

Here is the Maid with lovely eyes
Of blue, like far celestial skies.
She has no ills which beauty mar
For ABBEY'S SALT keeps them a far.

At Dealers' —
25c. and 60c.

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

Is "The Fountain of Perpetual Youth."

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 tittle 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.

shed and gymnastium, 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 ax that," said old O'Brien. "Sure, she didn't build it at all at all. She was a poor widow livin' alone with one son, Mr. Philip that is now. She was a born lady, but she ken down in the worruld and died, forlorn an' forgotten, in a little shanty in Johnson's Mews, as it was called in those days."

"I remember it all."

"Ye do, eh? Mobbe ye know my ould shop, the marine store near the entrance to the court?"

"Arrah, ye don't tell me so. Me eyes are gettin' weak, an' I can't make out yer face. What's yer name?"

"Oh, I'm afraid I didn't know one another. I can't recall yer name, though 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 aisy for him, in a way. Isn't he the Diamond King?"

"The Diamond King! Why is he called that?"

"D'ye mane 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 epishud diamond mine of his own, no one knows where. Sure, now, what's wrong with ye?"

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

"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—profanin' 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 hallowed by the name of Mary Anson. The sightseer had to go, and quickly. Another missionary, who was observing them from a distance, came up and asked O'Brien what the stranger was talking about.

(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 Selman 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. Esmond'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. Selman's three weeks' engagement.

In the character of Richard Carewe, Mr. Selman was particularly pleasing. In the first act the scene where he proposes "long life to the trinity," was very effective and special mention should also be made of the closing situation in the following act when Carewe vows rather than the "Imp's" life shall be wrecked he will buy the lady in red, Kara Glynesk. 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 Kara 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, for they endorsed the request in the chorus with no uncertain sound.

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

BUCKWHEAT MAKES A GREAT DISCOVERY

Editor Evening Times.

Sir.—The words are running through my mind—

"Be not rash, the darkest day,
"Wait 'till to-morrow,
"It has passed away."

At this late day, I've discovered that women are indispensable. I thought they gave tone to life. Hannah's absence teaches me women are not a cog, but a motor in the machinery of life. They make things go. I started in to milk and make butter. The butter looked all right. I heard Hannah say something about a pound for a pound so I put a pound of salt to a pound of cream. I'll not get any money—one customer writes: "Sod-om and Gomora—Lot's wife in 2 pound butter." Another—"Salt Lake City in pound rolls, no more if you please."

Well! The pigs miss the milk and squeal now—whole family down with salt-rheum. I put the pad-lock on the dairy. Then the cows took to kicking—I stuck to the job till tin pails and I looked like old junk, then I turned the cows out.

I well! The pigs miss the milk and squeal night and day. The hens all commenced clucking and the rooster acts as if he was a new premier—his crows night and day. Things are getting on my nerves,—neighbors are writing about "Tar and feathers."

Mr. Philip would find that and more to delight the soul of the mother that's dead. Sure it's aisy for him, in a way. Isn't he the Diamond King?"

"The Diamond King! Why is he called that?"

"D'ye mane 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 epishud diamond mine of his own, no one knows where. Sure, now, what's wrong with ye?"

WEDDINGS

Stackhouse-McCartney

A very pretty wedding took place at the residence of George Craft, Millidge avenue, last Friday evening, when his daughter, Mrs. Annie McCartney, was given in marriage to James W. Stackhouse, of St. Jose, California. Rev. R. P. McKim tied the nuptial knot. The happy couple left by the steamer Galvin Austin Saturday evening for Boston. They will visit New York, Chicago and other cities in the United States on the way to St. Jose, their future home. Mr. Stackhouse is a native of this city, and is now a prosperous business man. He left here some years ago and came here only recently to claim his bride. Mr. and Mrs. Stackhouse were given a grand send-off when the Austin left the wharf.

Cooling, Delicious, Refreshing

Part of the day's pleasure is missed if you do not drink "Salada" Tea. It satisfies the thirst. Everyone likes it.

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-tives."

"Fruit-a-tives 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 regularly, and cures the most obstinate cases of Constipation. They stir up kidneys and skin to throw off all the uric acid, 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-tives Limited, Ottawa.

DEAF MUTES CONVENTION

Sessions Were Continued Yesterday—River Sail and Sports Today.

The convention of the Maritime Deaf Mutes' Association continued 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 work.

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 Baillie 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 Renneck and Miss Mosher.

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 no cure for deafness from the use of such constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are 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 the Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. C. HENRY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, etc.
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 well might the rest of the equine race bow 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 not 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, this fact, together with the fact that they can perform this wonderful feat, combines to make them the most attractive out-door 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 onlookers 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 to 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.

—Clinton Scott.

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

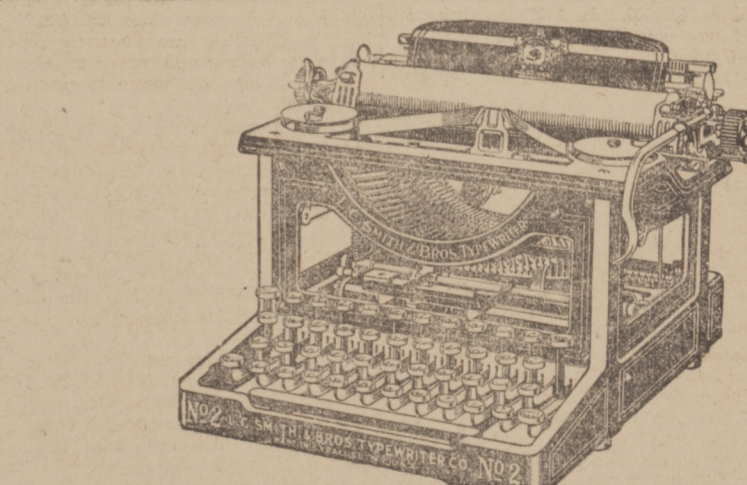
OUR MID-SUMMER PIANO AND ORGAN SALE

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.

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 tabulates, does two-color work, has the really frictionless carriage, and instantly removable platen. We have made the improvements other typewriter manufacturers failed to accomplish. Have our demonstrator call and explain the machine.

Soulis-Newsome Typewriter Co. Ltd.

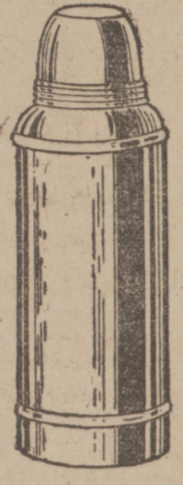
HALIFAX, N. S.

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 at 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

The KING OF DIAMONDS

By LOUIS TRACY
Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," etc.
Copyrighted by McLeod & Allen, Toronto.

(Continued.)
CHAPTER XIII.
After Long Years.

A tall, strongly built man, aged about forty-five, but looking older, by reason of his grizzled hair and a face seamed 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 north 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 turrets 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 Sailor is, and that boy. He's a man now, mebbe 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, sagely, to himself. "He's spotted me, all right. Well, I'll let him see I don't care for him or any of his breed. I never did care, and it's too late to begin now."

He crossed the road, passed between two fine iron gates standing hospitably open, and passed at the door of the porter's lodge, where a stalwart commissioner met him.

"Have you called to see one of the boys?" said the official cheerfully.

"No, I'm a stranger. It's a good many years since I was in these parts before. In those days there used to be a mews here, and some warehouses at the back, with a few old shops—"

"Oh, I expect so, but that is long before my time. The Mary Anson Home was founded ten years ago, and it took two years to build. It's one of the finest charities in London. Would you like to look round?"

"Is that allowed?"

"Certainly. Everybody is welcome. If you go in by that side door, there you'll find an old man who has nothing else to do but take visitors to the chief departments. Bless your heart, we lose half our boarders that way. People come here, see the excellences of the training we give, and offer situations to boys who are old enough."

The man appeared to be surprised by the commissioner's affability. He did not know that civility and kindness were essential there if any employee would retain an excellent post.

He passed on, measuring the tessellated court with a backward sweep of the eye. In the sunlit street beyond the arch stood the policeman. The visitor grinned again, an unamiable and sulky grin, and vanished.

The policeman crossed over.

"What is that chap after?" he inquired.

"Nothing special," was the answer.

"Last time he was here the place was a mews, he said."

"Unless I am greatly mistaken, he has a ticket in his pocket."

"You don't say! Do you know him?"

"No, I'll look him up in the album in the station when I go off duty."

"Well, he can't do any harm here. O'Brien takes visitors over a regular round, and in any case, the man seemed to be honest in his curiosity."

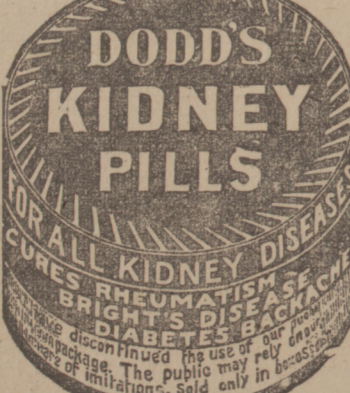
"You never can tell. They're up to all sorts of dodges."

"Thanks very much. I'll ring for O'Brien's relief and tell him to keep an eye on them, as the old man is blind as a bat."

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 Mutiny 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 blanket to any boy, no matter where he came from or what his nationality, provided he satisfied the superintendent that he was really destitute or needed 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



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

CURES RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BACKACHE

Continued use of this medicine is necessary for permanent relief. The public is advised to buy only the original package.