

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



A beautiful Dryad stepped quickly out of the tree. (From Frank R. Stockton's "Old Pipes and the Dryad.") Find "Old Pipes."

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Right side down, chin in old man's knee.

The KING OF DIAMONDS

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of:
"The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," Etc.
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(Continued.)

"The old story," he growled; "a fine artist retarded, perhaps spoiled, by the need to make too early an appearance. She wants a year in Milan, another year with Handegger or Leon, and she might if all went well, be a star."

His hearer chafed inwardly, but only hazarded the opinion that she was already a singer of rare intensity, while, as for appearance—

"Ah, there you are right," was the ready rejoinder. "The gaiety is right place. She would be admirable in light opera."

The conversation languished. The suggestion that Miss Atherley was best fitted for the stage was displeasing to Philip, he scarce knew why.

The girl was given a hearty encore, and her next song was a simple, humorous little ballad about a miller and a maid. It was charmingly sung and acted. The critic leaned back in his chair, and smiled at Philip with the indulgent air of the man who says:

"I told you so."

Soon Philip rose to go.

"Good heavens, man, you do not intend to leave before Jowkacy plays the suite in F minor?" queried his amazed acquaintance.

"Sorry, I have an engagement."

He quitted the hall, his tall figure riveting a good many eyes as he made his way toward an exit. One man, watching from the gallery, smiled cynically, and rose at the same time.

Philip found the foyer to be practically deserted. He asked a policeman on duty to call Mr. Anson's carriage from the ranks, and a footman came, quickly running lest he had incurred a reprimand for not being on the lookout for his master at the entrance.

In a very little time Miss Atherley appeared, and with her a handsome, elderly lady, who was quite obviously her mother. The girl was radiant. She never expected a cordial reception from a high-class audience, such as gathered to worship the violinist.

"Mother dear," she cried, "this is Mr. Anson, who very kindly came to my assistance when a cabman gave me some trouble last night."

Mrs. Atherley gave him a pleasant greeting, but turned to her daughter.

"Why didn't you tell me of any dispute when you returned home? You know how nervous I am when you are out at night."

The girl laughed merrily.

"You have answered your own question, carissima. That is precisely why I did not tell you."

Miss Atherley was good enough to permit me to meet you here after the concert," put in Philip, "so that I might add my assurances to her own that the affair was of no consequence. It is early yet. Will you come with me for some supper, and thus give me a chance of telling you how much I enjoyed your daughter's singing?"

Wise Philip, to pay court to the mother.

Mrs. Atherley, in no way deceived, yet gratified by the deference shown to her, gave the girl a questioning glance.

"Oh, do let me go, mamma! I am famished, I candidly admit it. Mr. Anson, I have subsisted since luncheon without a morsel."

"We will be delighted—" began the older lady, but her attention was attracted by the footman holding open the door of the carriage.

"That carriage yours?" she said to Philip.

"Yes."

"Where do we sup?"

"At the Savoy."

She flushed slightly.

"Not the Savoy," she faltered.

"Why not, mother?" cried the girl, spiritfully.

"Mr. Anson, my mother does not care to meet associates of—of other day. I tell her she thinks far too much of these considerations. Why should she fear to face them simply because we are poor?"

Avoid Appendicitis

It is caused by the clogging of the bowels and intestines. Keep the digestion active, the stomach right, the bowels healthy and open with

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streets."

"My uncle struck you."

"And you defended me, saved me from being locked up, in fact."

"Oh, this is too marvelous. Mother, you must remember."

"My dear one, I remember the event as if it had taken place yesterday. Your uncle would not have cared were you killed that night. All he wanted was your money. Now he has that, and mine. He was indeed a wicked man."

"Mother dear, he is unhappy. Are we? But, Mr. Anson, what wonderful change in your fortunes has taken place since our first meeting? Is the newspaper trade so thriving that a carriage and pair, a supper at the Savoy, stalls at the Regent's Hall, and a bouquet from Rosalind's are mere trimmings, so to speak, to a busy day?"

"Evelyn!" protested Mrs. Atherley. But the girl was too buoyant, too utterly oblivious of all that this meeting meant to Philip, to cease from chaffing him.

"Please, Mr. Anson, do tell us the secret. I will sell any paper you name. I get five guineas for singing two songs, I admit, but I may only sing them once a month. I have loads of time to run about crying 'Extremes!' 'Orrible disaster!' Or does the magic spring from writing those thrilling stories one sees placarded on the hoardings? I believe I could do it. I once won a prize in a lady's magazine for a set of verses, the genuine and unaided production of a girl aged under fourteen."

Philip compelled himself to respond to her mood. He promised to reveal his specific for money-making at some future period, when she should be sufficiently dazzled to accept his words as those of a prophet.

With the tact of a woman of the world, Mrs. Atherley led the conversation back to less personal channels. The great restaurant was rapidly filling now. The occupants of neighboring tables cast occasional glances at the merry trio which discussed the foibles of the musical world, the ways of agents, the little meannesses and petty spite of the greatest artists, and, incidentally, did ample justice to an excellent meal.

Philip thought he had never before met such a delightful girl. Evelyn was quite certain that some unknown good fairy had given her this pleasant acquaintance.

Mrs. Atherley, after a silent space of regret that her daughter should be denied the position in the greater world for which she was so admirably fitted, abandoned herself to the infectious gaiety of the younger people.

Both she and Evelyn confessed to a feeling of renewed surprise when Philip happened to mention his London address.

Whatever faults the denizens of Park Lane may possess, that of being unknown cannot be reckoned among them, and Mrs. Atherley, in a period not very remote, knew the occupants of every house in the city.

At last a most enjoyable meal came to an end. Philip, supported most ably by a skilled head waiter, spun out to the utmost possible limit, but the inexorable clock would not be denied.

He thought the two ladies might prefer to drive home alone, so he sent them away in his carriage, and made an excuse that he had an appointment at his club.

In truth, he wished to be free to walk far and fast, while his excited brain demanded a solution of the strange congeries of events which had so crowded into his life during forty-eight hours.

(To be continued.)

JOSEPH SELMAN'S RULES

On his dressing table, at the Opera House, Joseph Selman has the following rules posted:

Be critical with your work, that others may judge it less harshly.

If a man misjudges you, forgive him. To err is human, to forgive, divine.

You may have to pay the price for standing by right principles, but your work will show the result.

Do not have one set of morals in your home and another in business. Right is right and wrong is wrong.

The read worker loves his work and to it will sacrifice any pleasure.

There will be plenty of clouds in your workday life. Remember that the most beautiful sunsets come after cloudy days.

Hesitate about giving explanations unless you are asked for them. Apologies are often mistaken for confessions of wrong.

Do more than you are paid for. Remember it takes some people a long time to pay their bills.

Allow people to criticise your work all they like, but resent any unfair attack on your character.

Know more than your work demands. Extra change is a convenient thing.

When you get discouraged try and begin anew.

There are those who achieve much when they are young; more earn their rewards with years.

Recall some of the things your mother taught you when young, they are worth remembering.

You can beat a dray horse, but a race needs sympathy and encouragement.

To-day and to-day make the morrows. Never lie. Honest work is built on true principles.

If your work is not appreciated you have not failed. Experience counts for something.

If your health is gone, regain it first, you can do little without it.

Make the interests of your company your own.

We sing in one voice, we speak in another. The truth is we should sing and speak in the tone of melody. If this science of speech were understood and applied it would make our daily speech more like a prose poem, with the melody of the lyre shining through it all rather than a dry, and, as it often is, rasping statement of facts.

An actor's lines, beautiful in their spiritual or artistic significance can be marred of lost through a shrill or indistinct delivery.

Geo. Carvill, city ticket agent of the I. C. R., yesterday received notice from Moncton that the I. C. R. motor car service between St. John and Drury Cove Road has been discontinued.

Pills That Never Gripe.

They cure headaches, relieve constipation, help digestion, clear the skin, make you feel better in one night. That's how Dr. Hamilton's Pills act. No family medicine equals Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Try them.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



LIGHT COLORED CLOTH COSTUMES THE VOGUE.

Broadcloth of a light weight and color will be employed extensively in dress costumes for the fall and winter. Skirts are most attractive when depending upon the artistic cut for their charm, long lines being always most desirable. Best results are accomplished when the bodice and skirt are fashioned in one piece, the former with long sleeves and high neck and a discreet use of handsome trimmings.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

A WIFE'S SECRET TONIGHT

Hal Reid's great home play, "A Wife's Secret," will be revived this evening by the Selman Stock Company in the Opera House. This play appeals to all classes, containing good comedy scenes, beautiful stage settings and one of the most thrilling situations ever staged—the befalling scene where the heroine seeks to hurt herself to the street to avoid the scandal, George Warren, and is rescued in the nick of time by the minister. Thunder of applause greeted this scene. Mr. Selman plays "John Madison" and Miss Du Bois "Mona," the heroine.

An entire change of specialties by the clever Theodore Daly; the comedian, Harry Wilson, Misses Eastcourt and Herman, will be given.

Miss Bernetta Callahan will play Marie Madison. This is not the little lady's first appearance with a professional company. She is the seven year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Callahan, 42 Brussels street.

AT THE CEDAR.

New songs and pictures at the Cedar Theatre. "The Snow Mill," "The Tyrant Fendal Lord," "Indiscreet Father and Son," "Faithful Governess Rewarded." All new. Admission 5 cents.

WEDDINGS

Stevens-Affingham

A very pretty wedding took place in Carleton Methodist church at 7 o'clock this morning, when Wesley Stevens, a popular employee in the Union Foundry, was married to Miss Bessie May Affingham, an active member of the Epworth League and teacher in the Sunday school of Carleton Methodist church.

The bride was given away by her father and the wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. J. A. Heaney, B. A., pastor of the church. As the bride entered the church with her father the bridal chorus from Lohengrin was played by Miss Beatey. The bride wore a pretty costume of cream chiffon Panama with hat to match. Her travelling dress is of blue broadcloth. The young couple have received numerous presents, including one from the bride's friends in the Epworth League and Sunday school.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevens left on the steamer Camden for a honeymoon trip to Boston and New York and on their return will like up their residence at 205 Paradise row.

Walsh-Ring

A pretty wedding was celebrated at the Church of the Assumption, West Side, at 6 o'clock this morning, when Rev. J. J. O'Donovan united in wedlock Miss Gertrude Ring, daughter of the late Edward Ring and William P. Walsh, of Springfield, Mass., but now located in Halifax.

The bride looked charming in a costume of cream broad cloth with black picture hat with ostrich plumes. Her bouquet was cream roses. She was attended by her niece Miss Agnes Scully who wore cream freetee net over taffata and she wore a white lace picture hat to match. She carried a bouquet of pink roses. The groom was supported by Timothy Haggerty. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law Ald Scully.

After a wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Walsh left on a honeymoon trip to Boston and New York. They will reside in Halifax.

The brides going out costume was a tailor made suit of Copenhagen blue with picture hat to match. The groom's sisters Misses Louisa and Anna from Springfield were among the guests.

The groom was substantially remembered by his employers the Maritime Paint and Varnish Company, for whom he is the Maritime representative. There was also a very fine array of cut glass and silverware.

MacDonald-Shanklin

Much interest will be taken in the announcement of the marriage of Miss Annie J. Shanklin, of Shanklin Settlement, St. John county, and Rev. J. R. MacDonald, of Vegreville (Alta.), but formerly of P. E. Island, which was solemnized yesterday afternoon at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Shanklin. The nuptial knot was tied by Rev. J. E. Shanklin, brother of the bride, in the presence of a large number

FAMOUS FABLE AT NICKEL

This is change-of-programme day at the Nickel again and a fine gallery of animated photographs will be hung up on the big curtain for the entertainment of the great crowds who attend all good shows at this resort. The chief feature of the new bill will be one of the best-known fables, one that is more frequently quoted than others, namely: "The Miller, His Son and His Mule." Pathe Freres have elaborated this fable gorgeously and it makes a most charming picture. "Not Yet, But Soon," is a Chicago comedy of continuous laughter, "Jim is Fond of Garlic" is an imported farce, and "In the Nick of Time," is something stirringly dramatic. The Humano Company will tonight conclude the strongly emotional playlet, "Fire-side Reminiscences," which made another profound impression last night. Thursday the Humano Co. will put on that delirium of laughter, "A Count of No Account," the most ludicrous comedy yet converted to the purposes of talking pictures. In New York, Boston and other centres it has run weeks at a stretch to tremendous business. The songs now being sung at the Nickel are being well received.

of the friends and relatives of the popular couple.

The bride was becomingly gowned in white. She was unattended. After a wedding supper, Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald drove to the city and left on the 7 o'clock train on their way west. They will visit Quebec, Montreal, Chicago and other cities.

Mrs. MacDonald was one of the best known teachers in the province, having been a valued member of the city school staff for some years. She was also a member of the first group of teachers awarded scholarships at the Macdonald Institute, Guelph (Ont.), and was very popular with her associates. She carries with her in her new life the hearty good wishes of a host of friends.

The groom is a graduate of Mt. Allison University and was formerly a member of the N. B. and P. E. I. Methodist conference.

Emmerson-Steven

The marriage of Mr. Randall Emmerson, son of Judge Emmerson of this city, and Miss Laurie Steven, daughter of Colonel Steven, of Point Du Chene, took place at Sussex on Saturday, August 29, at the United Baptist parsonage, Church avenue. The ceremony was performed at 7 o'clock in the evening by Rev. W. F. Allton, pastor of the Church. Rev. Emmerson, of the I. C. R.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmerson left on Saturday evening on a trip to St. John and Fredericton, after which they will visit Moncton and Point Du Chene for a few days, before leaving for their future home in Western Canada, where they will make their home at Prince Rupert.

Idifio: States B.V. FulF

OBITUARY

Hugh Blair

Hugh Blair, a former well known employee of the I. C. R., died at his home last night, aged sixty-six years. He had been sick only four days, with paralysis. Besides his wife he is survived by two sons, and two daughters who live at home. The sons are W. H. Blair, baggage master on the I. C. R., and F. W. Blair, of the Cornwall cotton mills. Mr. Blair was popular with a wide circle of friends, who will be sorry to hear of his death.

The season for shooting small game opened yesterday and many men and youths were out the Red Head road after ducks and snipe.

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When youngsters get cramps, indigestion and bowel trouble, when they toss and roll in their sleep, try Nerville's—just a few drops in sweetened water. Nothing better than Polson's Nerville. Thousands say so.

THE MOROCCAN PROBLEM

Anti-Foreign Feeling Made Mulai Hafid's Usurpation Possible
---May be Another Pretender---Mulai Hafid Will Have Difficulty in Consolidating His Sovereignty of the Entire Country.

London, Sept. 1.—The Moroccan revolution has followed that of the Turks, and although it is of vastly less importance to Europe, it produces a diplomatic problem of considerable interest. It is hoped with much confidence that the Algeiras agreement may be transferred bodily to the new conditions. This is on the assumption, of course, that Mulai Hafid will succeed promptly in consolidating his sovereignty of the entire country but it is by no means certain that he will be able to supply this easy solution of the Moroccan problem. It was really owing to the strength of the Holy War fanaticism and the anti-foreign feeling that his usurpation became possible. The first movement in his favor in the South had for its object to have the country free from foreigners. Mulai, of course, is wise enough to understand that he can rule only with the consent of Europe, and that his attitude towards foreigners, especially the French, whom his followers most detest, must be friendly. He has already so declared himself, and he expressed his willingness to accept in full the Algeiras agreement, but the fanatical tribesmen who have put him on the throne are likely to realize soon that there is not much difference between Mulai Hafid and Abdul Aziz.

So far as the real independence of Morocco is concerned, the situation, indeed, is far from stable, and the early appearance of another pretender is not improbable. In the meantime Europe will wait. No power will recognize Mulai. He must apply for recognition through diplomatic channels. The action of the powers will then be decided by an exchange of diplomatic notes, either France or Spain probably taking the initiative in opening the question.

Thus far there has been no indication of any opposition to the simple solution of the question above suggested. Germany, of course, is the only possible source of friction. There is no suggestion from Berlin, however, of any fresh desire on the part of the Kaiser to fish in troubled waters. The demand for another conference, which has been discussed in some quarters this week, would preclude trouble for another embargo like that at Algeiras, which was settled with the greatest difficulty, would be regarded with apprehension in diplomatic circles.

Casablanca, August 30.—(Associated Press).—The position of Abdul Aziz, the sultan of record, who recently met with a heavy defeat at the hands of the forces of Mulai Hafid, appears to show improvement. Advice received here confirms the defeat of Caid Glaoui, one of Hafid's strongest adherents, by the Shragna tribesmen, followers of Abdul Aziz, and word comes along that Mtougi, one of the chiefs who recently joined the forces of Abdul Aziz, is sweeping all before him, having defeated the Hafidites' leader, Erraoui, killing forty of his men. Mtougi, according to the report, has now surrounded Morocco City.

Abdul Aziz, who at the time of his defeat fled to Settati, has arrived at Kasbah Rehid. In an interview he claimed that his defeat was unimportant, being entirely due to the treachery of his men. Prospects, he said, are already beginning to brighten, and he is considering the question of returning to Morocco City. If Chief Mtougi is successful, it is likely that he will do so, but he would only march there with tribesmen of whose loyalty he is absolutely certain.

"Nothing is lost," said the Sultan, "he who knows how to profit by the lessons of the past is stronger in the future."



Rooter—That slow drop of yours is a corker. Why, you struck out twelve men with it!
Pitcher—Yep, I call it the solar plexus; it's a knock-out-drop, see?



Mrs. Hogan—Oh hear your son Patrick died very suddenly. Was his dith unexpected?
Mrs. Doran—It was. We expected a pardon from the guv'nor to th' very last minute.

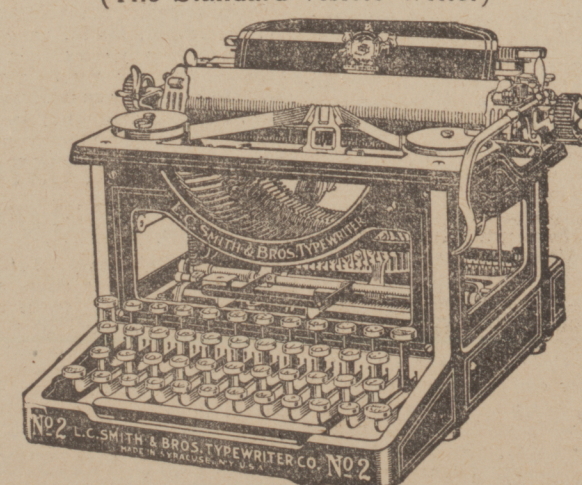
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