

## A FATEFUL... ....DIAMOND

"I wish I was a man this minute, and I'd earn something to help you, Aunt Mary," he said, looking up at her with a flushed face and sad, yet eager eyes.

"You've always been a good boy, Louis, and I wish I could have done better by you, for your mother was a little lady, if there ever was one," she replied, earnestly.

"Do you suppose I've got any relations anywhere?" the lad questioned, after another thoughtful silence. "Goodness only knows, child. All I know about you is that your poor mother came here when you were three or four months old. She was a pretty little thing, but sickly-looking. She hired one woman of me, and always said the rent was prompt, but where she got the money, or how she ever lived, is more than I can tell. She had a dreadful cough, and grew weaker and weaker every day, though used to take her medicine, and when we had something nice, which we often did in those days. But three months from the day she came here I went in to see her in the morning, and found her as dead as a top, beside her. She had burst a blood vessel in the night while coughing, and died all by herself, with no one to do her a kind turn. I listened to this sad story, but great tears gathered in his dark eyes and rolled down his flushed cheeks.

He had heard something of this story before, though not quite so many of the details.

"She had a little money in an old wallet," Mary Jones resumed, "besides a gold chain and a beautiful ring with a great pearl in it. I had to sell those, though, to get money enough to bury her. She hadn't any clothes to speak of, and was about as poor as anyone could well be. I thought I should find something to tell me who she was, but there wasn't a letter or a scrap of any kind to show that she had a friend in the world. There was only her wedding-ring, and a little book of poetry, with her name, 'Annie,' and a verse underneath, written in a nice, gentlemanly hand, and signed 'A.' I felt that never belonged to anybody. I hadn't the heart to sell that ring, for I thought you'd value it if you lived to grow up."

"Have you the book of poetry now, Aunt Mary?" he asked, wiping the tears from his face, with the sleeve of his jacket.

"Yes, I put it away with the ring," "May I look at it?"

The boy's voice trembled and his lips quivered as he made his request. A woman set down her iron, and going to a bureau that stood in a corner of the room, unlocked a drawer and took from it a small box.

This she brought and handed to the child.

He reverently opened the box.

A small volume of Tennyson's poems, bound in blue and gold, lay within it, together with another very small book. He took out the book and opened it at the fly-leaf, and read there, penned in clear, beautiful characters:

"Annie:  
"Whatever lot be mine,  
Long and happy be thine,  
Ere thy full and mature age  
Dates of time its latest page," "A."

That simple initial, with the penmanship of a dove underneath, was all the signature there was to that fond wish.

Young and unlearned as he was, hardly able to read the writing, he could not understand the full meaning of those tender lines; but he instinctively felt as if a loving hand had penned them, and that "A," whoever he or she might have been, must have loved his mother well.

In the back of the book there were a few quoted lines, written in a delicate hand and signed "Annie," and his young heart thrilled as he recognized the fact that if he possessed nothing else, he at least had a bit of his mother's handwriting.

He slowly turned those gilt-edged leaves, and tender as he thought of those white hands, which once had turned the same pages, now lying folded and cold in death.

He closed the book after awhile, and laid it tenderly back in the box, and then opened that other smaller one.

It contained his mother's wedding-ring—a small, heavy hoop of gold, with simply the date of her marriage engraved on it under the surface. This, also, after a little while, he reverently replaced in the box.

"Do you suppose 'A' was my father?" he asked at last, a perplexed, almost distressed look in his dark eyes.

"Bless you, I don't know anything more than you do," returned Mrs. Jones, who had been closely observing him. "Your mother never told me anything about herself. I suppose she hadn't any idea that she was going to die so soon, poor thing. If she had she might have said something about you, and left some word telling what she wanted done with you. As I told you before, she was a pretty little thing, and as sweet as sugar as could be, while you were as fine a baby boy as ever the sun shone on, and it is a pity, if your father was living, that he couldn't have had you. My own children hadn't come then, or I suppose I should have thought I had enough to care for, but I hadn't the heart to send you to the asylum, and

John got better wages then. I had a carpet on the floor then, and pretty curtains at the windows, and we were very comfortable. I've kept on growing fonder of you all the time, and you've been a help to me in taking care of the children. I'm only sorry I couldn't have done better for you," she concluded, sorrowfully.

"You've been very good to me, Aunt Mary, and I'll pay you for it some time. I won't be a poor boy always—I'll make something yet. If there are chances in the world for others, I guess there is one for me somewhere."

"I'll find it, and then I'll make the most of it," said Louis Dunbar, with a resolution not common in one so young. "It's rather hard," he went on, musingly, "not to really know who you are, nor who your father was. Perhaps I have relations somewhere who would be glad to help me if they knew about me. But I'll see what I can do for myself, and I bet I will have a pile of money some time, and then I shan't let you work as hard as you do now, Aunt Mary."

Mrs. Jones laughed good-naturedly over these bright visions of youth—frail air castles that soon would crumble and fall.

"I hope you won't be disappointed," she said, adding, with the old bitterness in her voice: "But whatever you do, don't you ever ask a girl to marry you until you are sure you can take care of her. Better stay single all your life than make a drudge of your wife, and let your children come up anyhow."

"I won't," was the eager reply. "If I ever want a wife I'll get a house first to put her in—a nice one, too—and money ahead to help take care of her. May I keep these now?" he asked, after a moment, holding up the box she had given him. "I'd like to, and look at them by myself once in a while."

"If I thought you wouldn't lose them," Mrs. Jones began, reflectively. "I won't," Louis interrupted. "I have a box that locks, you know. I'll put them in and be just as careful as I can be of them."

"Yes, you may have them," said Mary Jones.

And, bidding her good-night, the boy crept away to his little room, where, in a hidden corner, he stored his treasures safely away in the little "box that locked." He threw himself upon his bed and was soon fast asleep, and dreaming that a graceful figure, with a sweet face, came to him, and bent fondly over him, and that, reaching up his arms, he placed them about her neck and called her "mother."

### CHAPTER III.

Early the next morning—long before the sun had risen—Louis Dunbar was awake.

Very quietly he stole out of bed, his face very grave and thoughtful and resolute, and, hastily dressing himself, slipped noiselessly down to the kitchen, where, after procuring himself a piece of bread and meat from a closet, he softly let himself out of the house.

He turned his steps toward the outskirts of the city, and walking on and on, on the clanks upon its many steeples struck the hour of six.

Louis seemed to have some definite plan in view, for he kept straight upon the highway until he came to a large farmhouse—a dirty-looking place, with white-curtained, green-blinded, with great, beautiful elms drooping gracefully all about the smoothly-shaven lawn.

Going around to a back door, the boy unhesitatingly approached it, and rapped, though somewhat timidly, upon it.

It was opened almost instantly by a buxom, rosy-cheeked girl, who regarded him with something of astonishment in her bright eyes.

"Does Mr. Brown live here?" Louis asked, respectfully.

"Yes," the girl answered, still eyeing him curiously.

"He hires boys to pick strawberries, don't he?"

"Yes; lots of them."

"Would he give me a job?"

"I don't know; you can ask him," the girl replied, in a kind tone.

"Mr. Brown," she called into the kitchen, "here's a boy to see you; he wants a job."

Then she went back to her work, leaving Louis standing alone upon the broad stone steps outside.

The farmer soon made his appearance, however, and, doffing his cap, he asked him if he would hire him to pick berries.

"Who are you?" the man asked bluntly, and studying him attentively with his keen eyes.

"My name's Louis Dunbar."

(To be Continued.)

## DO YOU FEEL TIRED IN THE MORNING?

Does Sleep not bring Refreshment?

Do you feel wretched, mean and miserable in the mornings—as tired as when you went to bed? It's a serious condition—too serious to neglect, and unless you have the heart and nervous system strengthened and the blood enriched by



Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, collapse is almost certain to ensue. Mr. Fred H. Graham, a well-known young man of Barrie, Ont., says: "I have had a great deal of trouble with my heart for four years. I was easily agitated and my excitement caused my heart to throb violently. I had dizziness and shortness of breath, and often arose in the mornings feeling as tired as when I went to bed. I was terribly nervous. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done wonders for me. They have restored my heart to regular healthy action, giving me back sound restful sleep, and making my nervous system strong and vigorous."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are sold in boxes of \$1.25 at all druggists or by mail. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## AWFUL RAVAGES OF THE CHOLERA

In the Famine Districts of India.

Nearly 10,000 Cases in a Week, 5,892 Being Fatal.

Continental Harvests Are Up to the Average and Safe—Phenomenally Hot Weather in Old London.

London, July 17.—The weather yesterday was the hottest experienced in London this season. The thermometer at 11 a.m. showed 91 degrees in the shade and 132 degrees in the sun. There were many prostrations by heat and some fatal cases have been reported. Work had to be suspended in exposed places.

THE C. E. CONVENTION.

About 20,000 people participated yesterday in the world's Christian Endeavor convention on the Alexandra Palace grounds. Meetings were held simultaneously in the theater, concert hall and large marquees. The speakers included the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kansas, and the Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer, of Boston. "Father" F. E. Clark, the founder and president of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, was given an ovation when he appeared on the platform. Mr. Sheldon spoke on "Commercial Problems," expounding his well-known views as to how business should be conducted.

DELAGOA BAY AWARD.

The negotiations conducted by United States Ambassador Choate, on behalf of American bondholders, and Lord Salisbury, for English bondholders, in the Delagoa bay affair, are proceeding satisfactorily, and a definite agreement regarding the distribution of the award has practically been reached. The matter will be settled by the arbitrator. The bondholders settled the matter among themselves, and Mr. Choate's work was almost confined to officially presenting their views.

ENGLISH WHEAT CROP BACKWARD.

London, July 17.—The Mark Lane Express says the season of wheat is fully a fortnight backward, but if August is fine we may have a good crop of average quality the right side of 25 bushels. Barley is not likely to equal the average. Oats have remarkably improved since June, and the continental harvest is up to the average everywhere, and safe. In France the yield may be 10 per cent below the average, but the crop in Roumania is reported the largest on record.

AWFUL RAVAGES OF CHOLERA.

The governor of Bombay telegraphs to the secretary of state for India that there were 9,328 cases of cholera in the province during the week ending July 7, of which 6,474 were fatal, and that in the native states there were 9,526 cases, of which 5,892 were fatal. The total number of deaths on the relief is 1,000.

There has been a good rainfall in Surat, Khandesh and the western part of North Gujarat, with the result that the crops are well advanced. The sowing of crops has partly commenced. The monsoon was heavy in Surat, and there were good falls in Kattywar and Thana. There has been insufficient rain in the Punjab for dryland sowing.

Notwithstanding the improved prospects no diminution of relief is possible. On the contrary the figures last week were the highest reported. Relief and supplies are being replaced. The condition of the surviving cattle in Western India is deplorable. The health returns are satisfactory. The total reliefs were 6,145,000.

## AT BISLEY

Pte. Langstroth, of the Canadians, Doing Good Work.

Bisley Camp, July 17.—In the Daily Telegraph match on Saturday, Lieut. John O'Connell of the 13th Field Artillery, got 15th place, winning 67 shillings; Sgt. J. McVittie, 48th Highlanders, Toronto, 33rd place, 50 shillings; Lieut. A. A. Smith, 59th Battalion, 40 shillings; Gunner A. Evans, 5th R. C. A., 47th place, 40 shillings; and Sgt. A. Corrigan, 59th Battalion, 33rd place, 40 shillings.

Pte. T. A. Langstroth, of the 74th Battalion, did excellent shooting at the Alexandra, which began yesterday. At 500 yards he got his shots within the bullseye each time. At 600 yards Pte. Langstroth made another splendid score, tallying 24 points out of a possible 35. He has an excellent opportunity of winning the first prize, which is £20. At 500 yards Pte. Langstroth's score was 35, and this, added to his score at 600 yards, makes an aggregate of 69 out of a possible 70.

In the Martin cup shooting, Sgt. A. McVittie made 31, getting 29th place and winning 56 shillings. Lieut. A. A. Smith took 94th place, winning 40 shillings; his score was 29 points. The match was at 200 yards, with seven shots, a time limit of two minutes being fixed.

Among the winners of minor money prizes in the Martin challenge cup competition, were the following Canadians: McVittie, with 31, and Morris, Smith and Morse, each with 29, out of a possible 35.

### SUBTERRANEAN STREAMS.

San Francisco, July 17.—A discovery of scientific interest and great commercial value has been made on the Island of Hawaii. Immense subterranean streams of the purest water have been uncovered from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet above the sea level. This water will be funneled down to the sugar plantations affording an abundance for irrigation. From five subterranean streams tapped within the past few weeks the Olaia plantation has secured a continuous flow of 20,000,000 gallons every 24 hours.

### KILLED BY A BULL.

Bay City, Mich., July 17.—Mary Bushy, aged 57, was found dead in a field on the farm of Clement Dumont, near Auburn village, ten miles out. She went out in the afternoon to gather berries, and was attacked by a vicious bull, which gored and trampled her in a terrible manner.

## PEKIN VICTIMS

Names of the Europeans and Americans Who Fell in the Legation Slaughter.

Following are the names of those connected with or staying at the foreign legations, who are believed to have perished:

British—Sir Claude M. Macdonald, minister; H. G. N. Perdig, second secretary; Dr. Woodsworth Poole, physician; Right Rev. Bishop Scott, chaplain; Henry Cockburn, Chinese secretary; Lady Macdonald; the Misses Macdonald; 72 men and 3 officers of the guard; 12 student interpreters.

American—Edward Conger, minister; Mrs. Conger; Mrs. Conger's sister; Miss Laura Conger; Miss Mary Conger Pierce; Mrs. M. S. Woodward, of Chicago; Miss Ione Woodward; Miss Payne; Herbert Squires, secretary of legation; Mrs. Squires and six children; William Bainbridge, second secretary; Fleming Chesire, interpreter; 56 marines and 7 officers, assigned to the guard of the legation.

German—Baron von Kettler, minister; Baroness von Kettler; Von Prittwitz et Saffron, first secretary; Dr. Veide, physician; H. Cordes, interpreter; O. Feslan, chancellor; 35 men and 2 officers of the guard; 6 student interpreters.

French—S. Pichon, minister; D'Anthonard, secretary; M. H. Ledue, interpreter; M. Morisse, interpreter; Commander Vidal, military attaché; Bishop Favier; Dr. Dethève, physician; C. M. F. Bertheaux, chancellor; 8 student interpreters; guard of 72 men and 3 officers.

Russian—M. Michael De Giers, minister, and Mme. De Giers; Mlle. De Giers; M. B. Krupensky, secretary; M. B. Evreinoff, second secretary; M. P. Popoff, interpreter; M. Castani, military attaché; Dr. Korsakoff, physician; guard of 39 men and 3 officers; 6 student interpreters.

Italian—Marquis Salvaggio Raggi, minister; Marquis Salvaggio Raggi and his son; Prince Livio Castani, attaché; Prince V. Vitelli, Di Portogallo, dragoman; Marquis Pallavicino, representing the Italo-Chinese Mining Syndicate; guard of 39 men and 3 officers.

Austrian—Dr. A. De Rosthorn, secretary; Herr R. Natiesta, vice-consul; guard of 29 men and two officers.

Japanese—Baron Nishi, minister; M. Ishii Kikonjiro, secretary; M. Nishimura Takesha, second secretary; M. Marumo, third secretary; Major Aoki, secretary; Dr. Nakagawa, physician; M. M. Tai and Pokowmaron, interpreters; M. Sagiyama, chancellor; guard of twenty-four men and two officers.

Belgian—Dr. De Cartier De Marché, chargé d'affaires; M. De Nolotte, attaché; M. A. Spilinger, interpreter. Spanish—Senor B. J. D. Coloman, minister; Senor F. Solares, secretary. Dutch—M. P. M. Knobel, minister; M. W. J. Van Duijn, secretary.

Portuguese—Senor F. H. Galbardo, minister; Senor M. P. A. Bauderia De Luna, secretary; Senor C. A. R. De Paes Assumpcao, interpreter. Foreigners in Chinese Customs Service—Sir Robert Hart, inspector-general of customs; Sir Robert Hart's sister, Mrs. Bredon; Mrs. Bredon; Miss Bredon, sister of Mr. Bredon; T. R. Bagley, secretary; P. M. Yvon, treasurer; J. Brevitt-Taylor, assistant secretary; J. Van Aalst, secretary of posts; C. E. Tennant, assistant secretary of posts, and twelve probationer clerks.

Missionaries in Chinese Customs Service—The missionaries who have shared the fate of the diplomatic corps at Peking, it is impossible to give any definite information as to their numbers, for although the American and English missionaries are aware of the names of the missionaries who were assigned to duty at Peking at the time when the troubles commenced, and some of whom got away in safety, they cannot tell how many of the missionaries from neighboring districts had sought refuge in the city.

The same is the case with the Roman Catholic missionaries, of whom there were a large number engaged in religious work in Peking and in the surrounding country.

### A Record in Blood.

The record of Hood's Sarsaparilla is literally written in the blood of millions of people to whom it has given good health. It is all the time curing diseases of the stomach, nerves, kidneys and blood, and it is doing good every day to thousands who are taking it for poor appetite, tired feeling and general debility. It is the best medicine money can buy.

Hood's Pills are non-irritating. Price 25 cents.

The fortune which nobody sees makes a man happy and unenvied.—Bacon.

PREVENT DISORDER.—At the first symptoms of internal disorder, Peppermint's Vegetable Pills should be resorted to immediately. Two or three of these salutary pellets, taken before going to bed, followed by doses of one or two pills for two or three nights in succession, will serve as a preventive of attacks of dyspepsia and all the discomforts which follow in the train of that fell disorder. The means are simple when the way is known.

Flatterers are but the shadows of princes' bodies; the least thick cloud makes the invisible sun disappear. We have NO hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhea, cholera, and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

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### 17 YEARS IN USE.

Mr. John L. Carter, of Bridgetown, N.S., in the following letter, tells how it saved his life: "I had suffered with dysentery for four weeks and could get nothing to cure me. I then tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and I feel that it saved my life. It restored me to health when everything else failed. I consider it a wonderful remedy that should have a place in every home."

Always ask for Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and refuse substitutes or imitations.

Mrs. Middleton Wray writes from Schomberg, Ont., as follows: "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best remedy I know of for Summer Complaint and Bowel Diseases of children. I have used it in our family for the past seventeen years and never had occasion to call in the doctor for these troubles, as the Fowler's Extract always worked like a charm."

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A new remedy which quickly cures sexual diseases, restores the system, and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. Knappe, 1011 Broadway, New York, N.Y., sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

## Railways and Navigation

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S.S. GERMANY.....July 25, Noon

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