# A Dainty

## One-Piece Combination Garment

### Corset Cover, Skirt, Drawers

¶ All made from Nainsook, trimmed with neat patterns of lace and embroidery, no bands, no tapes or buttons to annoy, an absolute necessity to a well fitted form. To introduce this Combination Garment

# H. G. MARR

163 UNION STREET AND
168 MAIN STREET, MONCTON

Will sell them for a few days for **$1.00 per Garment**

Good value at $1.50 and $2.00. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price.


# The KING OF DIAMONDS

By LOUIS TRACY

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

He filled a small tin at the scullery tap and ran with it to the scene of the capture. The constable was gently shaking his prize and addressing him by name.

"Jocky! Jocky Mason! Pull yourself together. This way for the Old Bailey!"

"If you please," said Philip, "I would be very greatly obliged were my name not mentioned at all with reference to this affair."

The policeman, whose senses were normal again, was instantly impressed by the boy's grand manner. His accent was that of the men of the University Mission. And how many boys of his age would have struck so straight and truly at a critical moment?

"Well, don't you see, that will be rather difficult," was the answer. "It was you who told me where he was, and the man himself knows that without somebody's help I could not have arrested him. There is no need to mince matters. I have you to thank for not being laid here stiff."

Philip said no more. To press his request implied a powerful motive. The stars in their courses must have conspired that day to supply him with excitement.

Mason eagerly gulped the water held to his lips. Then he tried to raise his right hand to his head. Ah! He understood. A flood of oaths began to meander thickly from his mouth.

"That's better," said the constable, encouragingly. "Now, up you get! It's no use, Jocky. I won't let you kick me. You must either go quietly or I will drag you to the street over the stones, and that will hurt."

The man glared dully at his captor. With the apathy of his class he knew when he was beaten, and became submissive in demeanor. Philip, holding his candle aloft, marveled at his own temerity in hitting this giant oxlike in size and strength.

Mason wobbled his head and craned his neck awkwardly.

"Oo gev me that crack on the nut?" he asked.

"The roof dropped," was the jocular reply.

"Not it. I 'ad yer dahn, Sailor. I was on yer afore ye could use yer stick. Ye was fairly bested until somebody ahted me wiv a welt on the skylight."

"Never mind, Jocky. It'll hurt you to think just now. Come on."

But the exconvict became sensible of the unwonted light in the deserted house, and slowly turned his head until his glance rested on Philip.

"Why!" he roared, with an imprecaution, "that's the bloomin' kid 'oo found the di-monds. I seed 'im a-countin' of 'em. White stones, the paper said, an' bits of iron, too. A trunk full of 'em. 'E 'as one in 'is pocket is big as an egg."

The policeman laughed. So did Philip, shrilly, with ready acceptance of the cue.

"Come along, Jocky, you're wool-gathering. I'll get you a pint of coffee at the station just to show there's no malice," said the constable.

"The water was too strong for him," put in Philip.

The ex-convict began to protest, but he wasted words in swearing. The "Sailor" grasped him by the arm and marched him down the yard, saying over his shoulder:

"Pull that door to. I'll come back for my coat in half an hour."

Philip followed, but in a sea of perplexity. He heard Mason's frantic expostulations to the policeman—what was an extra stripe to the loss of untold wealth—that youngster was richer than Rothschild, the papers said—the small lot he showed in the police court were worth fifty thousand pounds—and he had tons more.

It was all of no avail. Certainly the constable had never heard such queer reasons advanced for stopping an arrest, but Mason was obviously dazed for the time—maundering about the story which everybody talked of. He would change his tune when he learned to whom he was indebted for his capture.

The boy walked behind them mechanically, shading the candle with his hand. He was so absorbed with his tumultuous thoughts that the first indication he received of anything bizarre in his appearance was the giggling of a girl who saw him standing in the arch of the mews carefully shielding the flickering wick.

He blew it out. A clock in the small jeweler's shop opposite showed the time—ten minutes past eleven. In that part of London, a busy hive of men and women of the working class, he had no chance of removing his belongings before the policeman returned.

What would happen if the friendly constable believed Jocky Mason's excited statements? True, Philip had no reason to fear the law. But with exposure might come other troubles. Would anyone advance a claim to his meteor? Mr. Abingdon hinted at such a thing. He paid no rent for his house; he might be turned out instantly—refused permission to remove anything except his few unsalable household goods.

Assuredly he was in an awkward predicament. Of course, there was a chance that the policeman would continue to laugh at the convict's folly. If he did not, there would certainly be complications. Could he avoid them by any means? Where was there a safe hiding place for his diamonds until next day? Would mother inspire him again as she had not failed to do during so many strange events? Would her spirit guide his footsteps across this new quicksand on whose verge he hesitated?

A few doors to the left was O'Brien's shop. The old man crept into sight, staggering under the weight of a shutter. Good gracious! Why had he not thought of this ally sooner? Some precious minutes were wasted already.

"Arrah, Phil, phwat in the worruld—"

"Wait just the least bit, Mr. O'Brien. I have some portmanteaux that I want to store for the night. Do let me put them at the back of your shop. My place is not very safe, you know."

"Sure, boy, that's a shmall thing to ax. Bring 'em, an' welcome."

With the speed of a deer Philip dived into the mews. He carried the two lesser bags without extraordinary difficulty, and deposited them behind O'Brien's counter. The third was almost too much for him, as the weight was all in one hand. But he got it there, breathless with the exertion.

He had to open the fourth and tear out the stuffing of paper. When filled with the packages taken from the fifth it was beyond his power to lift it. So he dragged it bodily along the mews and into the shop.

A passer-by offered to help him.

"No thanks," he managed to say, though the effort to speak calmly took away his remaining breath. "I am only taking it to the shop there."

The man glanced at the shop—it was a marine store dealer's—a place where lead and brass found ready sale. He passed on.

"Be the forchun uv war, Phil, where did ye get the iligant leather trunks, an' phwat's in them?" inquired the astonish pensioner.

The boy bravely called a smile to his aid. "I have a big story to tell you one of these days, Mr. O'Brien, but I have no time to-night. These things will not be in your way until the morning?"

"The divil a bit. If things go on as they are, there'll soon be room enough in the poor ould shop. To think, afther all these years, that a murtherin' thief in the War Office——"

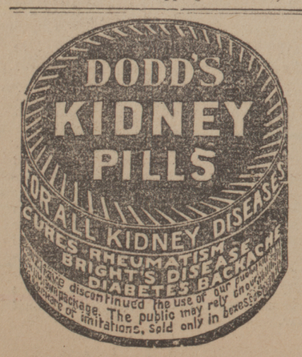
Philip was safe. He rapidly helped his friend to put up the shutters, and rushed back to No. 3. Even yet he was not quite prepared for eventualities. He ran upstairs and gathered a few articles belonging to his mother, articles he never endeavored to sell even when pinched by hunger.

The last dress she wore, her boots, a hat, an album with photographs, some toilet accessories from the tiny dressing table, the coverlet of the bed on which she died—these and kindered mementoes made a very credible bulk in the denuded portmanteau.

He gave one glance at the hole in the back yard as he went to the coal house for a fresh supply of coal. That must remain. It probably would not be seen. In any case it remained inexplicable.

He was stirring the fire when a tap sounded on the door and the policeman entered, followed by an inspector.

(To be Continued.)



## Fashion Hint for Times Readers



PRETTY AND PRACTICAL MOTORING GARB.

With every succeeding season women are demanding prettier motoring garb which at the same time must be practical. Some of the mohair and pongee coats designed for midsummer use are as natty and trim as are any of those used for walking, so accurately do they follow the lines of the figure without being in the least degree tight-fitting or difficult to draw on hastily. A favorite model, somewhat on ulster lines, has deep inverted box pleats at back and front, stitched down flatly to below the hips, and collar, cuffs and pocket flaps of striped or checked satin in contrasting shades.

## NEWS BUDGET FROM ENGLAND

### Interesting Items From the Motherland Across the Sea.

London, Aug. 14.—At a fete opened at Wotton-under-Edge by the Duchess of Beaufort, the exhibits were children's pets. One was an eel, so tame that it would come to be fed when the owner signalled by tapping.

During the present parliamentary session so far 16,207 telegrams were despatched from the House of Commons post-office and 11,732 received; 710,000 letters were posted and 982,800 received; 5,120 postal orders were issued. There were 6,871 telephone calls. Stamps were sold to the value of £1,878, and 28,160 press telegrams were despatched.

Miss Lily Smith, daughter of Supt. Smith, of the Clerkenwell Fire Brigade, had a three hours' swim in the Channel the other day. Miss Smith has an excellent record as a long distance swimmer. She will attempt the cross-Channel swim laterw.

Isaac Woodward, who served in the 95th Regiment (Sherwood Foresters) throughout the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny, was buried on Saturday with military honors at West Bergholt, Colchester. Woodward is said to have been the third English soldier who stepped ashore on the Crimea Peninsula, and he was one of the last to leave.

The British Consul at Biarritz has officially presented to the town of Biarritz an ambulance carriage with all the latest improvements, given by King Edward to the hospital authorities as a souvenir of his stay at that place.

A donation of 500 guineas has been received by King Edward's Hospital Fund from the Prime Minister of Nepal. His Excellency expressed himself as being much in sympathy with the objects of the fund.


### Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by 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 surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.


## CLIPPINGS FOR PRINCE

### Paper Items, Bound in Volumes, Lined With Moire Silk.

New York, Aug. 14.—What will probably be one of the most elaborate compilation of newspaper clippings ever gotten up in this country will shortly be presented to the Prince of Wales by the municipality of Quebec. It comprises clippings from America and Canadian papers covering the recent tercentenary celebration in Canada. The work, which is being compiled by Walter Hyams & Company, of this city, will be in several volumes lined with moire silk. Massive silver plates emblazoned with the royal arms of Great Britain and surrounded by a delicate tracery of small flowers will surmount the covers.






## AN AFFINITY CURE

### Brand on Chin of Married Women Suggested as Divorce Check.

Warsaw, Ind., Aug. 14.—"There would be fewer affinities and divorces if all married women in the United States were tatooed on the chin," said the Rev. Arthur Rawel, native of Maoriland, New Zealand, in addressing an audience of 3,000 today at Winona Like assembly. He added: "Now that I am headed for Washington, I think that I shall ask President Roosevelt to use his influence to have such a bill put through Congress"


### DANGEROUS OPIATES

Most of the liquid medicine advertised to cure stomach and bowel troubles and summer complaints contain opiates and are dangerous. When the mother gives Baby's Own Tablets to her little ones she has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or narcotic. And she has the assurance that no other medicine will so speedily cure stomach and bowel troubles, if they come unexpectedly. Give the well child an occasional dose to these tablets and they will prevent sickness by clearing the stomach and bowels of offending matter. Mrs. Wilbert Bone, Carrville, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles and know of no other medicine so satisfactory." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.


## BALZAC'S HOUSE A MUSEUM

### Little Place in Passy Where Novelist Lived Opened as Memorial.

Paris, Aug. 14.—The little house which Balzac occupied from 1842 to 1847 has been leased and opened as a Balzac museum by several of the great author's admirers. The house, 47 Rue Raynouard, in Passy, has a long history. It was built in 1753 by Jean de Julienne, a rich financier, who was director at that time of the Gobelin manufactories. At his death it passed to M. Bertin. The part of the house in which Balzac lived was built later, in fact, just a few years before the author took up his residence there.

The entrance is on the garden. It opens on a vestibule which leads directly into Balzac's sleeping chamber, and it is in this room that the first objects which have been given to the museum are placed. There are two plaster sketches of Balzac—one by Rodin, the other by Marquet de Vasselot. On the walls are many lithographs and engravings, illustrations taken from first editions, and in a glass case are ink wells and other objects used by Balzac while in this house. Off the bedchamber are a workroom and a little salon, the rooms which comprised Balzac's suite. At present these are empty, but it is hoped that they will soon be filled with interesting souvenirs of the author of the "Comedie Humaine."

## SKULL SCARES SEXTON

### Comes Up Through Earth and Advances Toward Him.

London, Aug. 14.—James Green, sexton and parish clerk at Horsted Keynes (Sussex), has had a strange experience.

While digging in the churchyard he noticed a skull protruding from the soil, and he took care to avoid disturbing it. As he went on digging, however, he thought he saw the skull repeatedly move. The incident so got on his nerves that at last he put down his spade and watched.

In a few moments the skull came completely through the earth and moved towards the sexton. Just as Mr. Green's astonishment reached its highest point, the mystery was solved by a mole creeping out of the skull, in which it was subsequently discovered, it had made its nest.

REPARTEE.

An English lord and his Irish valet were riding along a country road, when they passed a gibbet. The Englishman said jokingly, "Pat, if the gallows had its due, where would you be?"

Pat immediately retorted, "Faith, an' I'd be riding alone, sor!"—Judge's Library.


## "ONLY MEDICINE THAT DID ME ANY GOOD"

"Fruit-a-tives" Cured Backache After Doctors Failed Utterly



I have received most wonderful benefit from taking "Fruit-a-tives." I suffered for years from backaches and pain in the head and I consulted doctors and took every remedy obtainable without any relief. Then I began taking "Fruit-a-tives" and this was the only medicine that ever did me any real good. I took several boxes altogether, and now I am entirely well of all my dreadful headaches and backaches. I take "Fruit-a-tives" occasionally still, but I am quite cured of a trouble that was said to be incurable. I give this testimony voluntarily, in order that others who suffer as I suffered may try this wonderful medicine and be cured."

Mrs. Frank Eaton, Frankville, Ont.

Be wise. Profit by Mrs. Eaton's example, and start with "Fruit-a-tives." They will quickly relieve Pain in the Back, and stop Headaches because they keep bowels, kidneys and skin in perfect order and insure the blood being always pure and rich.

"Fruit-a-tives" is now put up in the new 25c trial size as well as the regular 50c boxes. All dealers should have both sizes. If yours does not, write Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.


## MUST NOT ASK FOR THE TIPS

### British Court Upholds Cunard Line for Blacklisting one of Their Stewards.

London, August 14.—A case interesting to traveling Americans because it concerned the question of tips, was heard last week before the Liverpool Court of Passage. Mr. Parke, an American, who crossed from New York to Liverpool on the Cunard steamship Carmania in August, 1906, distributed tips to the amount of $35 among the stewards, but took all the money back again owing to the annoyance he experienced over an incident connected with the distribution of his largesse.

Mr. Parke also complained to the management of the line, and one of the stewards was dismissed. This was a man named Walter Roche, who later brought suit against the company on the ground that he had been libelled, the shore superintendent of the Cunard Company having sent communications to the other steamship companies saying that Roche had been dismissed for soliciting tips from passengers.

One communication was as follows: "Private and confidential: We beg to inform you that the name mentioned below has been placed on the black list of this line for soliciting fees." The White Star line was one of the companies which received this document, and in consequence they refused Roche's application for employment.

The second alleged libel was a circular to the chief steward of the Lucania relative to Roche's case. This circular went on to say "if any steward is found soliciting fees his career is absolutely ruined, for he will be reported to all shipping companies and will not be employed in the company afterward." This was published not only in the cabins, but in the New York mess-room, so that the plaintiff was ear-marked thousands of miles away.

Roche's counsel urged that the practice of tipping was certainly winked at by the shipping authorities. Counsel for the defence admitted the publication of the documents complained of, and submitted that it was sufficient for him to show the truth of the statement that the plaintiff was dismissed for soliciting fees. There was no need to enquire when or whether or not the offence was actually committed.

Counsel also contended that the communications were privileged, arguing that to exchange black lists was in the common interest of the passengers and the shipping companies. Soliciting tips was a most serious offence. Stewards were allowed to accept tips, but not to ask for them.

The judge ruled that the occasion was privileged and the jury gave a verdict for the defendant company.


### Complaint About Water.

If the water you drink disagrees, causes cramps, diarrhoea or gas, take a few drops of Nerviline three times a day. It tones the stomach, prevents bowel disorders, aids digestion, overcomes ill effects of bad water and unripe fruit. Try a 25c bottle of Polson's Nerviline.


## CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST DEAD

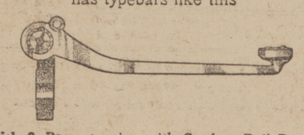
Kingston, Ont., Aug. 14.—Daniel Reeves, ex-alderman and otherwise a prominent citizen, died here after a brief illness. He had been troubled with jaundice for several days, but no doctor was summoned until Tuesday, when, by the doctor's orders, he was immediately removed to the General Hospital. The deceased was a prominent member of the Orange Order and had filled various positions in the City Council, Board of Health and Board of Education. He has been a member of the Christian Science faith for the past ten years.

Public improvements to cost $600,000 are under way in Scranton, Pa. They include sewers, paving of streets, bridges and sidewalks.


THE NEW MODEL

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has typebars like this



L. C. Smith & Bros. typebar with Gardner Ball-Bearing Joint

THE ADVANTAGES:

**LONG LIFE**---a typewriter that defies wear. That's one.

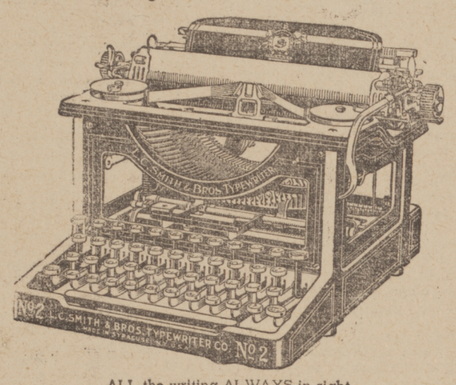
**PERMANENT ADJUSTMENT**---Keeps on doing good work as when you bought it. That's another.

**REPAIRS MINIMIZED**---most typewriter troubles have been type-Bar troubles. Another yet.

**Good-bye to Friction**---and that's what the Ball-Bearings are for.

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**E. E. Batty, Dufferin Hotel, St. John.**

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Put in the bin on the ground floor 25c. extra

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