

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



PEDESTRIAN SUIT IN DARK-TONED BROADCLOTH.

If one prefers broadcloth for the all-round practical walking suit it should be remembered that the best quality of such fabric is always the cheapest in the end. Broadcloth shows wear readily if not of the first grade, and this fact should be kept in mind when selecting the fall street costume. It is always best to select a simple design of such a suit, trimming it sparingly with serviceable braids and buttons posed in simple lines, so as to keep the costume within the bounds of simplicity. The skirt of such a suit should be of wide, medium in width and the coat of the new 36 or 40 inch length, with full-length, small sleeves.

THE WHEEL O' FORTUNE

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," "The Captain of the Kansas," etc.

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CHAPTER I.

Wherein Fortune Turns Her Wheel.

At ten o'clock on a morning in October—a dazzling, sunlit morning after hours of wind-lashed rain—a young man hurried out of Victoria Station and dodged the traffic and the mud-pools on his way towards Victoria street. Suddenly he was brought to a stand by an unusual spectacle. A procession of the "unemployed" was snatching out of Vauxhall Bridge Road into the more important street. Being men of leisure, the processionists moved slowly. The more alert pedestrian who had just emerged from the station did not grumble at the delay—he even turned it to advantage rolling and lighting a cigarette. The ragged regiment filed past, a soiled, frayed, hopeless-looking gang. Three hundred men had gathered on the south side of the river, and were marching to join other contingents on the Thames Embankment, whence some thousands of them would be shepherded by policemen up Northumberland avenue, across Trafalgar Square and so by way of Lower Regent street and Piccadilly, to Hyde Park, where they would hoarsely cheer every demagogue who blamed the Government for their miseries.

London, like Richard Roysen, would stand on the pavement and watch them. Like him it would drop a few coins into the collecting boxes rattled under its nose, and grin at the absurd figure cut by a very fat man who waddled notably among his learner brethren, for hunger and substance are not often found so strangely allied. But, having salved its conscience by giving, and gratified its sarcastic humor by laughing, London took thought, perhaps, when it read the strange device on the banner carried by this Vauxhall contingent. "Curse your charity—we want work," said the white letters, staring threateningly out of a wide strip of red cotton. There was a brutal force in the phrase. It was Socialism in a tabloid. Many a looker-on, whose lot was high as desperate as that of the demonstrators, felt that it struck him between the eyes. It had some such effect on Roysen. Rather abruptly he turned away and reached the less crowded Buckingham Palace Road. His face was darkened by a frown, though his blue eyes had a glint of humor in them. The legend on the banner had annoyed him. Its blatant message had penetrated the armor of youth, high spirits, and abounding good health. It expressed his own case with a crude vigor. The "unemployed" genius who railed at society in that virile line must have felt as he, Dick Roysen, had begun to feel during the past fortnight, and the knowledge that this was so was exceedingly distasteful. It was monstrous that he should rate himself on a par with those slouching wasters. The mere notion brought its own confutation. Twenty-four years of age, well educated, a gentleman by birth and breeding, an athlete who stood six feet two inches high in his stockings, the gulf was wide, indeed, between him and the charity-curers who had taken his money. Yet—the words struck.

Evidently, he was fated to be a sight-seer that morning. When he entered

THE COMMON APPLE A GREAT SOURCE OF HEALTH

The Juice of the Ordinary Apple is One of the Best Things in the World for Keeping the Blood Pure.

Few people there are but enjoy a ripe, juicy apple. But how many realize that it is a medicine as well as a treat? Apple juice has a very marked effect on the kidneys, increasing their power to throw off the waste products of the body, called urea, and thus prevent Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, and similar troubles that come from poisoned blood. Similarly, other fruits stimulate the action of the liver and bowels—others of the skin. Combined, they keep the blood pure—the body clean and healthy. To get this effect, however, one must eat a great deal of fruit, or better, eat a little fruit and take "Fruit-a-tives."

"Fruit-a-tives" are tablets in which the juices of ripe fruits, with their medicinal value intensified, are combined with vital salts. They are especially good for the Kidneys and Skin and put them in perfect condition—thus ensuring the thorough elimination of all waste matter and poisons from the body. Trial box 25c. Regular size 50c.—6 boxes for \$2.50. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Guard-room at St. James's Palace. That argued earnestness, an excellent thing, even in the Household Brigade. Roysen was amusing himself with the contrast between the two types of banter-bearers he had gazed at in the narrow space of the guard-room. He was specially tickled by the fact that the Guards, also, were under police protection—when he became aware that the features of the color- lieutenant were familiar to him. A man in uniform, with forehead and chin partly hidden by a moustache, he was recognized easily, if there be any initial doubt as to his identity. To determine the matter, Roysen, instead of following in the rear as he had intended, stepped out briskly and placed himself somewhat ahead of the officer. It was clear that he was actually within a few yards of a former classmate. The knowledge brought a rush of blood to his face. Though glad enough to see unexpectedly one who had been a school friend, it was not in human nature that the marked difference between their present social positions should not be bitter to him. Here was "Jack" marching down the middle of the road in the panoply of the Guards, while "Dick," his superior during six long years at Rugby, was furling along the pavement, perhaps wearing the brim of that gulf already reached by the Vauxhall processionists.

So Dick Roysen's placid temper was again ruffled, and he might have said nasty things about Fate had not that erratic dame suddenly thought of the lines of traffic and the pavement, perhaps ever-ready London crowd lined up on the curb. Nursemaid, bound for the park, wheeled their perambulators into strategic positions, thus commanding a clear view and blocking the edge of the pavement. Drivers of omnibuses, without waiting for the lifted hand of authority, halted in Lower Grosvenor Gardens and Victoria street. Cabs going to the station, presumably carrying fares to whom time meant lost trains, spurred to cross a road which would soon be barred. And small boys gathered from all quarters in amazing lines of traffic, and the Goldstream Guards were coming from Chelsea Barracks to do duty at St. James's, coming too, in the approved manner of the Guards, with lively drumming and clash of cymbals, while brass and reeds sang some jaunty melody of the hour. The passing of a regimental band had whisked many a youngster out of staid Britain into the far lands. The lift and swing of soldiers on the march have a glamour all the more profound because it is evanescent. That man must indeed be a careworn who would resist it. Certainly the broad-shouldered young giant who had been momentarily troubled by the white-red ghost of poverty was not so minded. He could see easily over the heads of the people standing on the edge of the pavement, so he did not press to the front among the rabble, but stood apart, with his back against a shop window. Thus, he was free to move to right or left as he chose. That was a slight thing in itself, an unconscious trick of aloofness—perhaps an inherited habit of occupying his own territory, so to speak. But these slight things which reveal character, these oft-times influence human lives, too; and no man ever extricated himself more promptly from the humdrum of moneyless existence in London than did Richard Roysen that day by placing the width of the sidewalk between himself and the broken row of spectators. Of course, he knew nothing of that at the moment. His objective was an appointment at eleven o'clock in the neighborhood of Charles Cross, and he meant to march along the Mall behind the Guards. Meanwhile, he watched their advance.

Above the tall bearskins and glittering bayonets he caught the flourish of energetic drumsticks. The big drum gave forth its clamor with window-shaking insistence; it seemed to be the summons of power that all else should stand aside. On they came, these spruce Guards, each man a marching machine, trained to strut and pose exactly as his fellows. There was a sense of omnipotence in their rhythmic movement. And they all had the grand manner—from the elegant captain in command down to the smallest drummerboy. Although the sun was shining brightly now, the earlier rain and hint of winter in the air had clothed all ranks in dark gray great-coats and brown leggings. Hence, to the untrained glance, they were singularly alike. Officers, sergeants, privates and bandmen might have been cast in molds, after the style of toy soldiers. There were exceptions, of course, just as the fat man achieved distinction among the unemployed. The crimson sashes of the officers, the drum-major, with his twirling staff, the white apron of the big drummer, drew the eye. A slim subaltern, carrying the regimental color, held just a trifle aloft. The rich lines of the silk lent a barbaric splendor to his soldier's trappings. And he took himself seriously. A good-looking lad, with smooth contours not yet hardened to the military tuff, his face had in it a set gray which proclaimed that he would bear that flag whithersoever his country's need demanded. And it was good to see him so intent on the mere charge of it in transit between Chelsea Barracks and the

ONLY THING THAT HELPED HIS KIDNEYS

British Columbia Likes Gin Pills

Chilliwack, B. C. I divide the year about equally working on this ranch and on various logging claims, being consequently entirely dependent on bodily fitness for a living. At times I have suffered like many others in this country from backache and weak kidneys, sometimes to the extent of being laid up for weeks together. Having tried many remedies I have pleasure in stating that your Gin Pills are the only one from which I have derived any permanent benefit. I had been using them only a short time when the trouble left me, and has not returned since. J. EDWARD JAMES. Write for sample box, free if you mention this paper, then, when you see that Gin Pills are helping you, you can get them at your dealer or from us direct, 50c. a box—6 for \$2.50. Dept. U., National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Toronto.

SEARCHING FOR LIQUOR

Revenue Officers of Woodstock and Houlton, Scott Act inspectors and prohibition advocates of the same town, met in joint convention at the boundary line store Monday afternoon, for their semi-occasional session. For a pastime the stores in this vicinity were visited and from one a quantity of wine was appropriated, there being no other liquors on hand. It is said that the Paradise dove was let loose from Woodstock, before the officers started, and carried its message of warning to the keepers of booze emporiums so that they had ample time to get their contraband out of sight and reach.—Aroostook Pioneer.

Chas. R. Racine, of Montreal, was in the city yesterday and left last evening for Montreal.

Advertisement for X-Ray Stove Polish, featuring an illustration of a stove and the text 'The Shine THAT GOES TWICE AS FAR'.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

DICKENS STORY A HIT AT NICKEL

That the people of St. John thoroughly appreciate a picture or real merit was evidenced by the enormous crowds who attended the Nickel last evening when Charles Dickens' story of the French revolution, "A Tale of Two Cities," was re-told in excellent photographs. Prior to the showing of the picture, a short synopsis of the story was given so that all who had not read the book might be made to enjoy the sequence of events as illustrated. The imprisoned Dr. Manette, his dutiful daughter, the hero Sydney Carton, the chivalrous Charles Darnay (otherwise the Marquis St. Evermonde) and the bullying spy were all faithfully portrayed and the story up to its tragic finale was magnificently enacted and staged.

Several ludicrous comedies proved fascinating foils to this intensely dramatic picture and Miss Felix was uproariously received in a new Scotch popular song, "My Heather Queen," while Mr. Weston was encored every time for his artistic rendering of the ballad, "If You Care For Me as I Care For You." The orchestra delighted music lovers with new airs and some such standard classic as "Rigoletto" or "Cavalleria Rusticana."

BIG SHOW AT THE PALACE LAST EVENING.

One of the best performances produced in a moving picture house this season was presented at the popular West End Palace last night. This was the opening bill for the fall and winter season and it is the intention of the management to give the patrons of the Palace a moving picture entertainment second to none. Announcement was made last evening that owing to the fact that a political meeting will be held in the hall this Friday evening, another night will be on Thursday. For this week, a big bill of amateurs is anticipated, as big prizes are to be given and plans are being formulated for an amateur entertainment organization to promote this line of amusement this winter. The regular five-cent program of movies, songs and illustrated songs will be held to-night, 9:30.

YARMOUTH SEA CAPTAIN PROISED AS WAR HERO

(Continued from page 1.) also striking right into the fort, and we could not but notice that the Americans had much better marksmen than the Spaniards. "After this the American ships came out into the bay and moved just outside my ship, remaining there from one to two hours. We then saw that the Spanish ships had been riddled with shot and shell and many of them were burning and sinking.

SPANISH FIRED OVER SHIP.

"At this period a large gun which was placed on the breakwater at the entrance of the river leading to Manila was kept firing on the American ships lying at anchor in the bay, and all the shots from that gun passed over the shipping at anchor in the bay, our ship being in such a position that every shot passed over us. "One could distinctly hear the shots whizzing through the air overhead. This was exceedingly dangerous, as had any of the shells burst over any ship it would doubtless have caused serious damage. "After being at anchor for about two hours, the American fleet again got under way and steamed down the bay, passing under the fort at Cavite and up into the bay again. Each ship as she came within range of the Spanish fort and ships kept up a sharp fire, going in and out, as on the previous occasion. After this last manoeuvre the Spanish fleet was totally defeated and destroyed and the forts effectually silenced. "The fighting now being over, one of the American ships came close under our stern, together with the lieutenant of the ship, came on board our vessel. I had made the acquaintance of the American consul while loading my vessel at Manila, before war was declared. "Mr. Williams informed me that he wished a despatch sent to the British consul at Manila, and knew of no better way of sending it than by the master of a British ship. He asked me if I would take it, and I replied that by leaving my ship I considered I would be running a personal risk and also jeopardizing the interests and property of my owners. "LANDED AMIDST SOLDIERS. "However, after consideration, I consented to undertake to deliver the despatch. I then manned a boat, placing the British ensign at the bow, and proceeded toward the harbor. In passing one of the ships in the harbor I saw a friend of mine whom I had met in Manila and to whom I explained my mission. "This gentleman offered me his services, which I readily accepted, as he was well acquainted with the city and also the Spanish language. "We landed at the mouth of the river and found that the quays were thronged with people; but, however, none spoke to us. We then tried to obtain a conveyance, but the weather was hot, and we could not do so, and had to walk a distance of about two miles to my friend's factory, where he said he had a conveyance and would place it at my disposal. "On obtaining my friend's conveyance, we drove to the British Consul's office, but on arrival there were told that he had left for his private residence. We then decided to take one of the Consul's representatives with us as guide and to drive to the Consul's residence, which we accordingly did. "On my arrival I met the Consul and handed him the despatches in my possession. He then asked me if I was aware of the contents of the despatches, to which I replied in the negative, but that I understood that he was desirous to go to the Governor General and offer terms of surrender. "He said he would do this at once, and requested a friend of his who was present to drive me to the English Club, and asked me to wait until he returned with the reply. I was accordingly driven to the club and left there, my friend returning with the carriage. "As it became dusk the gentlemen, members of the club, kept leaving for their homes, and advised me to return to the quay and get on board my ship, as they did not consider it safe for me to be in the city at that time. I informed one of the members that I had an appointment at the club and also that I had no carriage to convey me back to the quay. This gentleman offered to get me one and very kindly made arrangements with one of his friends to let me have the use of his carriage, and the coachman was accordingly instructed to wait at my disposal. "I considered this very kind of them

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE.

Old Mother Hubbard Went to the cupboard To get her poor dog a bone; But when she got there The cupboard was bare, And so the poor dog had none.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Upside down, behind Prince. of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hall, of 6 Delhi street, and is survived by two brothers, Andrew and Alonzo, and three sisters, Mrs. Bertha Bizzard, Mrs. May Davidson, of this city, and Mrs. Annie Smith, of Gondola Point. The funeral will be held from her mother's residence.

Mrs. William Ewing

Mrs. Annie Ewing, wife of the late William Ewing died early Monday morning at the summer home of A. C. Ritchie, her son-in-law, at MacLaren's Beach, Mrs. Ewing, who had been spending the summer at the beach, was taken ill on September 19, and from the first it was apparent that her condition was critical. Mrs. Ewing, who was a most estimable lady, had been an active member of St. David's Presbyterian Church, she is survived by one brother, Alex. Robertson.

There are over 220 cups of "Salada" Tea to one pound; consequently at 40 cents per pound, the consumer receives tea at the low cost of one-fifth of a cent a cup. There are few other beverages so economical and as healthful as "Salada" Tea. Granite Rock division Sons of Temperance will hold their weekly meeting this evening in the temperance hall, Carleton Members of the order are cordially invited.

Advertisement for Abbey's Effervescent Salt, featuring a portrait of a woman and the text 'Nothing purer or better made than Cowan's Milk Chocolate Sticks, Medallions, Croquettes, Cream Bars etc. Have you tried Maple Buds?'.

Advertisement for 'Your Advt. Here' with the text 'Will be read by thousands every day'.

Advertisement for J. S. Gibbon & Co. featuring the text '700 tons Broad Cove Landing' and '50 cents per ton discount for all orders of two tons or more while landing.'.

Advertisement for Dobb's Kidney Pills, featuring an illustration of a pill bottle and the text 'Dobb's Kidney Pills'.