

# 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

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

(Continued.)

"Glory be to God, Phil but it's myself is glad to see ye," cried his old friend. "Where have ye bin to at all at all? Have ye heard what the murtherin' War Office is ather 'doin' to me? I have the had a sowl to speak to about the trouble they've put on me in me owld age."

This was not strictly accurate. O'Brien had posted the whole neighborhood with the story of his withheld pension and the preposterous claim made on him by some red-tape enthusiast in Pall Mall. But his plaint effectively stopped all further reference to Philip's disappearance. As to the "bit o' shone," that was "nathur alum nor lime," he hadn't a word to say.

Philip borrowed a spade, a small sweeping brush and a strong sack without evoking the slightest comment from the prisoner, who discoursed incessantly on the inquiry of the "Government," and whose farewell remark dealt with the attempt to rob him of a "hundred golden sov'ns."

Decidedly the boy was in luck's way. He had secured some necessary implements without attracting any attention. Watching a favorable opportunity, he slipped unperceived into the gloom of Johnson's Mews. He tried the door of No. 3. It was locked. He inserted the key and entered. The darkness within was that of utter blindness, but he dumped his impediments on the floor and locked the door behind him.

Then he groped his doubtful path to the mantelpiece where he had left a candle and a box of matches. His boots crunched, as he went, on what he knew to be mostly diamonds, and he stumbled over the mattress in front of the fireplace. Yes, the candle was there. Soon he had a light. The tiny gleam lit the black curtain, and he surveyed his domain. A single glance showed him that all things remained exactly as he left them on Saturday morning. The packet of letters rested on the broken chair, the old sack was stuffed into the window, and the rope that never-to-be-forgotten rope-dangled from the hook to which he had fastened it.

The sight brought a lump into his throat. He sank to his knees, pressed down, he felt, by some superior power. "Mother!" he said, humbly, "forgive me, and ask God to forgive me, for what I would have done were you not watching over me."

In the spiritual exaltation of the moment he almost expected to find that sweet face peering at him benignantly from out the dim background. But he could not see her, and he rose, revived by his spoken communion with her. He had no shadow of doubt as to her presence. God to him was the universe, and his mother the unquestionable means of communication with the providence that governed his life. He would die rather than abandon that belief. Were it dispelled from his mind he was quite certain that his wealth would vanish with it. It was no haphazard accident which had sent the diamond-laden meteor head down from the sky. He was despairing, dying; his mother appealed for him; and behold! the very elements that control the world obeyed a mighty behest.

He began to work methodically. In the first place, he lit a fire, for the evening was chilly. Then he shook his mattress and swept the floor, gathering into a heap all the tiny particles with which it was littered. These he collected in a piece of newspaper, and folded them into a parcel, which again he enclosed in a stouter sheet of brown paper, finally tying the whole with a yard of string he carried in his pocket.

There were hundreds of tiny diamonds in that insignificant package, and not a few the size of small peas. As a matter of fact, he discovered subsequently that the net result of his sweeping brought

him in over a thousand pounds. Having examined every nook and crevice of the apartment by the aid of the candle, he satisfied himself that naught remained which would indicate the most curious event any event out of the common having occurred in that humble dwelling.

It was typical of Philip's implicit faith that he did not unlock the back door until his interior task was ended. He knew that his meteor was untouched. There was no wind without. The candle, feeble as its rays were, illuminated the small yard sufficiently to reveal its debris of white stones and darker lumps of metal. Beginning at the doorway, he swept vigorously but with minutest care, until he had formed four good-sized piles on the flagstones.

He could not afford to differentiate between the debris of the damaged pavement and the fragments of the meteor. It was easy to distinguish the larger pieces of broken glass from the window inside the house—in the yard he had neither the time nor the light to select the bits of shattered stone. All must go together to be sorted with leisureed care subsequently.

He scrutinized the external window sills, the door posts, the chimneys of the small coal-house door at the further end of the yard, even the rough surfaces of the walls, and removed every speck of loose material. More newspaper was requisitioned, but, after utilizing the twine on his parcel of clothing, he ran short of string.

"He coolly went up the stairs, unfastened the rope with which he had intended to hang himself and loosened its still strands, which would indicate the abundance of strong cord, and four bulky packages were added to the first small one.

They were heavy, too, weighing several pounds each. In placing them side by side close to the wall beneath the front window, he suddenly realized an unforeseen difficulty.

If these shreds of matter—the mere husk, as it were, of the meteor—were so ponderous, what would be the weight of the meteor itself? How could he hope to lift it from the hole in which it lay—how convey it from Johnson's Mews to a new and safer habitation? He might as well endeavor to move an unwilling elephant.

The thought chilled him. For the first time since his parting interview with Mr. Abington, Philip experienced a dread of failure. With something of panic in his blood, he snatched the candle and ran hastily into the yard. He knelt and held the light low in the excavation. Then he cried aloud:

"What! Am I so ready to lose faith in mother?" For the huge metallic mass—so big that it would not enter the bore of the largest cannon known to modern gunnery—was split asunder in all directions. Its fissures gaped widely as if to mock at him. The rain and steam had done their work well. It was even possible that he would not need the spade, but would be able to pick out each separate chunk with his hand.

Instantly he put the thought into execution and succeeded in lifting several pieces to the canal level. He noted that they were gorged with the dull white pebbles, some being the size of pigeon's eggs. He could not help comparing them in his mind's eye with the collection now lodged in Isaacstein's safe. If those were worth fifty thousand pounds, these must be of fabulous value.

Any person in the wide world might have been excused if he pinched himself, or winked furiously, or took out the gold-filled tobacco pouch for careful inspection to assure himself that he was not dreaming. Not so, Philip. The only dominant feeling in his brain was one of annoyance that he should have doubted for one single instant, that means would be given him to secure absolute and undisputed control of his treasure.

But there remained the problem of weight. His original idea was to wrap the actual body of the meteor in the stout sack he obtained from O'Brien, and then inclose all his valuables in a tin trunk which he would purchase next morning. Any ordinary trunk would certainly be spacious enough, but its phenomenal weight would unquestionably evoke, more comment than he desired, and it would need two strong men to lift it.

This portion of his plan needed to be entirely remodeled, and he was now more than ever thankful that the Jew's fifty pounds' sack was expended, reposed in his pocket. With money, all things, or nearly all things, were possible.

Owing to the cramped space in which the meteor lay it was no small task to bring it to the surface in sections. But

he persevered. By strenuous endeavors he accumulated an astonishing pile of iron ore studded with diamonds, looking not unlike almonds in a brown cake, and the guttering candle held low down failed to reveal anything else in the hole. There was a good deal of debris at the bottom, and the depth was now over four feet. To reach to its full extent he was compelled to jam his head and arms into the excavation and feel blindly with one hand, so he rightly concluded that a final examination might be left until daylight.

By this time he was hot and covered with dirt. He stripped, washed himself in front of the fire, and changed into his new clothes.

He did not possess a looking-glass, but he felt sure that he presented a remarkably different appearance when attired in a neat serge suit, a clean shirt and reputable boots. His first impulse was to thrust his discarded garments into the fire, but sentiment prevailed, and he folded them into a parcel and carried them out.

Then he extinguished his candle and went out. To his exceeding surprise he discovered that it was nearly nine o'clock—time had indeed flown.

The shops in the Mile End Road open early and close late. He entered a restaurant where he was unknown, passing, as a matter of policy, the coffee stall of his kindly helper of those former days now so remote in his crowded memories. After eating a hearty meal, for which he was thoroughly prepared, he tendered a sovereign in payment.

The proprietor barely glanced at him. Philip was now well dressed, according to local ideas, and his strong, erect figure, his resolute face, added two or three years to his age when contrasted with the puny standard of fifteen as set by the poverty-stricken East End.

He had forgotten to buy a necktie and a new pair of stockings. These omissions he now rectified, and he also purchased a warm, dark-gray traveling rug, several yards of druggat, a ball of twine and a pair of scissors. A couple of stout but worn leather portmanteaux caught his eye.

"These are cheap," said the salesman, quickly, "only fifteen shillings each."

"I'm not sure I can afford so much," said Philip, hesitatingly, for the rug alone cost one pound six shillings.

"They're a rare bargain—real leather—they were never made under three pounds each."

"Oh, very well. I will take them."

He produced three pounds, got change, and walked away with his goods without causing any wonderment. The shopman was only too glad to have such customer at that late hour.

Philip now knew that he was fairly safe, but he decided that a billy-cock hat gave him a more mature appearance than a cap. The alteration being effected, he hurried off to Johnson's Mews and re-entered his domicile without incident worthy of note.

(To be Continued.)

"What a lot of Americans there are in London just now." One hears the remark on all sides in the metropolis.

# SPENT FOUR MONTHS IN CANADIAN WILDERNESS

## Engineer Bedford Tells of Hardships Endured by Builders of Transcontinental Railroad—Temperature 50 Below Zero.

St. Louis, August 11.—After spending four months of Arctic winter in the extreme northern part of Canada, over 600 miles from the northern confines of civilization, where until three years ago few white men had ever penetrated, George Bedford, superintendent of the J. H. Reynolds Construction Company, and a former St. Louisian, is visiting friends here before returning to spend three years more in the Arctic wilderness.

Mr. Bedford is in charge of the construction of a portion of 150 miles of the Transcontinental Railroad which is being built under the direction of the Canadian government. He and 100 workmen have been confronted by almost insurmountable difficulties in carrying forward this work.

"The region in which we have been working is the thickest bush country," said Mr. Bedford. "We have been compelled to cut our way, step by step, through almost impenetrable undergrowth."

"The cold in that region is intense. A temperature of 50 degrees below zero is nothing unusual. When I arrived last March at McDougall Chutes, the nearest settlement to Perry Sound, where our work is being done, I had made no preparations for the climate, and was clad

as I had left St. Louis. The natives gazed at me in astonishment. The first thing our foreman there did was to rush me over to the supply house and fit me out with suitable clothing.

"But I was almost frozen before I secured it. They gave me two suits of the heaviest woolen underwear I have ever seen, three pairs of heavy woolen socks and the heaviest of outer garments, and bundled my feet in moccasins and what they call 'she-packs.' Such an outfit they considered only ordinary clothing.

The day after my arrival we started in sledges drawn by dogs from McDougall Chutes to our camp at Perry Sound, a distance of 150 miles. That night we slept on the snow. When I awoke the next morning I found myself imbedded almost three feet.

"I soon became accustomed to the strenuous life of the country, however, and am now able to walk forty miles a day on snowshoes, with a pack on my back, containing my tent, bedding and provisions."

"There is a great prejudice in the far North against Americans. We are all called Yankees and cordially hated by the Indians and the few French Canadians of that district. This has hindered

us in our work. "The Indians are constantly victimized by the few traders who venture that far north. The traders will place a cheap trifle in one side of a balance. The Indians will place on the other side valuable mink and other skins until the two sides balance. On this basis the exchange is made. The trader receives sometimes over \$300 worth of pelts in a single exchange such as this. It is a skin game in more senses than one."

Bedford, who is stopping at No. 813 Market street, has been besieged by his friends since his arrival in St. Louis for souvenirs of the northern wilderness. He has given away moccasins, snowshoes and articles of northern clothing until his supply is almost exhausted. He will start in a few days for his return trip to Perry Sound.

### A SUCCESSFUL EXCURSION

The moonlight sail on the steamer Premier last evening was very much enjoyed by about a hundred and fifty of the residents of North and vicinity. The party, after sailing up the Kennebecasis and around Long Island, returned to Appleby's wharf at Riverside, thoroughly pleased with the evening's entertainment.

A committee of young ladies gave the guests every attention, and likewise added a substantial amount to the funds of their quaint little church.

### HEAVY DAY FOR TRAVEL

Yesterday was a record day in the history of the Union Station, according to Terminal Supt. L. R. Ross. Over 3000 people he said attended the St. Peter's picnic at Ferryburn, while the regular trains contained a large number of passengers from the American boat, who, with the harvesters bound for the west, brought the total up to 12,000 and with the number in the stations was 15,000.

### How to Stop Diarrhoea.

It is sure to come with the summer. No prescription is so swift to relieve and so certain to cure as "Nervine." In all bowel disorders, cramps, diarrhoea and acute indigestion Polson's Nervine is unsurpassed. Try a 25c bottle.

### Fashion Hint for Times Readers



OUTING COSTUMES ARE THE ACME OF SIMPLICITY.

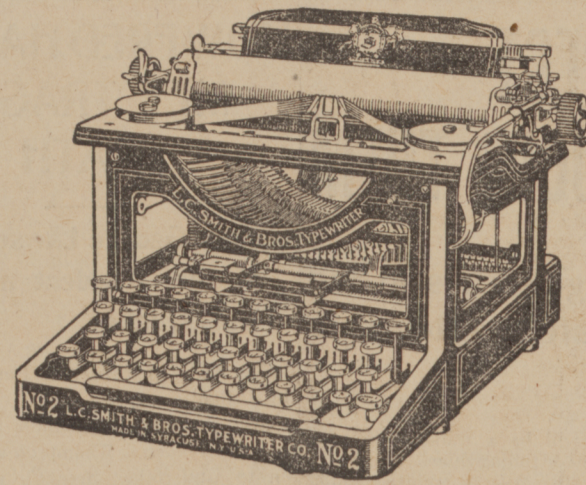
As the first mission of an outing costume is to be absolutely comfortable, it is not amazing that the pleated or plain shirtwaist and walking skirt remain in favor. Among the many pretty and comparatively inexpensive lightweight materials employed for this purpose none are better than the tropical serges, which come in white striped with gray, dark blue, black, brown or mauve. In some instances the skirts are made similarly to those of duck or pique, and usually the blouses close in front, as they are then easily and quickly adjusted. A touch of color may be added by means of satin or linen collar, cuffs, belt and tie.

# Of Interest to You AND ALL TYPEWRITER USERS.

THERE'S a whole lot of things for a Typewriter to do in modern office work that weren't even thought of five years ago.

There's a number of Typewriters on the market, designed for the needs of that time, that were counted pretty good machines but have only been adapted to modern methods by alterations and costly attachments Makeshift!

You need a typewriter with all the modern devices—built into it, not attachments, additions or alterations— which will do the new things as easily as straight writing.



The L. C. SMITH AND BROS. TYPEWRITER (writing-in-sight) is the one typewriter that does all these difficult things in an easy way, and economically. When you have bought it you haven't got to go down in your wallet again to pay for attachments to fit it for your work. It will be money in your pocket to look at it. Perhaps the most profitable fifteen minutes you ever spent. At any rate you can't stand to loose more than your time for the look doesn't cost you anything. Neither does the demonstration.

### Some New Features.

**BALL-BEARING TYPEBARS**—It's no secret that nearly all typewriter makers worried over that problem without success and that it remained for us to make a really satisfactory application of the principal. The Gardner Ball-Bearing does the trick. That's one of the invaluable new features.

**OUR AUTOMATIC RIBBON REVERSE** is another. Not an ounce of added key tension, not a bit of strain to tear the ribbon. The ribbons last their natural life time.

**LIGHTING ESCAPEMENT** which will work at a greater speed than any operator can maintain. And the **SILENT SHIFT** better work and less noise. All new devices of the

## New Model L. C. SMITH AND BROS. Typewriter With All the Writing Always in Sight.

MR. E. E. BATTY, Representative, Dufferin Hotel, St. John. Soulis-Newsome Typewriter Company, Limited, Halifax

# PLAYS AND PLAYERS

### NAPLES AT NICKEL TODAY

The distinguishing new feature at the Nickel today, aside from the Humano Company's fine productions, will be a picturesque tour of the loveliest city in all Italy, historic Naples, with its crescent shaped shore, its hanging gardens and angry mountainous background where Vesuvius still sputters. No travel-lover will allow the Naples scenes to leave town without having made the pictorial trip. Then there will be three delicious comedies of that pleasing French vintage—A Cumberston First Prize, Son-in-law on Trial, and Hard to Get Arrested. After two days of the Quebec Tercentenary programme with no hint of comedy in the programme, these little laugh-fests will prove a refreshing bit. The Humano Co., which has been delighting everybody with the Raffles drama, A Gentleman Burglar, will give the final presentation of this piece today and Thursday will start with a farce of the most laughable kind entitled The Book Agent. Miss Emma Felix has maintained her hold upon Nickelgoers as she did last summer and her song, Just One Word of Consolation is winning lots of plaudits. Jack Gurney's, the professional hitmaker's latest sensation, is Santiago Flynn, a most contagious thing.

### AT THE OPERA HOUSE

Large crowds continue to enjoy the Princess theatre programme, and the extra bill this week is attracting larger numbers than ever. The black-faced comedian Morris Smith, has made a great hit in his up-to-date monologues. Madame Demby, with excellent voice, is rendering grand opera in a manner which delights the critics. Harry Newcombe continues as the favorite illustrated artist in the city.

With the above artists, the Princess picture programme for today is new and something out of the ordinary. Human Vultures is a film showing some thrilling melodramatic features. Wandering Musicians and The Policeman's Whistle are two pictures giving plenty of comedy.

The Two Brothers is a dramatic picture that is most interesting.

### AT THE PRINCESS

Tonight at the Opera House the Worcester Glee Club, one of the best musical organizations in the New England states, is booked to give one of their famous concerts. The programme will be made up of solos, duets, trios, quartettes and choruses. The event will be well worthy a liberal patronage by the music lovers of St. John.

Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee the playgoers of St. John will be treated to a rich treat in the production of that beautiful drama, Miss Petticoats, in four acts. The drama has scored a big success wherever presented. Seats can be booked in advance.

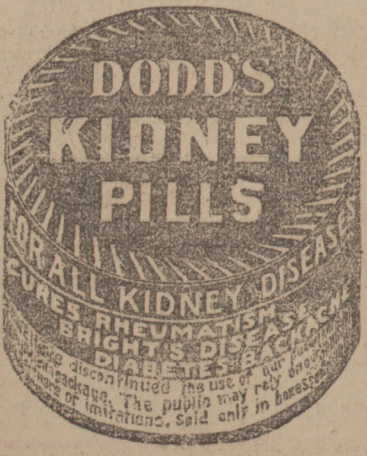
### AT THE CEDAR

At the Cedar to-night Al. Dillon, comedian, will be seen in a brand new act. New pictures: Tommy's Trip to Morocco, The Youthful Samaritan, and Midam is Capricious. Mr. Sayce will be heard in a new song. Don't miss this big 5 cent show to-night.

In three months the crew—some 700 men—of the battleship Missouri, of the United States fleet, consumed 1,500 boxes of cigarette papers, 1,200 pounds of smoking tobacco, and 37,000 cigarettes. As a result, the surgeon-general has now recommended that the use of the cigarette be forbidden.

### CORNS CURED

You can painlessly remove any corn, old or new, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scab, and no acids; it is harmless because composed only of healing gums and balsam. Fifty years' use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists 25c. Beware substitutes. PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR



There were hundreds of tiny diamonds in that insignificant package, and not a few the size of small peas. As a matter of fact, he discovered subsequently that the net result of his sweeping brought