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Marr Millinery Co.

Corner Union and Coburg Streets

The KING OF DIAMONDS

By LOUIS TRACY

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

This ended his investigation for the night. He used the sacking to block up the window, replenished the fire, set his coat to dry, and dragged his mattress from the bedroom to the front of the fire. The warmth within and without the house had made him intolerably drowsy, and he fell asleep while murmuring his prayers, a practice abandoned since the hour of his mother's death.

In reality, Philip was undergoing a novel sort of Turkish bath, and the perspiration saved him from dangerous cold. He slept long and soundly. There was no need to attend to the fire. Long ere the coal in the grate was exhausted, the presence of the meteor had penetrated the surrounding earth, and the house was far above its normal temperature when he awoke.

The sun had risen in a cloudless sky. A lovely spring morning had succeeded a night of gloom and disaster, and the first sound that greeted his wondering ears was the twittering of the busy sparrows on the housestops. Of course he owned neither clock nor watch. These articles, with many others, were represented by a bundle of pawn tickets stuffed into one of the envelopes of his mother's packet of letters. But the experience of even a few weeks had taught him roughly how to estimate time by the sun, and he guessed the hour to be eight o'clock, or thereabouts.

His first thought was of the meteor. His toilet was that of primeval man, being a mere matter of rising and stretching his stiff limbs. While lacing his boots he noticed that the floor was littered with tiny white specks, the largest of which was not bigger than a grain of bird seed. These were the particles which shot through the broken window during the previous night. He picked up a few and examined them. They were hard, angular, cold to the touch, and a dull white in color.

On entering the yard he saw hundreds of these queer little rough pebbles, many of them as large as peas, some the size of marbles and a few bigger ones. They had evidently flown on all sides, but, encountering lofty walls, save where they forced a way through the thin glass of the window, had fallen back to the ground. Interspersed with them he found pieces of broken stone and jagged lumps of material that looked and felt like iron.

By this time the meteor itself had cooled sufficiently to reveal the nature of its outer crust. It appeared to be an amalgam of the dark ironlike mineral and the white pebbles. Through one deep fissure he could still see the fiery heart of the thing, and he imagined that when the internal heat had quite exhausted itself the great ball would easily break into pieces, for it was rent in all directions.

His first exclamation was one of thankfulness.

"I am jolly glad that thing didn't fall on my head," he said aloud, forgetting that had its advent been delayed a second or two, the precise locality selected for its impact would not have mattered much to him.

"I wonder what it is," he went on. "Is it worth anything? Perhaps if I dig it out, I may be able to sell it as a curiosity."

A moment's reflection told him, however, that he would not be able to disinter it that day, even if he possessed the requisite implements. On its lower side it was probably still red hot. Through the soles of his boots, broken as they were, he could easily feel the heat of the ground, so the experiment must be deferred for twenty-four hours, perhaps longer. At any rate, he was sure that his mysterious visitor represented a realizable asset, and the knowledge gave him a sudden distaste for coffee grounds and stale crusts. He resolved to spend his remaining three halfpence on a breakfast, and at the same time, make some guarded inquiries as to the nature and possible cash value of the meteor itself. Evidently, its fall had attracted no public attention. The fury of the elements and the subsequent heavy rain were effectual safeguards in this respect, and Johnson's Mews, marked out for demolition a fortnight later, were practically deserted now day and night. Philip did not then know that London had already much to talk about in the recorded incidents of the two storms. The morning papers were hysterical with headlings announcing fires, collapse of buildings, street accidents, and lamentable loss of life in all parts of the metropolis. As the day wore, and full details came to hand, the list of mishaps would be doubled, while scientific observers would begin a nine days' wrangle in the effort to determine the precise reason why the electrical disturbance should have been wholly confined to the metropolitan area. Philip Anson, a ragged boy of fifteen, residing in a desolate nook of the most disheveled district in the East End, possessed the very genesis of the mystery, yet the web af fate was destined to weave a spell that would deftly close his lips.

Meanwhile he wanted his breakfast. He gathered thirty fair-sized, white pebbles and a few jagged lumps of the ironlike material. These he wrapped in a piece of newspaper, screwed up the small package tightly, and placed it in his trousers' pocket. Thinking deeply about the awesome incidents of the previous night, he donned his coat and did not notice the packet of letters lying in the chair. Never before had these documents left his possession. The door was locked and the key in his pocket before he missed them. It was in his mind to turn back. In another second he would have obeyed the impulse, had not a mighty guest of wind swept through the yard and carried his tattered cap into the passage. That settled it. Philip ran after his headgear, and so was blown into a strange sea of events.

"They are quite safe there," he thought. "In any case, it will be best not to carry them about in future. They get so frayed, and some day I may want them."

Emerging from the haven of the mews, he found the untidy life of the Mile End Road eddying in restless confusion through a gale. The gaunt, high walls surrounding his secluded dwelling had sheltered him from the blustering, March wind that was now drying the streets and creating much ill-temper in the hearts of carters, stall owners and girls with large hats and full skirts. In a word, everything that could be flapped or shaken, or rudely swept anywhere out of its rightful place, was dealt with accordingly. In one instance a heavy tarpaulin was lifted off a wagon and neatly lodged over the heads of the driver and horses of a passing omnibus. They were not extricated from its close embrace without some difficulty and a great quantity of severe yet cogent remarks by the wagoner and the driver, assisted by the 'bus conductor and various passengers.

Philip laughed heartily, for the first time since his mother's death. He waited until the driver and the wagoner had exchanged their farewell compliments. Then he made off briskly toward an establishment where three halfpence would purchase a cup of coffee and a bun.

In ten minutes he felt much refreshed, and his busy mind reverted to the mysterious package he carried. Thinking it best to seek the counsel of an older head, he went to O'Brien's shop. The old man was taking down the shutters, and found the task none too easy. Without a word Philip helped him, and soon the pensioner was wiping his spectacles in the shelter of the shop.

"I dunno what the weather is comin' to at all at all," he grumbled. "Last night was like the takin' uv the Redan, an' this mornin' reminds me uv crossin' the Bay o' Biscay."

"It certainly was a fearful thunderstorm," said Philip.

"Faix, boy, that's a thrue word. It was just like ould times in the hills in Injia, where the divil himself holds coort some nights. But what's the matter? Didn't you get that job?"

Philip laughed again. "I am not sure yet," he replied. "I really came in to ask you what this is."

With his hand in his pocket, he had untwisted the paper and taken out the white pebbles, which he now handed to O'Brien.

The old man took it, smelt it and adjusted his glasses for a critical examination.

"It ain't alum," he announced.

"No, I think not."

"An' it ain't glass."

"Probably not."

"Where did yer get it?"

"I found it lying on the pavement."

O'Brien scratched his head. "'Tis a quare-looking objec', anyhow. What good is it?"

"I cannot tell you. I thought that possibly it might have some value."

"What! A scrap of white shtone like that. Arrah, what's come over ye?"

"There is no harm in asking, is there? Some one should be able to tell me what it is made of."

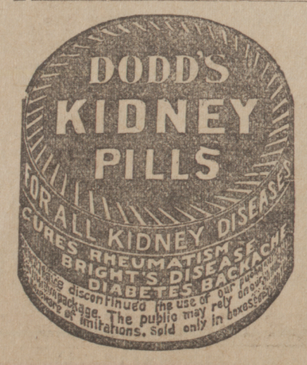
Philip, from his small store of physical geography, knew that meteors were articles of sufficient rarity to attract attention. And he was tenacious withal.

"I suppose that a jeweler would be the best man to judge. He must understand about stones," he went on.

"Maybe; but I don't see what's the use. 'Tis a sheer waste of time. But if y're set on findin' out, go to a big man. These German Jews round about here are omadhauns. They don't know a watch from a clock, an' if they did they'd chate ye."

"I never thought of that, yet I ought to know by this time. Thank you; I will go into the city."

(To be Continued.)



Fashion Hint for Times Readers



EMPIRE WALKING COSTUMES ARE SMART AND PICTURESQUE.

Broadcloth and satin of matching hue are charmingly combined in the Empire coat and skirt afternoon costumes which the maiden who means to commit havoc with masculine hearts at fashionable resorts is bringing from Paris. These have clinging cloth skirts that lie on the ground at all sides, but are not exaggeratedly long. Some of them are absolutely plain, others simulate a tunic drapery and carry many fabric-covered buttons. The coats are usually of satin and of the modified Empire type, a trifle short-waisted, with sloping open fronts and coattail or pleated backs. The full-length sleeves of moderate sizes are set plainly or with only a slight amount of fulness into an armhole of normal size. On all the new costumes of every type sashes are a feature.

PRESIDENT NEAL ADDRESSES A MEETING OF RAILWAY EMPLOYSE

Head of Railway Brotherhood Says no Sane Man Believes in Strikes.

R. P. Neal, of Boston, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Employes, who has been in the city since Friday, yesterday afternoon addressed a meeting of railroad men in Foresters' Hall, Charlotte street. The attendance was not large. W. N. Collins, president of Union No. 95, occupied the chair and introduced the speakers.

James Clarke, of Moncton, first international vice-president of the order, was the first speaker. He told of the growth of the order, the proceedings of the last convention and of the purpose of Mr. Neal's visit.

Mr. Neal was well received. He spoke of the proceedings of the convention and called attention to the expression of different opinions and said he had not himself escaped criticism. When he had entered the field as a labor leader he had prepared himself for vilification.

Mr. Neal also discussed the working of the order and dwelt upon the desirability of the boards of adjustment as established by the order. "The order does not believe in strikes," he said, "and in my personal judgment no sane man, whether he be a laborer or an experienced member of a labor union, believes in strikes. Intelligence and a co-operative spirit on the part of employer and employe should now take the place of the arbitrary ultimatum sometimes delivered."

The highest ideal of organized labor, he said, was co-operation. The order was now in a splendid position and was recognized by the railroads. It was now the largest order on the Intercolonial. It had won many famous fights on American railroads.

Mr. Neal said his real purpose here was to meet the various boards of adjustment. A new schedule was to be drawn up and presented to the I.C.R. management by the general committee within a few weeks. Until the boards met, it was not known what the order was going after, but they were going after something and it could be depended upon they would always get what they went after.

The strength of the organization lay in the variety of the class of work of the members. Eight different classes were represented, taking in all the unaffiliated not connected with the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, or Brotherhood of Railroad Conductors. The freight clerks as a class had held aloof from the order in St. John and he would like to see them in the work.

Mr. Neal was asked by a reporter after the meeting concerning an inquiry received by the Telegraph from a Moncton man "why the financial statement was not published in the monthly journal, so the boys could see where the order stood?"

"I will answer that," said Mr. Neal, by asking him why the other railroad brotherhoods do not do it. Railroad corporations would like to know the amount of our fighting strength and the journal is given to the public. The statement is given in open convention, and cannot be obtained at any other time."

Mr. Neal and Mr. Clarke will address a meeting in Moncton on Tuesday night.

TEMPERANCE MEETING IN THE EVERY DAY CLUB

Turner Howard Was the Speaker at Last Evening's Meeting--An Excellent Musical Programme.

There was a large audience at the temperance meeting in the Every Day Club last evening. The musical programme included solos by Mrs. Webb, Miss Comben, Mr. Mitchell and Master Dobson. The speaker was Turner Howard, who delivered a stirring address, denouncing the liquor traffic and those engaged in it, and declaring himself for total abstinence and prohibition.

He said he was glad prohibition was coming slowly, so that it might gather force as it advanced and sweep the traffic out of Canada forever. He thanked God that parliament had amended the Scott Act so that no liquor might be legally shipped into Scott Act counties, as, for example, from St. John to York. Though he never drank, he had suffered from the liquor traffic, and he hated it for the evil it had done.

The people, the common, everyday people, were beautiful to him and he loved to look out upon the life of the city. That life could be made beautiful. He appealed to his hearers to labor to lift up those who were down, out of temptations, as Rev. Mr. Kelly had said from that platform a week ago, men could mould a strong and noble character.

Mr. Howard made a very strong appeal on behalf of the Every Day Club. He had joined many organizations, and it, next to the church, was the best he had ever seen. There should be more such clubs, he said, in different parts of the city.

Looseness of The Bowels.

It is very seldom during the summer months that most people are not troubled with "looseness of the bowels."

Sometimes it only goes that far, but generally it develops into Diarrhoea, Dysentery or Summer Complaint and has a tendency to weaken the whole system.

When the bowels get loosened up in this way and you wish to check the unnatural discharge without bringing on constipation, there is only one remedy to use, and that one is DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY. This remedy is not an experiment as it has been used in thousands of families during the past sixty-three years.

When you ask for DR. FOWLER'S be sure you get it, as many unprincipalled druggists will try to palm off a cheap substitute on you.

Miss M. Hopkins, Roseview, Sask., writes: "I have used DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY and found it is all it is recommended to be for Diarrhoea and Summer Complaint. We would not be without a bottle of it in the house."

Manufactured by The Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price 35c.

NEW FEATURE AT NICKEL

Aside from the usual fine quality of moving photographs and new songs at the Nickel this week, the superb orchestra will introduce a series of the latest New York hits, commencing tonight with that ruling passion, "Take Me Out To the Ball Game," in medley form. This catchy song number has been re-written for orchestral effect and includes a half-dozen other later successes all of which will be well received. The new songs are Al in quality, too. "A Sweeter Story Still," by Miss Isabel Foley; and "Roll Around," a merry thing by Jack Gurney. The leading picture is The Perjurer, a drama in high society and among gypsies, while the others include Noisy Neighbors, a laugh feast; Brown's New Suit, another scream, and A Guilty Conscience, the story of a little girl, a moving picture and two pennies.

Today and Tonight At the Union

THIS WILL BE THE

BANNER DAY HERE

This Mid-Summer Sale Has Broken All Previous Records

Hundreds of wise people have been to this sale and gone away rejoicing with their bargains today, and tonight will make hundreds of others rejoice. There are still bargains here in profusion to be snapped at, so don't lose any time.

Boys' Suits in 2-Piece at $1.75
Boys' Pants at - - 39 cents
Men's Suits at - - $4.25 up
Men's Pants at - 98 cents up

Men's Shirts, soft bosoms, 59c
Men's Neckwear, 11c, 17c, 19c, 39c
Men's Hose, reg. 20c, at 11c pair
Balbriggan Underwear at 39c

Union Clothing Company

26-28 Charlotte Street, Opposite City Market.
ALEX. CORBET, Mgr.

WHAT A BIRMINGHAM PAPER HAS TO SAY ABOUT CANADA

Splendid Dream of the French Which Glorifies Its Past Statesmanship---The French Population Heart and Soul With the Anglo-Saxon in Quebec Celebration.

(Birmingham Daily Post.)

The historical pageant which at the end of this month will enrich the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence with a flash of military splendor will draw the thoughts of Englishmen back to that second and final conquest of Canada which has immortalised Quebec in the records of two great peoples, whose thousand years of emnity have in this decade been closed—let us hope for all time. And it should also serve to throw thought forward to that greater conquest—of which we of this generation are but witnesses of the beginning—which is converting the territories revealed to the knowledge of Europe by wonderful explorations of Champlain and De Monts into the home of teeming millions of men, destined to be in perpetual alliance with us in these islands.

In Canada we are the inheritors of French exploration and the executors of the splendid dreams of Empire-building which glorify the statesmanship of France in the seventeenth century. It was "touch and go" whether it would fall to the French or Anglo-Saxon race to people and develop this magnificent seaboard and riverain, with its vast prairie lands beyond, its huge mountain regions sloping precipitously to the Pacific Ocean, its endless northern wilds shading off to the inaccessible and uncultivatable sub-Arctic region; and it is difficult to interpret the the long chain of events, inextricably entangled as they are with the European policies of England and France, and the religious struggles that were the aftermath of the Reformation, without feeling that the award of the possession to us was due not less to our own ability to take what we wanted in the world than to that over-ruling Influence that shapes the destinies of nations.

Assuredly the ultimate failure of France was not due to any poverty of imperial conceptions or lack of valor or imperial conceptions or lack of valor or Plain of Abraham was one for which France has no cause for humiliation or ourselves for vainglory. The British attack might easily have failed. Whoever has studied the scene and scaled the heights from the river will have deemed Wolfe's task in the face of valiant foe almost superhuman. The result might so easily have been otherwise, and the mastery of France thus established for all time.

But we pass from these matters to the consequences that flowed from them, not the least being the retention by the French—now grown to a million, one-sixth of the entire population of the Dominion—of their language and their religious system. Hence we have a population intensely Catholic, still self-centred, still separated in speech and thought and historical and religious tradition from the Anglo-Saxon, but none the less loyal to our political system, if only because, if that were swept away, say by the incorporation of Canada in the neighboring Republic, the political rights by which French identity is preserved would be swept away as well. The special liberties and privileges of the French in Canada are in fact, bound up with a continuance of entity of the Dominion as a North American State—an entity that could not be preserved by six millions against eighty except Canada were part of the greater whole, the British Empire.

It is a fine and gratifying thing that the French population should be heart and soul with the Anglo-Saxon in celebrations which recall the passing of power in North America from their race to ours. The two peoples have worked together wonderfully well in Canada—thanks to the practical common sense and political genius of each as well as to the elasticity of the British imperial system which can nowhere be better studied than in the constitutional developments which culminated in the Federation conceived by Lord Durham and Charles Buller. Save for an insignificant revolt by French half-breeds in the North-West, there has been no thing since the serious rebellion of 1838, which has seriously divided French and English sentiment in Canada. Stormy wrangles there have been over the education question, due on the one hand to the unyielding tenacity of the French Catholics, and on the other to an aggressive spirit of Orangeism, now happily subsiding, but each of these has been composed, and the lines of social development in these matters firmly and permanently laid down in legislation.

For a decade the country has been under the political direction of a French-Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who has risen to and kept that great position by sheer force of intellectual power, by an ability, a dexterity, and a personal charm which have made him one of the most remarkable men in our Empire. Under him, Canada has attained to a sense of unity in racial diversity such as she had never before reached; she has engendered great national ideals which give to every Canadian, French or British, a feeling of pride and confident hope in Canada's destiny which is very different from that which was current a generation ago, when gravitation towards the United States seemed to be inevitable. The tendency of these ideals and of many of the later developments of the Dominion is most favorable to those new conceptions of British Imperialism which give range and dignity to the politics of our day, here and in the daughter states.

Certain it is that the great and ever-continuous expansion of the French population of Canada and the emergence of French statesmanship in the person of Sir Wilfrid Laurier have been accompanied by a growth of national and Imperial sentiment in Canada. The two races have been become politically unified, no longer pulling against each other, but exerting their strength together to make of the Dominion the mighty state of their dreams—realisable dreams as we believe them to be, for Canada can assuredly maintain, and is acquiring year by year, a population which, in the course of a century—to judge from what has happened south of the forty-ninth parallel—may equal that of these islands.

The extraordinary fertility of the French in Canada, whom the sometimes derided Catholic clergy have kept free from the taint of race suicide, will prevent the French-Canadian from being swamped in the coming expansion of the population of the Dominion. His is a type that has persisted, and will persist, and the effect of this fecundity will be to force the new generation out of the province of Quebec into the great plain west and north—an overflow which has gone on and is continuing in such fashion that there is now no province where the French settler is not to be found. So far from these Quebec celebrations denoting to the French mind the overthrow of the power of France, they signify the continuity of the French race in North America, its expansion, its certainty of a great future in intimate partnership and friendship with the victors of the Heights.

We have suggested something of the future greatness of the Dominion. In the shaping of it the French population are peculiarly well fitted to take a prominent share. They are conservative and in the mass unprogressive; they have not become Americanised in spirit; they are more deeply concerned with the observances of their faith than with the acquisition of wealth; they are, for the most part, agriculturists on a relatively small scale, and by the methods their forefathers brought with them from France three hundred years ago, rather than men of business and of affairs; they are foresters and watermen rather than men of cities—we speak of them generally, and omit qualifications such as all who know anything of the Province of Quebec can supply for themselves; but because they are poor, are content to be poor, are happy in the role of peasant proprietor, are inured to hardships in a hard climate, they are exactly the kind of people Canada needs for the conversion of her primaeval wilds into homesteads. The present French population is the product of three centuries of endurance in subjugating a territory which exacts high qualities of fortitude and patience from those who would live thereon. A French-Canadian will go into the Canadian bush and found a home and rear a family there when an immigrant from an English city, however well equipped with money or money's equivalent for such a life, will probably fail and beat a retreat.

It is the difference thus expressed that will make the French-Canadian, as he has been in the past, a potent force in the expansion of the country. Its capacity for such expansion is well-nigh illimitable. In relation to the available land, the population is but a handful. The agricultural, the mining, the manufacturing potentialities cannot be grasped by the imagination. Every thousand miles travelled opens out new vistas. It is as certain as anything can be in human affairs that this vast region will be the scene of populous societies equal in numbers and activities to those which have grown up in Europe. If the present rate of progress should continue for a century a new power will have arisen in the world—a British power, which will give our race, if its organic political unity can but be preserved and strengthened an influence in human affairs far greater than it now enjoys; and it is from this point of view, rather than from that of the commemoration of a famous battle and an epoch-making victory, that the pageant at Quebec should be regarded.

A MEMORABLE SERVICE IN REFORMED BAPTIST CHURCH

A memorial service in memory of Miss Ida May Titus was held in the Reformed Baptist Church, Carleton street, last evening. An appropriate sermon was preached by Rev. W. S. Trafton. Miss Titus, who was a daughter of Isaac Titus, was an earnest teacher in the Sunday school. She died on July 15 last.

Sunday was also the last on which Rev. Mr. Trafton will preach before taking a year's leave of absence for the benefit of his health. He has been pastor of the church for eleven years. During his absence Rev. Henry Smith, of Calais, will occupy the pulpit.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



I had a little husband,
No bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot,
And then I bade him drum.

Where is her husband.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE.

Left side down, under arm.