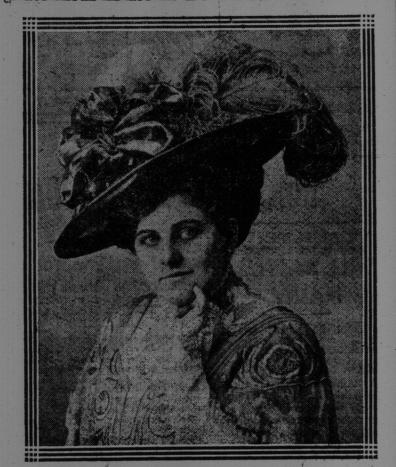
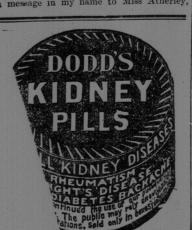
Fashion Hint for Times Readers



IN SMOKE GRAY AND SILVER. The color scheme of this hat is not the least of its charms. The shape is a maceful side roll, with large moderately high crown. Crown and brim are of chirred maline, the latter satin bound. Encircling the crown is a band of silver braid and in front a huge rosette of soft loops of the same.



Indeed the doctor himself betrayed some slight agitation now. He perspired somewhat, and his hand shook.

Anson followed him into a somberapartment, crudely furnished, half dining room, half kitchen. Though the light of a June evening was clear enoug outside, the interior of the house was gloomy in the extreme. There were some dark curtains shrouding a doorway.

"Lady Morland is in there," murmured the doctor, brokenly. "Will you go to her?"

her?"
Philip obeyed in silence. He passed through the curtains. It was so dark that he imagined he must be in a passage with a door at the other end.
"Can't I have a light?" he asked, partly turning toward the room he had just

quitted.

In the neglected garden at the landward front of the Grange House the horse stood patiently on three legs, ruminating,

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no doubt, on the steepness of hills and the excellence of pastures.

Nearly an hour passed thus, in solemn quietude. Then a boy on a bicycle, red-faced with exertion, pedaled manfully up the hill, and through the gate.

"I hope he's here," thought he. "Its a long way to coom for nothin."

Around his waist was a strap with a pouch bearing the king's monogram. He ran up to the door and gave a couple of thunderous knocks, the privileged rattat of a telegraph messenger.

There was a long delay. The a heavy step approached, and a man opened the door, a big heavy-faced man, with eyes that stared dreadfully, and a nose damaged in life's transit.

"Philip Anson, Esquire," said the boy, briskly, producing a buff-colored envelope. The man seemed to swallow something. "Yes; he's here. Is that for him?"

"Yes, sir. Any reply?"

The man took the telegram, closed the door, and the boy heard his retreating footsteps. After some minutes he returned.

"It's too lite to reply tonight in the lite." Magistrate Perry, of Goldfields, B.C., believes in making a good thing known. Writing of Zam-Buk, the great household balm, he says:—"After a very fair trial I have proved Zam-Buk eminently satisfactory. In my case it cured a skin rash of five years' standing which no doctor had been able to do any good for. I would certainly encourage any person to keep Zam-Buk in his home." The magistrate is quite right. Every home needs Zam-Buk! Unequalled for cuts, burns, bruises, eczema, blood poisoning and all skin diseases. All stores and druggists sell it at 50 cents a box. Sure cure for piles.

MAGISTRATE SPEAKS FOR ZAM-BUK

DON'T NEGLECT THAT SORE!

A Chicago man has just died from blood poisoning arising from neglect of a small sore. Don't neglect a cut, a patch of eczema, or an open sore of any kind. The air is full of poison germs, waiting to start up their evil results in neglected sores, wounds, etc. In Zam-Buk is safety. Zam-Buk is so highly antiseptic that applied to any skindisease or injury it makes blood poisoning impossible. In using Zam-Buk you have three processes going on at once for Zam-Buk is healing soothing and antiseptic. Try it without delay.

A GENUINE OFFER.

TEST ZAM-BUK AT OUR EXPENSE!

We appreciate the position taken by the man or woman who says:—"If your preparation is what you claim, you should have no objection to letting us try it before spending our money on it." To every person taking this view we say, send one cent stamp (to pay return postage) and name and date of this paper to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and we will mail you a free trial box of Zam-Buk. Zam-Buk is purely herbal, suitable for the delicate skin of little children, yet powerful enough to heal chronic sores of long years' standing. All druggists and stores, 50c. per box, 3 for \$1.25.

RUB IT IN

footsteps. After some minutes he returned.

"It's too late to reply to-night, isn't it?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir. It coom'd after hours, but they'd paid t' porterage i' Lunnon, so t' postmistress said ye'd mebbe like to hey it at yance. I've ridden all t' way frae Scarsdale."

(To be continued.)

OBITUARY

Mrs. Miles McLean

The death of Mrs. Etta McLean, wife of Miles McLean, took place in Woodstock on Sunday. She was formerly connected with the Messenger and Visitor in this city and is pleasantly remembered by many friends. Mrs. McLean is survived by her husband, two sons and one daughter, also by her mother, Mrs. Alice Irvine, of Portland street, two sisters, Mrs. John Dalzell, of Grand Manan, and Mrs. Alex. Willis, Jr., of Elm street, and one brother, A. A. Irvine, with Macaulay Bros. & Co.

Sisters, Mrs. John K. Gillespie, Calais; Mrs. Alice Hartford, Portland, Me.; Mrs. Robert Kirkpatrick, Milltown, and Miss Nellie Webber, of this town, and two brothers, Fred Webber, Woodstock, and Harry M. Webber's age was 53 years 8 months, most of which he spent in the St. Croix Valley, where he was highly respected for his integrity and honesty. He was a staunch temperance worker and a member of old Howard Division S. of T. Mr. Webber was for many years assistant superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school and was a valued member of the Methodist official board and of the trustee board of that church. He conducted a drygoods business for several years with Duncan Stewart under the name of Stewart & Webber. The business for several years with Duncan Stewart under the name of Stewart & Webber. The business for several years with Duncan Stewart under the name of Stewart & Webber. The business for several years with Duncan Stewart and one brother, A. A. Irvine, with Macaulay Bros. & Co.

The body of Rey Father Hazelton

Mrs. Richard McLaughlin
Richibucto, Sept. 5.—Mrs. Richard McLaughlin, wife of the late Capt. McLaughlin, died of consumption at an early hour on Tuesday, Sept. 1. Her husband died some years ago, and their only child, Frances, a bright and promising young girl, was taken by the same dread disease to which her mother has now succumbed.

Mrs. McLaughlin's maiden name was Elizabeth Connaughton. A brother, John Connaughton, and two sisters, Misses Margaret and Kate Connaughton, survive her. The funeral was held from her late residence, at 8 o'clock, on Thursday morning. The body was taken to Rexton for interment in the Roman Catholic cemetery there. Rev. J. J. McLaughlin conducted the services.

The body of Rev. Father Hazelton, S. J., who succumbed to an attack of angina pectoris on Tuesday, was on Friday morning interred in the Jesuit's private cemetery at Sault au Recollet.

Among the immediate relatives at the funeral were Dr. and Mrs. Fred Coghlan, of Guelph; Mrs. R. Kearin, Maris-Kearin, James Kearin, and Mr. Hazelton, S. J., who succumbed to an attack of angina pectoris on Tuesday, was on Friday morning interred in the Jesuit's private cemetery at Sault au Recollet.

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PLAYS AND PLAYERS

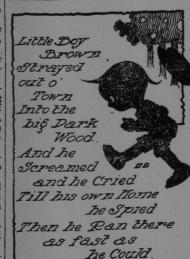


dancing of the quadrille was most amusing.

The role of Teddy North fits Mr. Selman admirably. His scenes with Mr. Weston and Midge were fine bits of acting. Miss DuBois was very attractive as the Lady. She did an intense bit of acting in the scene where she discovered the dead body of hor husband, and again in the court room scene. Ethel Eastcourt as Molly Larkin, the keeper of the dance hall had only a bit but played it for all it was worth. Wm. Townsend as the vengeful half-breed, Jim, gave a vivid and realistic study. Frank Smith as Big Joe was good natured and likeable. Midge was charmingly portrayed by Dorothy Lee. Lulu Prisms, as played by Irene Gordon, was the comedy hit of the evening. Robert Robson was droll as Pete. John Bryce was a convincing attorney, Miss Herman was a dainty Miss Carton, Daly and Wilson were in their element in breezy roles.

In fact this story of western life was played with a vim and go that delighted the play-goers. This play will be repeated again this evening and "Northern Lights" will be revived again Thursday evening. It will be remembered the company presented this story of the great Northwest some weeks ago and made an excellent impression. BIG NEW BILL AT NICKEL Despite the great holiday crowds at

lancing of the quadrille was most amus





RESTORE GRAY or FADED HAIR to its NATURAL

another moment was sitting beside the dear little fairy on the tree limb. "Oh, list is delightful?" She cried, "to be able to just lift yourself through space like a bird—and without wings too? Oh, I wish I were a fairy, I do. I'd fly to every land on earth, and to the moon, the stars, and to—to—oh, to everywhere. "Well, since you like being up in the tree top, suppose you try it a bit higher Shall we ascend to the clouds?"
"But where is the airship you spoke about?" asked Aggie, looking about her, and earn earn of the earth can see them. To the human eye we are invisible."
"Oh, it's right overheard—swinging in the air," explained the fairy. "But of course, it's invisible to the human eye. Were it not so the people of earth would not only observe it floating about, but might try to capture it and me."

"Oh, here is not so the people of earth would not only observe it floating about, but might try to capture it and me."

"Oh, here were invisible air ship! How remarkable! "And Aggie's eyes became round with wonder. An invisible air ship! How remarkable! "And can you become invisible, too?" Aggie asked of more is the pity."

"And where is the airship obeside the fairy in the airship. Course, no one of the earth can see them. To the human eye were invisible."

"Oh, how can I thank you for your were smiling and looking so happy."

It was Aggie's mammas' none, and stroked her hair and Aggie opened her eyes to find herseff yellow there are fairies, there are no fairies I shall cell them of this ride—and not only observe it floating about, but might try to capture it and me."

"Oh.h.!" And Aggie's gees became round with wonder. An invisible air ship! How remarkable! "And can you become invisible, too?" Aggie asked of more is the pity." 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.