

Washburn-Crosby Co.
Gold Medal Flour
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Why Not Now?

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Fortuna's Legacy,
 —OR—
The Stolen Diamonds.

(Concluded.)
 'Judith was very agreeable to Aunt Keziah,' said the girl.
 'But not to you,' returned the lover.
 'Ah, never mind; let us forget it all,' said Fortuna. 'As soon as we can arrange matters here, we will both go our separate ways.'
 'Then you will come to me, darling?' said Harbord, stooping to kiss her.
 A light footfall outside made Fortuna draw away with the lovelight still in her brown eyes, and a beautiful blush on her soft cheeks.
 Judith came in with a black wrap over her arm.
 'I believe you are going to town to-day, Mr. Harbord?' she said with a smile. 'Do you mind attending to a little errand for me?'
 'I will do whatever I can for you, Miss Danby,' the young man replied, politely, if coldly.
 He had never liked the coquettish, artful blonde, and her spiteful treatment of her cousin had prejudiced him still further.

'I want you to take this wrap to my dressmaker, that is all,' she said. 'It is necessary that I should have it altered at once. I have so few black garments.'
 He scarcely heeded her while she procured a piece of stout paper and twine, until she called him to assist her in tying the package. She shot him a resentful glance from her steel grey eyes as he mechanically obeyed her. How eagerly he would have assisted Fortuna!
 'There, my dressmaker will soon make the wrap wearable,' she said. 'I have sent her a note with full instructions, so all you will have to do is to deliver the package. You don't mind? I suppose Tuna and I will be cooped up here for a few days yet. I have not been outside the house for a week. Here's the address, and I'm ever so much obliged.'
 Francis Harbord slipped the card into his pocket and took up the package.
 Two hours later he was in the busy Metropolis, bound for the establishment of 'Madame Nardine, Parisian Modiste, Park-place.'
 He found the place, a handsome set of mansionettes, and was shown to a suite of rooms that struck him as being very select and luxurious for a busy dressmaker.
 Madame Nardine herself received him in a gem of a reception room, fitted up in ruby and gold.
 She was a tall, graceful Frenchwoman with deep set black eyes and a fascinating smile. Something in her appearance seemed peculiar; her rather shabby attire looked out of place with her surroundings. Harbord felt the incongruity of it all without fully realizing it.
 Madame Nardine thanked him for his trouble, and declared that Miss Danby would be favoured at once.
 Was Mr. Harbord to return to Barrowdale that day? Then would he assure Miss Danby that the wrap would be returned within the week?
 Harbord's business in town detained him longer than he had anticipated. Having missed the 6.30 train for Barrowdale, he went into a restaurant for his dinner, and then strolled idly along the strand. Turning into Covent Garden, he walked up to the brilliant entrance of the Opera House, through whose doors music lovers and pleasure seekers were gaily trooping, white car-

riage after carriage rolled away. While he stood contemplating the animated scene, the young lawyer found himself arrested by the extended hand of a portly, grey-haired man.
 'Harbord, is it really you? Going in?'
 Harbord shook hands heartily.
 'Not to night, Mr. Denham,' he answered. 'I have only run up from Barrowdale on a matter of business. Have you heard of Miss Keziah Thurston's death?'
 'No. Is the old lady dead? Well, well, I'm sorry to hear it. My wife will be sorry, too; they used to be great friends till Miss Thurston's eccentricities drew her away from society. Who got the jewels, Frank?'
 Harbord started and smiled in his companion's face; but the older man was looking at him earnestly.
 'They were a fine set, Frank. I helped the old lady select them—'
 'What do you mean?' stammered young man. 'Miss Thurston left her jewelry to her niece, Fortuna, but—'
 'Well, she deserved them. I don't know anything about the other one. I guess no one knew much about her till her aunt hunted her up. So Fortuna's got the diamonds—'
 'Diamonds?' repeated Harbord. Then, with a pitying smile: 'Ah, Mr. Denham, I see that you, too, believed in Miss Thurston's chimerical wealth. Her jewels are a lot of old-fashioned trinkets, worth little save for the associations—'
 'What are you talking about?' ejaculated the older man. 'I tell you

Miss Thurston had a case of diamonds as fine as any I ever saw. It was her notion to invest her money in the gems, and I was with her when she bought them. Let me see, there was a necklace with a pendant ornament, a bracelet, earrings, star and crescent—about eight thousand pounds' worth altogether, I should say.'
 Harbord looked bewildered for a moment, then he shrugged his shoulders.
 'Well, Miss Thurston must have sold them again and lost her money in speculation,' he said. 'There was nothing left but a few bits of cheap jewelry.'
 'H'm, Miss Thurston wasn't a woman to speculate,' commented his companion. 'And if she'd been robbed, she'd know it, I suppose.'
 Just then, while Harbord was looking reflectively ahead of him, he saw a woman pass from a carriage to the entrance of the Opera House.
 It was Madame Nadine, gorgeously attired in orange and black, with her safflow cheeks rouged and her black hair piled in wavy masses upon her head.
 A feather edged opera-cloak was slipping from her shoulders, and Harbord's intense gaze followed her as she swept into the lobby.
 'I'm going in,' he said, abruptly, to his companion, and together they entered the Opera House.
 From his retired seat he soon discovered the Frenchwoman sitting in one of the stalls.
 In her brilliant costume, with her bare shoulders and challenging glances, she was very conspicuous. Then, too, she was ablaze with diamonds.
 Harbord absorbed them carefully, a necklace with pendant ornament, a bracelet, earrings, star and crescent. About eight thousand pounds' worth of diamonds worn by a dressmaker!
 It was a sudden, startling thought that had come to him when he first saw Madame Nadine enter the Opera House, and now he sat there and tried to study it all out.
 Why did this woman wear jewels, comprising with those once in Miss Thurston's possession? Were they really hers? If not, to whom did they belong? Had she been robbed, and who could be the culprit? Suppose Madame Nadine was not a dressmaker; then who had lied to

him, and for what reason? He could only come to one conclusion.
 After a brief talk with Mr. Denham he rose and left the Opera House.
 He went straight to the apartments of Madame Nadine, and was admitted by her maid, who instantly recognised him and glibly told him that her mistress was not at home.
 'I will leave a note for her,' said Harbord, and the maid went to fetch the writing materials.
 Over the back of a chair hung a familiar object, a black cloth wrap with the lining hanging in strips.
 Harbord was examining it when the maid returned.
 She flushed and avoided his gaze.
 'Madame has already begun her work,' she stammered.
 'Ah, Madame works with a heavy hand,' he replied. 'It is a thick lining; a person could easily hide things away in such a lining. I think I will wait and see Madame. Neither you nor I will leave this room till Madame returns, or I may find it necessary to visit the police.'
 The girl sat down pale and frightened. At last the door opened and Madame Nadine came in.
 She gave a little shriek when she saw Harbord, and drew her opera-cloak closer about her. Guilt was written plainly on her face.
 'I have already seen your diamonds at the Opera House,' said the young man, facing her. 'Madame, the return of the jewels and a full confession will save you much trouble. Do you know that those diamonds were stolen?'
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'Mon Dieu!' cried the Frenchwoman. 'I had no right to wear them. They are not mine. But—stolen—stolen!—nevaire!'
 'Yes, stolen by Judith Danby, who sent them to you, and I was the one to bring them. It was a bold stroke; but happily it has failed.'
 'I did not know. I will show you the note,' cried the woman, greatly excited and frightened; and she gave him Judith's message to her.
 'Dear Felicie,—I will send you some jewels that I do not wish these people to know that I possess. Take care of them till I come. You are a dressmaker, understand, and in the garment I send, you will find the jewels sewn up in the lining.—Yours,—'
 'JUDITH.'
 With the jewels and the incriminating note, Harbord returned to Barrowdale.
 How Judith Danby had learned her aunt's secret and managed to abstract the diamonds no one ever discovered; but many things are possible to a scheming, unscrupulous woman, and her plot would have succeeded but for a woman's vanity and the happy chance that led Francis Harbord to the Opera House on that fateful evening.
 The fair thief left Barrowdale immediately, and the story was not made public; but the people of the little country town knew and rejoiced in these facts; Miss Thurston had possessed some wealth after all, and she had left it to her favourite niece, Fortuna.

Kipling Writes His First Play.

LONDON, April 11.—Rudyard Kipling has written his first play, but for some reason the matter is being kept a profound secret. Neither the title nor the plot is revealed, but the fact that all the characters are animals is known to Kipling's most intimate friends.
 The characters are taken from the 'Jungle Book,' but the play cannot be called a dramatization of that work, as the stories are not followed, and the only animals capable of being costumed and acted are being selected.
 The play is declared by those who have read it to be replete with Kipling humor and vitality. It is in no sense an imitation of 'Chanticleer,' although Kipling's animal characters like Rostand's, talk, understand and are endowed with human emotions. The play is being considered by one London and one New York management.
PATIENT FOR HOSPITAL.—Mrs. Roberts of Twillingate, who is suffering from cancer, came from that town by the Stella Maris last evening, to enter the Hospital for treatment.

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Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.



Girl's Dress With Panel Front.
 The frock representing a design that requires little trimming is always popular. The dress here shown may be made with a finish of braid or stitching and a bit of lace or embroidery for the yoke facings. The fronts are outlined by a panel that is overlaid at the upper part to simulate a yoke. The panel forms part of the skirt and skirt in front. The sleeve has a deep cuff. Cashmere, challie, serge, gingham, chambray, dimity, linen or other materials now in vogue may be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for the 12 year size.
 A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

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Ladies' Shirt Waist.
 The prominent features of this design is the long shoulder and the 'manish' finish of the sleeve which is set into the arms eye without any fullness. The waist is plain over the upper part, and closes under a box plait in front. It may be finished with a low or high collar. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 27 inch material for the 36 inch size.
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