

There's Danger There!

The old adage "A stitch in time saves nine" applies to the human system. Nature gives her timely warning, and if heeded much suffering may be prevented, but if neglected she demands a very heavy penalty.

STOP THAT BACKACHE!

It means more than weariness. It indicates that the kidneys are being attacked, and as a very large percentage of our ills and sufferings have their origin in the kidney and liver, a course of Dr. Roots Kidney and Liver Pills should be taken. They will stop the trouble at once. Once these organs get deranged or out of order, every part of the human system becomes disorganized, often terminating in a long and tedious illness which often proves fatal.

DR. ROOTS' KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS

ALL DRUGGISTS AND STORES

FREE SAMPLE sent on application. Address DR. ROOTS, CO., 250-251, Adelaide Avenue, Toronto.

Dr. Roots Kidney and Liver Pills CURE ALL KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



A SMART SMALL SHAPE.

A particularly effective use of the revived Ottoman silks is seen in the fall millinery. Small models are made of this rep silk, the shape being covered smoothly with the material. For general runabout wear this type of hat is especially good. It is generally small of size with high crown and narrow brim, the brim rolling at the front or side and dipping over the hair at the back. The pictured hat is in gray Ottoman silk with bow trimming of gray satin and crown band of gray felt embroidered in gold and green and piped with black velvet.

The KING OF DIAMONDS

By LOUIS TRACY

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

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(Continued.)

He gave hasty directions as to his patient's food, and left him.

Another telegram arrived, with it the policeman, in the dogcart of the Fox and Hounds Inn.

"Abingdon went to Devonshire yesterday. His wife says she suspected that something had gone wrong. Unhappily we do not know his address, but he wires that he is not to be expected home today. Do ask Dr. Scarth to send further news if unable to come."

EVELYN.

Philip hesitated to be explicit as to the real nature of the outrage inflicted on him by Jocky Mason and his unknown accomplice. He hastily determined that the best assurance he could give to the distracted girl was one of his immediate departure from the village.

The policeman helped him as to the local information, and he wrote the following:

"Leaving Scarsdale at 2.30 P. M. Passing through Malton at four o'clock, and reach York 5.10. Dr. Scarth permits journey, and accompanies me. Send any further messages card of respective station masters prior to house named. Accept statement implicitly that I will reach London to-night. Will wire you from York certain, earlier if necessary. As for Jocky, you will recall May 15th, Hyde Park, near Stanhope Gate, four o'clock. Evelyn and he alone knew that at that spot on the day and hour named, they became engaged.

The policeman valiantly lent the few shillings necessary, and the sturdy horse from the Fox and Hounds rode back to Scarsdale.

But the constable was of additional value. His researches in Scarsdale provided a fairly accurate history and description of the two denizens of the Grange House.

Philip himself had, of course, seen "Dr. Williams" in broad daylight and undisturbed—not yet could he remember where he heard that smooth-tongued voice. Jocky Mason he only pictured hazily after the lapse of years, but the policeman's details of his personal appearance coincided exactly with Philip's recollection, allowing for age and the hardships of convict life.

"At last came the doctor, with a valise. 'I am sorry,' he laughed, 'but all the money I can muster at such short notice is twelve pounds.'"

"I began life once before with three halfpence," was the cheery reply.

The few inhabitants of the hamlet gathered to see them off, and the fisherman's wife was moved to screw her apron into her eyes when Philip shook hands with her saying that she would see him again in a few days.

"Eh, but he's a bonny lad," was her verdict. "Twas a fair sham' to treat him so."

At Scarsdale and at Malton again came loving words from Evelyn. Now she knew who it was who telegraphed to her. And the mysterious Philip Anson at York remained dumb.

"The wretch!" she said to her mother. "To dare to open my letter and send me impudent replies."

More than once she thought of going to York to meet her lover, but she wisely decided against this course. Mr. Abingdon was out of town, and Philip might need some one he could trust to obey his instructions in London.

At ten minutes past five Anson and Dr. Scarth arrived in York.

A long discourse in the train gave them a plan. They would not appeal at once to the police. Better clear the mist that hid events before the aid of the law was invoked. There were two of them, and the assistance of the hotel people could be obtained if necessary.

They hurried first to the station master's office. Anything for Anson? Yes. Only a few words of courtesy from Evelyn to avoid further risk.

Dr. Scarth, quick to appreciate the difficulties of the situation intervened quickly. "Is he alone?"

"Then it will be better if you accompany us in person. An unpleasant matter can be arranged without undue publicity."

This was alarming. The manager went with them instantly. They passed at the door indicated.

"Come with me," said Philip, turning the handle without knocking.

Greener, intent on the perusal of a letter he had just written, looked up quickly.

He was face to face with Philip Anson.

CHAPTER XXII.

A Settlement of Old Scores.

The one man stood, the other sat, gazing at each other in a silence that was thrilling.

Dr. Scarth and the hotel manager entered noiselessly, and closed the door behind them. Greener, almost accoutred that he was, was bereft of speech, of the power to move. He harbored no delusions. This

was no ghost coming to trouble his soul in broad daylight. It was Philip Anson himself, alive, and in full possession of his senses, a more terrible apparition than any visitor from beyond the grave. His presence in that room meant penal servitude for life for Victor Greener, a prison cell instead of palatial chambers, bread and skilly in place of Carlton luncheons.

No wonder the scoundrel was dumb, that his tongue was dry. He went cold all over, and his knees gave way.

Philip advanced toward him. Greener could not move. He was glued to his chair.

"Who are you?" said Anson, sternly.

No answer. As yet the acute brain refused to waken. Lost—ruined—no escape—were the vague ideas that jostled each other in chaos.

"Can you not speak? Who are you that dares to usurp my name, after striving to murder me?"

No answer. The shifty eyes—the eyes of detected pickpocket—wandered stupidly from Philip's set face to that of the perplexed hotel manager, and the gravely amused doctor.

Philip never used strong language, but he was greatly tempted at that moment. "Confound you!" he shouted. "Why don't you answer me?"

"I—my name is Philip Anson. The manager—"

As a spent fox will vainly try the last despairing device of climbing a tree in full sight of the hunter, so Victor Greener evoked the desperate scheme that perhaps—perhaps—he might carry out a feeble protest.

"You Philip Anson! You vile impostor! I am sorely inclined to wring your neck!"

(To be continued.)

A TOKEN OF RESPECT TO THE LATE BISHOP

Montreal City Council Passed a Resolution of Condolence on Death of Bishop Carmichael and Then Adjourned.

Montreal, Sept. 21.—A compliment was paid the English-speaking people of the city this afternoon when the city council adjourned as a token of respect for the memory of Bishop Carmichael, who died early this morning. The motion was presented by Alderman L. A. Lapointe, leader of the French section, and seconded by Alderman N. Gieroux, and read:

"That this council has learned with deep regret of the demise of His Grace, Bishop Carmichael, and desire to offer to the adherents of the Anglican church of this diocese and to the bereaved family, their most heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement; That the members of this council do hereby place on record their keen appreciation of the sterling qualities of the deceased prelate, and that as a mark of respect for his memory this council do now adjourn."

This was unanimously adopted.

GREAT CROWDS AT NICKEL

It was like the good old midsummer nights at the Nickel last evening, despite the chilly air and the threatening skies, and good-natured crowd, and the excitement from 7 until 10.30 o'clock.

There is no abatement in the public interest in this house's form of entertainment and hearty applause greeted singers and picture acts. The chief feature was Thos. A. Edison's newest hit, "Tales The Searchlight," or Cony Island after dark. All the attractions at this resort, the whole place illuminated after night-fall, the pictures and the buildings were shown in detail and it was worth a great deal to sit back and drink in the fun. Two pretty comedies of late vintage kept the laugh going and the songs, "Polly Primrose," by Miss Felix, and "The Road to Yesterday," by Mr. Weston, were artistic successes, and the orchestra rose to the occasion a la Coney.

AT THE PRINCESS

The exceptionally large programme offered at the Princess yesterday brought well pleased gatherings. The New York musical team, Goldie and Good, were well received, and their last few years' work applauded. They perform on numerous instruments and their monologue is up-to-date and very funny.

The new burlesque, "The Courtain," was well received in a beautiful illustrated song, "There Never Was a Girl Like You." The slides are handsome. Harry Newcombe has a good song in "The Broncho Buster."

The pictures are brand new. "A Poor Family Holiday," is a comedy; "The Organ Grinder's Dream," is a pathetic drama; and the latest of late vintage is entitled, "The Ill-Famed Mill." A melodrama picture is "The Insane Mother."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together. Science has proven catarrh to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies and by constantly falling to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

PRESENTATION TO JOHN T. HAWKE

Moncton, N. B., Sept. 21 (Special).—At the Liberal rally tonight, a presentation to Mr. Hawke was made in the form of a handsome oak chair. The presentation was made by John Doherty, who made a short speech.

Mr. Hawke replied in a few fitting words, thanking the donors for the gift. He then reviewed his trip to the old country, comparing Canada to England, and other foreign countries he visited.

X-RAY Stove Polish

For free sample write to J. S. GIBBON & CO., Ltd., 31 King Street, St. John, N. B.

The Shine That Shines Brightest

Grand Opera Season Opened Last Evening

The grand opera season the first St. John has had in years—opened auspiciously at the Opera House last evening when George S. Starling's Boston Opera Singers gave a superb production of Verdi's celebrated "Il Trovatore" to a fashionable and very appreciative audience.

That Mr. Starling has brought to St. John the most remarkable musical aggregation that has visited this city for many years there is little room for doubt and his performance was, to quote a very well known local critic, "the greatest since the days of the old academy."

From the social view point the event is one that will live long in the memories of the local "smart set." Society was well represented and the auditorium presented a brilliant picture with the artistic creations of dame fashion's latest designs.

The theatre never looked more attractive than it did last evening and the management cannot be accorded too much credit for the successful manner in which the arrangements were carried out.

The main stairway was nicely carpeted and ornamented with tall graceful palms and potted plants which also adorned the lobby and were effectively displayed about the box office.

"Il Trovatore" an opera in four acts, words by Cammarano, was first produced in Rome, on January, 1853, with the cast, Goggi, MM. Baurardo, Guicciardi, and Balderi in the cast. In 1877 it was brought out in New York, with the cast, MM. Manno as Azucena, and in London 1886 with the cast, MM. Manno as Azucena, and in London 1886 with the cast, MM. Manno as Azucena.

The opera opens with a midnight scene at the palace of Alfero, where the old servant, Ferrando, relates to his master the story of the fate of Garcia, the son of the Count di Luna, in whose service they are employed. While in their cradles, Garcia was bewitched by an old gypsy, and day by day pined away. The gypsy was burned at the stake for sorcery; and in revenge, Azucena, her daughter, stole the sickly child. As the story of the opera his fate has not been discovered. As the servant closes his narrative and he and his companions leave the Count di Luna enters and lingers by the apartment of the Duchess Leonora, with whom he is in love. Hearing her weeping, Leonora comes into the garden, supposing it is Manrico, the troubadour, whom she had crowned victor at the tournament, and of whom she had become violently enamored. As she greets the Count, Manrico appears upon the scene and with indistinct speech recognizes her error, she flies to Manrico for protection. The Count challenges him to combat, and as they prepare to fight she falls to the ground insensible.

The second act introduces a gypsy camp, where Azucena relates to Manrico, who has been wandering in the forest, the story of her life. Manrico, who has been wandering in the forest, the story of her life. Manrico, who has been wandering in the forest, the story of her life.

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The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



A poor widow sent her son Jack to market with her cow, and he sold it to a man for a hat full of beans.

Find the cow.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Lower left corner down, face in right arm.

Alcohol

Ask your doctor if a family medicine, like Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is not easily better without alcohol than with it.

A Strong Tonic	Without Alcohol
A Body Builder	Without Alcohol
A Blood Purifier	Without Alcohol
A Great Alternative	Without Alcohol
A Doctor's Medicine	Without Alcohol
Ayer's Sarsaparilla	Without Alcohol

We have no secret. We publish the formulae of all our medicines. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

This is the Man with visage grim, You can easily see what's the matter with him; His stomach's upset, and it's all his fault, He needs a bottle of ABBEY'S SALT.

Abbey's Effer-Salt

Keeps the Stomach Sweet and Bowels Regular.

At Dealers 25c. and 50c.

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MADE AND DESIGN REGISTERED.

A deliciously dainty chocolate confection indescribably inviting and toothsome. Like all of Cowan's specialties, of superlative excellence. The name "Cowan" stamped on every bud.

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Closing Sale

The attention of the public is called to the fact that we are now offering the whole stock, without reserve, at prices below cost.

Stock consists of Sterling Silver Plated Goods, Cut Glass, Cutlery, Opera and Field Glasses, Leather Goods, Books and Stationery and a variety of Fancy and Sporting Goods too numerous to mention.

An early call will ensure bargains.

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