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Fashion Hint for Times Readers



PEDESTRIAN SUIT OF CHEVRON WORSTED.

There are so many materials shmown this season for the making of tailored costumes that many women may find it difficult to choose just the right thing for the practical tailored suit which is to do duty in all kinds of weather for the ensuing six months. However, if one of the fancy English worsteds be chosen one cannot go wrong, because these materials are practical as well as high styled, and whatever their development they are sure to prove entirely satisfactory to the woman who wears them. A suit of such material should be developed along simplest lines. Braids of the simpler kind are used to ornament the collar and cuffs and outline the coat edges. Another use of braid in this connection is in the large fancy buttons made of soutache used simply as ornaments on the garment.

CAPT. BILLINGS--SLEEPWALKER

By MORGAN ROBERTSON.

(Author of Sinful Peck," "Down to the Sea," "Spun Yarn," etc.)

A small Lake Huron potato schooner lay at a dock in Goderich, and on her bandbox of a cabin sat the big, fat Captain puffing a pipe. Another big man, but with a solemn and sorrowful face, strolled down the dock and climbed aboard.

"Have ye all hands, sir?" he asked.

"Want a mate," said the captain, peering at the man between puffs. "You sail mate?"

"Been mate. Salt-water mon."

"Scotchman, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"I'm not, thank God. You'll get a dollar a day here. Go for your clothes."

"I may be mistaken, capt'n, but—what am I to call ye, sir."

"Billings—Capt. Billings."

"I may be mistaken, Capt'n Billings, but are ye no the mon that slugged me grieviously in the nose 20 years gone, in Fat Anna's bardin'-house in Bombay?"

There was a barely perceptible twinkle in Capt. Billings' eye at this, but he promptly denied the allegation, and Mr. Macpherson went ashore for his dunnage.

When he returned, the pipe was out and Capt. Billings had waddled amidships.

"There's your room in the cabin," he said, pointing aft. "The cook there"—a colored brother was smiling out the forward cabin door—"will show you. He sleeps forrard, but the galley's aft. Now, one thing I must tell you, Mr. Macpherson. I'm a somnambulist."

"A what, sir?" inquired the mate, dumping his bag on deck.

"A sleep-walker. I'm a bad case. I'm under the doctor's care for it. I'm liable to get up from my bunk at any time."

"Aye, sir. Ye walk 'round decks sound asleep. I've heard o' such things."

"Worse. I'm another man, or rather the same man younger. I'm a sailor 'fore the mast again."

Next morning Macpherson was up before daylight. Up the dock he saw the bulky, waddling figure of the captain heaving along toward the schooner.

"Mornin', cappen," said the big, fat skipper, smiling rather vacantly in the morning light. "Got all hands?"

"Morin', capt'n," repeated Mr. Macpherson.

"Well, I'm lookin' for a berth, sir," said the captain. Rather early in the mornin'. I know, but it's a strange town. Must 'a' been on a bat, I quit an English bark at Cape Town the other day. What town is this, sir anyhow?"

Mr. Macpherson's jaw dropped in sheer amazement then he comprehended. "What's your name?" he demanded.

"Jock Billings, sir; able seaman. Here's my discharges." He reached into his pocket, then withdrew his hand, with a blank face. "Must ha' lost 'em sir. But I'm an A. B."

"Na doot, na doot. Lookin' for a berth?"

Billings nodded.

"Come aboord. Fifteen dollars a month."

Billings smiled and came aboard.

Macpherson went aft, ruthlessly searched the captain's desk and found the articles signed only by the cook, and dated the day before, for the trip ahead. He signed his own name as first mate at $30 a month.

"Come aft here 'an seen articles,' he bawled from the cabin door, and Billings obediently came, and signed as able seaman at $15 a month.

In five minutes from the time Mr. Macpherson started for the rail, the nefarious job was complete—he had shipped and signed him as mate. And the darky cook was none the wiser; captains, mates and sailors were the same to him—loud voiced individuals for whom it was his duty to cook, and it mattered little to him that in this case the mate was the nosiest.

So he helped the two to make sail, and when Mr. Macpherson had steered the little craft out into the lake, took the wheel at the mate's behest. Mr. Macpherson went forward.

"Jock Billings," he said, "come here."

Billings came obediently.

"Ye're too fat, Jock. D'ye know me, by the way.

Billings looked keenly, though stupidly, at him.

"I—I—think I may—"

"Aye, ye think right, Jock. I'm the mon ye chastised no long back when ye were no so fat as ye are too noo. I've a long memory, Jock, an' the Lord never meant ye to be so fat, Jock, an' has given ye into my hands to reduce ye. Take you that broom by the windlass, an' that draw-bucket by the pump, an' scrub this schooner clean."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Jock, cheerfully, but the last of the speech lost upon his understanding.

He began the task, and, as was to be expected, soon began to pant, puff and perspire.

Having started him, Mr. Macpherson went aft to light his pipe, and when he returned he found his sailor asleep on the hatch.

"Wake up," he injudiciously commanded, and Billings awakened.

"Hello," he said, sitting up. "We're out. How's she heading?"

The answer required no thought, and gave time for at least a moment of it. Mr. Macpherson thought quickly. "Nor 'norwest, sir," he answered.

"That's right. What time is it?"

"Nine o'clock, sir. Ye came doon at daylight an' said to take her oot. Ye were asleep like, an' lay doon on the hatch."

"Yes, sleep-walking again. Well, I'm going to turn into my bunk. Dead sleepy yet. Curious, isn't it, how stiff you get sleeping on a hatch. Feel as though I'd been through a threshing machine."

"The way I felt in Fat Anna's bardin'-hoose," suggested the mate, grimly.

The captain was weak enough or sleepy enough to grin.

"Forget it, Mr. Macpherson," he said. "It wasn't me."

Mr. MacPherson ruefully watched him roll aft, peep into the binnacle and descend the after companion without conversation with the cook—for which latter fact he was duly thanked.

Five struck on the cabin clock, when Billings rolled out through the forward cabin door, with a doubting, deprecating look on his fat countenance that clearly indicated his identity. He was not Capt. Billings—he was Jock.

"Here," said the mate, intensely, yet softly, for the cook's benefit, "come here."

Jock came obediently.

"Where ha' ye been sogerin' while I do your work? Answer me."

Jock's face took on a look of distress, then fitful gleams of intelligence flashed across it, followed by a puzzled, doubting, questioning expression. He might have wakened right there had not the next remark of the mate been one to arouse no speculation in the slumbering soul.

"Never mind, Jock," he said. "Wash off this muck from the deck. You're only a poor, ignorant sailorman, after all."

Jock obeyed and Mr. MacPherson lit his pipe and pondered.

The weather remained fine, the wind a succession of cat's-paws, between long intervals of calm, and still the captain did not awake, but remained Jock, stupid, short of memory, very cheerful, but with lesser girth, free joints and several pounds of fat turned into solid muscle.

His dumb, patient suffering under the mate's persecution on that long drift down the lakes need not be enlarged upon.

Through it all he was the target for a running fire of comment and abuse, the burden of which was Mr. McPherson's disapproval of his mistaken estimate of Scotchmen. He was past caring for consequences now—only intent upon punishing the man who had "slugged" him for being Scotch.

But there was a dark Nemesis camped on his trail. Unknown to him, the cook, who slept in the forecastle, had questioned the ox-like animal that tumbled down the ladder for a few hours' rest at night, and the result was that he ceased all his surprised comment from the galley door, and waited.

Whatever truth there may have been in the mate's surmise that reminiscence was what threw Capt. Billings into his past, certain it is that he was wrong in his selection of the antidote. Hard work did not weaken him, though it did him a world of physical good. While still Jock Billings the little schooner came into port during the night, and as Jock Billings he went to sleep, as usual, in the forecastle, and as Captain Billings he wakened in the morning before either the cook or the mate, and came up to find his schooner moored to the old familiar dock, her deck bleached whiter than before, her rigging taut and tarred and things generally more shipshape than he had ever seen them. Rousing the cook, he went aft, with many an admiring look around and aloft, and wakened his treasure of a mate. And when Mr. McPherson appeared, he greeted him with enthusiasm and brotherly love.

"You've done well, Mr. MacPherson," he said, beamingly. "I'm proud of you—that I am. You and I'll get along. But, by George, I'm in a bad way myself—in fact, I need just such a man as you. Waked up in the forecastle. Been asleep all the way, haven't I?"

"Aye," answered the mate, cautiously. "An' it's to the forecastle you go when ye want to lie doon an' rest."

"Funny, I must see the doctor and have it 'tended to. I'm getting worse." He looked aloft. "Scraped and tarred down, and everything set up. And you did it all alone. Well we'll have some paint aboard next trip."

"Aye, paint her if ye like, sir, but I'll take my money here, sir, an' go. There's too much work makin' a yacht oot o' this hooker. I have to do it all."

"Dat's a lie cappen," said a disgusted voice behind them. "He neber done a single t'ing but boss the job. He made you scrape the masts, an' grease dem down, an' den you work like a roustabout wid tackles and ropes, an' den you go up and tar down—an' you didn't know anyt'ing about it, sah."

"Hold your evil tongue," rared the mate. "It's a liar ye are. Let's have my money, capt'n. I'm through."

"Look at yo' hands cappen," persisted the cook, indignantly. "Jes' look at de tar on yo' hands."

The captain looked, and his face darkened.

"Is this so, Mr. McPherson," he said, "that while in my other self—a sailor again—you have worked me as such aboard my own schooner?"

"Pay me off an' I'll answer ye," said the mate, doggedly.

Red in the face Capt. Billings darted toward him; but Mr. MacPherson eluded his grasp, and being the better runner, gained the dock.

"Give me my money," he said; "that's all I ask."

"You're not on the articles," said the angry captain. "You'll get nothing for this trick. You have no legal claim."

"I am on the articles," insisted Mr. MacPherson, "at a dollar a day. Fourteen dollars ye owe me, Capt. Billings. Ye can toss it to me, an' ye can direct your Senegambian friend to toss my bag o' clothes on the dock. I'm through wi' you."

Capt. Billings went below and inspected the articles. Then he removed his coat, rolled up his sleeves and told the cook to throw the mate's bag on the dock.

"Mr. MacPherson," he said, calmly, when he reached the deck, "I find you are right, and within the law. You shipped a man named Jock Billings, and made him work. You're a smart man, besides being a whole seaman. I'll pay you off at $3 a day, and sign you on for the season, but you must come aboard and get it."

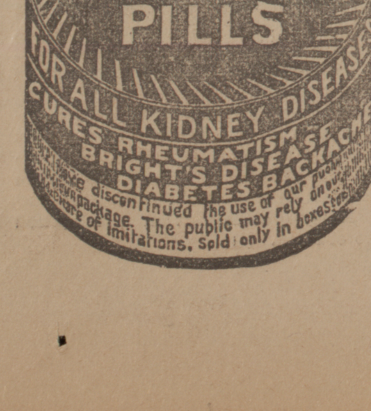
Mr. MacPherson looked at the huge muscles he had developed on the captain's arms, and picked up his bag and slowly moved away."

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph H. Bowles.)

AN INDIAN RAILWAY CO. BUYS RAILS IN CANADA

Halifax, N. S., Sept. 25.—A far extension of the market for Sydney rails was announced today by General Manager Jones of the Dominion Iron & Steel Company. An order has been received by the company for steel rails to be manufactured for the Southern Punjaub Railway Company. The quantity, which is to be delivered in India, consists of 9,000 tons of eighty-pound rails, which are to be sent direct by steamer via the Suez Canal. The company will commence to roll the order October 15.

F. C. Ebbett, of Gagetown, is registered at the Victoria.





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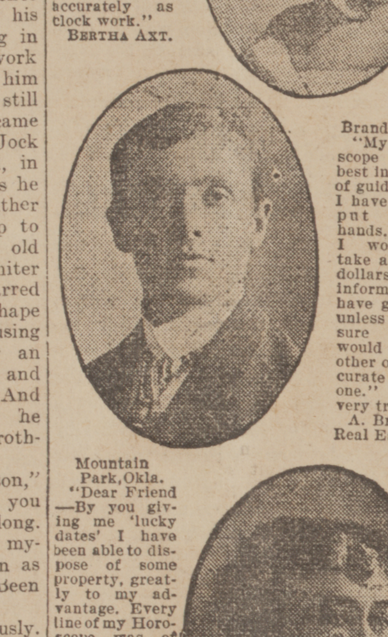
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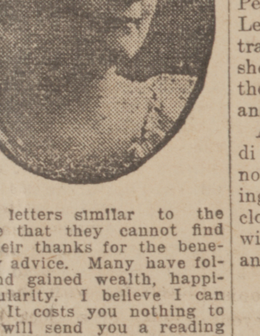
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Mountain Park, Okla. "Dear Friend—By you giving me 'lucky dates' I have been able to dispose of some property, greatly to my advantage. Every line of my Horoscope was of value to me. I shall consult you again in the future. I wish others might understand what great assistance you could be, in trouble of any kind." Most sincerely, MRS. ANNIE M. NOWLAND.

I have stacks of letters similar to the above. Many write that they cannot find words to express their thanks for the benefits derived from my advice. Many have followed my advice and gained wealth, happiness, love and popularity. I believe I can be of help to you. It costs you nothing to test my ability. I will send you a reading in which I will tell facts about yourself and your life that will cause you to marvel at the wonders of Astrology. My system has stood the test of time. People who consulted me years ago acknowledge that no other Astrologer is as accurate. If you wish a free reading, simply send me your name (whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss), the date of your birth (state hour if possible), and I will send you the reading at once, and will also send you a copy of my interesting booklet, "Your Destiny Foretold." If you wish you can enclose 10 cents (silver or stamps) to pay postage, etc. Address Albert H. Postel, Room 1224, No. 126 West 34th street, New York, N.Y.

ANGLICAN DIVINE VIGOROUS IN HIS SPEECH

Archdeacon Titus of Calgary Says Dr. Bryce's Remarks on the Indian Schools are Untrue.

Ottawa, Sept. 25.—Under the Juvenile Delinquents Act, passed last session, power was given the federal government to establish juvenile courts without reference to provincial authority, if satisfied that proper facilities have been provided by the municipal authorities.

These "proper facilities" are now defined by order in council to be as follows: "That a proper detention home has been established and will be maintained for the temporary confinement of juvenile delinquents or of children charged with delinquency. The institution should be conducted more like a family home than like a penal institution and must not be under the same roof as or in the immediate vicinity of any police station, jail, lock-up or other place in which adults are or may be imprisoned; that an industrial school exists to which juvenile delinquents may be committed; that there is a judge or justice in the municipality willing to act as juvenile court judge without cost to the federal authority; that remuneration for an adequate staff of probation officers has been provided by a municipal grant, public subscription or otherwise; that some society or committee is ready to act as the juvenile court committee."

Strong criticisms of Hon. S. H. Blake, of Toronto, for alleged misrepresentation of conditions in the Indian missions in the Northwest was the feature of the missionary meeting in connection with the general synod in Lauder Hall today.

The attack on Mr. Blake was made by Archdeacon J. W. Tims, of Calgary, and he also criticized an official report of Dr. Bryce, health officer of Canada upon Indian schools, going so far as to characterize certain statements as absolute lies.

The primate had to call Archdeacon Tims to order and inform him that it was a serious matter to make such a statement about an official government report.

Replying later in the sitting Mr. Blake read the official reports in substantiation of his statements. He declared that united effort on the part of government and the church was necessary to properly care for the Indians.

R. L. Borden is to address a meeting of Conservatives here on Monday, October 5.

The Conservatives of Gloucester county at a convention held on Wednesday in Caraquet, nominated T. M. Burns, of Bathurst, to oppose O. Turgeon, M.P. Mr. Burns was a member of the provincial legislature for some years as a supporter of Hon. Messrs. Tweedie and Pugsley, but was defeated at the last general election.

CARMEN PROVED MOST ENJOYABLE

Boston Opera Singers Scored Another Big Success Last Night.

One of the largest and most fashionable audiences filled the Opera House last night to hear the Boston Grand Opera Company sing Carmen. Many people from Fredericton, Moncton and Sussex came especially to hear Mr. Starling's company of artists in this great opera. Never before was there such applause, and curtain calls brought forth renewed enthusiasm. The cast was:

Don Jose, a Brigadier....Lyman Wheeler
Escamillo, a Toreador.... Signor Cantori
Il Dancairo..............C. A. Pendleton
Il Remendado.........G. Gordon White
Lillas Pasti, Innkeeper..George Appleby
Zunigar, a Captain......Francis J. Boyle
Morales, a Brigadier....G. Gordon White
Michaela, a Peasant
Mme. Judith M. Francini
Frasquita and Mercedes, Gypsy friends of Carmen............Miss Belle Mallette
Miss Alma Stetzler
Carmen, a Cigarette Girl afterwards a Gypsy........... Miss Louise LeBaron

The interest naturally centres in the Carmen of Miss Louise LeBaron. Those who had heard her as Azucena in Il Trovatore were prepared for a finished interpretation and in no way were disappointed. She played and sang the role with a fire and abandon that marked it as one of the finest performances seen on the St. John stage in many years. She was Carmen the passionate and heartless beauty to the life and her rendering of Bizet's music was in every way in keeping with its character. The quaint melody of the habanera, and the seguidilla in dance tempo with which Carmen bewitches Don Jose in the first act was especially noteworthy, and in the last scene the stormy duet with her abandoned lover and the tragic denouement are but a few of the many excellent features which marked Miss LeBaron's performance.

Signor Cantori who replaced Signor Alberti in the character of Escamillo, made a picturesque toreador. The well known Toreador song in the second act was sung with great effect and the number had to be repeated.

As Don Jose, Lyman Wheeler's fine tenor voice was heard to advantage, and his interpretation of the character was excellent in every detail.

Mme. Francini, although suffering from a cold, sang the soprano role of Michaela with much sweetness and was particularly effective in the beautiful aria in the third act.

The remainder of the cast and the chorus were thoroughly familiar with their parts and came up to every requirement. Particular mention should be made of the beautifully written quintette in which Miss Mallette, Miss Stetzler and Messrs. Pendleton and White took part with Miss Le Baron, in the second act. The orchestra, as in all previous performances, showed no signs of weakness and played the difficult music with much precision and expression.

At the matinee today Donizetti's Lucia di Lammermoor, with Miss Darling, Signor Cantori and Roland Paul in the leading roles, will be given. Tonight, for the closing performance, the double company will appear in the last act of Rigoletto, and Mascagni's Cavalleria Rusticana.

AT THE PRINCESS

Theatre goers will find one of the best programmes at the Princess theatre. The entire change last night was pleasing to the hundreds of patrons. Goldie and Good the musical team, were seen in a new act that is even more pleasing than their opening bill.

The illustrated songs by Edward Courtney, the Boston baritone, and Harry Newcombe, were delightful and each received hearty encores. The new programme of motion pictures proved favorites. Perrot's Drunkenness is the title of a transformation drama that has many exciting scenes. Too Hungry to Eat presents a pathetic and dramatic story. A Pair of Kids is the name of a film that presents some amusing scenes. The fourth picture is Lost and Found, the abduction of a child who is later found by means of a pet dog.

AT THE NICKEL

This afternoon the school children of the city will have their great playtime at the Nickel, where the wonderful picture of the popular fairy-tale, "Cinderella," will be shown for the little ones especially. This is a picture of over 1,000 feet and is charmingly colored throughout. Though shown in this city before, the Nickel knows a good thing is always worthy of repetition. Then there will be the pictures, "An Unfortunate Likeness," "The Country Lad" and "Dog Smugglers." Miss Felix and Mr. Weston will sing, rounding out a whole hour of pure amusement.

TWO COUPLES JOIN IN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Thursday was the twentieth anniversary of the wedding of Rev. B. H. Nobles, pastor of Victoria street Baptist church, and his wife and also the twentieth anniversary of the marriage of Dr. and Mrs. M. H. McDonald, of Hampstead, Queens County.

The two couples joined in a quiet celebration, Mr. and Mrs. Nobles visiting Dr. and Mrs. McDonald for the day at their Hampstead home. Part of the day was pleasantly spent in touring the river in the doctor's gasoline launch. Mr. and Mrs. Nobles returned to the city yesterday. Many friends here and throughout the province wish both couples many more pleasant years.

Rev. I. N. Parker, who is supplying on the Westfield and Welsford Methodist circuit, was in the city yesterday.

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The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



Rachael in the sick room with Stephen's wife. (From "Hard Times," by Charles Dickens.) Find Stephen.

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