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THE BLUE DIAMOND

BY ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW,

Authors of "The Shulamite," "Bye—and the Law," "Gilded London," "The Premier's Daughter," "The House Next Door," Etc.

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(Continued.)

CHAPTER XIV.

Patience drew a deep breath of thanksgiving and stared out of the window, watching the carriages depart conveying the house party to the railway station. It was the day after Vivienne's wedding, a dull and cheerless autumn afternoon. The bride seemed to have carried away all the sunshine with her, all the warmth, for a cold and drizzling rain was falling, and the clouds looked grey and sombre overhead. The trees surrounding Barrington Lodge drooped their branches in melancholy fashion, and the ground was strewn with decaying leaves, whose bright coloring had been turned sodden by the rain.

"Thank Heaven!" murmured Patience as the carriages turned down the bend of the drive and became lost to sight.

She clasped her thin white hands, conscious of the extraordinary relief it would be not to encounter the mocking eyes of Lady Erline. She shivered a little at the mere thought of the other's cold yet classically beautiful face, the painted lips, the powdered cheeks of the woman with the strange, unmirthful laugh. Her heart beat wildly as she remembered that last terrible scene which had passed between them, the menace in the other's face, and promise that Lady Erline had extorted her. The promise that she would recover the stolen diamond, and place it in Lady Erline's hands within three weeks—a promise she must redeem. But the Blue Diamond, where was it? Who had taken it?

Patience remembered the scene she had had with Vivienne, and the confession her sister had made to her. She had believed from what Vivienne had said, as indeed she might, that Vivienne had stolen the diamond, but now Patience began to ask herself doubtfully if the girl might not have been referring to something else. They might have been at cross purposes, she and her sister, deceiving each other innocently.

This new and terrible idea made Patience shiver, for she did not know into what sea of trouble she might not have plunged Vivienne. Supposing the latter knew nothing about the theft of the Blue Diamond, but had been referring to something else?

She had gone away so happy, too, so certain that what she had feared would never come to pass—that Patience had saved her; and now, for all that Patience knew, she herself might be the agent of her sister's destruction.

The girl turned wearily from the window, and sank down into the deep depths of a chintz-covered armchair, then gazed somewhat sadly and listlessly about her.

She was sitting in the drawing-room, a large and comfortably-furnished room, gay with chintz hangings, full of books and flowers. But all the furniture had been disarranged for the wedding, and the white flowers, drooping in the vases, had an almost funeral air. They no longer appeared to be the flowers of bridal so much as of burial.

Also the room was wrapped in heavy shadow, and Patience had suffered the fire to burn down, occupied as she had been in saying good-bye to her father's guests and playing the part of hostess.

She pressed her hands to her brow, conscious that her forehead was aching painfully, and she asked herself miserably what she had better do.

There was a bare chance that Vivienne had been decieving her all the time, and if so she might still have the Blue Diamond in her possession. But Patience did not really believe this in her heart, nor, indeed, did she wish to believe it. She would rather bear fresh trouble and disgrace, she reflected than be forced to realize that Vivienne could be guilty of such treachery—such meanness.

Besides, there had been a ring of utter sincerity in her voice, and the look of relief which had come over her face could not have been the result of clever dissimulation. For if Vivienne had been acting during the scene with Patience, she would have been able to take her place as the greatest actress in the world. No, she had been genuine enough, there was no doubt about that. She had really believed her sister had saved her, by restoring whatever it was she had stolen, but she was not speaking of the Blue Diamond, she was referring to something else. Of that Patience felt absolutely convinced.

"I must go and see Vivienne,"—Patience muttered the words half aloud—"and I must tell her the whole truth. There must be no secret between us now. We are both in a terrible plight—in a dreadful position. Vivienne must tell me everything, make a full confession, even if it pains her to speak."

A look of resolution came over Patience's face, and of almost stern determination.

"I wonder what Roger will think," she muttered to herself, "when I break in upon his honeymoon?" Then an expression of sudden dismay came over her face—alarmed consternation—as it occurred to her that she did not know her sister's address, nor would till Vivienne wrote. The bride and bridegroom had gone straight to London the day before, but they had intended to make their way to Dover the next day, and cross the Channel en route for Paris. But Patience had no idea of what hotel they would stay, nor how long they would remain in Paris, for she knew Vivienne wanted to go to the Riviera, and possibly might wait till she arrived there, as a wire had already been received announcing her safe arrival in London.

"I must wait—I shall have to wait till I hear from Vivienne again." Patience clenched her hands, realising how terrible the days of inaction would be, feeling as any high-spirited horse might who is checked in a leap.

"Oh! it will be terrible—it will be terrible"—the words broke from her pale lips—"to have to wait here, doing nothing, till Vivienne chooses to write—the prey to a thousand fears. Cudgelling my brains by day and by night, trying to explain an unexplainable mystery, and meanwhile the hours will be passing."

She shuddered. It was terrible, it was appalling, to think that she had pledged herself to marry Spencer Stern. She felt sick at the mere thought. Long shudders shook her body, and her teeth began to chatter.

She rose from her chair and moved mechanically towards the fireplace, piled on coals, and tried her best to coax up the feeble fire into a blaze.

"I musn't give way—I musn't allow myself to give way!" She spread out her hands to the flames as she spoke, striving to get some warmth into them, some life, and whilst she knelt in front of the fire the door was suddenly flung open, and her father entered the room.

He was dressed in a rough suit of tweeds and wore a heavy travelling coat. He glanced at his daughter somewhat apprehensively.

"What are you sitting here all by yourself in the dark for, I want to know?" he asked. "And with such a miserable fire. Hang it all, Patience, why can't you ring the bell and have the lamps lit? What do we keep a pack of lazy servants here for, except to do their work?"

"I will ring." Patience spoke in dull, lifeless tones. She rose from her knees and moved towards the bell, but her father stopped her.

"No, no; don't ring for a moment," he muttered. "There is something I want to say to you first, so just sit down and listen."

He did not look at the girl as he spoke, but kept his eyes averted from her pale, troubled face. Perhaps he regretted what he had said to her the night before, and his fierce harshness.

Patience sat down and rested her hands in her lap. She was feeling very tired, very spent.

"I am going up to London. The cart is coming round in about ten minutes." Colonel Strangeway spoke in brisk decided tones. "The fact is, Patience," he went on. "I want a sort of pick-me-up. I have gone through enough misery during the last few hours to stun any man. I have drunk the cup of shame to the very dregs. I have been humiliated, and through my own child—the child I thought so much of, and have been so proud of. Ah! Patience, I little thought you would be the daughter to heap such shame upon me—such disgrace."

He walked up and down the wide room as he spoke.

"And to think," he muttered, "that there have been times when I hardly thought myself worthy to be your father! Hours when I hated myself for the life I used to lead, and almost determined never to go back to it again, but to play the part of the respectable country gentleman to the end of the chapter! Well, I'm going back to the old life now."

He crossed over to the fireplace and stood in front of it, a big, dominant figure.

"No one can say I haven't been a good father," he went on, "and done my duty to my girls. Vivienne has made a splendid marriage, and you—you—might have done the same even though you are a thief."

The veins swelled in the man's forehead, then he burst into bitter, broken laughter.

"Well, well, you are my child all the same, and, by Jove,! I don't intend to desert you. But I tell you this, Patience, you will have to lead my life now." He looked across the room at the pale, slim figure in the big chair. "I have led a deadly dull life for your sake and for Vivienne's, he continued, "but now I am going back to the life I have loved. I am off to the Continent in a few weeks' time, and you must make up your mind to come with me, and not to turn up your nose at the men and women you will have to meet. Good old pals of mine—a bit noisy, perhaps, but good 'uns, every one."

Patience shivered. "Father—father," she cried, "are you going to be a gambler once more, a reckless soldier of fortune? Are you going to mix with hateful men and evil, wicked women? What can you find attractive in such a life? It is revolting—it is horrible."

She spoke with a rush of desperate courage.

"Don't preach at me!" Colonel Strangeway turned on her savagely. "You are a pretty sort of person to point the finger of scorn at any one! You must have done with your airs and your graces now, for you are a pinchbeck saint, my girl, not a bit better than the men and women you will be thrown with in the future—jolly, light-hearted souls, a merry, reckless crew! Besides, you will have a good time." He went up to his daughter and laid his hand on her shoulder. "You are pretty enough, and you will get plenty of admiration, and later on, when you have learnt to understand the fascination of the cardtables, and the splendid excitement of hazard, why, you will be glad as I am to get away from the boredom of this sort of existence. For, after all, you are my daughter, Patience—a gambler's child!"

She rose to her feet and faced him, pale and resolute. "When do you start for the Continent?" she asked. "When do you abandon respectability?"

"Nastily put." He winced a little, and flushed as if her words had struck him on some sensitive spot, then squared his shoulders with some defiance.

(To be continued.)

SUFFERED EIGHT YEARS FROM KIDNEYS

Doctor's said Female Trouble.

Mrs. Charles Lewis, Collingwood, Ont., writes: "For eight years I suffered from Kidney Complaint, and until twelve months ago doctors' said I was suffering from 'Female Trouble.' Last November (1905), I was seriously ill, resulting I believe from kidney troubles. Finding doctor's medicine doing me no good, I persuaded my husband to purchase me a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, after having read of a case somewhat resembling mine. I commenced taking them according to directions (not taking the doctor's medicine), and on second day a swelling commenced in my feet, legs and body. The following day I was so changed and swollen my husband, in alarm, hastened to Mr. Johnson's drug store, who told him to tell me he thought the pills were drawing something out of the blood, and to keep on taking them. I did so and after taking them a week, the swelling disappeared leaving me with a complexion free from pimples, tired, weary feeling gone, constipation, from which I suffered for years, gone, pain in the back, gone, and a general feeling of joy and light heartedness, I have not felt since a child, took place in me.

My sister-in-law (Mrs. Bryan), seeing the action of Doan's Kidney Pills, and the change for good they accomplished in me, sent for a box and they completely cured her. When there is an opportunity of telling people what Doan's Kidney Pills did for us, we always take advantage of it, and tell them to give them a fair trial."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50c. per box or 3 boxes for $1.25, for sale at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

CORRECT RIDING TOGS.

Since women have taken to riding astride some very smart riding togs have been seen in the parks and along the fashionable drives frequented by devotees of this sport. The old conventional black cloth habit, with stiff, mannish derby, while still considered the best of style, has its rival in habits of smart English tweeds, suitings, and even linen, accompanied by the chic black straw sailors or tricorne. Correctness in every detil marks the pictured riding toilette. The skirt of this brown and white mixed tweed suit is the very latest cut of the divided model, fastening on either side of the front with brown bone buttons and buttonholes. It is finished with a deep-stitched hem, which just touches the top of the glossee brown kid boots. The coat is a smart cutaway model buttoning smoothly over the bust and a white madras ascot tie fills in the slight V at the neck. The hair is arranged very simply on the back of the head, and the black sailor sets very close over the pompadour in front and to the knot in the back. Brown crop and brown gauntlet gloves, either suede or glossee kid, complete this modish ensemble.

I will mail you free, to prove merit, samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative, and my Book on either Dyspepsia, The Heart or The Kidneys. Troubles of the Stomach, Heart or Kidneys, are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the result of your ailment, and not the cause. Weak Stomach nerves—the inside nerves—mean Stomach weakness, always. And the Heart, and Kidneys as well, have their controlling or inside nerves. Weaken these nerves, and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoop's Restorative has made its fame. No other remedy even claims to treat the "inside nerves". Also for bloating, biliousness, bad breath or complexion, use Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Write me today for sample and free Book. Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. The Restorative is sold by all Druggists.

FIRE AT MOORE'S MILLS

ST. STEPHEN, N. B., June 5—(Special)—The dwelling and outbuildings of the McGibbon estate at Moore's Mills were totally destroyed by fire this morning. Besides the buildings, all farm machinery, two pigs, a large number of hens and considerable furniture were burned. The loss is $4,000, with $1,000 insurance.

J. W. Wallace, of the I. C. R., Moncton, was at the Victoria yesterday.

Dr. W. P. Broderick left yesterday morning for Boston for a two weeks' vacation.

WEDDINGS

McLeod--Cogsley

Miss Annie B. Cogsley, of St. Martins, was married in Montreal Tuesday to Paul McLeod by Rev. J. A. Gordon, D. D. The bride wore a travelling suit of grey, trimmed in white, with hat to match. Mr and Mrs. McLeod will live in Montreal.

Saunders--Storey

At the residence of the bride's parents last night Miss Lulu Storey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Storey, of Paradise Row, was married to Walter W. Saunders by Rev. M. S. Trafton. The bride, who was unattended, wore white point d'esprit over white silk. Her bouquet was of white roses and carnations. Supper was served after the ceremony. Many presents were received.

Fennell--McCrossin

In the Cathedral yesterday morning, Miss Minnie, daughter of Richard McCrossin, was married to Charles Fennell, of Portland (Me.), by Rev. A. W. Meahan. Mr. and Mrs. Fennell left for their home in Portland. The gifts to the bride were many and beautiful.

Beamish--Dufty

Miss Elizabeth M. Duffy was married in the Cathedral Tuesday to William F. Beamish, by Rev. A. W. Meahan. The bride wore brown check silk chiffon trimmings and hat to match. Miss Dolly Beamish, bridesmaid, wore brown cloth and hat to match. Edward J. Walsh was groomsman. Mr. and Mrs. Beamish will live at 8 Meadow street.

Perry--Fox

A merry party gathered at the home of Capt. George Perry, 160 Main street, last evening to welcome Walter Perry, formerly of Johnston, Queens county, but at present an employe of the street railway company, home with his bride. Yesterday morning at the bride's home at Upper Hampstead, the popular young conductor was married to Miss Elsie Fox, daughter of Abraham Fox, and the wedding party came to the city by the steamer Victoria.

Rev. R. Heine officiated at the wedding. The bride, who was gowned in a handsome blue broadcloth traveling suit, was attended by Miss White and looked very pretty. The groom was unattended. The groom's present to the bride was a valuable gold watch and among the many presents received was a silver table service. The groom is well known and popular in the North End and a large number of his friends were at Captain Perry's to welcome him last evening. The time was pleasantly spent in games and other amusements, concluding with the serving of dainty refreshments. The young couple will reside in Harvey street.

Maxwell--McDonald

W. H. Maxwell, son of W. J. Maxwell, of Portland street, was to be married in Boston last evening to Miss Sadie McDonald of that city. He and his bride will come to St. John next week and for the present will reside at Ononette.

Geary--Furness

Miss Bertha, daughter of Edward Furness, was married yesterday morning in St. Rose's church to John D. Geary. She wore white crepe de chine, trimmed with lace and chiffon, with hat to match. Miss Kitty Furness, bridesmaid, wore blue crepe de chine, trimmed in chiffon, with hat to correspond. Joseph P. Gallagher supported the groom. Many handsome wedding gifts were received. Mr. and Mrs. Geary will reside at 395 Douglas avenue.

Milligan--Oagles

At four o'clock on Sunday, the second of June, Miss Luthera Milligan, daughter of David T. Milligan, was united in marriage to James J. Oagles, son of Samuel Oagles of Nova Scotia. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Wellington Camp of Leinster street Baptist church.

Robinson--Ferall

A very pretty wedding took place last night at 8 o'clock at the residence of the groom, corner of Ludlow and Germain streets, Carleton, when Miss Florence E., eldest daughter of the late David Ferall, of London, was married to James M. Robison, of the C. P. R., Carleton, eldest son of the late Thomas Robison, of Harvey, York county.

Rev. H. D. Marr was the officiating clergyman. The bride was dressed in a pretty costume of gray silk, with white lace trimmings. The couple were unattended and only the near friends and relatives of each were present. Among the many valuable presents received was a massive oak sideboard from the C. P. R. employes, and a handsome parlor mirror from the Carleton Cornet Band, of which organization the groom is a member. After the ceremony a dainty wedding supper was served.

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Nothing freshens one so much as to clear the nostrils and air passages with the vapor of Catarrhozone. It drives away catarrh, cures colds, removes hoarseness, keeps out disease germs. Isn't Catarrhozone just what you need? Get it today.

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Alum and Alum-phosphate powders are injurious Do Not Use Them

REV. DR. CAMPBELL IS NEW MODERATOR

Presbyterian General Assembly Elects Him to That Office.

Montreal, June 5—The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada which convened in its 33rd session in Erskine church tonight, honored Rev. Dr. Campbell, pastor of the St. Gabriel church of Montreal, by electing him to the highest office in its gift, that of moderator, thus recognizing his long and valuable services to the church as one of the oldest Presbyterian ministers in the dominion, for over forty years pastor of St. Gabriel's and for the past fourteen years one of the clerks of the assembly.

There was a large number of skaters at the Nickel Roller Rink last night to enjoy a skate to the music of the rink's own band. Tonight the band will be in attendance again, when an entirely new programme will be played.

Morley McLaughlin left last night for a trip to Regina and other western points.

WHERE DOES THE PAPER GO?

The *first* question asked by a general advertiser. The *Telegraph* and *Times* reach that class of people who subscribe and agree to pay for the reading privilege. These papers go *first hand* from the publishers *by carrier* and *not* through street boys to be left in office or store by purchaser after reading. Common sense teaches that *every paper* passed into homes direct *will be read.* The *Telegraph* and *Times* are *home papers.* Do they contain *your* advertisement?

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