

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



KNITTED HOUSE JACKET.

Instead of the fancy knitted shawl which women have worn so many years as a house shawl covering, the knitted house jacket will be worn this winter as one of the new fancies in women's garments. It is knitted like a sweater, though in a lighter-weight worsted than the ordinary sweater, and is shaped to conform more to the lines of the figure. The sleeves, too, are quite full and short, resembling the kimono pattern. This model has a neckband done in fancy cross-stitch while the body and sleeves both of which are finished with a deep scalloped edge, are in chevron stitch. The button-holes are all black velvet in narrow width made into loops which fasten easily over the white pearl buttons of knitted size. White is the most popular color, though pale blues and pinks will be chosen by some.

The KING OF DIAMONDS

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of:
"The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," Etc.
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(To be continued.)

Philip came nearer. In sheer fright lest the other might give effect to his words Grenier again backed his chair violently. It caught a thick rug and he fell headlong. For an instant they all thought he had hurt himself seriously.

The doctor and manager ran to pick him up, but he rose to his knees and whined:

"I will tell everything. I mean, there is some mistake. Look at my letters, my bank books. They are Philip Anson's. Indeed, there is a mistake."

On the table were many documents and a pile of bank notes. Everything was in order, neatly pinned and docketed. A number of telegrams, of which the top-most was signed "Evelyn," caught Philip's eye. He took them up. Not only were his betrothed's messages preserved, but copies of Grenier's replies were inserted in their proper sequence.

And Evelyn's letters, too, lay before him. He flushed with anger as he read.

"Oh," he cried, in a sudden blaze, "if I talk with this scoundrel I shall do him an injury. Send for the police. They will know how to deal with him."

The mere mention of the police galvanized Grenier into the activity of a wild cat. He had risen to his feet and was standing limply between the doctor and manager when that hated word electrified him.

With one spring he was free of them, rushing frantically to the door. After him went all three, the manager leading. Grenier tore the door open and got outside. It was a hopeless attempt. He would be stopped by hotel porters at the foot of the stairs by the manager's loud-voiced order. Yet he raced for dear liberty, trusting blindly to fate.

And fate met him more than halfway. A tall man, coming upstairs with a pale boy, encountered Grenier flying downward. He grabbed him in a clutch of iron and cried sarcastically:

"No, you don't! A word with me first, if the devil was at your heels!" Intent on his prize, he paid no heed to others.

"Which is his room?" he said to the boy.

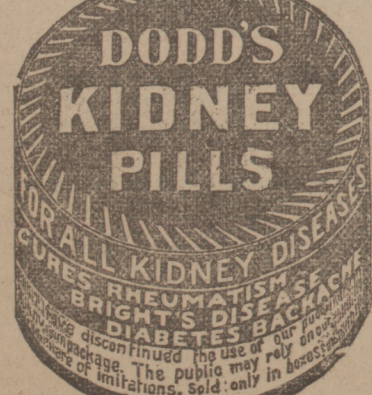
"No. 41, sir!" stammered the youngster, who thought that millionaires should be treated with more ceremony than this wolf-eyed stranger bestowed on the great Mr. Anson.

"Go on, then! I'll bring him." "It is Jocky Mason," murmured Philip to Dr. Scarth. With the manager they had halted in the corridor. Mason strode past them, with eyes only for the cowering Grenier, who was making piteous appeals to bet set free.

The strong ruffian threw his confederate into Room 41, and was about to close the door when he saw Philip, close behind him.

He stepped back a pace, mute, rigid, seeking with glaring eyes to learn whether or not he was the victim of hallucination. Philip knew him instantly. The voice he heard on the stairs, the policeman's rough but accurate picture, the recollection of the captive of Johnson's New, all combined to tell him that in truth Jocky Mason stood before him.

More than that, the would-be murderer handled his accomplice in a way that promised interesting developments. Now, perchance, the truth might be ascertained. Escape was out of the question for

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BIG FIRE PICTURE
AT NICKEL TODAY

"How They Fight Fires in England" will furnish Nickel goes with an instructive travel picture much out of the ordinary, particularly when the great French firm have their photographers in all sections of the world all the time and this bit from the mother country will be especially interesting. The firemen at work in a fiercely burning building make an absorbing picture. The feature of the show, however, is to be "The Padrone, Or The Dago's Revenge," a tale of Chicago, in which a surly organ grinder is the villain and a pretty child the heroine. For fully eighteen minutes this picture holds the watcher spellbound with its dramatic intensity and ever-changing scenes about the great western metropolis. "Two Clever Detectives" is a Pathe comedy of an original quality. Miss Felix is meeting with much success in the tinsel ditty "Polly Primrose," and "The Road To Yesterday," by Mr. Weston, is one of the choice bits of the year.

A FINE SHOW AT THE
PRINCESS THEATRE

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 each selection was loudly applauded. They perform on numerous instruments and their monologue is up-to-date and very funny.

The new barytone, Mr. 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 Branch Buster."

The pictures are brand new. "A Poor Family Holiday" is a comedy. "The Organ Grinder's Dream" is a pathetic drama. A picture full of thrilling scenes is entitled "The Ill-Famed Mill." A melodrama picture is "The Insane Mother."

SEVENTEEN-YEAR OLD
BOY KILLS A PRIEST

New York, N. Y., Sept. 22.—A sensational turn was given last night to the strange shooting of Rev. Father Arturo Ascencio, the Spanish priest, who was found wounded in Central Park on the night of September 14 last and who subsequently died, when 17-year-old Enrique Delara, son of a West Indian merchant, was arrested and charged with having murdered the priest.

The police say that in Delara's confession that the youth claims in justification of his act that Father Ascencio used improper language to him while the two were walking in Central Park.

Masculine Modes

The advance styles and colors for fall fashions are just about coming out of some of the smarter tailors. But there is as yet little change from the colors and fashions of the year. It is the time for radical changes in overcoatings and foot-wear, but not for men's wear generally, and decidedly not for suiting and suits.

Sometimes the fall or early winter brings with it a slight change in dress suits or waistcoats or collars or ties, and occasionally in hats. Hatters certainly advertise "the new fall shape" and so on, but it is only next month that will see the style in hats change, if, indeed, it will change.

The early fall showing of colors brings with it a fine display of grays, more so than has been seen for some years. All shades of gray from a fairly light shade to a dark will be styled in brown, and all shades of brown will also be favorites with good dressers. The brown that appears to be the most liked, is the lighter or ruddier color and the tobacco shades. Green and blue and purple are taking rather a back seat, although they are prominent enough in mixtures, which are leading their own strongly. The zebra stripe effect has largely fallen off in the new suitings, although stripes still hold their own as against any check effect. The small check has seen its day for sometime to come. Much of the striping in the new suitings is of the almost invisible kind. This is proof that the colors blend to perfection, for on close examination the stripes are very apparent.

Sack suits will be of quite the same cut as the summer ones, excepting that the waist effect will not be so well defined. Vests will be cut high or low to the taste of the individual, but a medium policy is being carried out by the best tailors. The vest, however, will just show itself when the coat is buttoned. The wearing of white slips, except with black or very dark suits, will not be general this fall, but instead, there will be a great variety of fancy vests of all sorts of material and of all sorts of bright colors as the season advances. At present the favorite color for the fancy vest seems to be a terra cotta, with white binding if worn with brown clothes, or blue braid if worn with gray.

A very striking coat for a business suit this fall is a tail coat of colored material, tweed or any rough suiting. It has three to four buttons. The tails are short, but the skirt is full and round and there are pockets in the side.

It is not every man that can wear a coat such as this and look just right. Before having one made it would be well to consult some tailor for his opinion.

The rush in the tailoring trade is just about to begin. Next week there will be definite styles for the new fall overcoats. The overcoatings are, like the suitings, gray and brown in color. And more gray than brown. The style promises to be long and loose for the general run of

GOUNOD'S FAUST
WAS WELL
SUNG

Last Night's Offering by the
Boston Opera Singers Was
Fully as Enjoyable as Il
Trovatore.

Gounod's great opera, Faust, was presented by the Boston opera singers in the Opera House last night, and though the audience was not by any means as large as the magnificent production warranted, it made up in applause and marks of appreciation for the lack in numbers. From first to last the opera was well sung, appropriately staged and costumed and ably acted.

Applause was frequent from the time the overture was played by the orchestra until the curtain went down on the last act.

It would be difficult to say which of the artists pleased most, as all acquitted themselves so well.

Roland Paul, who had the part of Faust to portray, handled it in an able manner, his rich tenor voice showing to good advantage, and as on the opening night he received generous applause.

In the role of Mephistopheles, Francis J. Boye gave an interpretation that brought forth marks of appreciation on the part of the audience at his every appearance.

He has a rich, clear basso voice that is equal, if not superior, to any ever heard in St. John. His duets with Faust were very fine and in several trios and quartettes he also appeared to excellent advantage.

Mme. Judith M. Francini made her first appearance last evening in the exacting role of Marguerite and in voice and action made a pleasing impression on the audience.

Her voice is of rare sweetness and when occasion calls for it has plenty of volume. Her acting in the garden scene and in the prison was warmly applauded.

Though Miss LeBaron's part as Siebel, did not give her many opportunities she made the most of them and added to the laurels she won on Monday evening by her clever acting and singing. She has a most pleasing contralto voice.

As Martha, Miss Alma Stetzel was heard for the first time and though she did not allow much scope she made the most of it and her rich contralto was especially pleasing in her members with Mephisto, Faust and Marguerite.

Daniel Contori made his bow to the audience in the role of Valentine and the audience showed their appreciation of his excellent singing and acting by applauding heartily.

His clear and strong baritone was heard to excellent advantage in the fourth act where he curses Marguerite after his fatal duel with Faust.

Mr. Warner, C. A. Pencilton appeared to good advantage and the choruses were well sung throughout.

The playing by the orchestra under the direction of Roberto E. Francini was one of the most pleasing features of the production.

Taken in all the performance was a grand success and any who miss seeing this company are deprived of a rare pleasure.

Tonight Verdi's La Traviata, will be given with Darling, La Richey, Alberti, Stetzel, Boyle and Howard in the cast.

YOUNG COLLEGE GIRL
TAKES HER OWN LIFE

Chesterfield, Mass., Sept. 22.—Phila Esther A. Hilbert, the 19-year-old Philadelphia girl, whose body was found in the woods a short distance from her mother's summer home in this town today, committed suicide by shooting herself through the head with a revolver. Dr. Wm. G. Kimball, after an autopsy today, reported that the girl had committed suicide standing up or in a kneeling position. No reason is known for the suicide. The girl had been studying during the summer in preparation for the entrance examinations to Smith College.

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A LOVING TRIBUTE TO
BISHOP CARMICHAEL

(Montreal Star.)

One of the most eloquent voices that ever sounded from a pulpit in Canada was silenced this morning when Bishop Carmichael died. The old Montrealer, indeed, hardly yet become accustomed to calling him "the Dean." To those of us who knew and loved him in the old days, he must always be "the Dean," just as his great countryman, Dean Swift, was always known in Dublin which "Dean" Carmichael knew so well by the same title. There might be other Deans, but he was "the Dean." And it was as "the Dean" that Bishop Carmichael won the admiration of a generation of church-goers in this city, and of every visitor who had a friend to tell him where to hear an eloquent sermon, for his matchless power as a pulpit orator.

At the disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Ireland three golden-tongued Irish clergymen came to Canada—Carmichael, Sullivan and Dumoulin. All three brought with them that priceless gift of the Irish race, tongue of fire; and all three have made their mark in the Church of England in this country. All three became Bishops, after having occupied and ornamented some of the best pulpits in the land. All three have been favorites in Montreal. But it is only natural that we have loved our own Carmichael best, for he has been so long identified with what is highest and most uplifting in our life that we cannot be blamed for regarding him as a son of our city.

His elevation to the Episcopacy was the rounding out of a fine career; and, in that high office, he has won the affection and esteem of the whole Church. Always popular as a preacher, this release to the work of preaching throughout his diocese gave many a congregation a chance to enjoy his ministrations who must otherwise have done without them.

That in this way, he has added greatly to the strength of his church must surely be obvious; and for this reason the loss caused by his death will be the heavier. Nor will the loss be confined to his own church. Bishop Carmichael was a valiant soldier for the right wherever the banners of righteousness were being fought.

His help could be counted on for any good cause, no matter under what roof its promoters worshipped. His death will leave vacancies in many a militant regiment battling the forces of evil, and they will be vacancies that will not be filled until the right man is found.

But Bishop Carmichael was more than a brilliant preacher and a great administrator. He was a man of overflowing sympathies and a warm affection for those with whom he labored, which led inevitably to his being loved in return. Hearts will be sore today because "the Dean" is dead. In many a home he will be mourned as an intimate and beloved friend. His appearances in the pulpit were no more effective than his quieter appearances in times of sorrow and of joy at the firesides of his people. It is here that the pastor does his most lasting work; and "the Dean" was always a great pastor. Canada has lost a churchman; Montreal has lost a public-spirited citizen; the Church of England has lost a splendid preacher; but the sharpest sorrow will be felt in the homes of his own people who have lost a guide, a comforter, and a friend.

OBITUARY

Thomas Troy

Newcastle, Sept. 21.—Thomas Troy, a much respected resident of Douglastown, died there yesterday, aged 69. He was a prominent Liberal speaker and organizer, and once contested the county for the House of Assembly. He was unmarried. The surviving brothers and sisters are: Wm., Chatham; P. B., Dalhousie; John and Miss Mary, at home; James M., Postmaster, Newcastle.

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E. CLINTON BROWN

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



Little Silverlocks ate the Little Bear's soup. Where is the little Bear?

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Upside down, face against right arm.

RECIPES FOR BREAKFAST CAKES

French Pan Cakes.—Beat smoothly together six eggs and a half a pound of flour. Melt four ounces of butter and add to the batter, with one ounce of sugar and a half pint of milk. Put a spoonful at a time into buttered frying-pan, and spread evenly on the surface.

Indian Pan Cakes.—Take a pint of cornmeal, a teaspoonful of salt, one of soda, pour on boiling water to make a thick mush; let stand until cool; add the yolks of four eggs, half a cupful of flour and stir in as much buttermilk as will make a good batter. Beat the whites of the eggs and stir them in. Bake in a well-greased skillet.

Crisped Wheat Griddle Cakes.—One teaspoonful of cracked wheat, two pints of flour, two spoonfuls of white sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, two of baking powder, one egg and one pint of milk. Boil the wheat in a half pint of water one hour before mixing it. Bake brown.

Bread Griddle Cakes.—Put half a pound of bread free from crust in warm water to soak. Beat one egg, half a pint of milk and a tablespoonful of brown sugar mixed together; add a scant teaspoonful of salt and two of baking powder. Drain the soaked bread dry and mix in the milk, thicken with one pint of flour and beat to a smooth batter. Bake on a hot griddle. Sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Rice Griddle Cakes.—Two cupfuls of cold boiled rice, one pint of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, half teaspoonful salt, two of baking powder, one egg, and a half pint of milk. Bake to a dark brown and serve with honey.

Plain Waffles.—Take a cake of any good yeast and make a sponge in the evening in the usual way. Next morning add two or three eggs, according to how many you have, one will do if the supply is small. Thin the sponge with milk; add a little sugar and they are ready to bake.

Bread Waffles.—Take stale bread and put it in water to soak, letting it stand



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