

Profitable Hours

PARSONS West End

Attend Our Hour Sales and Save Money

Monday Morning

10 to 11 a. m.

CHILDREN'S SILK HOODS, 30c. Now 15c.
CHILDREN'S SILK HOODS, 45c. Now 23c.
CHILDREN'S SILK HOODS, 60c. Now 30c.
CHILDREN'S SILK HOODS, 75c. Now 38c.
CHILDREN'S SILK HOODS, \$1.25 Now 63c.
CHILDREN'S SILK HOODS, \$1.50 Now 76c.

11 to 12 a. m.

BOYS' WASH BLOUSES 23c.
BOYS' WASH SUITS, 95c. Now 48c.
BOYS' WASH SUITS, \$1.25 Now 63c.
BOYS' WASH SUITS, \$1.65 Now 83c.
BOYS' WHITE LINEN HATS 18c.

3 to 4 p. m.

LADIES' BLACK SATEEN UNDERSKIRTS, \$1.50, for 98c.
LADIES' WHITE CAMBRIC SKIRTS, Hamb. and Lace
Trimmed, \$1.50 and \$1.25 Skirts, 98c.; \$1.00 Skirts, 62c.

6 to 7 p. m.

CHILDREN'S BUSTER BROWN DRESSES, 85c. Now 43c.
CHILDREN'S BUSTER BROWN DRESSES, \$1.10 Now 79c.
CHILDREN'S BUSTER BROWN DRESSES, \$1.35 Now 98c.
CHILDREN'S WHITE PIQUE COATS, \$2.40 and \$2.25
Coats Now \$1.59
CHILDREN'S WHITE PIQUE COATS, \$1.75 Coat; now \$1.29
CHILDREN'S WHITE LAWN DRESSES, 85c. Now 59c.
CHILDREN'S WHITE LAWN DRESSES, \$1.25 Now 79c.
CHILDREN'S WHITE LAWN DRESSES, \$1.75 Now \$1.19
CHILDREN'S WHITE LAWN DRESSES, \$2.45 Dress for \$1.79
CHILDREN'S ROMPER SUITS, 85c. Suit for 49c.
CHILDREN'S WHITE PIQUE COAT, 95c. Coat 69c.
CHILDREN'S WHITE PIQUE COAT, \$1.55. Coat 98c.

Prices strictly cash. No goods advertised
allowed on approval or exchanged.

E. O. Parsons

258-260 King Street

WEST END

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 Hutton Garden magnate again related the circumstances attending Philip's arrest, and the inspector promptly asked: "What charge shall I enter? You gave him into custody. Do you think he has stolen the diamonds?"
Isaacstein had been thinking hard during a short car drive. His reply was unexpectedly frank.
"He could not have stolen what never existed. There is no such known collection of meteoric diamonds in the world."
"But there must be, because they are here."
By this time the parcel of dirty-white stones was lying open on the counter, and both Jew and policeman were gazing at them intently. There was a netting logic in the inspector's retort.
"I cannot answer that," said Isaacstein, shortly. "I can only state the facts. If any other man in the city of London is a higher authority on diamonds than I, go to him and ask his opinion."
"Mr. Isaacstein is right," interposed Philip. "No one else owns diamonds like mine. No one else can obtain them. I have robbed no man. Give me my diamonds and let me go."
The inspector laughed officially. He gazed intently at Philip, and then sought illumination from the Jew's perturbed countenance, but Isaacstein was moodily examining the contents of the paper and turning over both the stones and the scraps of iron with an air of profound mystification.
"I'll tell you what," said the inspector, jubilantly, after a slight pause. "We will charge him with being in unlawful possession of certain diamonds, supposed to have been stolen. He has given me a false name and a silly address. Park Lane, the young imp, said he lived in."
"A man in your position ought to be more accurate," interposed Philip. "I did not say I lived in Park Lane. I told you I intended to buy a house there."
Seldom, indeed, were the minor details of the police station heeded in this fashion, and by a callow youth. But the inspector was making the copierplate hair strokes which had gained him promotion, and his brain had gone back to its normal dullness.
"I will just see if we cannot bring him before a magistrate at once," he said, addressing Mr. Isaacstein. "Can you make it convenient to attend the court within

an hour or so? Then we will get a week's remand, and we will soon find out."
"A week's remand!" Philip became white again, and those large eyes of his began to burn. "What have I done?"
"Silence! Search him carefully and take him to the cells."
The boy turned despairingly to the Jew. "Mr. Isaacstein," he said, with a pitiful break in his voice, "why do you let them do this thing? You are a rich man, and well known. Tell them they are wrong."
But Isaacstein was wobbling now in a renewed state of excitement.
"What can I do, boy?" he vociferated, almost hysterically. "You must say where you got these stones, and then, perhaps, you can clear up everything."
Philip's lips met in a thin seam.
"I will never tell you," he answered and not another word would he utter.
They searched him and found nothing in his pockets save a key a broken knife, some bits of string neatly coiled, and a couple of buttons. He spent the next hour miserably in a whitewashed cell. He refused some coffee and bread brought to him at twelve o'clock, and this was the only sentient break in a wild jumble of conflicting thoughts. The idea came to him that he must be dreaming—that soon he would awaken amidst the familiar surroundings of Johnson's Mews. To convince himself that this was not so, he reviewed the history of the preceding twenty-four hours. At that time yesterday he was going to Fleet street with a capital of ninnepence to buy a quire of newspapers. He remembered where he had sold each of the five copies, where he bought a penny bun, and how he came to lose his stock and get cuffed into the bargain for rescuing a girl from an overturning carriage.
Then his mind reverted to his fixed resolve to hang himself, and his stolid preparations for the last act in his young life's tragedy. Was that where the dream started, or was the whole thing a definite reality, needing only a stout heart and unflinching purpose to carry him through triumphantly? Yes. That was it. "Be strong and brave and all will be well with you." Surely his mother had looked beyond the grave when she uttered her parting words. Perhaps, if he lay down and closed his eyes, he would see her. He always hoped to see her in his dreams, but never was the vision vouchsafed to him. Fleet street, the sound sleep of health and innocence, when dreams, if they come at all, are but grotesque distortions of the simple facts of everyday existence. Only once had he dimly imagined her presence, and that was at a moment which his sane mind now refused to resurrect.
Nevertheless, he was tired. Yielding to the conceit, he stretched himself on the wooden couch that ran along one side of his narrow cell.
Some one called to him, not unkindly. "Now, youngster, jump up. The van is here."
He was led through gloomy corridors and placed in a receptacle just large enough to hold him uncomfortably in a huge, lumbering vehicle. He thought he was the only occupant, which was true enough, the prisoners' van having made a special call for his benefit.
After a rumbling journey through un-

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



YOUNG GIRL'S ONE-PIECE AFTERNOON FROCK.

The greatest charm of the young girl's afternoon costume is its simplicity of design. Some of the one-piece costumes that are being made up for midsummer wear are in silky English mohair, in champagne, pastel blue or old rose. Their walking skirts are side pleated or gored about the hips and hung upon a self-fabric belt to which is joined a pleated or blouse waist having sleeves of seven-eighths or elbow length or with Japanese shoulder caps. These frocks are slightly trimmed with soutache in self or contrasting color, with Oriental bands or with velvet ribbon. Their chemisettes or gumpes are of white dotted Swiss, allover muslin embroidery or point d'esprit.

seen streets, he emerged into another walled-up courtyard. He was led through more corridors, and told to "skip lively" up a winding staircase. At the top he came out into a big room, with a well-like space in front of him, filled with a huge table, around which sat several gentlemen, among them Mr. Isaacstein, while on an elevated platform beyond was an elderly man, who wore eyeglasses and who wrote something in a book without looking up when Philip's name was called out.

A police inspector, whom Philip had not seen before, made a short statement, and was followed by the constable who effected the arrest. His story was brief and correct, and then the inspector stated that Mr. Wilson, of Grant & Sons, Ludgate Circus, would be called at the next hearing, as he—the inspector—would ask for a remand to enable inquiries to be made. Meanwhile, Mr. Isaacstein, of Hatton Garden, had made it convenient to attend that day, and would be pleased to give evidence if his worship desired to hear him.

"Certainly," said Mr. Abingdon, the magistrate. "This seems to be a somewhat peculiar case, and I will be glad if Mr. Isaacstein can throw any light upon it."

But Mr. Isaacstein could not do any such thing. He wound up a succinct account of Philip's visit and utterances by declaring that there was no collection of meteoric diamonds known to him from which such a remarkable set of stones could be stolen.

This emphatic statement impressed the magistrate.
"Let me see them," he said.
The parcel was handed up to him, and he examined its contents with obvious interest.
"Are you quite sure of their meteoric origin, Mr. Isaacstein?" he asked.
"Yes."
"Can you form any estimate of their probable value?"
"About fifty thousand pounds!"
The reply startled the magistrate, and it sent a thrill through the court.
"Really? So much?" Mr. Abingdon was almost scared.
"If, after cutting, they turn out as well as I expect, it is a moderate estimate of their worth."
"I take it, from what you say, that meteoric diamonds are rare?"
Isaacstein closed his throat with a premonitory cough and crunched up his shoulders. A slight wobble was steady by his stumpy hands on the rail of the witness box. He was really the greatest living authority on the subject, and he knew it.

"It is a common delusion among diamond miners that diamonds fall from the skies in meteoric showers," he said.
"There is some sort of foundation for this mistaken view, as the stones are found in volcanic pipes or columns of diamonds, for instance, and the crude idea is that gigantic meteors fell and plowed these deep holes, distributing diamonds in all directions as they passed. But the so-called pipes are really the vents of extinct volcanoes. Ignorant composition of the earth does not differ greatly from that of the bodies which surround it, in space, so that the same process of manufacture under high temperature and great pressure which created a diamond in a meteor has equal powers here. In a word, what has happened in the outer universe has also happened at Kimberly. Iron acts as the solvent during the period of creation, so to speak. Then, in the lapse of ages, it oxidizes by the action of air or water, and diamonds remain."

(To be Continued.)

Hay's Hair Health

Never Fails to RESTORE GRAY or FADED HAIR to its NATURAL COLOR and BEAUTY

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. Refuses all substitutes. 2½ times as much in \$1.00 as 50c size.

IS NOT A DYE.
Philip Hay & Co., Newark, N. J.
51 and 50c bottles, at druggists.
E. CLINTON BROWN

No More Headaches

Suffered from Constant Headaches—Cured by "Fruit-a-tives" When Doctors Failed.



"I was a sufferer from fearful headaches for over two years, sometimes they were so bad that I was unable to work for days at a time. I took all kinds of medicines, was treated by physicians, and yet the headaches persisted. I was rarely free from headache. A short time ago I was advised to try 'Fruit-a-tives' and I did so with, I must confess, very little faith, but after I had taken them for three days my headaches were easier and in a week they left me. After I had taken a box of the tablets my headaches were quite cured. My appetite was always poor and my stomach bad, and now my appetite is splendid and my digestion is excellent. I had become thin and weak from the constant headaches, but my strength is growing up once more, and I feel like a new man. I have taken in all three boxes of 'Fruit-a-tives.' I am exceedingly grateful to 'Fruit-a-tives' for curing me, and I give this unsolicited testimonial with great pleasure, as I hope thereby some other sufferer of headaches will be induced to try 'Fruit-a-tives' and will be cured."

(Sgd.) B. CORNELL, Taylorville, Ont.

"Fruit-a-tives" is now put up in the new 25c trial size as well as the regular 50c boxes. Write Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, if your dealer will not supply you.

COON SONG WRITER IS ON HIS UPPERS

Realized Nothing From "Bill Bailey" "Goo Goo Eyes" and "Aint Dat a Shame."

Detroit, July 30.—Attracted by the strains of an old familiar coon song floating out from a Farrar street saloon, a passerby entered and heard the chorus:

"Ain't dat a shame,
A measy shame,
To keep me standin'
Out in the rain?
(Lordy, hab a little pity)—
Went you open dat do?
An' let me in?
I'm standin' here freezin',
Wet to de skin."

The singing was by a comparatively young man, somewhat below medium stature, attired in a worn blue suit and a soiled blue shirt, without a collar. His hands were large and puffy, but they caressed the piano keys familiarly as they wandered through a cleverly improvised accompaniment to the song that came from the man's lips.

The man was Hugh Cannon, author of "Ain't Dat a Shame," and many other coon songs that had a tremendous run a few years back—"Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home," "Just Because She Made Dem Goo-Goo Eyes," and several more in like vein. Others have made fortunes out of them but the author is eking out an existence by playing and singing in saloons.

Not for him the royalties which have put many a man on easy street. His songs put many a man on easy street. His songs have gone into the pockets of others. He sold "Good-Goo Eyes" for a paltry \$25, and a woman in the South is still drawing a comfortable income from its sales. "Bill Bailey" brought him \$350, and the money was squandered years ago. He never received a cent for "Ain't Dat a Shame." He simply gave it away.

He is not regularly employed in the Farrar street saloon. He dropped in just to see what the prospects were for a job and found that the place had a player. But he "figured out" a few songs by request and received his pay in drinks at the bar. He admitted without hesitation that he puts away upward of twenty to thirty "whiskies" per day, as a rule.

"What brought you to your present condition?" was the frank question put to him.
"Well, I don't blame the booze," he replied. "I always drank to a certain extent, but I used to take a brace and get into form again. I haven't written anything in over a year now, and there ain't any use for I can't get my stuff accepted around this town. The publishers are sore on me because I sold one song to three different firms. Since then they have no use for me."

"It was all right as long as Paul Dresser was alive. He was my pal, and always stood by me. When he passed in, that was the last straw. I haven't done a tap since, except play in saloons. Does it pay? Well, I get \$20 a week—sometimes."

Cannon has been living in Jackson, Mich., where his wife is now staying, until recently, when he came to Detroit, his old home, to look around.

In the sight of a dentist's chair all men are cowards. It is related that an Acheson county farmer and his little girl entered a dentist's office, the father desiring to have his aching tooth extracted. At the sight of the dentist's chair the farmer grew frightened, but rather than let on to the dentist he ordered a healthy tooth to be extracted from the mouth of his little girl. And the little girl never whimpered.—Acheson Globe.

"A man is not drunk till he goes to the pump to light his pipe," said a defendant at Birkenhead. This is the real test match.—The London (Eng.) Star.

The Shine THAT GOES TIES AS FAR

TODAY

At C. B. Pidgeon's Great Mid-Summer Clearance Sale

The most forcible trade movement in modern merchandising ever known to the history of St. John.

This greatest bargain event has certainly eclipsed all previous undertakings. Truly the sensation of the day. The wonder of the hour. Again we quote a special list of unmatched bargains for the day, offering price inducements that no thrifty economical buyer can afford to pass by.

The Greatest Stock of Fine Footwear

In this section of Canada is now offered at tremendous sacrifices to insure quick and positive clearance and make room for fall shipments.
MEN'S BOOTS in all the latest styles and most dependable qualities for dress, business or work purposes, our entire line from our great special \$1.35 quality to our finest \$5.00 values, at the following clearance prices:—95c, \$1.18, \$1.28, \$1.38, \$1.48, \$1.68, \$1.88, \$2.18, \$2.38, \$2.48, \$2.68, \$2.88, \$2.98, \$3.18 and \$3.48.
BOYS' BOOTS at similar reductions.
WOMEN'S LOW SHOES and LACED BOOTS ranging in values at most liberal prices from \$1.25 to \$3.50 are repriced at the following remarkable under-selling schedule:—88c, 98c, \$1.08, \$1.18, \$1.28, \$1.38, \$1.48, \$1.68, \$1.78, \$1.88, \$1.98, \$2.38 and \$2.48.
CHILDREN'S BOOTS ranging in prices from \$1.25 to \$2.00 at like reductions.
CHILDREN'S BOOTS from \$1.00 to \$1.75; greatest values are reduced to 78c, 88c, 98c, \$1.08, \$1.18 and \$1.28.
INFANT BOOTS formerly priced from 50c to \$1.50 will be cleared out at 23c, 38c, 48c, 58c, 68c, 78c, 88c and 98c.
SPECIAL NOTICE:—The preceding offerings are based on the lowest shoe prices known in the entire province. Our stock for quality, style and variety of selection is absolutely unequaled by any other store. A positive saving of at least 50 per cent. is guaranteed under the price of any competition.

Men's and Boys' Clothing

of dependable quality at the following clearance prices:

Men's Suits

MEN'S \$6.50 SUITS are reduced to \$3.98
MEN'S 7.50 SUITS are reduced to 4.98
MEN'S 8.50 SUITS are reduced to 5.98
MEN'S 10.00 SUITS are reduced to 6.48
MEN'S 12.00 SUITS are reduced to 8.48
MEN'S 13.50 SUITS are reduced to 9.48
MEN'S 15.00 SUITS are reduced to 10.98
MEN'S 16.50 SUITS are reduced to 11.98
MEN'S 17.50 SUITS are reduced to 12.98
\$10.00 BLACK CHEVOT SUITS reduced to \$5.98
12.50 BLACK DIAGONAL SUITS reduced to 8.98
15.00 BLACK SERGE SUITS reduced to 10.98

Finest Raincoats and Overcoats

Reduced as follows:

\$8.50 RAINCOATS reduced to \$5.48
10.00 RAINCOATS reduced to 6.48
12.00 RAINCOATS reduced to 7.98
15.00 RAINCOATS reduced to 9.98
Extra quality \$13.00 silk faced BLACK VICUNA OVERCOATS are reduced to 9.98

Men's Trousers

MEN'S \$1.35 WORKING TROUSERS are down to \$.88
MEN'S 1.50 WORKING TROUSERS are down to98
MEN'S 1.75 WORKING TROUSERS are down to 1.19
MEN'S 2.00 WORKING TROUSERS are down to 1.38
MEN'S 2.50 FINE DRESS TROUSERS are down to 1.78
MEN'S 3.00 FINE DRESS TROUSERS are down to 2.18
MEN'S 4.00 FINE DRESS TROUSERS are down to 2.48
MEN'S 5.00 FINE DRESS TROUSERS are down to 3.48
MEN'S 2.75 and \$3.00 CUTTING TROUSERS are down to 1.98

A Great Slaughter in Boys' Fine Stylish Clothing

BOYS' 2 PIECE SUITS, ages 6 to 15 years.
\$2.25 values go at \$1.68
\$2.50 values go at 1.98
\$3.00 values go at 2.18
\$4.00 values go at 2.98
BOYS' KNEE PANTS, extra values from 60c to \$1.40, go at 28c, 48c, 58c, 68c, 78c and 88c.

BOYS' 3 PIECE SUITS, ages 9 to 17 years.
\$3.50 values go at \$2.68
\$4.00 values go at 2.98
\$5.00 values go at 3.98
\$6.00 values go at 4.98

Men's Furnishings and Hats

Nothing ever offered at such prices for qualities like these.

A great variety of SOFT and STARCHED SHIRTS, 60c value for 38c; 75c values for 48c; 85c values for 58c; \$1.50 values for 88c.
MEN'S WORK SHIRTS, extra special values from 40c to 90c, go at 25c, 45c and 58c.
MEN'S 40c. BALBRIGGAN UNDERWEAR 28c.
MEN'S 40c. BALBRIGGAN UNDERWEAR 28c.
MEN'S 75c. BALBRIGGAN UNDERWEAR 48c.
MEN'S 85c. BALBRIGGAN UNDERWEAR 58c.
MEN'S 70c. EXTRA SPECIAL MERINO 48c.
MEN'S \$2.50 NATURAL WOOL MERINO 18c.
MEN'S 35c. BLACK COTTON HALF HOSE 28c.
MEN'S 45c. BLACK COTTON HALF HOSE 28c.
MEN'S Extra quality BLACK COTTON HALF HOSE, 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 100c, 105c, 110c, 115c, 120c, 125c, 130c, 135c, 140c, 145c, 150c, 155c, 160c, 165c, 170c, 175c, 180c, 185c, 190c, 195c, 200c, 205c, 210c, 215c, 220c, 225c, 230c, 235c, 240c, 245c, 250c, 255c, 260c, 265c, 270c, 275c, 280c, 285c, 290c, 295c, 300c, 305c, 310c, 315c, 320c, 325c, 330c, 335c, 340c, 345c, 350c, 355c, 360c, 365c, 370c, 375c, 380c, 385c, 390c, 395c, 400c, 405c, 410c, 415c, 420c, 425c, 430c, 435c, 440c, 445c, 450c, 455c, 460c, 465c, 470c, 475c, 480c, 485c, 490c, 495c, 500c, 505c, 510c, 515c, 520c, 525c, 530c, 535c, 540c, 545c, 550c, 555c, 560c, 565c, 570c, 575c, 580c, 585c, 590c, 595c, 600c, 605c, 610c, 615c, 620c, 625c, 630c, 635c, 640c, 645c, 650c, 655c, 660c, 665c, 670c, 675c, 680c, 685c, 690c, 695c, 700c, 705c, 710c, 715c, 720c, 725c, 730c, 735c, 740c, 745c, 750c, 755c, 760c, 765c, 770c, 775c, 780c, 785c, 790c, 795c, 800c, 805c, 810c, 815c, 820c, 825c, 830c, 835c, 840c, 845c, 850c, 855c, 860c, 865c, 870c, 875c, 880c, 885c, 890c, 895c, 900c, 905c, 910c, 915c, 920c, 925c, 930c, 935c, 940c, 945c, 950c, 955c, 960c, 965c, 970c, 975c, 980c, 985c, 990c, 995c, 1000c.

Wonderful Hat Bargains

MEN'S \$3.00 HARD and SOFT HATS reduced to \$1.98
MEN'S \$2.50 HARD and SOFT HATS reduced to \$1.48
MEN'S \$2.25 HARD and SOFT HATS reduced to \$1.48
MEN'S \$1.75 HARD and SOFT HATS reduced to \$1.28
MEN'S \$1.50 HARD and SOFT HATS reduced to98c
MEN'S \$1.25 HARD and SOFT HATS reduced to88c
MEN'S \$1.00 HARD and SOFT HATS reduced to68c
MEN'S 75c HARD and SOFT HATS reduced to48c
MEN'S 50c to \$1.50 STRAW and LINEN HATS are down to 25c, 38c, 48c, 68c and 78c.

In every department you will find most exceptional value. All goods are entirely new—this season's choicest stock.

SPECIAL NOTICE

All goods repriced in this sale are reduced from the most reasonable retail prices known to the city of St. John. At regular prices we are known to be lower than any competition in this province.

NOTICE—Free street car fares and boat fares to all out of town or city purchasers.

C. B. PIDGEON

Corner Main and Bridge Streets, North End
St. John, N. B.

