

Picking Up Fortunes.

FABULOUS FINDS IN THE DEPTHS OF THE DIAMOND MINE.

There is scarcely a page of the history of the diamond industry that is not full of romance, as strange as any you will find in books of fiction.

Take, for example, the story of the finding of the famous Excelsior diamond, a stone of the finest water, more than five times as large as the Koh-i-noor itself before that historic gem was re-cut.

The contract of a syndicate of London diamond merchants at Jagersfontein, in the Orange Free State, was about to expire. It had, in fact, come to its very last hour, when one of the Kaffir boys turned up with a stroke of his pick an enormous stone, nearly six and a half ounces in weight, two and a half inches long, and two and quarter inches wide.

Regardless of the War Overhead.

Seizing the stone, the native ran with it hot-foot to headquarters, and was rewarded for his good fortune by a present of a hundred pounds and a horse and cart in exchange for a diamond which, in its rough state, was valued at a million pounds.

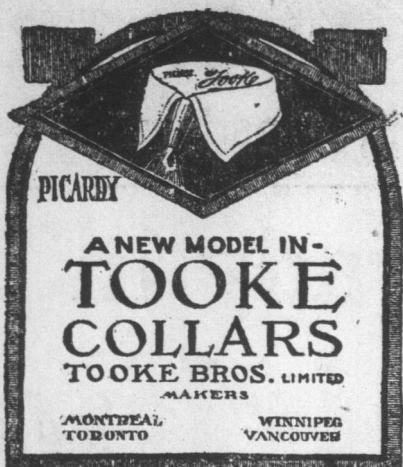
A few weeks later another magnificent stone, more than three ounces in weight, and two and a half inches across its major axis, was found in the De Beers Mine by a native boy, who stole it. His illicit ownership, however, was brief, for within three hours it was recovered by a detective.

While war and famine were rioting over the Kimberley Mine, nineteen years ago, the Kaffirs were placidly continuing their quest of diamonds 600 feet below the thundering guns. One day, so the story is told, "one of these moles in human form" came upon an irregular pebble, which shone like a moon in water on a crisp October night.

Quickly reporting his find to the overseer, the Kaffir was credited with a gem of unusual size and remarkable purity. When the diamond was placed on the scales, it was found to weigh 221 carats, or more than either of those historic gems, the "Regent" and the "Orloff."

Sold For One Frank!

Still more romantic are the stories told of some of the world's historic diamonds. The "Florentine" or "Grand Duke," for example, a stone of 135 carats, valued at £160,000, was picked up by the roadside after the title of Granson in 1476. Its finder, thinking it was a worthless piece of



glass, promptly flung it away; but on second thoughts picked it up again, and was glad as part with it for a frank to a priest, who, in turn, was delighted to dispose of it at a profit of a hundred per cent, one two-millionth part of its value.

The "Regent," which is treasured in Paris, and is the queen of all the French national gems, was picked up in 1701 at the Parteil mines on the Kistna, by a slave who, concealing it in a hole cut for its reception in his thigh, escaped with it to the coast. Here he sold it to an English skipper, who, instead of paying the small sum demanded, treacherously killed the slave.

In later years the "Regent" was purchased by Thomas Pitt, grandfather of the first earl of Chatham, who, after having it cut—a process which reduced its weight from 416 to 136½ carats—sold it for £135,000 to the Duc d'Orleans, Regent of France during the minority of Louis XV.

The "Orloff," a magnificent stone of 193 carats, and the chief adornment of the sceptre of Russia, was for centuries one of the eyes of an idol in a temple in Mysore, until a French soldier stole it. After many vicissitudes and changes of hands, it was purchased at Amsterdam by Prince Orloff for his splendid mistress, Catherine the Great of Russia.

Valued at Many Millions.

Still more romantic is the story of the Braganza diamond, a stone of 1,680 carats, and "as large as a goose's egg," which, for more than a century, has been the proudest possession of the Portuguese Crown. This amazing stone, which Mr. Streeter, the great authority on gems, has valued at £38,000,000, was picked up by three Brazilian outlaws in the half-dried bed of the Abaite river, in the province of Minas Geraes.

The outlaws took the stone to the nearest village priest, who obtained access for them to the Governor, into whose presence it was given. The diamond, the largest and finest hitherto found, was despatched to Lisbon, with the result that the three outlaws received the Royal pardon and a rich reward, while the padre to whose friendly offices they owed their good fortune was given high preferment in the Church.—Answers.

Literary Lodgers.

Authors and Artists Who Lived Together.

The old proverb which tells us that birds of a feather flock together has often been exemplified in the case of fellow-lodgers, young men who found themselves together in the same "digs."

For instance, in their bachelor days, and before either made any name in the world, Mr. Coulson Kernahan and Jerome K. Jerome lived together, but whether the author of "A Dead Man's Diary" was one of the famous "Three Men in a Boat" we cannot say.

Then it is well known that Sir Hall Caine and the great artist-poet, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, lived together for a time. The author of "The Manxman" was a very young man at the time, but Rossetti was a widower and reaching the end of his remarkable career.

Married Two Sisters.

Southey and Coleridge for a time lived together in the house of Mrs. Fricker at Bristol, and later married her two daughters, who made most admirable and devoted wives.

Coleridge and Wordsworth lived together for a time in a little cottage among the Quantock Hills. Together they concocted the scheme of "The Ancient Mariner" and collected the poems from their little stock which made up that famous book, "Lyrical Ballads," in which "We are Seven," as well as the famous "Mariner," first saw the light.

Two well-known fellow-lodgers of recent years were Theodore Watts-Dunton and Algernon Charles Swinburne, but as they lived at The Pines, at the foot of Putney Hill, as bachelor occupants of the same house, they could hardly be called lodgers. Holman Hunt and Sir John Millais lived together at Ewell for some months. One was painting his famous picture, "The Light of the World," and the other his fine canvas, now in the Tate Gallery, "Ophelia." The two men once amused themselves by painting the panels of their landlady's cupboard door, and got a good scolding for "spoiling" it.

Every Saturday evening after 7 o'clock, Choice Ends of Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Pork will be sold at cost. ELLIS & CO., LTD., 203 Water Street.—Nov 29.

Minard's Linctum Cures Diphtheria.

"Sorry, My Mistake!"

CRIMINALS WHO BLUNDERED BADLY.

That cheerful person, Lenin, is reported to have said that he would rather have a score of innocent persons were killed than that one of the middle-class should escape.

His state of mind must resemble that of another Russian, the woman calling herself Mrs. Stafford, who shot M. Muller, the wealthy Parisian banker, in the Hotel Jungfrau, at Interlaken.

She fired at her victim as he was reading a newspaper over his luncheon, and killed him on the spot. She had made a mistake. She had taken him for M. Durnovo, a Russian Minister who was not too friendly towards Anarchists. "But," she added, "in such times as the present one life more or less does not matter."

Mistaken Identity.

A similar case occurred more recently in New York. Mr. J. W. Burke, of the Iron Workers' Union, incurred the enmity of a certain political gang of the baser sort because he had accused them of "graft." The gang hired three criminals, known as "Big Shim," "The Dymite Kid," and "Ernest the Crow," to murder him. The three went to a saloon, saw there a man whom they evidently thought was Burke, and shot him. Burke was not in New York at all that evening, and the unfortunate victim was Mr. Thomas Conroy, of the Plumbers' Union.

One more victim of blunder on the part of a hired murderer was Mr. Abe, director of the political Bureau of the Japanese Foreign Office, who was stabbed to death on a winter's night in 1913. His features closely resembled those of the famous Chinese reformer, Sun Yet Sen, and, as was afterwards discovered, his murderer mistook him for that person.

If murderers make mistakes thieves do so much more frequently, and sometimes the results are distinctly humorous. A burglar broke into a house at Boston, taking no end of trouble to get in without making a sound. He reached the dining-room without disturbing anyone, collected all the silver, packed it carefully in a bag, and carried this out into the hall. A gleam from his electric torch fell suddenly on a tall figure standing opposite, and the thief, in sudden panic, pulled out his revolver and blazed away.

Two athletic sons of the house came racing downstairs to find that the burglar had emptied his pistol into a life-sized figure which stood in the hall. The blunderer had five years in which to repent of his foolish mistake.

During the last couple of years tobacco has become so scarce and dear as to be well worth even a burglar's attention. But he must surely have been a new hand in the profession who broke into a Braintree tobacconist's and raided all he could carry from the front window.

Unrewarded Energy.

He might have known that in these days the "show" consists of dummy packages. When he discovered his mistake it was too late for useful repentance, so he dumped the whole lot in an alley, where it was found next morning.

Another disappointed criminal was the one who stole a case of shoes from a boot shop in Pittsburg, only to find, when he had conveyed them home, that they were all for the left foot. They were, in fact, a case of samples.

The way in which burglars overlook booty is very odd. It was in the Strand, at no great distance from the offices of this paper, that two men broke into another publishing office, and spent half the night cutting open a large safe in which was nothing but an empty cash-box. They were apparently too weary

to start on a smaller safe in the same room, which held a quantity of money; but the oddest part of the whole business is that in a confectioner's shop below, through which they had gained entrance to the upstairs offices, was a safe of which they had taken no notice whatever.—Tit-Bits.



THE NEED OF THE WORLD.

The world is needing you and me. In places where you ought to be. Somewhere to-day it's needing you. To stand for what you know is true. And needing me somewhere to-day. To keep the faith, let come what may.

The world is needing me and you. To share the tasks it has to do; It needs high-minded men to stand Against the thoughtless of the land; Men who will scorn to stoop to wrong To win the favor of the throng.

The world needs humble men to toil. Men who will till a patch of soil. Men who behind their work can see More than its gold and silver fee And choose to serve where best they can Their country and their fellowman.

The world needs honest men to-day To lead its youth along the way. Men who will write in all their deeds Against the lure of shame will guard. The beauty of their spoken creeds And spurn advantage here or gain On which deceit must leave its stain.

The world needs men who will not brag. Men who will honor Freedom's Flag. Men, who, although the way is hard, Against the lure of shame will guard. The world needs gentle men and true And calls aloud to me and you.

The world needs men of lofty aim. Not merely men of skill and fame. Not merely leaders wise and grave. Or learned men or soldiers brave. But men whose lives are fair to see Such men as you and I can be.

T. P.'s Men.

"Some twenty years ago a London evening newspaper, the Star, had gathered upon its staff a most remarkable company of brilliant young journalists, all of whom have since risen into high positions," says John O'London's Weekly.

"The editor was Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and under him were Ernest Parke, afterwards himself editor, and James Douglas, who succeeded him; Joseph Pennell, who was art editor; Charles Duguid, now City editor of the Daily Mail; W. J. Evans, afterwards editor of the Evening News; H. W. Massingham, editor of the Daily Chronicle and now of the Nation; Lincoln Springfield, who became news editor of the Daily Mail, and who is now editor and chief proprietor of London Opinion; Richard Le Gallienne, the poet, who was the literary critic, and Clement Shorter, editor of the Sphere, who followed him; Bernard Shaw, who was the musical critic; and A. E. W. Walkley, who was the dramatic critic, as he is now on the Times. And there was also Thomas Marlowe, who for fifteen years has been editor of the Daily Mail. A magnificent 'T.P.' record!"

When you want Roast Beef, Roast Veal, Roast Mutton, Roast Pork, try ELLIS'.

The Airplane to the Rescue of Storm-Tossed Mariners.

More than a hurricane on the high seas do sailors fear even sixty-mile gales near a rocky coast. To the life savers, also, a rocky coast is most dangerous. In any attempt of theirs to reach a vessel that is doomed, what is to keep their puny shell from being dashed upon the rocks? During the great storms off the coast of Maine, for instance, the experienced guards well know the uselessness of any attempt of reaching ships in rowboats. Rockets or cannons are brought into action immediately and with these the guards attempt to shoot lifelines out to the foundering vessel.

With these lines, it is often possible to carry the sailors off the vessel in hawser. Notwithstanding this admirable method, there are times when the lines do not reach the sinking ship and crew. Rocket nor mortar is powerful enough to carry the heavy lines against the wind, far off the land. But shall we let the sailors perish, because of that? Not while there is a way out. And that way is with the airplane, the next great servant of man that is coming as soon as the world sees a righteous peace. The airplane is a rider of winds, and sixty-mile gales will never prevent it from carrying a lifeline to the ship! The plan has already been worked out by the United States Coast Guard.

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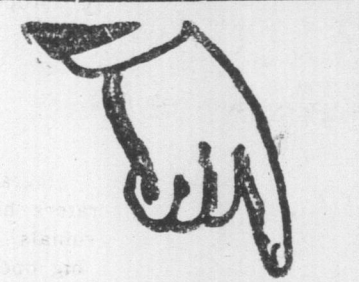
S. MILLEY

A SHIRT-SLEEVE GENERAL.

It was in South Africa that General French earned the title of the "shirt-sleeve General"—a sobriquet that conveys a subtle compliment from "Tommy's" point of view. Actually French was often to be seen walking about in camp during his heavy marches in shirt sleeves, writes Mr. Cecil Chisholm, in his biography of Sir John French.

One afternoon a correspondent rode up to the lines, and, seeing a soldier sitting on a bundle of hay, smoking a dilapidated-looking old briar pipe, asked where the general was. "The old man is somewhere about," coolly replied the soldier. "Well, just hold my horse while I go and search for him." "Certainly, sir," and the smoker rose obediently and took the bridle. "Can you tell me where the general

is?" inquired the correspondent of a staff officer farther down the line. "General French? Oh, he's somewhere about. Why, there he is, holding that horse's head!" And the officer pointed directly to the smoker, still tranquilly pulling at his pipe and holding the horse. Needless to say, "Uncle French" and his men hugely enjoyed the correspondent's awakening.



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