MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

Profitable Hours

AT

PARSONS West End

Attend Our Hour Sales and Save Money

Monday Morning

10 to 11 a. m.

CHILDREN'S SILK HOODS, 30c. .....Now 15c.
CHILDREN'S SILK HOODS, 45c. .....Now 23c.
CHILDREN'S SILK HOODS, 60c. .....Now 30c.
CHILDREN'S SILK HOODS, 75c. .....Now 38c.
CHILDREN'S SILK HOODS, $1.25 .....Now 63c.
CHILDREN'S SILK HOODS, $1.50 .....Now 75c.

11 to 12 a. m.

BOYS' WASH BLOUSES .....23c.
BOYS' WASH SUITS, 95c. .....Now 48c.
BOYS' WASH SUITS, $1.25 .....Now 63c.
BOYS' WASH SUITS, $1.65 .....Now 83c.
BOYS' WHITE LINEN HATS .....15c.

3 to 4 p. m.

LADIES' BLACK SATEEN UNDERSKIRTS, $1.50, for 98c.
LADIES' WHITE CAMBRIC SKIRTS, Hamb. and Lace Trimmed, $1.50 and $1.25 Skirts, 98c.; $1.00 Skirts, 69c.

6 to 7 p. m.

CHILDREN'S BUSTER BROWN DRESSES, 85c..Now 43c.
CHILDREN'S BUSTER BROWN DRESSES, $1.10 Now 79c.
CHILDREN'S BUSTER BROWN DRESSES, $1.35..Now 98c.
CHILDREN'S WHITE PIQUE COATS, $2.40 and $2.25 Coats .....Now $1.59
CHILDREN'S WHITE PIQUE COATS, $1.75 Coat; now $1.29
CHILDREN'S WHITE LAWN DRESSES, 85c.....Now 59c.
CHILDREN'S WHITE LAWN DRESSES, $1.25....Now 79c.
CHILDREN'S WHITE LAWN DRESSES, $1.75 ..Now $1.19
CHILDREN'S WHITE SILK DRESSES, $2.45 Dress for $1.79
CHILDREN'S ROMPER SUITS, 85c. Suit for.....49c.
CHILDREN' WHITE PIQUE COAT, 95c. Coat.....69c.
CHILDREN'S WHITE PIQUE COAT, $1.55. Coat .....98c.

Prices strictly cash. No goods advertised allowed on approval or exchanged.

E. O. Parsons

258-260 King Street — WEST END

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

SUMMER EVENING CAPES ARE SIMPLE.

The late developments in summer evening wraps are chiefly in satin or broadcloth of a delicate shade of tan, rose, blue or green. Some of them have the shawl back with wing sleeves, whose lower inside edges fasten with huge ornate buttons to the underarm seams of the garment. In others the sleeves, also cut in one with the main portion, are scarcely discernible, as they are merely looped up toward the shoulder with bands of Oriental embroidery similar to that finishing the neck of the garment. All of the summer evening wraps are practically untrimmed, and many are finished with cut edges rather than narrow tailored and prominently stitched hems.

Your Last Chance

Of The Season

To select from such a wide range of High Quality Merchandise way below regular price. Positively no sale like this event ever conducted in this section.

UNMATCHABLE

Is our best word to describe it. Don't miss the tremendous

SHOE BARGAINS

Hundreds of grand opportunities to save money on Boys' Clothes. The Greatest Men's Clothing, Hats and Furnishings ever offered.

Saturday, Aug. 8th

Is the last day

C. B. PIDGEON

Corner Main and Bridge 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.)

With Monday came a remarkable change in his fare. A pint of first-rate cocoa and some excellent bread and butter for breakfast evoked no comment on his part, but a dinner of roast beef, potatoes, cabbage and rice pudding was so extremely unlike prison diet that he questioned the turnkey.

"It's all right, kid," came the brief answer. "It's paid for. Eat while you can, and ask no questions."

"But——"

The door slammed, and at the next meal Philip received in silence a cup of tea and a nice tea cake. This went on during three days. The good food and rest had already worked a marvelous change in his appearance. He entered the prison looking like a starved dog. When he rose on the Thursday morning and washed himself, no one would have recognized him as the same boy were it not for his clothes.

After dinner, he was tidying his cell and replacing the plates and the rest on a tiny tray, when the door was suddenly flung open and a warder cried:

"Come along, Moreland. You're wanted at the court."

"At the court!" he could not help saying. "This is only Thursday."

"What a boy you are for arguing. Pick up your hat and come. Your carriage waits, my lord. I hope you will like your quarters as well when you come back. A pretty stir you have made in the papers the last five days."

Philip glanced at the man, who seemed to be in a good humor.

"I will not come back," he said, quietly, "but I wish you would tell me who supplied me with food while I have been here."

They were passing along a lofty corridor, and there was no superior officer in sight. The warder laughed.

"I don't know, my lord," he said, "but the menoo came from the Royal Star Hotel, opposite."

Philip obtained no further news. He passed through an office, a voucher was signed for him, and he emerged into the prison yard, where the huge prison van awaited him. He was the only occupant, just as on the first memorable ride in that conveyance. When he came to the prison from the police court he had several companions in misery. But they were "stretched." His case was the only "remand."

During the long drive Philip endeavored to guess the cause of this unexpected demand for his presence. Naturally, he assumed that Johnson's Mews no longer held safe the secret of his meteor. Such few sensational romances as he had read credited detectives with superhuman sagacity. In his mind, Johnson's Mews was the center of the world. It enshrined the marvelous—how could it escape the thousands of prying eyes that passed daily through the great thoroughfare of the East End, but a few yards away? Judging from the remark dropped by the warder, all London was talking about him. A puzzling feature was the abundant supply of good food sent to him in the prison. Who was his unknown friend—and what explanation was attached to the incident?

Philip's emotions were no more capable of analysis than a display of rockets. Immured in this cage, rattling over the pavements, he seemed to be advancing through a tunnel into a unknown world.

At last the van stopped, and was led forth into the yard of the police court. He followed the same route as on the previous Saturday, but when he ascended into the court itself he discovered a change. The magistrate, a couple of clerks, and some policemen alone were present. The general public and the representatives of the press were not visible.

He had scarcely faced the bench when the magistrate said:

"You are set at liberty. The police withdraw the charge against you."

Philip's eyes sparkled and his breast heaved tumultuously. For the life of him he could not utter no word, but Mr. Abingdon helped him by quietly directing the usher to permit the lad to leave the dock and take a seat at the solicitors' table.

Then, speaking slowly and with some gravity, he said:

"Philip Moreland—that is the only name by which I known you—the authorities have come to the conclusion that your story is right. You have unquestionably found a deposit of diamonds, and although this necessarily exists on some person's property, there is no evidence to show it is. It may be your own. It may be situated beyond the confines of this kingdom. There are many hypotheses, each of which may be true; but, in any event, if others lay claim to this treasure trove—and I warn you that the Crown has a right in such a matter—the issue is a civil and not a criminal one. Therefore, you the discharged, and your property is now handed back to you intact."

A clerk placed before Philip his parcel of diamonds, his key, the rusty knife, the pieces of string, and the two buttons—truly a motley collection. The boy was pale, and his voice somewhat tremulous as he asked:

May I go now, sir?"

Mr. Abingdon leaned back in his chair and passed his hand over his face to conceal a smile.

"I have something more to say to you," he answered. "It is an offense against the law to withhold your name and address. I admit the powerful motives which actuated you, so I make the very great concession that your earlier refusal will be overlooked if you privately tell me that which you were unwilling to state publicly."

Philip instantly decided that it would be foolish in the extreme to refuse this offer. He pocketed his diamonds, looked the magistrate straight in the face, and said:

"I will do that, sir. As the information is to be given to you alone, may I write it?"

The policemen and other officials sniggered at this display of caution, but the magistrate nodded, and Philip wrote his name and address on a sheet of foolscap, which he folded handing it to the usher.

To his great surprise, Mr. Abingdon placed the paper in a pocketbook without opening it.

"I will make no use of this document unless the matter comes before me again officially. I wish to point out to you that I have brought you from prison at the earliest possible moment, and have spared you the publicity which your movements would attract were your case settled in open court. You are not aware, perhaps, that you figure largely in the eyes of the public at this moment. There are newspapers which would give a hundred pounds to get hold of you. There are thieves who would shadow your every movement, waiting for a chance to waylay and rob you—murder you, if necessary. I have taken precautions, therefore, to safeguard you, at least within the precincts of this court, but I cannot be responsible beyond its limits. May I ask what you intend to do?"

Philip, proud in the knowledge that he was cleared of all dishonor, was at no loss for words now.

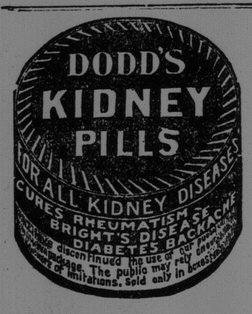
"First, I wish to thank you, sir," he said. "You have acted most kindly toward me, and, when I am older, I hope to be permitted to acknowledge your thoughtfulness better than is possible today. I will endeavor to take care of myself. I am going now to see Mr. Isaacstein. I do not expect that he will send for a policeman again. If he does, I will bring him before you."

The magistrate himself laughed at this sally.

"You are a strange boy," he said. "I think you are acting wisely. But—er—you have no money—that is, in a sense. Hatton Garden is some distance from here. Let me—er—lend you a cab fare."

"Thank you, sir," said Philip, and Mr. Abingdon, unable to account for the interest he felt in the boy, quite apart from his inexplicable story, gave himfive shillings and shook hands with him.

(To be Continued.)



WEDDINGS

Peirce-Belding

A quiet wedding took place yesterday afternoon at 270 Germain street, the home of A. M. Belding, editor of the Evening Times. His second daughter, Florence A., was united in marriage with George H. Peirce, of Athol (Mass.) The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Gordon Dickie. Only immediate relatives were present. The bride was given away by her father.

Immediately after the marriage Mr. and Mrs. Peirce left by the steamer Calvin Austin for Boston, en route to their future home in Athol. Mrs. J. Eugene Parker, sister of the bride, left by the same steamer, with her infant son, Ronald, returning to their home in Athol.

Van B. Thorne, of the New York Times, and Mrs. Thorne, who have been spending a vacation with Dr. B. S. Thorne, of Havelock, left this morning for Nova Scotia, where they will spend some days before returning to New York.

Rheumatism

I have found a tried and tested cure for Rheumatism! Not a remedy that will straighten the distorted limbs of chronic cripples, nor turn bony growths back to flesh again. That is impossible. But I can now surely kill the pains and pangs of this deplorable disease.

In Germany—with a Chemist in the City of Darmstadt—I found the last ingredient with which Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy was made a perfected, dependable prescription. Without that last ingredient, I successfully treated many, many cases of Rheumatism; but now, at last, it uniformly cures all curable cases of this heretofore much dreaded disease. Those sand-like granular wastes, found in Rheumatic Blood, seem to dissolve and pass away under the action of this remedy as freely as does sugar when added to pure water. And then, when dissolved, these poisonous wastes freely pass from the system, and the cause o Rheumatism is gone forever. There is now no real need—no actual excuse to suffer longer without help. We sell, and in confidence recommend

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PEA CROP HURT; MANY FIELDS RUINED

A Green Louse, Distinguished by the Rusty Color of the Peas and the Odor From the Fields, is Damaging the Crop in Ontario.

(Toronto World.)

Pea growing has had a checkered history in Ontario. In the case of this cereal, one definitely cannot count his chickens before they are hatched. The pea crop of Ontario never gave greater promise than it did this year. Everywhere reports of the growing crop were most favorable. But now on the edge of harvest a new enemy has appeared. A green louse, feasting itself fat on the succulent leaves, has turned many a promising field into a failure, and left the ominous rusty colored vines as evidence of its work.

Travelers through the country roads have noticed of late places from which a most disagreeable odor was given off, and they were at a loss to tell whence these waves of miasmatic tendencies came. Close observation has connected this smell with the fields of peas infected with this "bug."

A careful examination of the leaves will show that the green lice have died after reaching a certain stage and turned brown. These decaying animalculae have contributed to the disagreeable atmospheres prevailing in certain places. Later these "corpses" seem to dissipate into thin air almost entirely and leave a white shell-like framework like the skin that the snake crawls out of. Whether a metamorphosis has taken place and the new life flown away, examination has not yet revealed to us.

At any rate this is what is creating havoc in the pea fields of York and Ontario counties, and fouling the atmosphere in the vicinity. The leaves and pods are attacked until the sap is nearly all extracted, and the outer leaf-skin is destroyed. The vines then sicken and die and the half formed peas dwindle away into very poor chickenfeed at best. It means the total destruction of some fields and a serious curtailment in the yields of others.

Extra early peas have fared the best. In many quarters early garden peas are grown by the farmers for the big United States and English dealers. In these cases the peas are now far advanced and many are harvested, so that the "June bug," or whatever bug it is, will have little to do with their yields. It is with the Canadian Beauties, the Black-Eye, Marrowfat and Prussian Blue peas that the great damage is being done. Since this crop was sown more largely than usual this year owing to the absence of the "pea-bug" proper, the loss therefore will be considerable to the farmers.

The ladies are also complaining of this same unwelcome guest on their sweet pea vines in the lawns and gardens. Many have died already and the blooming flowers of others entirely cut off. These people passed it without much comment, but now they are wondering if a liberal spraying of paris green or helibore would not have saved their favorite flowers.

LAST TIME FOR THE TWO ORPHANS TODAY

The Humanov at the Nickel attracted more throngs last evening and during the afternoon. Like Monday everybody was simply charmed with the innovation. The drama "The Two Orphans" has an appealing force that makes it a favorite with all people and as presented by the clever little company at the Nickel is like the production of a large metropolitan company, inasmuch as the pictorial part of the play is upon a grandly scenic and spectacular scale not possible in a city the size of St. John. Today "The Two Orphans" wiul be put on for the last time.

Thursday the Humanov's bill will be that scream of screams "College Chums" (pictures by Thos. A. Edison Co.) Today the Nickel's regular change of pictures will take place and the extra bill of fare is: "In the Government Service" and "A Bothersome Husband," both new Pathe creations. Miss Foley and Mr. Gurney will sing. Once again the management of the big picture house requests parents to send their children in the afternoons; the matron will take care of them if necessary.

R. J. McGarrigle, of Calais, has gone to St. Louis to attend the national convention of the Knights of Columbus as a delegate from Maine. He has been nominated as the Democratic candidate to the legislature from Calais.

CHARGE AGAINST POLICEMAN FAILS

Main Witness Does not Appear in the Fairville Inquiry and Charge Against Lawson Drops.

As stated in the Telegraph yesterday the investigation into the charges brought by the Fairville W. C. T. U. came to naught owing to the failure of the important witness and informant in the case, Mrs. Sears, to give evidence. The investigation was held in the Fairville police court and was attended by Councillors Hooley, Long and Fox, and County Secretary Vincent. Councillor Hooley presided. J. B. M. Baxter appeared in the interest of Policeman Lawson.

The W. C. T. U. were represented by Mrs. O. D. Hanson, the president and Mrs. George Matthews. Both ladies said they had been informed by Mrs. Sears that Policeman Lawson had been intoxicated about the door of her home, on the 30th of June last.

Mrs. Matthews said that Mrs. Sears had come to her with tears in her eyes and asked the W. C. T. U. to do something to help her. She said her property in Fairville was unprotected. The policeman was drunk against her door.

Mrs. Matthews said that unfortunately Mrs. Sears had failed to attend the inquiry to give evidence and the case could not be proved. There was much talk, however, and the W. C. T. U. would not give up the case. She also stated that the women seemed to be alone and that not a man in Fairville had come forward to help them.

Policeman Lawson offered to go on the stand and swear he had never been drunk in his life. He was told this was not necessary but was put through a close examination by Mrs. Matthews. He denied ever being intoxicated at Mrs. Sears' home.

Mr. Baxter censured the W. C. T. U. for bringing an unsupported case which would hurt Policeman Lawson's reputation. He hinted that they had made themselves liable to prosecution.

Mrs. Matthews said that the women were not afraid but would stand by their actions.

Councillor Hooley closed the proceedings with a short address in which he said the councillors could take no action as the charges had not been substantiated.

During the hearing Mrs. Matthews asked that the question of securing street lighting for Fairville be hurried along. If there were so many bar-rooms, the streets should be lighted, she said, and under present conditions respectable people dare not venture on the streets in the evening.

The councillors said the matter rested with the people but intimated that action would soon be taken.

Hay's Hair Health

Never Fails to RESTORE GRAY or FADED HAIR to its NATURAL COLOR and BEAUTY

No matter how long it has been gray or faded. Promotes a luxuriant growth of healthy hair. Stops its falling out, and positively removes Dandruff. Keeps hair soft and glossy. Refuse all substitutes. 2½ times as much in $1.00 as 50c size.

IS NOT A DYE.

Philo Hay Spec. Co., Newark, N. J.

$1 and 50c bottles, at druggists.

E. CLINTON BROWN

FOREST FIRES ALONG BORDER

After Respite of Two Weeks St. Croix Owners Are Fighting Flames Again.

Calais, Aug. 5.—After having a respite of two weeks, owners of woodlands along the St. Croix river are again at work fighting fires which are springing up in all directions, threatening the outskirts of the towns and settlements and causing no end of uneasiness. Just back of Milltown and within a short distance of the Calais ceremtery brisk fires were in progress Monday and a call was made for men to fight the flames which spread with marked rapidity in the direction of the river, fanned by a brisk west wind. There is not a single drop of water anywhere with which the flames may be fought and the ground is so dry that it makes but little impression upon the encroaching fire so completely covered is the surface with dry vegetable matter which burns like tinder. The fire back of Milltown is on the Murchie and Tyler lands, getting into the latter on Monday notwithstanding the fact that a brisk wind was blowing the sparks in the very opposite direction. The Tyler lot was piled with brush from operations, previously carried on and the huge piles sent up a dense smoke which alarmed the residents of Milltown, who thought their homes were in danger, and the men who were sent out to prevent the flames from spreading nearer the houses had a hard time to keep them within bounds.

It is said that the fire on this lot was purposely set by someone who wanted to have a little excitement, as its location was such that under the conditions prevailing Monday it was next to impossible for it to get started in any other way. The Murchie fire, which threatened to work as far as the cemetery, has been burning for several days, and was practically extinguished by a crew of men sent out Friday evening, but the wind of Monday fanned the embers into life and the flames made rapid progress in the general direction of the river, sending up clouds of smoke which gave residents of the city proper the impression that a serious conflagration was in progress and that there was danger to farm property along the river road. The land through which the fire is now running is not particularly valuable, the trees being of small growth and doubtful value suitable only for firewood, but unless the element is checked it will in time reach more valuable land and do serious damage to farm property in its path.

The men are greatly handicapped in their efforts to stop the spread of the flames, the ground being parched to a considerable depth and all the brooks and mud holes baked for lack of moisture, and the work of beating them out by means of boughs is slow and exceedingly hot work. On the New Brunswick side of the river a brisk fire was in progress in the neighborhood of Mohannes and the clouds of smoke were added to those sent out by the burning brush and trees on the American side of the line. Should the present conditions continue longer a large tract of country will be burned over, and rain is the only thing that will save landowners from heavy losses.

AT THE PRINCESS

The Princess management are offering today the longest programme of moving pictures and no less than five lengthy films of up to date pictures will be given at to-day's performances. The pictures are both dramatic and comedy and are sure to please the large gatherings expected. The pictures were received last night direct from headquarters and have never before been shown in this section of the country. They are entitled "Father and Son," "Sausage Thieves," "Who Owns the Basket," "The Fine Easter Egg," and "Silk Hats Ironed." Besides this excellent feature programme Harry Newcombe will be heard in the latest illustrated songs. Mr. Newcombe is more of a favorite than ever and is making a decided impression with his rich baritone voice.

PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Bemis, of St. Louis, are at the Royal.

H. Noakes, D. G. M. and J. H. Walker, G. C., left yesterday morning to attend the sixteenth annual session of the Acadian District Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Manchester Unity, in Halifax.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Cronin arrived yesterday from Boston and are visiting the Misses Fitzgerald, Middle street, Carleton.

Miss Margaret M. Dearness, who spent her vacation with her parents here, left last evening to resume her duties in the R. I. Hospital, Providence.

Mrs. M. D. Butler and her daughter, Miss Cora, of Boston, are visiting Mrs. N. C. Scott, 99 Douglas avenue.

Thomas Pratt, formerly of Digby, and later of St. John, was here yesterday after visiting his father, W. T. Pratt, an old marine engineer who is passing his days on a farm in Welsford. Thomas Platt left St. John forty years ago and made his home in Albany (N. Y.)

William Sproul, of Campbellton, is at the Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Burden, of Westfield, are at the Victoria.

Howard Murchie, of St. Stephen, and G. D. Grimmer, of St. Andrews, left for their homes last evening.

J. D. O'Connel, of Sussex, who has been in Cuba for some time, arrived in the city yesterday and went to Sussex.

G. A. Trites, of Salisbury, was registered at the Dufferin yesterday.

E. L. Pease, of Montreal, general manager of the Royal Bank of Canada, arrived in the city yesterday and is at the Royal.

Mrs. Pinkney Sutton Robinson and son, of Owensboro (Ky.), arrived in St. John yesterday on the steamer Calvin Austin. Mrs. Robinson is an experienced traveller, having spent much of her girlhood in Great Britain and on the continent. She saw Emperor William I and the great Bismarck reviewing a German army corps at Potsdam. She will make a stay of several weeks with her sister, Mrs. Edmund Flewelling, of Oak Point (N. B.)

FOLLOWED HER MOTHER'S EXAMPLE.

AND KEPT DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY IN THE HOUSE.

Mrs. W. J. Wilson, Tessier, Sask., tells of her experience in the following words: "I wish to tell you of the good I have found in DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY. Last summer my little girl, aged two years, was taken ill with Summer Complaint, and as my mother always kept DR. FOWLER'S in the house, when I was a child, I seemed to follow her example, as I always have it also. I at once gave it to my baby as directed and she was at once relieved, and after a couple of doses were taken was completely cured."

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY imparts a healthy tone to all mucous surfaces, corrects and heals all forms of canker and counteracts all tendency to pain and inflammation, while it gives tone to the debilitated system when weakened by exhaustive discharges and fluxes of whatever nature, thus making it the best and safest remedy for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Pain in the Stomach, Sea Sickness, Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus and all Summer Complaints.

Price 35 cents. Manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Toronto, Ont.