

## The Lost Jewel

Sidney Waterhouse, manager for Lehr & Roeder, diamond merchants and purveyors of elegant novelties, had become a happy man. From having no particular interest in life he had acquired a distinct one. This new and alert interest was the result of his having met Mary Boswell. She had come in the store—an ordinary customer—and it had been his fortune to meet her. They looked at topazes together, and she ran the uncut jewels through her white hands and talked about them in a fanciful way that quite enchanted the young man. His business was one that brought him in contact with many fascinating and brilliant women, but he had never met one with such a distinct and delicate charm as that possessed by Mary Boswell. Her irregular mouth, with its full smile, the humor of her brown eyes, the wayward tricks of her abundant brown hair, and the glow and changing expression of her face, had bewitched Sidney. He had been so enraptured with delight upon the fact that the splendid pink topaz selected by her was to be set by their goldsmiths in a pendant amid opals and diamonds. She would be sure to call several times to watch the making of the ornament.

It was as he expected. She came often, now for some trinket, now to criticize the work upon her brooch, and on each occasion Waterhouse managed to find an excuse for conversation with her. She did not resent his pertinacity. She seemed rather to welcome it. Waterhouse spent his days wondering how he might secure an invitation to call.

He felt that the acquaintance was destined to be a serious matter with him. He could not trust himself to look in the woman's eyes lest his ardent admiration should offend her. When she held out her hand in greeting and he took it within his own, he could feel his heart fluttering within him. He confessed to himself that he was no longer sane. An enchanting madness was upon him. One morning all happened as he desired. Miss Boswell stood looking at a number of unset diamonds and she held an exquisitely cut one in her hand.

"We never seem to reach the end of our conversation," she said, laughingly, holding the jewel up to enjoy its fairy prisms.

"I know," he returned, enjoying the beauty of the white hand that played with the jewel. "Just as you become the most interesting you go away. You will not even stop to finish the stories you have begun to tell me. What I suffer from these repulses to my curiosity it would be impossible to describe."

She smiled at him frankly, and it was evident that hidden under her careless words was a deep desire to see him and become better acquainted with him.

"Are you never to be seen anywhere outside of this place," she asked. "Why do you never follow me and insist on hearing the conclusions to these uncompleted stories? Come, visit me in my own home and meet my people, and talk under more peaceful circumstances."

"When may I come?" asked Waterhouse, eagerly. "Tonight?"

"No, no! Not tonight! You must appear indifferent to my invitation. It is not good form to be so precipitate."

"Perhaps I may call this afternoon."

"If you do not exhibit better manners you shall not be permitted to come at all."

"I shall be at your house tomorrow evening," he replied decisively.

She went smiling, as if happiness had come to her, too; and Waterhouse, full of anticipations, dreamed, busied himself with rolling the diamonds in their bits of tissue paper and putting away in the large leather portfolio in which they were kept.

But he had not proceeded far in his task when he realized that the finest stone of all—the one Miss Boswell had held up to the light while she noted its gleaming beauty—was missing. Waterhouse searched everywhere about the place, though he had to do so surreptitiously, for he was most anxious that the loss of the stone should not become known. He guessed how quickly the men in the shop would jump to the conclusion that Miss Boswell was an adventuress, whose fascinating ways had cozened him. The house had certain turned-down pages of that sort in its history.

But after the shop was closed he returned, and by the searching light of the electric lamps, hunted till nearly dawn. But it was useless. The jewel was gone. It was what was known as a "daylight" diamond, and of the most intricate cut. Its loss could not be concealed. It was considered one of the most attractive stones in the establishment, although not of great size.

In the early forenoon Waterhouse made his way to Miss Boswell's house. He determined to tell her of his trouble. He would not in his most tortured moment admit she might have deceived him, and her beauty been a snare; but when he reached her house he was not admitting. The maid said that Miss Boswell had received a telegram and been called suddenly to the Pacific coast. She did not know her exact address.

Waterhouse no further attempted to learn it. He set his teeth hard and went to his employers and told them the whole story.

"It does not seem possible that Miss Boswell can be responsible," they said. "We must withhold our judgment, Mr. Waterhouse."

He thanked them from the bottom of his heart, but he knew that the suspicion would not die in their minds any more than in his own. A year passed. Sidney Waterhouse married a distant cousin whom he had always known, and who needed a home.



**Taylor's Club Glycerine Soap**  
FOR THE TOILET  
Manufactured by  
**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.**  
TORONTO

# The Woman of the House.

Almost every woman at the head of a home meets daily with innumerable little worries in her household affairs. Perhaps they are too small to notice an hour afterwards, but these constant little worries have their effect upon the nervous system.

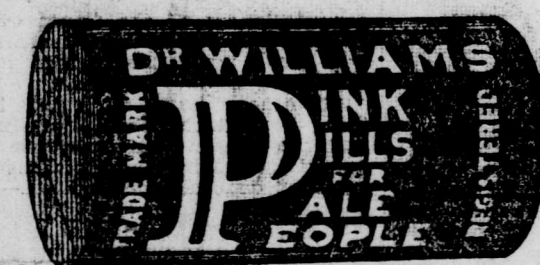
It is these little worries that make so many women look prematurely old.

Their effect may be noticeable in other ways, such as sick and nervous headaches, fickle appetite, a feeling of constant weariness, pains in the back and loins, heart palpitation and a pale or sallow complexion. The blood and nerves need attention, and for this purpose

## Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

FOR PALE PEOPLE

are woman's best friend. They are particularly adapted as a regulator in diseases peculiar to women. Through the blood and nerves the pills act upon the whole system, bringing brightness to the eye and a glow of health to the cheek. Thousands of wives and mothers have testified to the benefit derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.



### WOMAN'S AILMENTS.

Mrs. Napoleon Pouloit, St. Roche, Que., says: "I am forty-two years of age, and for several years past have suffered from ailments common to women. My blood was poor and watery; I suffered from pains in the limbs and abdomen, and frequently experienced much trouble in walking. My appetite was poor, I had frequent headaches, and sometimes attacks of dizziness. I tried several medicines but found no benefit from them, and almost despaired of regaining my former health. A friend who had been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People strongly urged me to give them a trial. I did so, and after using a couple of boxes began to feel like a new person. I continued the use of the pills for some weeks longer, when I was as well as ever I had been in my life and able to do my work about the house as though I had never been sick. I look upon Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a benefactor to humanity, and would strongly urge feeble women to give them a trial."

There are many imitations and substitutes, but these cannot cure and may work further harm. The genuine always have the full name—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on a box like the engraving on the left.

If your dealer does not have them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



Everyone said it was a sensible marriage. It did well enough, without doubt. He admitted that he was comfortable and well cared for. Life was not evidently, the interesting affair that he had supposed it to be, but it did well enough. In the midst of this emotional monotony there appeared at the store one day Mary Boswell. She was beautiful than ever, but seemed excited and distressed. She came toward him at once, and he felt himself growing faint as she approached him. She said to him, "Mr. Lehr and Mr. Roeder, if you will have the goodness, Mr. Waterhouse," she said. "I have a strange story to tell them. Afterwards, if you like, we shall talk about other matters. Alone with the three men she took from her purse the lost 'daylight' diamond and laid it on the table.

"Is that yours?" she asked. "It is ours," said Mr. Lehr, eagerly, anxious to have his own opinion of the lady justified.

"I returned from California last night," explained Miss Boswell, "where I had been most unexpectedly called by the serious illness of my brother, and yesterday in looking over some old letters I found this stone in one of them. The letter which contained it was an important one to me, and I was therefore able to remember having had it in my hand when I last visited your store. The only way that I could account for its presence there was that it slipped into the letter I held in my hand while I was talking with Mr. Waterhouse. Did you miss it?"

"We searched for it for weeks," confessed Mr. Lehr. The lady turned her eyes to Sidney Waterhouse with an appeal in them.

"Why did you not write me about the loss of the stone?" she asked, half pitiously, yet with no little pride. "You knew it was I who looked at them last!" He flushed scarlet, but he reminded her of the circumstances. "You left the city unexpectedly," he said, "and left me no word, though I had an engagement with you." The recollection of the pleasure that both had expected to derive from that meeting caused them to search each other's faces with a sad scrutiny.

"I left a note to be delivered to you the evening you were to call. I contained my address and an invitation to you to write. I have recently learned that you did not call."

"I called in the morning," he said, "but you had gone and I did not tell the maid my name."

The comedy of errors amused the on-lookers. Mr. Roeder spoke his congratulations upon the happy conclusion to all these perplexities, but a look of suffering showed itself in Sidney Waterhouse's eyes and mirrored itself in the soft orbs of the lady.

She arose, visibly embarrassed, bade adieu to the other gentlemen and started to the door. Waterhouse accompanied her.

"You distrusted me," she murmured, as they walked down the long aisle together. "I find it difficult to forgive you."

"I am sufficiently punished," he replied. "I have lost your regard. I have lost you."

"Do not be so hopeless," she responded, with a dash of her old-time coquetry. "Perhaps I shall be able to forgive you after all."

He turned from her bitterly. "I was more miserable than you can ever understand," he responded. "And I mar-

ried—to forget. So I have indeed lost a jewel."

She turned white, but recovered herself. "I have had my bad hour," she said, frankly, holding out her hand in farewell. "It was when you did not write. I thought then that you did not care. Now—how my old distress returns upon me. But I'm not going to disappoint you. I'm going to do as—bravely as you."

She gave him a courageous smile and went out. Sidney Waterhouse closed the door upon her thoughtfully. He knew it to be the end. The jewel was lost.

## Sugar Beets.

Following is the fifth article of a series being written for The Advertiser on the beet sugar industry by Mr. H. C. Green:

Until recently, farmers depended principally on wheat for cash to pay off their mortgages on the farm or large estate bills, but of late years wheat has been so low, and crops so poor, it did not pay expenses, and Ontario farmers could not compete with the west and Northwest prairie farmers in growing wheat, so many turned their attention to butter, cheese and live stock, which have proven better mortgage-lifters than low-priced wheat. Now comes the sugar beet industry, which in the republic south of us has become a fixed and paying industry, and bids fair in the near future to become the greatest industry in the country. If diversified farming pays the individual farmer best, why not the whole country? An average sugar factory would use the product of at least 8,000 to 10,000 acres of sugar beets, and there is no country in the world where the sugar beet can be grown to better advantage than in this section of the country. Ontario can produce more tons of sugar beets to the acre, and with higher per cent of sugar and greater coefficient of purity than any other country in the world. Germany is the greatest sugar-producing country in the world, and in 1897 the average yield per acre of sugar beets was 12½ tons, with 12 to 18 per cent of sugar. New York State, in 1898, yielded from 14 to 16 tons per acre, with 12½ to 16 per cent sugar. In 1897, in the State of Michigan, the yield of sugar beets was from 12 to 18 tons, with 15 to 17 per cent of sugar. At the experimental farm at Guelph in 1897, in several experiments with sugar beets, the lowest yield was 20½ tons, and the highest 30½ tons per acre. In 1897, at the experimental station at Ottawa,

several tests were made in growing sugar beets, and the lowest yield per acre was 21½ tons, and the highest 33½ tons, and the same year at Brandon, Man., the average yield was over 40 tons to the acre. In British Columbia the average yield was 28 tons to the acre. In all the above places, the percentage of sugar was far greater than in Germany, the greatest sugar-producing country in the world, and greater than in most of the States, where they are making good money out of it. There is no better sugar beet section to be found than this western peninsula, and counties bordering on Lake Erie. The beet sugar industry has passed the experimental stage, and it is time our citizens were to take up and develop this money-making industry. Ontario should be the center of the beet sugar industry, of North America, if not of the world. There is no reason why this country should not produce its own sugar. If the Dominion or Provincial Government will give the beet sugar industry the encouragement that the States of New York and Michigan do, there will be several beet sugar factories in course of erection before the chimes announce the dawn of the twentieth century. Several of the States give a premium of one cent a ton on all sugar made from beets in their respective States, and if our government was to give a like bonus for five years, then reduce the bonus a quarter of a cent a year, by the time the bonus was an act of the industry would be on a firm footing, and able to compete with the world on the sweet commodity. In 1888, Claus Spreckles, a German cane-sugar king, erected a beet sugar factory at Watsonville, California, which turned out about 1,000 tons of beet sugar the first year. The prospects were so bright, and the profits so great, that the plant was enlarged, till in 1896 the factory worked up 14,936 tons of sugar beets, which yielded 19,523 tons of sugar, the product of 11,017 acres of sugar beets, or 3,545 pounds of raw sugar to the acre, and the farmers received nearly \$650,000 for the crop. From 1888 till 1896 the Spreckles factory worked up \$2,500,000 worth of sugar beets, and paid over \$500,000 for labor in the sugar factory. In the eight years, the average yield of beets per acre was 11 tons, for which was paid an average of \$4 50 a ton, an average of \$50 per acre, and the company has paid as high as \$700,000 in a year, and have increased the building and machinery till they now represent an outlay of \$2,500,000. In five years the above Watsonville factory paid dividends of \$117 on each and every \$100 share, and then Mr. Spreckles bought up all the stock, paying \$300 for each share, and another factory paid 35 per cent dividends one year. This beats the Klondike gold mines.

**AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.** The Princess of Wales is a photographer of more than ordinary ability. She and her daughters keep their kodaks busily employed on every possible occasion, and were the royal portfolio of views to be thrown open to public view the biographical work of our future historians and writers would be substantially assisted, and one ventures to think, uniquely benefited. At the time of Prince Charles of Denmark's visit to England and before his marriage, Princess Maud's camera was kept continually busy.

At Antioch, Cal., a snake was unsuccessful in attempting to drag a squirrel into its hole.

**MINARD'S LINIMENT** is the only Liniment asked for at my store and the only one we keep for sale.

All the people use it.  
**HARLIN FULTON.**  
Pleasant Bay, C. I.

## Questions Answered.

**GOSFIELD.**—Can a railroad prevent a corporation from laying gas lines or drains in under their track, or make the corporation pay them for going through when the corporation makes the railroad and pays all damages? The railroad is right on the street, and all water drains toward the railroad. Ans.—The corporation may lawfully lay gas mains or drains along the street which is crossed by the railway, without paying the railway for this right to do so; but the corporation must make good any damage to the railway track.

**FIRE LIMITS.**—Have the city council power to permit the erection of wooden buildings within the limits established by the city bylaws, and if not what remedy have the residents of the neighborhood? Ans.—The council cannot lawfully give such permission, but may alter the limits by amending the bylaws. Any of the residents who may be affected by such wooden buildings, to be erected by such permission, may by law obtain an injunction against both the corporation and the persons proposing to erect the wooden buildings.

**PIANO.**—I purchased a piano, and signed a receipt and agreement for it in which I agreed to pay \$300, \$10 cash and the balance in three months, in monthly payments, which when paid, shall be a full settlement, and agreed that the instrument remain the property of the vendor until paid for, and in default of any payment for one month, the vendor or his agent shall have the liberty to remove the same at my expense, without process of law, and for that purpose may enter my premises to search for and obtain such instrument, using such force as may be necessary in so doing, and I hereby waived any trespass or right of action, and I agreed that there is no verbal or other agreement differing from the contract, and that the instrument should be used only at my residence. I am now unable to continue the payments, of which a number are in arrears. If the party from whom I purchased takes it away, in what position will I be left? Ans.—Upon the facts stated, if the piano is taken by the vendor you are liable to pay the expenses of removal only, and he has no further claim on you.

**MARCH AND THE LION.** Something Better Than the Old Saw

The saying about the lion and the lamb in March often proves false, but there is another and a better one which is literally true. When March comes in and finds you taking Hood's Sarsaparilla to purify, enrich and vitalize your blood, you may expect, when it goes out, that it will leave you free from that tired feeling and with none of the boils, pimples and eruptions which manifest themselves because of impure blood in the spring. If you have not already begun taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for your spring cleanse, we advise you to begin today. We assure you it will make you feel better all through the coming summer.

A new fashion is coming in of coating stoves with aluminum. The material is practically indestructible.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

## Tommy Atkins.

Out on the veldt in that great lone land, Life ebbing out on the red-brown sand, With carnage and hate on every hand, Lay Tommy Atkins.

Brow still knit with the stern lust of strife, Flashing defiance—last look of life, One thought of mother, sweetheart, or wife— Passed Tommy Atkins.

Those Boers, entrenched in the heights, fought well— With Creusot, Maxim and heavy shell; Each searching fire rang out the knell Of Tommy Atkins.

"Reports confirmed!" Instead of glory, He met with shame on the kopje gory; A soldiers' life—ah! pitiful story; Poor Tommy Atkins.

Alas, poor fellow! Instead of fame He met his death at the war-dog's game, While the honors go to other name, Than Tommy Atkins.

"There'll come a time," says Tommy's friends, "When British might shall make amends For the trouble and death the enemy sends To Tommy Atkins."

For Britain's arms shall triumph still; The enemy—driven from trench and hill, Shall feel the force of the resolute will, Of Tommy Atkins.

—J. H. HOLMES.

Intemperance made 534 New Yorkers insane the past year; love—14 men and 22 women.

## THE MOTHER

with a nursing baby has two lives to support. Her flesh, strength and vitality are taxed to the utmost, and must be maintained or both will surely fail.

**Scott's Emulsion** will keep up the mother's strength and vitality. It also enriches the baby's nourishment, and supplies the elements necessary for proper growth and development of bones, teeth and tissue.

See and feel for all drug stores. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.