sickness and create health. Dyspepsia, indigestion, Biliousness or Constipation cannot exist when Beecham's Pills are used according to directions. For over 50 years they have cured disordered stomachs, and are now a world-famous remedy. They merit your confidence.

Sold Everywhere in Canada and U.S. America. In boxes 25 cents.

by immersion in the dark compound, earned keener appreciation than was ever given in later days to the most costly dishes of famous restaurants yet unbuilt.

After he had eaten, he dried his damp garments and changed his soaked boots for a pair so worn that they scarcely held together. But their dryness was comforting. An odd feeling of contentment, largely induced by the grateful heat of the fire, rendered his actions leisurely. Quite half an hour elapsed before he thought of peeping through the back window to ascertain the progress of external events. The rain was not now pelting down with abnormal fury. It was still falling, but with the quiet persistence that marks in London parlance—a genuine wet day. The steam had almost vanished. He removed his coat from the broken panes he saw with surprise that the flagstones in the yard were dry within a circle of two feet around the hole made by the meteor. Such drops as fell within that area were instantly obliterated, and tiny jets of vapor from the hole object beneath. His boyish curiosity being thoroughly aroused, he drew an old apron over his head and shouldered, unlocked a door which led into the yard from a tiny scullery, and cautiously approached the place where the meteor had struck. He stepped with debris, but the velocity of the heavy mass had been so great that the comparatively clean cut was made through the pavement. The air was warm, with the hot breath of an oven, and it was much as Philip could bear when he stood on the brink of the hole and peeped in. At a good depth, nearly half his own height, he saw a dark object, round and firmly imbedded in the earth. It was a small, round, metallic object, and he saw that it was a bullet. He saw that it was a bullet, and he saw that it was a bullet. He saw that it was a bullet, and he saw that it was a bullet.

**HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.**

Inexpensive But Good Home Preparation for the Complexion.

Two ounces of Rose Water, one ounce of Cologne Spirit and a ounce of Orange Blossom Water will make a face wash that whitens, softens and beautifies the complexion and yet does not cause a particle of harm if used daily for years. Any druggist will sell you the articles needed in making this fine preparation. Put the ingredients in a pint of hot water (not boiling) and after it has dissolved strain and let cool, then add the Rose Water and Cologne Spirit. Women who use this face wash say they would not think of buying artificial coloring, rouge or combs. The Epplette tones up the skin and gentle massaging brings out the natural color of youth. This preparation prevents or removes freckles, tan and sunburn. It repels dirt and dirt and eliminates every bit of the shine or gloss of perspiration. This face wash will not rub off or show and its use cannot be detected. While this recipe is simple, it is better to cut it out and file it for future reference rather than trust to memory.

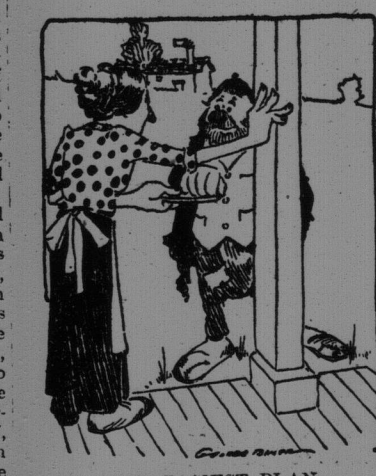
**THE EASIEST PLAN.**

Lady of House—Why don't you work and earn a living?

Tramp—Well, lady, when I eat this way I get some fancy food sometimes. If I depended on my earning capacity I guess I'd eat nothing but bread and coffee.

**The Root of Health.**

In lots of red and vitalizing blood to nourish and invigorate the body. If your blood is thin and watery, use Ferronose. It supplies the lost strength and spirits. Ferronose is an unequalled restorative for the tired, the sick, and the run down, it stimulates the appetite, aids digestion, soothes the nerves, and makes the system too healthy for disease to exist. No tonic does so much good in a short time as Ferronose. Get it today from any druggist for 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50. By mail from N. C. Pilsen & Co., Kingston, Ont.



**Fashion Hint for Times Readers**



**WHITE LINGERIE PROCKS FOR SMALL MAIDENS.**

When the little maiden of high society accepts an invitation to an afternoon early party, or even to a very small and very evening dance, she knows that the question of what frock shall be worn is readily decided. In fact, most of her elaborate costumes are of white embroidery. These are composed of extremely wide foundations of narrow ruffles joined to form both skirt and blouse, of allovers or of bandings. Sometimes applications, frillings and insertions of Valenciennes or of cluny are added. These frocks are worn over white, pale rose, blue or lavender tulle and they always match the shade of the party sack, shoulder knots and hair ribbons.

**DEALERS IN SECOND HAND BOXES MAKE A TIDY PROFIT**

An Almost Unknown Line of Business in Boston—Where Boxes Come From and Where They go After Treatment.

(Boston Globe.)

One of the almost unknown lines of business that is of some importance in Boston is the collecting and sale of second-hand boxes. The business is of relatively recent growth, but having reached its present basis in the last ten years. Its importance has been augmented, without doubt, by the rise in the price of lumber. Boxes cost probably 25 per cent. more now than ten years ago, and they are now that much more worth saving.

Besides this, there is a general tendency in trade to pay closer attention to little items of income than in earlier years, when competition was less keen. Boxes, like bottles and barrels, are an important by-product in many lines of trade and a heavy item of expense.

There are now probably twenty dealers in boxes in Boston, and their combined yearly business cannot be well over \$100,000. A majority are peddlers, so-called, who collect boxes in wagons and sell them again, chiefly to the established dealers.

The regular dealer in boxes maintains the windows cranked, and to store a considerable number of boxes of all sizes and also have storeshouses not far from the city proper in which they keep their surplus stock.

In a short street near the docks, forming one side of a small triangle of land, such as might pass for a square, is the shop of a dealer in boxes. He handles thousands of boxes piled on the sidewalk.

This merchant watches the box trade pretty closely and finds it an index to trade in every other line, and a little more quickly, for he is in touch with all branches of business. "The box business is a barometer, you might say," remarked this merchant recently. "When general business is good we have all we can do. When shipments fall off in jobbing places or retail stores we feel it."

"This temperance wave that has been going over New England has hurt our business. We sell thousands of small boxes to wholesale liquor houses. One concern buys 1,000 small boxes a month from us to ship bottles and kegs in. Most of its business is in Maine. In the last year that business has been poor and the demand for boxes from that house has dropped off a lot."

The box merchant caters to all kinds of business houses and deals in all sizes of boxes. He has regular customers from whom he gets his supply of boxes, and his teams collect the goods regularly.

The large jobbing houses dealing in dry goods, millinery and shoes supply most of the larger boxes or packing cases. They want them taken away, as a rule, as soon as they have been unpacked. Later the same houses may buy back their own boxes at a profit to the box dealer. The buyers are satisfied with this arrangement, as they do not have room to store the boxes until they want them.

The packing-case is the highest priced box in the second-hand market. New it costs about \$1.50. At second-hand it brings 75 cents. Most American packing cases are made of spruce and are strong, but not very well put together. As a result they are often split or "wobblly" when they come into the hands of the box merchant. He makes them over or braces them up, as the case may be. It is a sick box indeed that the box dealer employed by the merchant cannot put into good shape, and if it is very far gone he saves part of it, perhaps a bottom or a side, and incorporates them into another box. The best made packing cases come from the shops of Japanese mechanics. They are dovetailed at the corners and are made of such a material that they are not so liable to split. Such a box is a product of cheap labor. No box manufacturer in this country could afford to make one like it. The wood is not so close to American hemlock, but the box comes to the second-hand dealer's shop after its trip half-way round the world in better shape than some domestic packing cases that may merely have made a trip from a mill in Lowell to a jobbing house in Boston.

Shoe cases are a staple with the box merchant. They are bought from both retailers and jobbers and are sold principally to the jobbers, who, like the dry goods and millinery men, often buy back their own cases.

The merchant finds that shoe cases are getting poorer in quality every year. They

**THE TORTURES WOMEN SUFFER**

Can be Relieved by Keeping the Blood Supply Rich With Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

A woman needs a blood building medicine regularly just because she is a woman. From maturity to middle life, the health and happiness of every woman depends upon her blood, its richness and its regularity. If her blood is poor and watery she is weak, languid, pale and nervous. If her blood supply is irregular she suffers from headaches, backaches, dizziness and the other unpleasable distress which only women know. Some women have grown to expect a suffering at regular intervals and to bear it in hopeless silence. But women would escape much of this misery if they took a box or two of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to help them over each critical period. These Pills actually make new blood. They help a woman just when nature makes the greatest demand upon her blood supply. They have done this for thousands of women throughout Canada, why not you?

Mrs. Joseph Kinney, Gilbert's Cove, N.S., says:—"For ten years I suffered from nervousness and those troubles that make the lives of so many women one of almost constant misery. At times I would be confined to my bed for weeks. I spent sleepless nights and seemed to lose all courage. I tried several doctors but they failed to give me any relief. The last doctor I consulted told me frankly that he could not undertake my case unless I would undergo an examination. It was then I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. After taking six boxes I was much improved in health, but I continued to take the Pills for a couple of months more when I felt like a new woman, and was enjoying such health as I had not experienced for ten years before. I have had no return of this trouble since, but I have used the Pills often since that time for the after effects of a gripe and the result was all in my favor. These are plain facts from my own experience and I have always felt that I cannot too strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to the many women who suffer as I did. Write for any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**For Married Men Only.**

When your razor is dull as a hoe, ask your wife if she won't parting her comb, Get her Putnam's Corn Extractor, it's the only painless and safe cure. All dealers sell "Putnam's."

**THE GREATEST FAMILY MEDICINE OF THE AGE**

Based Upon the Juices of Fruit—"Fruit-a-tives" Has-Made a Name for Itself in Every Part of Canada at 50c. a Box

ALSO PUT UP IN 25c. TRIAL SIZE

"Fruit-a-tives" is now a household word throughout Canada. From ocean to ocean these wonderful fruit liver tablets are used and praised in thousands of homes.

No other medicine, of late years, has made such an unequalled success with the whole Canadian people as "Fruit-a-tives," and in the comparatively short term of four years. As an indication of the way they are selling it may be mentioned that several of the large wholesale drug houses are ordering in 100 gross lots. That means 14,400 boxes of "Fruit-a-tives" to be retailed at 50c. a box, amounting to \$7,200.00.

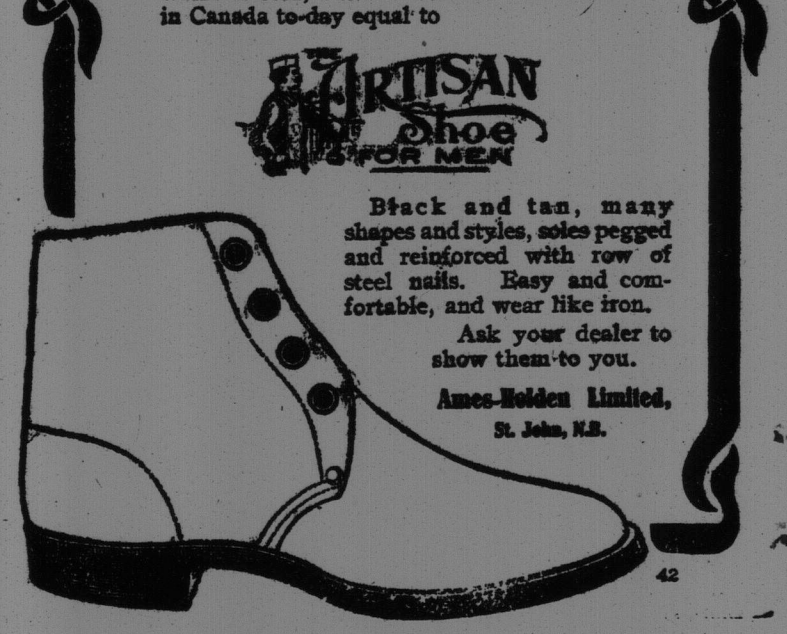
No doubt there are thousands of people who have felt that they could not afford to risk 50c just to try "Fruit-a-tives." To meet them half way "Fruit-a-tives" are now put up in a special trial size which sells for 25c. in order that every man, woman and child may find out the benefit of these splendid tablets.

Whatever your trouble may be—Constipation, Biliousness, Liver and Kidney Trouble, Skin Diseases, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headaches, Indigestion, Dyspepsia—"Fruit-a-tives" will surely help you.

Remember the new 25c. trial size, in addition to the regular 50c. boxes. Let us know if your dealer cannot supply both sizes. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

**For Hard Service**

on farm or in factory, dry weather or wet, warm or cold, there is no other shoe made in Canada to-day equal to



Back and tan, many shapes and styles, soles pegged and reinforced with row of steel nails. Easy and comfortable, and wear like iron.

Save 20 Per Cent on the dollar and attend the Big July Sale of Boots and Shoes

now going on, Men's, Boys', Woman's and Girls' Boots and Shoes at a saving of 20 per cent on every dollar purchased. No old stock, all new fresh up-to-date goods, Cash only. Store closed every night at 7 o'clock except Saturday and Monday.

**E. O. Parsons**

258-260 King Street West

**HEAR OUR STORY**

EVERY SUMMER we have a Clearance Sale of PIANOS and ORGANS to stimulate sales during the dull season. Our usual Mid-Summer Clearance Sale is now on and some FINE BARGAINS in new and slightly used Pianos and Organs may be expected.

It will pay you to buy now rather than wait till the rush in the fall.

Come in and see us or write for prices.

**The W. H. Johnson Co., Ltd.**

7 Market Square, St. John, N. B.

Also, Halifax, Sydney and New Glasgow.