

A FATEFUL...DIAMOND

He had bared his head, and stood gazing at the wonderful picture with wistful earnestness.

Margaret Houghton's own beautiful face paled a trifle. She started, glanced from him to the picture, from the picture back to her lover again.

"Where?" She breathed in a low, startled tone. "Louis, go to the glass over yonder and look into your eyes; mark the shape of your head, your brows, the contour of your whole face. You will find the counterpart of this picture in the reflection of your own countenance, only, of course, it is not quite so effeminate as yours."

"Margaret, what are you saying? Surely you cannot mean anything so absurd!" the young man exclaimed.

"Go, look!" she repeated, giving him a gentle push toward a lofty pier-glass on the opposite side of the room.

He went half smiling, yet with a strange sensation at his heart.

There had been something in the portrait that he had recognized, and now he had a vague idea that it was something like him.

But as he stood before the glass and looked at his reflection his face became grave, his heart grew quick and heavy in its pulsations.

But those glorious orbs opposite—he could see them in the glass behind him, and now they seemed to meet and hold his almost with a look of recognition—might have been painted for his own. That brow, though a trifle more delicate and refined, was the exact outline of his own, and the head, though not so massive and strongly developed, was the very counterpart of that reflected in the glass.

"It is wonderful!" he said, going back to the side of his betrothed.

"You see the resemblance then?" the fair girl said.

"Of course—I cannot help it."

"Of wonder, who says that?" she asked. "Margaret added more lightly and smiling, 'you will yet find that you belong to the nobility of la belle France.'"

"Nonsense, dear; it is only one of those coincidences which people term a 'remarkable coincidence,' he answered, skeptically.

"I do not believe it," Margaret returned positively, while her eyes rested studiously upon the fair face looking down upon them from the canvas.

"I am impressed, Louis, that you are in some way connected with this beautiful woman."

The door opened while she was speaking, and her mother, followed by several of their party, entered the room.

"Do come here, mamma, Mr. Forest," she continued, eagerly turning toward them. "I want to tell you do not think Mr. Dunbar's resemblance to this picture something wonderful. Look," she went on, excitedly, "at those eyes—the shape, color, and expression are identical! See the peculiar curve of the brows—the shape of the head!"

"Really, Mr. Dunbar, it is strangely like you," Mrs. Houghton observed, with surprise.

"Ah! Mr. Forest, you observe it also," Margaret said, as that gentleman came forward, looked up at the picture, gave a violent start, and then turned eagerly toward Louis.

"It is wonderful!" he said, after gazing into the young man's eyes for a moment; but they all noticed that he spoke in a strained, unnatural voice, and wondered that he should turn so abruptly away afterward.

Others of the party gathered around and commented upon the resemblance, and so no one saw, for the moment, Arthur Aspinwall, who had entered the room last, nor the frightened start which he gave upon seeing the picture and hearing the conversation regarding it.

No one had seen him grow deadly pale and suddenly clutch at his necktie as if it were choking him; nor the fierce light that gleamed into his eyes as they fell upon Louis; neither had they heard the low, breathed imprecation that had escaped him as, glancing from the portrait to the young man, he seemed to find in the strange likeness between the two, a deadlier cause than ever for hatred toward his old-time enemy.

But he quickly recovered himself and came forward to join the circle.

"Humph!" he ejaculated, ironically. "It is simply what one would call a 'freak of nature.' That woman, one can see at a glance, was French, through and through, while anyone cannot doubt that Dunbar is of Scotch descent, as his name indicates."

Margaret Houghton's cheek reddened at his sneering tone.

"I own," she said, turning to him with cold dignity, "that Mr. Dunbar has the splendid physique of the Scotch race, but that does not prove that some of his ancestors may not have been of French descent. However that may have been, I never saw a more vivid resemblance between two faces."

Mr. Forest, who had been busily engaged in turning the leaves of his guide book, now came forward again.

"I have been looking for the name of the picture," he said. "It is simply catalogued as 'Portrait of a Lady-in-Waiting to Marie Antoinette.'"

"That is very unsatisfactory," said Margaret, looking disappointed. "I am exceedingly curious to know her name. Ah, there is the gentleman who explained some of the curiosities in the library to me," she added, as an elderly gentleman entered the room. "I am going to ask him about it."

She approached him in her sweet, gracious way, and asked him if he could tell them anything about the picture that had interested them so much.

"What is the number?" he asked.

"No. 22, and the guide book says it is the portrait of a lady-in-waiting to Marie Antoinette. We are particularly interested in it," Margaret added, "because it is so like Louis."

cause one of our party resembles the picture so strikingly—that gentleman standing near it with his hat off."

The beautiful girl's face flushed a lovely color as she thus called attention to her lover, who stood there looking so grand and manly and handsome.

"Out, out!" responded the Frenchman, his eyes now riveted with astonishment upon the young man. "Out, out!" he repeated; "I tell mademoiselle presently," and turning abruptly he trotted into a corner of the room, where there stood an ancient looking desk of solid ebony, richly inlaid with gold.

Drawing a key from his pocket he unlocked a compartment of it, and took thence a book. Opening it at a certain page, he found a paragraph headed "No. 22," and handing the book to Margaret with a polite bow, he remarked that it was a descriptive catalogue, and the paragraph would doubtless give her the information she desired.

With her beautiful eyes gleaming and her face all aglow, Margaret took the precious book and went back to her friends and read aloud the following:

"No. 22. Portrait of Mlle. Louise de Brienne, lady-in-waiting to Marie Antoinette in 1790-3. Youngest daughter of M. Lomenie de Brienne. She was the special favorite of the queen, and the acknowledged beauty of the court. At the outbreak of the revolution she alone of all her family escaped and fled to Scotland. Marie Antoinette was deeply attached to her and very proud of her beauty, giving an order in 1791 for her portrait to be painted by the court painter."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Miss Houghton, lifting her wistful eyes and speaking in a tone of regret, as she finished reading the above. "I wish I could learn more about her—I want to know what became of her after she escaped to Scotland."

"I am afraid, Margie, you are weaving a very disappointing romance in the fertile brain of your youth," Houghton remarked, smiling, as she saw her daughter's eyes rove again to the picture, and then to her lover's face.

"Perhaps I am, mamma," Margaret

responded, thoughtfully; "but some—some am I connected with Louis?"

Arthur Aspinwall, standing near, heard this reply, although it was intended only for Mrs. Houghton's ears, and he started as she uttered Louis's name so familiarly.

Surely matters must have progressed more rapidly than he had any idea of, if she had already learned to call him by his Christian name. It did not please him for her to do so.

His face grew dark with sullen anger, as he glanced from one to the other with jealous eyes. If he could not win her for himself, he could not endure the thought that the man he hated should succeed where he had failed.

"Is there no other record that will tell us anything more of this lady?" Margaret asked, turning again to the gentleman who had found the book for her.

"Mademoiselle is interested very much," he said, smiling into her bright face.

"Yes, yes; I would so like to know if she married, or what became of her after she went to Scotland," she returned.

"Did mademoiselle notice any figures besides certain words in the record?" "No," and she turned eagerly back to the page that she had read.

"Ah, yes; here is the figure '1' after the word 'Scotland,'" Miss Houghton replied, her face brightening.

"It refers to a note at the back of the book," the man informed her, and taking the volume from her hand, he turned the pages hurriedly, found what he was searching for, and passed it back to her again.

When her face kindled into strange beauty, she read:

"Mlle. Louise de Brienne, after flying from France, being the only surviving member of her family, fell to the care of some distant relatives in Edinburgh, where she remained until her marriage with—oh, mamma!—Louise!—the great-grandson of the poet William Dunbar—one Wallace Dunbar, a gentleman of literary pursuits and great learning."

[To be continued.]

AROUND THE LAMP

GOSSIP ABOUT MUSICAL WOMEN.

Patti, it is said, will visit this country unprofessionally next winter.

There will be forty women beneficiaries in the home for indigent musicians built by Verdi in Milan at an expense of \$100,000.

Miss Angela Anderson, niece of the late Mrs. Valen-Pell; Miss Minnie Tracy and M. Gorski, former husband of Mme. Paderevski, have combined to give concerts. Miss Anderson is Paderevski's favorite pupil, yet he doesn't object to her playing with Gorski.

Alfred Powell, the American violinist, will make his reappearance in this country early in January, with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, after an absence of three years in Europe, where she has been heard in some of the best orchestral concerts. Her reception in England was particularly enthusiastic.

A Welsh choir of 200 voices is to be sent to the Paris Exposition and will be an amalgamation of Mme. Clara Novak, Davis's royal Welsh Ladies' Choir, Tom Stephens's Rhonda's Royal Glee Society (fourth winners at Chicago), and David Farr's Barry Male Voice Choir, the winners at last year's national eisteddfod. The idea is to give on July 23 a representation of Welsh music, and for this purpose the massed male voice.

SEALING LETTERS.

There is a language in sealing wax colors. Seal your business letters with red, those to an intimate friend with gray. A really to wedding invitations should be sealed with white, that to an obituary notice with black. Violet typifies sympathy, blue constancy and yellow jealousy. The strictly up-to-date girl seals her dinner invitations with chocolate-colored wax, and the letter to an admirer, whom she would bid hope, with green. She also conceals the wax under the envelope's flap, although that custom is not nearly so pretentious as sealing the outside and forbids the use of the monogram stamp.

THE SCARLET LANCERS.

Lord Roberts' successful application to the war office for the Sixteenth (Queen's) Lancers to be allowed to leave India for the seat of war in South Africa, results in a correspondence of the Pall Mall Gazette a story of this famous cavalry regiment. The Sixteenth Lancers is the only regiment of British cavalry that has ever penetrated and broken a square of infantry, and it made this unique record by a fine feat performed at the battle of Alwal, in the Punjab, in January, 1846.

The gallant Sikhs had thrown themselves into squares, and in this formation they for a long time resisted the desperate charges of the English cavalry, just as stubbornly as the British infantry had resisted the French Cuirassiers at Waterloo.

Again and again did the Sixteenth Lancers strive to break the ranks of the Sikhs; again and again scores of saddles were emptied, and the British were beaten back with slaughter. As the Lancers got close enough to deliver their thrusts their weapons would splinter like matchwood upon the stout shields of their swarthy foes. Suddenly an inspiration came to the troopers.

Without receiving any orders to the effect, but as if controlled by a unitary impulse, they suddenly shifted their lances to the bridle hand and charged in once more. The Sikhs, entirely unprepared for this sudden and masterly maneuver, received in their bodily impact on their targets the deadly spear-points of the horsemen.

Into and through the square swept the Sixteenth, with lances as crimson as their tunics. Even so, it is recorded that the resistance was so great that the Lancers had to be ridden through again and yet again ere they were finally destroyed and dispersed.

FASHION'S LATEST FANCIES.

Long spray brooches of slender and graceful shape have been introduced for use with the chiffon and lace boas that are universally worn, particularly at the cooler resorts. The pins are often five or six inches long, allowing the boa to fall from the sides of the throat, instead of meeting under the chin and they come in the most exquisite flower and scroll designs. Another fancy serving the same purpose as these long pins and used also with fichus, is a slender chain in plain or jeweled gold with a jeweled clasp. At each end of the pins are stuck into the bodice several inches apart, and the boa or fichu passes under the chain and is held in place.

The strapping of the spring season will, it is promised, be still more in

evidence on fall gowns. Bands of sequined satin or velvet ribbon, airtight, gaudy or sober, are on almost all of the few autumn gowns already shown; and elaborate imitations of catfish appear upon crepe de chine, highwaisted and low cut.

It is possible that this summer women are feeling the heat as much as usual; but it should comfort them, in their suffering, to realize that not in many years have they looked so cool. The airiness of the gown materials and the delicacy of their trim make the sight of a group of summer girls as refreshing as a sea breeze. The restoration of green in its pale shades, a very fashionable hue, does much to add to this desirable condition of things, and a pretty woman in a toilette of ice green muslin, breaking in lace foam, here and there, ought to lower the temperature of any atmosphere.

The soft lingerie stocks are fast driving stiff linen collars from the field unless the field happens to be occupied by golf links. Every day they come out in more delectable forms, and at correspondingly high prices. The clever girl makes her own hand-tucked stocks and tiny bows, buying only the little turn-of-the-century lace and inserting it as she can, as a rule, readily match, and whose manufacture is more of a nuisance than it would seem at first glance.

One same clever girl has been known to make the daily handkerchief, the outdoor handkerchief for these collars and bows with decided success and comparatively little labor.

Persian embroideries come to the front more and more, and are particularly lovely upon the soft white woolsens. It is said that this trimming will be a great feature of winter modes and appear conspicuously in the tailor gowns, which are to depart more and more from the severity of the old-time tailor gown.

Blue in its varying shades—cel, turquoise, tendre, hyacinthe and the rest—is perhaps the reigning color of the summer season, possibly because it lends itself so well to combination with the omnipresent black velvet.

LAZY FOLKS WORK THE HARDEST.

So an old story goes. This familiar proverb was once very forcibly illustrated by a father walking with his son for pleasure and instruction. As they trudged on in the sultry summer heat, they came upon an old horse-shoe lying in the road, and the father, minding of the traditional good luck attending one, bade the boy pick it up. The lad glanced at it carelessly, and replied that it was not worth carrying, and passed on.

The father silently picked it up, and on reaching a roadside smithy sold the old iron for a penny, which he invested in cherries.

The day grew more hot and oppressive, and the boy cast longing eyes toward the box of cherries, wondering what the father had done with them. Presently, the father began eating them, and as if by accident dropped one to the ground. The boy picked it up eagerly and smacked his lips over the refreshing juice.

A little further on another cherry dropped, and then another, and another, until all the cherries were dropped and picked up.

When the last juicy cherry had been eaten, the father said pleasantly, "You thought it would not pay to pick up the horse-shoe, and now you are eating cherries for that, you wouldn't have had to bend twenty times for the cherries, my son."

WEDDING ECCENTRICITIES.

Invention has to be taxed in order to provide something entirely new for wedding festivities, and one really desires to be original, but that there are minds adapted to that task, may be guessed from the following real occurrences:

A couple in one of the New England states had recently an ambition to begin their married life under decorative circumstances. The ordinary devices were too old. So, instead of a floral bell, there was to be seen above the happy pair the borrowed legend: "United we stand."

The quotation has not yet been finished.

Still later comes another anecdote, equally true, which seems to embody the modern spirit. Two happy young persons, named, perhaps, Harriet Corson and John Eames, stood up to be married. Above her head was an elaborate floral device with her name in small electric lights. Above the bridegroom appeared a similar decoration, save that it was his name that sparkled through the ceremony.

The lights burned brilliantly, but at

Cosmetics and Face-Washes

...ARE NEVER USED

by the sensible woman who really values her complexion. The cause of a sallow color, of pimples and of unsightly blotches cannot be removed by caustic bleaches.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

when taken regularly, and as directed, strikes directly at the seat of the trouble. It restores the healthy action and appearance of the skin, by stimulating in a natural manner the organs of digestion. When the stomach, liver and bowels are healthy, the skin will be healthy too.

A pamphlet explaining the many uses of this scientific preparation will be mailed free on application to The Abbey Effervescent Salt Company, Limited, Montreal.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS, 25c and 60c a bottle.

the words, "I pronounce you man and wife," "Harriet Corson" was turned off!

MODERN MEXICO.

There are ten volcanoes in Mexico. Mexico has 59 lakes and great lagoons. Mexico has a coast line of over 6,000 miles. Mexico has a vast deposit of onyx and marble. Slavery fully abolished in Mexico in 1837. Coahuila coal is exported to the United States. The army of Mexico comprises about 40,000 men. The area of Mexico is about 750,000 square miles. The "valley" of Mexico is 7,500 feet above sea-level.

LOW SHOES.

Low shoes are the means of giving lasting discomfort and of totally disfiguring the feet.

The first result to be noticed in this direction is the weakening of the ankle. As soon as this occurs the foot twists to one side, throwing the weight of the body upon the small bones of the feet. These in turn become sore and tender, the feet burn and become intensely sensitive. The twisting of the foot from its proper position brings the pressure of the shoe upon the toes and the sides of the feet, causing corns and bunions to appear.

These evils accrue to the ordinary foot. The fat man or woman who resorts to low shoes will suffer more serious results. The increased weight thrown upon the ankles aggravates the ordinary evils, and in addition the flesh of the foot is pushed up over the shoe, and as this is granted quite sparingly there are but few wheelwomen in Russia.

France recognizes the right of the husband to be boss, and before madame can join the racing club she must obtain a signed declaration from her spouse granting her the privilege.

In Florence women cyclists must carry two bells to warn pedestrians of the machine's approach. Men are only required to have one bell.

BETTER THAN BEEF TEA.

Take half a pound of Lima beans, soak them in cold water, to which a little carbonate of soda has been added, over night, so that in the morning you can rub off their tough skin, then soak in a quart of soft water, slowly, for three hours, adding more water if need be, so there will be a pint and a half when done. Now strain through a fine sieve into a clean bowl, and add salt and other condiments to suit the taste, and a little cream or butter to add to the fat. It makes a nourishing diet for a weakly person, is easily digested, and, if taken with a little bread, is much superior to beef tea. We have not had learned the value of beans, nor the best ways of using them for both invalids and for the strong.

TO RESTORE BLACK CURRANT WINE.

Add two pounds of sugar to two gallons of wine. Honey or bruised raisins may be used instead of sugar. Cover close. Take bruised aloes or powdered catechu, and add to the wine in suitable proportions. Let it stand two hours and bottle, using yeast of course as before.

TO DESTROY ODORS.

To destroy unpleasant odors in an invalid's commode, use two ounces of carbolic acid to a quart of water. A tablespoonful of the acid in the vessel after it has been thoroughly washed will be very beneficial. Chloride of zinc is also excellent for use. The proportion is half a pound to the gallon of water.

HOME-NEST NAMES.

The American papers tell of a good minister's wife who was thrice married, to a Mr. Robin, a Mr. Sparrow, and a Mr. Quail, with children or step-children by each marriage, so that in the home-nest of her third estate there dwell together little Robins and Sparrows and Quails.

GREEN GRAPE JELLY.

Pick the grapes from the stems and wash them. Put them into a porcelain-lined kettle with sufficient water to just cover. Boil for fifteen or twenty minutes, stirring occasionally. See that the grapes are crushed in the mixture into a jelly-bag and let it drain over night. Next morning measure the juice, and to each pint allow one pound of sugar. Bring the juice to a boil and skim. Add the sugar and boil for about fifteen or twenty minutes, trying every few minutes by putting a teaspoonful into a saucer. When it becomes solid quickly take it from the fire and turn into the glasses.

The Health Problem.

Is much simpler than is sometimes supposed. Health depends chiefly upon perfect digestion and pure blood, and the problem is solved very readily by Hood's Sarsaparilla. You may keep well by taking it promptly for any stomach or blood disorder. Its cures of eczema, salt rheum, catarrh, dyspepsia, rheumatism and other diseases are numbered by the thousands.

The favorite family cathartic is Hood's Pills.

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THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE ASS'CE COY
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to its policyholders are largely attributable. With the same hearty co-operation of our policyholders, and the same generous confidence of the assuring public, as accorded for the last 30 years, we believe THESE RESULTS WILL CONTINUE to be as satisfactory to policyholders in the future as they have been in the past.

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The Greatest Labor-Saving Device of the 19th Century.

"PERFECTION"

I. "I always dread the ironing days,"
A tired woman said:
"And if I don't soon get relief
I'm sure that I'll be dead."

II. Two little girls were puzzled one day
To know what they would do
To iron Jolly's dresses out,
So that they'd look like new.

III. Mamma, however, surprised them:
She'd been the day before
And bought a "Perfection" Gas Iron
And brought it from the store.

IV. The little "Tots" were delighted:
"It's just the thing," said they;
It's not a bit of trouble
To iron with it all day."

V. No more sweltering over stoves:
The old way's a thing of the past.
So simple a child can use it—
Relief has come at last.

Manufactured and sold throughout the world by
THE EDWARDS SAD IRON CO., Sole Owners.
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Yes; bury it deep from the light;
It is that which has tortured and hurt
you.
So put it away from your sight.
Stretch out a hand to the fallen,
List not to the tears of the horde,
For you, you have risen above them
And walk in the path of the Lord.
Your enemies, you must forgive them;
Despite what they've done unto you;
'Twas the voice of the master that
spoke.
These words: "They know not what
they do."
Spend not your time in praying—
Good deeds are better than prayers;
So stretch out a hand to the sinking
And guide their footsteps from
snarles.
Remember, oh child of misfortune,
That though others deny you their
love,
And though your cross may be heavy
There's a crown that is waiting
above.
—Anon, in Washington Star.

The South Wind.
Made of a mist of jewels,
The moth on a wondrous wing
Sang to the South-wind, "Oh, lift me
In your skiey wandering!"
And the beautiful vagrant at dew-fall
Fluttered a broken thing.

And the live-coal whispered the South-
wind,
"Fan me to life, I pray;
Blow me to large and splendid flame
Bright as the plumes of day!"
And white and dead, when the wind
had passed,
The ash of the live-coal lay.

And the red rose breathed to the
South-wind,
"So sweet these gardens are,
Fain would I send my fragrance
Into some farther star."
And the wind, for the burden stooping,
Tore her, and scattered her far.

And the lady sighed to her lover,
"Love me, love, while you may!
Though the cup of loss be bitter
When the trembling lip is gray.
I shall have drunk deep of gladness;
I shall have had my day!"
—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Frank
Leslie's Popular Monthly.

The following poem appears in the
obituary columns of a Baltimore news-
paper under the death notice of a
husband and father, born in Ireland,
aged fifty-four:

He heard the angels calling him
From that celestial shore;
He sloped his wings and away he
went
To make one angel more.

—By His Son.

Oh, ye who are burdened with sorrow
And crushed by the world's cruel
scorn,
Oh, ye whose hearts may be bleeding
With wounds that are jagged and
torn,
Turn away from the world that has
crushed you,
But cover your wounds with your
pride,
And turn to a new page of life—
Just as though your old self had
died.

Put self away in the background;
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Is much simpler than is sometimes supposed. Health depends chiefly upon perfect digestion and pure blood, and the problem is solved very readily by Hood's Sarsaparilla. You may keep well by taking it promptly for any stomach or blood disorder. Its cures of eczema, salt rheum, catarrh, dyspepsia, rheumatism and other diseases are numbered by the thousands.

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Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream
or Magical Beautifier.

Removes tan, freckles, wrinkles, pimples, rough patches, redness, and every blemish on the skin. It is a perfect skin food, and is so harmless that it can be used by the most delicate. It is the only skin preparation that will not injure the skin.

Similar name, Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of his last trip (in patient): As you ladies will use them I recommend Gouraud's Cream as the least harmful of all the skin preparations.

Also Poudre Sublimine removes superfluous hair, without injury to the skin.

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