

A FATEFUL... DIAMOND

A wave of color shot up to Arthur Aspinwall's forehead at her words. There was a moment of awkward silence; then he admitted with a half-defiant, half-humble air:

"I confess I was wretchedly jealous of him, Margie."

Margaret's eyes began to burn with an ominous light, but she made no reply.

"I could not help it," he went on, encouraged by her silence. "I had cared for you all my life, and I could not be reconciled to the fact he should win your favor so easily when I had failed so utterly after so many years of devotion."

"The girl's golden-fringed lids drooped over her lustrous eyes, which were every moment growing brighter and brighter, while a spot of fire now glowed on either cheek."

"But," Arthur continued, growing bolder as he found the ice so easily broken, "I am not destitute of feeling, Margie. I have not been insensible to your misery, and I am, believe me, sincerely sorry for you," he concluded, with a tender inflection.

She shivered slightly, and drew nearer to the fire, as if she felt cold, while her face suddenly grew deadly white again.

"They were silent for several minutes, during which the young man watched her with a troubled expression."

Suddenly she turned toward him, with a swift, impulsive movement.

"Arthur, do you hear anything said now?" she asked.

"About—Dunbar?"

"Not much. Now and then the fellows at the club mention him; but, like all other mysteries, and unsatisfactory topics, it has gradually been dropped."

"What is your theory regarding his disappearance?" you have never told me," she questioned, leaning toward him, and reading his face with searching eyes.

He moved uneasily in his chair. He glanced into her eager face, and wondered at the strange expression that rested upon it, and he, too, grew a trifle pale as he replied:

"I do not like to tell you, Margie."

"Why not?"

"Because—because—good gracious! you have told me never to say it again; but you tempt me beyond my strength—because, Margie, I still love you too well to want to hurt you in any way."

The hot, crimson tide leaped up to the young girl's waxen neck and throat; and then up, up it surged and rushed until it dyed her whole face with scarlet. Controlling her emotions after a few moments, she said, in a calm tone:

"I have been hurt all that I can be already; tell me your theory."

He regarded her uneasily.

"I thought at first that he had become the victim of foul play," he said at last.

"You thought so at first? Have you changed your opinion?"

"I am obliged to confess that I have."

"What has caused you to do so?"

"The fact that the detectives have not obtained the slightest clue to anything of the kind. These French detectives are very keen, nothing tangible escapes them, and if Louis Dunbar has been murdered—made away with, they would have got hold of something pointing to such a crime before this."

"Then you do not believe he has been—"

A shudder completed the sentence which her lips could not finish.

"No, Margie," he answered gently.

"What, then, can have become of him?"

Arthur was silent.

"Tell me," she commanded peremptorily.

"How can I, Margie? Why will you compel me to be cruel to you?" he asked, tenderly.

She shrugged her shoulders impatiently.

"She lifted her head with something of her old haughty, imperious grace."

"I will know. Tell me what you think has become of Louis," she insisted.

"Well, if I must, remember I do so under protest."

He paused as if reluctant to go on even then.

She lifted her great eyes, and waited for the answer.

"I am forced to believe," he said deliberately, though with downcast eyes, "that he disappeared of his own accord."

disagreeable terms," Arthur replied, gently; "but I cannot help thinking so. In the first place, no one, save him and the cashier knew anything about the money having been in the office. Second, no one but they had a key to the safe. The cashier produced his next morning; Dunbar's was in the lock."

"But someone may have assaulted and overpowered him—stolen his key, and then taken the money," interrupted Margaret.

"There would have been some evidence of it, then; there would have been a struggle for the possession of the key; in that case there must have been some disorder and signs of it. If he had been felled and killed instantly, as your father believes, the body would have had to be taken care of, and the detectives would have traced it before this."

Again Margaret shivered and drew nearer the fire. It was dreadful to hear Louis spoken of as a "body."

"I told you I should hurt you; I cannot bear to wound you, Margie," Arthur said, in unsteady tones, as he noticed it.

She made no reply, but sat a long time silent; so long that the stillness became oppressive to her companion. At last he could bear it no longer, and, rising, he crossed over to where she sat.

"Forgive me," he said, in a low, earnest tone. "I feared this would open your wound afresh, and I would rather suffer torture than give you pain."

"You need not feel at all conscience-smitten—for this—I questioned you—if I alone am to blame."

There was a peculiar significance in the construction and emphasis in the first half of her reply that made him very uncomfortable. What did she mean by it?

"I am going now," he said, after a moment. "I feel like an intruder here; Margie, would you rather I stayed away altogether?"

"No," she at last said, slowly, but without lifting her eyes. "I think I should miss you if you did not come at all; but, Arthur, if you continue to give me pain, I cannot bear that."

His face lighted eagerly in spite of that last prohibition, and his heart bounded within him.

She had said that she would miss him if he did not come at all; she had given him permission to visit her, with only one restriction.

He felt almost sure now that he should win her in time. All he needed was patience and perseverance.

"Ah! if this beautiful girl would only become his wife, and he could have the hand of her gold, also, there would be nothing more to ask for in this life."

"Thank you," he said, and his voice trembled, in spite of his effort to prevent it, with hope. "Then I shall come every day until you send me away; and now good-bye for this time."

He held out his hand as he spoke. She could not help seeing it, but she hesitated a moment, and shrank slightly from him; then, with a sudden movement, she laid hers for an instant in his palm.

It was like a piece of ice—so cold that it actually chilled him.

"How cold you are," he cried. "Margie, your hand could not be colder if you were dead."

"No, nor my heart, either," she moaned, bitterly, and turning abruptly from him, she motioned for him to go.

When Margaret heard the door close after him, she sprang from her chair and began to pace wildly up and down the room; her hands were clasped upon her breast, her face raised heavenward, while the tears fell like rain over her wan cheeks.

Her mother found her thus, a little while after, when she came down from her own room.

"My darling," she said, going to her and taking her tenderly into her arms, "you must not allow yourself to become so unnerved and excited. I know your heart is nearly broken, and we must be careful of it; but, my child, do not forget that our anguish would be a hundredfold more poignant if we should lose you, our only one."

Margaret paused in her rapid walk, slipped her arms about her mother's waist, and laid her head wearily upon her shoulder.

For nearly five minutes she stood thus, then she raised her face and tried to smile—oh, such a pitiful smile!

"I am a great deal of trouble to you, mamma," she said, humbly; "but I will try not to grieve you like this again. Let us go out and drive for a little while; go in the close carriage; imagine the cool air will do me good."

Mrs. Houghton was astonished at this request. No amount of urging heretofore had prevailed upon her to go out. Not once had she stepped outside the door since the dreadful blow fell, and now she was asking to go and drive.

She gave her no time to change her mind. In fifteen minutes they were driving in the brilliant sunshine out toward the Champs Elysees.

It did her much good. She came home brighter and more cheerful. There was no more color in her face than usual, but that look of blank misery was softened, the tones of her voice were less strained and unnatural, while there was an expression of thoughtfulness and resolve upon her countenance that told of some new purpose formed within her heart.

Mr. Houghton was greatly gratified upon learning of this new departure.

It was a good beginning, and, now that the ice was broken, he resolved that he would find something interesting for her outside every day.

Arthur came again the next morning, and he also noticed the change in Margaret.

She was less reserved than usual, joining more freely in conversation than she had yet done, and even smiled slightly once at some pleasant banter between himself and Mrs. Houghton.

That lady informed him that they were going for a drive on the boulevard at two, and invited him to accompany them.

[To be Continued.]

AROUND THE LAMP.

GOD'S CHOICEST GIFT.

"God thought to give the sweetest thing In His Almighty power To earth; and deeply pondering What it should be, one hour, In fondlest joy and love of heart Outweighing every other, He moved the gates of heaven apart And gave to earth a mother."

CARD CASE AND PURSE.

Card case and purse are no longer combined for my lady's convenience, fall importations presenting them as distinct appointments of the feminine toilet. Both are made from suede in rather dull shades of brown, gray, or pale buff. The pocketbook is small, business-like, and durable in appearance, while the card case is medium oblong in size and shape and lined with delicate or bright colors in watered silk. Many of them are metal or jewel studded at the corners and others are finished with a button-hole and pearl or coral button as fastening.

IN THE NURSERY.

A thermometer is almost indispensable in the nursery. It should, if possible, hang in the middle of the room, away from the door, window, wall, and fireplace, where the mercury may be affected by the draught. If the room where the baby is obliged to sleep is very hot in the middle of the day or at night, hang a wet sheet over the window and leave the door open. Sprinkle the sheet as it drips with a whisk-broom that has been dipped in cold water.

CARE OF THE TEETH.

Inattention to the teeth often results in headaches and stomach disorders and there are pains of the teeth which on the other hand can be traced to stomatitis or some other disordered condition of the digestive apparatus. Women especially are susceptible to toothache from remote causes and during the entrance into womanhood especially there appear sometimes pains in the teeth which may be found periodic. Proper care of the teeth includes vigorous brushing at least once a day, preferably in the morning, before breakfast and the careful traction of all food particles after each meal with a toothpick. The quill pick is the best because, being soft, it is less likely to mar the enamel. Cold water and a little pure castile soap make a simple and effective dentifrice.

OYSTER INFECTION.

The dangers involved in the use of oysters and shellfish due to infection of these bivalves by sewage are again pointed out in a recent number of the British Medical Journal. "The oyster lives upon diatoms (bacteria) obtained from the slime covering the sea bottom and the stems of seaweeds." Typhoid fever is caused by the germ, which is both in the oyster juice and in the stomach and other portions of the body of the oyster. Many epidemics of typhoid fever have been traced to oysters. It is not safe to eat oysters unless they are found to be free from infection. The oyster to attend to its business as a scavenger of the sea, instead of terminating its usefulness by swallowing it, alive and kicking, germs and all.

NEW PERFUME.

Carnation pink is a comparatively new perfume, but is running the riotous life of a garden of pink.

CARE OF THE EYES.

"The large number of spectacled adults seen everywhere at the present time indicates that some common and far-reaching cause is at work to produce defective vision," says Dr. Eliza M. Mosher in the Interchange. "It is not needful to go beyond the home and school to find the causes of defective vision. During the years of growth and development, bad air in sleeping rooms and schoolrooms, the use of the eyes with the light directly in front of them in study at home, hanging the head over books, and producing more or less passive congestion of the eye region; overuse in near work and failure to rest the eyes by often fixing them upon objects far distant; bad postures in school—these and many other conditions which affect children unfavorably during school life appear to be predisposing causes of eye defects. All these might be changed if parents and teachers and those who build and equip schoolhouses would work together with that object in view. The eyes of school children should be tested from time to time to ascertain their conditions and needs."

A SUMMER CAPE.

A jaunty cape seen recently was of coral yellow silk, completely covered with narrow ruffles of black tulle, ribbon edged. The collar was high and flaring and covered with chiffon closely shirred, edged by narrow ruffling. From the fastening at the throat fell two long cords of accordion-plated chiffon under a large bow of corn yellow tulle.

FOR INVALIDS.

Invalids the world over are given their bread in the form of toast, and there are many persons ignorant of why this is done. It is because toasting bread until it becomes brown largely converts the starch into dextrine. It will be found that the thinner the slices of bread and the more thoroughly they are toasted—not burned, but still changed to a deep brown color—it will be found to be still more easily digested than ordinary toast.

CUCUMBER AND CRESS SANDWICHES.

Cut some cucumbers into very thin slices, sprinkle a little salt over them, and place them on a clean cloth for about ten or fifteen minutes before using them. Cut some thin slices of bread and butter from a sandwich loaf the pieces of cucumber on some of the slices, then cover them with small cress from which the stalks have been removed, and close the sandwiches with another slice of bread and butter, and with a sharp knife cut them into narrow fingers or squares.

THE WOMEN OF CHINA.

The important work of woman, we believe, is in the home. This does not mean that we think women are fit only to do housework. On the contrary, most of our housework is done by men. Among foreigners who have experience in our country, it is a saying that the Chinese cook is second only to the French, and the Chinese house-servant is second only to the German serving-man. The work of woman among us is to bear children, and it is

desired that she shall be free from the burden of toil, so that she may have time and strength to rear her family well and to make her home happy. The Chinese mother is most anxious for the welfare of her children, watching them with great care as they grow up. She attends to the education of the daughters, and the father directs the education of the sons. The family tie is very strong among my people, and the love and attention which parents give to the bringing up of children is equalled only by the veneration and respect which children show toward their parents. This family love is part of the nature, the religion, the history, the tradition of China.—Mme. Wu, in Harper's Bazar.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught That serveth not another's will, Whose armor is his honest thought And simple truth his utmost skill!

Who God doth late and early pray More of his grace than gifts to lend, And entertains the harmless day With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands Of hope to rise or fear to fall— Lord of himself, though not of lands; And, having nothing, yet hath all.

—Sir Henry Watton.

TIPPING THE HAT.

When a knight of old entered a company of ladies he removed his helmet to indicate that he considered himself among friends, and that there was no need to protect himself. This practice has survived in the custom of raising the hat when saluting a lady.

CARROTS GOOD FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Carrots have been regarded as a moderately useful but not especially interesting product of nature, but suddenly they have acquired a prominence in their own right. Early in the morning, they are said to produce a beautifying effect upon the skin, hair and eyes of the devotee. It is asserted that in six months the most faded and "clergy" complexion will have become rosy and youthful. Why not find in this hygienic discovery a hint for a new occupation for women? A carrot farm ought to pay, when once the value of the vegetable as a cosmetic is understood.

COOKERY HINT.

A few drops of lemon juice squeezed into the water in which celery and other vegetables are cooked will help retain the color.

TESTING EGGS.

The following method for determining the age of eggs is practiced in the markets of Paris, according to the Backer und Konditor-Zeitung: "About six ounces of common cooking salt is put into a large glass, which is then filled with water. When the salt solution an egg is dropped into the glass. If the egg is only one day old it immediately sinks to the bottom of the glass. If three days old it sinks only just below the surface. From five days upward it floats; the older it is the more it protrudes out of the water."

CAULIFLOWER OMELET.

Take the white part of a boiled cauliflower after it is cold, chop it very small, and mix with a sufficient quantity of well-beaten egg to make a very thick batter, fry in fresh butter and send to table.

MINT CORDIAL.

Crush a bunch of mint by rubbing each leaf with a wooden masher, pull in bits, then soak for half an hour in the strained juice of two lemons, and add the carefully grated yellow rind of one. Put a pint each of water and granulated sugar to heat until the sugar spins a fine thread, remove from the fire and stir into it the juice of a large orange and the lemon and mint. Strain, put on ice until very cold, and serve in wine glasses.

CORN PUDDING.

To a pint of corn pulp add a pint of milk, stir in the well-beaten yolks of four eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, pepper to taste. Mix thoroughly. Lastly add the stiffened whites and bake in a moderate oven in a greased dish for one hour. A delicious accompaniment to roast meat.

CORN OYSTERS.

To a pint of corn, prepared as above, add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, two large tablespoonsful of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, a hint of cayenne and black pepper. Mix well, and when the fat for frying is ready add the stiffened whites. Drop in oyster shape from a spoon into the hot fat, brown on both sides and serve hot in the vegetable course. Very good.

FRUIT SPONGE.

To use up odds and ends of fruit, ripe and good, but not fresh looking enough to serve whole, a sponge is the very thing. Wash the fruit, and half a cup of water, stew for a few moments, then squeeze through cheese cloth until a pint measure is filled. Soak half a box of gelatine in a cup of cold water for five minutes, add half a cup of sugar, now stir into this the fruit juice, boiling hot, pour into a shallow tin dish and when cooled a little place this is another of cracked ice and salt. When this begins to thicken stir occasionally and add the stiffened whites of four eggs, all will now be light and "spongy" and must be put on the ice to harden.

Serve with a custard made from the yolks of the eggs.

Fruit juices brought to boiling point, two small tablespoonsful of corn starch, mixed smooth with a little cold juice, half a cup of sugar added, and the whole cooked for five minutes is delicious when allowed to become cold and firm.

Care must be taken to thicken only just enough to hold together. Serve with whipped or plain cream and never omit a pinch of salt in both pudding and sauce.

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The Poets.

Success.

We prate of progress in these latter days— But, pray, in what does progress real consist, Except it be that more of perfect good,

Or universal beneficence be Made common to the human family? And, too, we roll the word success beneath

The tongue with gusto. What may be success? Is it to purchase freemen at the polls Like cattle in the shambles, thus to gain,

By bribe and misdemeanor, place and power? Is it to horde ill-gotten gains or spoils Until command of millions may be held

In hand, as jockeys hold their prancing steeds, And thus to wield a power most dangerous?

A score may not be named success unless It shall be pure—most free of fraud or guile,

And bring some good unto mankind. There is A God, and life is endless. Souls may grow

In love and live in light, and only that Is fully worthy to be named success. Do thou today the kindness nearest thee

And rest content when rest shall close around And end a day of duties changed to deeds.

—LYMAN W. DENTON.

Do What You Feel You Should. If you've any task to do, Let me whisper, friend, to you, Do it.

If you've any thing to say, True and needed, yea or nay, Say it.

If you've anything to love, As a blessing from above, Love it.

If you've anything to give, That another's joy may live, Give it.

If some hollow creed you doubt, Though the whole world hoot and shout, Doubt it.

If you've any debt to pay, Rest you neither night nor day, Pay it.

If you've any joy to hold, Near your heart, lest it grow cold, Hold it.

If you've any grief to meet, At a loving father's feet, Meet it.

If you know what torch to light, Guiding others in the night, Light it.

The Homes of the Toilers.

Here dwell the toilers, dingy block on block Of houses like as kernels round a stalk;

So many windows, doors; such space of brick, Two steps and then the street—one's heart grows sick!

All day within the mills the roar of wheels, Dizzily sliding belts and buzzing reels;

Then home, so weary that the way is dim, And the brick desert seems to whirl and swim;

But home—yes, home, despite its meagerness, With wife and babe and hearthside cheer to bless.

Yea, when the light shines out, what peace is cast Before the feet of him who wanders past!

What recks the outward, if by love's clear blaze Is crowned the inner altar that we raise?

These humble walls that shelter human hearts Need no distinction save what love imparts.

The magic name of "Home" shall ever Their badge of beauty and of dignity.

And whoso'er the toiler shall abide, With peace and love to bless his inglorious side,

There homeless wealth may fitly crave a place, And art a finer charm than beauty's trace.

—James Buckham in Catholic World

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Faculty of Applied Science.....
Faculty of Medicine.....
Faculty of Law.....
Faculty of Comparative Medicine and Veterinary Science, Saturday 22nd Sept.

In the Faculty of Arts (Revised Curriculum) the courses are open also to Partial Students without Matriculation.

In the Faculty of Applied Science the courses in Civil, Mechanical, Electrical and Mining Engineering, Chemistry and Architecture, are also open to Partial Students without Matriculation.

Examinations for twenty-one First Year Entrance Examinations in the Faculty of Arts, ranging from \$90 to \$200, will be held on the 11th September, at Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Kingston and other centers.

The Royal Victoria College, the new residential college for women, will be ready to receive students on 17th September.