

13 Scrofulous Lumps

Inherited Disease—Eyes Affected—Weak, Could Hardly Walk—Life of Suffering.

Still Another Great Cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla

The following letter is from Mr. Geo. A. Zirkle, School Teacher in Mt. Horeb, Tenn., well-known all through that county, where he was born and has always lived.

"Mt. Horeb, Tenn., Jan. 10, 1906.

"C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.

"I have suffered all my life, until lately, from inherited scrofula. When a mere babe I had a scrofulous sore back of my ear. At 21 I had 13 scrofulous lumps on my neck. At 37 the disease assumed a new and tantalizing form. My eyes were affected so that I could not read after sunset, and when I closed them it was difficult to reopen them. There was always intolerable itching all over my body. Then a tumor on my neck changed to the front of my neck, suppurated and was followed by others, until six had formed and broken. I became so weak I could scarcely walk, and could hardly attend to my teaching. All the medicine I tried failed to help until I began the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In less than three months the sores healed, a troublesome catarrh that had appeared



and the scrofulous habit steadily grew less apparent. Today I am in the best of health, weigh more than ever in my life. Do you wonder that I believe in Hood's Sarsaparilla? I can do no less than recommend it everywhere and every day.

A Valuable Remedy.

"I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as a valuable remedy for purifying the blood. As a spring medicine it is invaluable. I am using it for rheumatism and it is doing me good." Mrs. Bellis, 37 Hermine St., Montreal, Que.

The KING OF DIAMONDS

By LOUIS TRACY

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

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(Continued.)

Now the chance use of that language, no less than his perfect accent, went a long way toward removing the manager's suspicions. A boy who was so well educated must be quite out of the common. Perhaps some eccentric parent or guardian encouraged him to act independently thus early in life. He might be the son of a rich man coming to London for a special course of study. The name, Anson, was an aristocratic one. But his clothes—they were odd. Good enough, but not the right thing.

"Will you oblige me by recommending a good tailor?" said Philip. "I need a complete outfit of wearing apparel, and it will save me a lot of trouble if somebody will tell me exactly what to buy and where to buy it."

His uncanny trick of thought reading disconcerted the manager greatly. Undoubtedly the man was a puzzle. Never had this experienced man of the world met anyone more self-possessed, more direct, and yet, with it all, exceedingly polite.

"I take it that you want the best?" he inquired, pleasantly.

"Yes."

"Are you lunching at the hotel?"

"I would like something sent here, if you please, and, there again, your advice will be most gratefully accepted."

The manager felt that a generation was growing up of which he knew nothing, but he simply answered:

"I will see to it. Do you—take wine?"

Philip laughed, that pleasant whole-souled laugh of his which instantly secured him friends.

"Not yet, Monsieur—"

"Foret is my name."

"Well, Monsieur Foret, I am far too young as yet for either wine or tobacco. I promised my mother I would touch neither until I am twenty-one, and I will keep my word. I think I would like some cafe au lait."

"I understand. Your dejeuner will be sent up in ten minutes. By the time you have finished, I will have people here from two or three establishments who will meet all your requirements in the shape of clothes and the rest."

An hour's talk and the payment of checks on account worked wonders. Before many days had passed Philip was amply provided with raiment. His presence in the hotel, too, attracted no comment whatever. People who saw him coming or going, instantly assumed that he was staying with his people, while the manager took care that gossip among the employees was promptly stopped.

As for the ragged youth with the diamonds, he was forgotten, apparently. The newspapers dropped him, believing, indeed, that Isaacstein had worked some ingenious advertising dodge on his own account, and Messrs. Sharpe & Smith never dreamed of looking for the lost Philip Anson, the derrick from Johnson's Mews in the Pall Mall Hotel, the most luxurious and expensive establishment in London.

That afternoon, Philip visited the Safe Deposit Company. He had little difficulty of course, in securing a small strong-room. He encountered the wonted surprise at his youth, but the excellent argument of a banking account and the payment of a year's rent in advance soon cleared the air.

He transferred four of his portmanteaux to this secure environment—the fifth was sent to his hotel. When the light failed, he drove to the East End, and made a round of pawnbrokers' shops. Although some of the tickets were time-expired, he recovered nearly all his mother's belongings except her watch.

The odd coincidence recalled the inspector's implied promise that he should receive one as a recognition of his gal-

lantry.

How remote, how far removed from each other, the main events in his life seemed to be at this eventful epoch. As he went westward in a hansom, he could hardly bring himself to believe that barely twenty-four hours had elapsed since he traveled to the Mile End Road in company with Mrs. Wrigley.

And the curious thing that he felt in no sense awed by the possession of thousands of pounds and the tenacity of paternal claimers in a great hotel. His career had been too checkered, its recent developments too stupendous, to cause him any undue emotion. Existence, for the hour, was a species of well-ordered dream, in which imagination was untrammelled save by the need to exercise his wits in order to keep the phantasm within the bounds, not of his own brain, but of other men's.

At the hotel he found the French valet setting forth a short. The man explained that he required a spare set of studs and links.

This reminded Philip that there was still a good deal of shopping to be done. He was about to leave the room for purpose, when the valet said:

"Another portmanteau has arrived for monsieur. Will you be pleased to unlock it?"

"No," said Philip. "It must remain untouched." He smiled at the thought of the sensation his tattered rags and worn boots would make in that place. Yet, just a week ago, he passed through the street outside, bound in the pitiless rain for Johnson's Mews, and bent on suicide.

He walked into Regent street and made a number of purchases, not forgetting some books. A double silver-mounted photograph stand caught his eye. It would hold the two best pictures he possessed of his father and mother; so he bought it. He also acquired a dispatch box in which he could store his valuables, both jewelry and documents, for he had quite a number of receipts, letters and other things to safeguard now, and he did not wish servants prying eyes to examine everything belonging to him.

When alone in his room, he secured the album and locked that special portmanteau again, after stowing therein the letters found beneath Mrs. Anson's pillow. Soon his mother's dear face smiled at him from a beautiful border of filigree silver. The sight was pleasant to him, soothing to his full mind. In her eyes was a message of faith, of trust, of absolute confidence in the future.

It was strange that he thought so little of his mother at this time, but the truth was that his childhood was passed so much in his mother's company, and they were so inseparable during the last two years, that memories of his father were shadowy.

Yet the physiognomist would have seen that the boy owed a great deal of his strength of character and well-knit frame to the handsome, stalwart man whose name he bore.

Philip loved his mother on the compensating principle that persons of opposite natures often have an overpowering affinity for each other. He resembled her neither in features nor in the more subtle traits of character.

After a dinner the excellence of which was in nowise diminished by lack of appreciation on his part, he undertook a pilgrimage of curiosity to which he had previously determined to devote the evening.

He wandered unceasingly to whom he was indebted for the good meals he had enjoyed in prison. Now he would endeavor to find out.

A hansom took him to Holloway, but the first efforts of the driver failed to discover the whereabouts of the "Royal Star Hotel."

At last Philip recollected the warder's added direction—"opposite."

He dismissed the cab and walked to the prison entrance. Directly in front he saw a small restaurant called the "Star." Its tawdry embellishments were due to the warder's gift of humor.

He entered. A woman was knitting at a cash desk.

"Until yesterday," he said, "you sent food regularly to a boy named Anson, who was confined in the prison—"

"Yes," interrupted the lady. "I only heard this mornin' that he was let out."

"Would you mind telling me who paid the bill? I suppose it was paid?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, it was over-paid," was the reply. "You see, the pore lad was remanded for a week, an' Mr. Judd, a man 'oo lives in the Farrington Road, kem 'ere an' arranged for 'is week's board. Hav' ye heard wot 'appened to 'im?"

(To be Continued.)

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



THE GREEK T TYPE OF DRESS.

Charming gowns of the Greek type are of voile, Marquisette or any other silken fabric of semi-transparent order. They are made up over satin linings, of some contrasting shade as brown over mauve, gray over rose and blue over green. The Greek robes are not so scant as are the Directorate, and their skirts show many graceful long-line effects. On most of them scarfs are worn, sometimes swathing the waist and falling in fringed ends at one side, and again draped diagonally across the shoulders, caught together at the waist and falling almost to the skirt hem at the front.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

OPENING OF THEATRICAL SEASON

The Opera House has been thoroughly renovated. An energetic staff has been at work, the walls have been cleaned, the seats polished and the floors scrubbed and oiled. The auditorium presents a most inviting appearance and no doubt a brilliant audience will be present Monday next to travel to the Mile End Road in company with Mrs. Wrigley.

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(To be Continued.)

"The Nigger in the Wood-Pile."

Thousands of people go through life feeling more or less miserable without ever knowing the reason. They suffer from headaches, indigestion, pains in the back, and at the slightest chill get rheumatism or neuralgia.

They try to cure these separate outbreaks, never suspecting that the root of the whole trouble is the failure of the bowels to move regularly, and in many cases the sluggish action of kidneys and skin. The result, of course, is that the whole system gets clogged with impurities, which soon turn to poison, and show their presence in various ways.

"Fruit-a-tives"—or fruit juice tablets—promptly stir up the sluggish liver, regulate the bowels, and stimulate the kidneys and skin to do their work properly. Thus they cure all these troubles by removing the cause, and make it possible to really enjoy life. 50c a box—6 boxes for \$2.50. Trial size 25c. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

WAS JESUS A JEW?

Professor Haupt Contends That the Redeemer Was Not Born in Bethlehem.

Berlin, August 19.—It remained for an American delegate to provide the principal theme of contention at the International Historical Congress, which has just concluded its session here. Professor Paul Haupt, of Baltimore, created a storm of discussion among German theologians by his address of "The history of Galilee," this title only veiling his real subject, which was based on the question: "Was Jesus a Jew?" Professor Haupt answered negatively, stating that Christ was not born in Bethlehem, according to the early Christian tradition, but in Nazareth. He contended that the assessment which necessitated Joseph's journey to Bethlehem occurred eleven years after Christ's birth. After a succession of arguments, Prof. Haupt put forward his conclusion that it was improbable that Christ was a descendant of David. It was probable, on the other hand, that he was a descendant of the Aryan Colonists of Galilee. Possibly, if his genealogical tree could be traced far enough, it would be shown that he was a descendant of Zoroaster.

It was at this point that a war of words ensued between Professor Haupt and the German professors. Professor Haupt's arguments were attacked in detail, and perhaps because it was a question of one against another, he did not fare well. The leading German Biblical expert present expressed the pith of the German idea, when he said it was impossible to decide scientifically whether Christ was a Jew by race. The point of importance was that Christ was unquestionably a Jew by religion.

Such violent dissension was produced that the chairman's efforts to calm the controversialists were for a long time effectual.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Chas. A. McCoskey

News was received Tuesday evening of the death in Brooklyn, New York, of Mrs. Charles A. McCoskey. She was of southern birth, the daughter of Dr. Seward, a prominent physician of Savannah (Ga.). Mrs. McCoskey was a resident of St. John for some time and has a number of friends here who will regret to learn of her death. She is survived by her husband, two sons and three daughters.

John Thornton

At Summerside on Monday morning, John Thornton, one of Summerside's oldest and respected citizens died, at the age of 90 years. He leaves one son and two daughters, one residing in Chatham.

Mrs. Rose Power

Mrs. Rose Power, widow of Edward Power, passed away suddenly yesterday afternoon at the residence of her son-in-law, Thomas McGuire, at Quispamsis. Mrs. Power was highly esteemed by all who knew her and news of her death will be learned with much regret. She had been ill for five weeks but had been gradually improving when a turn for the worse came yesterday afternoon. She leaves two sons and two daughters. The sons are Fred Power, of Vassie & Company, and Frank in the west. The daughters are Mrs. Thomas McGuire and Miss Annie Power, who is employed at Miss Caulay Brothers; two sisters Mrs. William Harrison and Miss McManus, who reside in Brussels street also survive.

WEDDINGS

Lowell-Gallison

James Lowell, of this city, was married yesterday morning at 10 o'clock in the church of St. John the Baptist, to Miss Elizabeth Gallison, of Caracot. Rev. F. W. Chapman, V.G., performed the ceremony. Miss Annie Walton and Patrick Cummings were the attendants.

Horseman-Fullerton

Brocton, Aug. 17.—The marriage of Miss Lena A. Fullerton, daughter of Mrs. Sarah A. Fullerton, and M. Lorne Horseman, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Horseman of Elgin, N. B., took place at 10 o'clock this morning at the home of the bride, 23 Crescent street. The Rev. Geo. Boice of Melrose Highlands officiated.

Schr. Exilda, built at Post Greville by G. M. Cochrane, was launched on Aug. 16 and immediately sailed for Eatonville to load piling for New York. She is 14.9 feet long, 34 feet wide and 11.4 feet deep and registers 349 tons. Capt. Bedford Tower will command her.

Be wise and have a glass of iced "Sallada" Tea when you feel warm. A small piece of lemon will add to its flavor.

House flies are disseminators of disease, and should be exterminated, says Sir James Nicholson Browne.

"Don't place us in the Midway," said Miss Delany in her letter, "for we do not charge admission. We are simply trying to break down the prejudice against the new gown, and are willing to pay any reasonable sum for the privilege of thus exhibiting it at your fair."

She also wishes to have privilege for the girls to leave the building where they are to be exhibited and stroll through the grounds. Miss Delany does not give her street address, but says mail will reach her at the Philadelphia General Delivery.

The proposition has not been acted upon.

A \$20,000,000 terminal station has been planned for the steam, electric and subway lines of San Francisco.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



Sea-saw, sacradown,
Which is the way to Boston town?
One foot up and the other foot down.
And that is the way to Boston town.

Who inquired?
ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.
Upside down, head against tail.

The L. C. SMITH

TYPEWRITER

[THE STANDARD VISIBLE WRITER]

**Have You Seen ?
or Tried It Yet ?**

"A Trial Costs You Nothing."

**Soulis-Newsome
Typewriter Co. Ltd.**

HALIFAX, N. S.

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Write your name and post office address below and mail this ad., together with a ONE DOLLAR BILL, and THE TIMES will be started at once.

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The Evening Times, St. John, N.B.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURABLE KIDNEY DISEASES

BRONCHITIS, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM.

Prepared by J. S. CREED, Agent, Halifax.

X-RAY Stove Polish

The Shine That Won't Explode

For free samples write J. S. CREED, Agent, Halifax.

WILSON'S FLY PADS

Kill them all. No dead flies lying about when used as directed.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES 10c per packet, or 3 packets for 25c. will last a whole season.