

A FATEFUL...DIAMOND

"I trust not one of you have been guilty of this act," he said sternly. "But if any one has, in a moment of impulse, been led into wrong, I hope restitution will be made at once; remember, a sin confessed is half atoned."

A dead calm followed these serious words. Every face in the room was grave and troubled, but no one spoke, and the matter was dropped for the time.

Several days went by and nothing more was said publicly on the subject, though there was a good deal of talk and surmise among the scholars, and Arthur hinted more than once, in Louis's hearing, at the fact of their being a thief in their midst, and it would be well for everybody to look carefully after his property.

Louis paid no attention to those innuendoes, for he was conscious of his own innocence, and he would not allow himself to be troubled by anything that his enemy could say.

He still wore that slender black cord, with its precious coin attached, about his neck; but, strangely enough, never once thought of it in connection with Arthur Aspinwall's loss, nor dreamed of the cunning plot that had been laid against him, and was soon to bring him to shame.

"I say, you," said Arthur, one day at recess, and in a confidential tone, "I wonder what Dumbear wears around his neck and is so very chummy?"

"Why, does he wear anything?" asked the boy, curiously.

"Yes, I've noticed a dark cord about his neck lately."

"Perhaps it's his mother's picture," suggested Arthur's unsuspicious companion.

"Maybe it is. I'd give considerable to know, though," responded Aspinwall, musingly.

"So would I, and I'll manage it before long," replied the other, with a resolute air.

A day or two after this, one stormy morning, a lot of the scholars were gathered round the stove during recess, and Jim Cotton—for that was the name of Arthur's confidant—managed to slide up to Louis, who was taking that opportunity to look over his history lesson for the last time before going into the class.

Mr. Allen was standing near, explaining a difficult problem to a group of girls, and distinctly saw and heard all that followed.

"Seems to me, Louis, you're amazingly industrious today," remarked Jim, laying his hand familiarly on his shoulder, and speaking in a half-descriptive tone.

"I have to be, you know, in order to keep up with the class," Louis replied without taking his eyes from his book.

"Humph! I don't think it pays to moping over one's books all the time. What difference will it make in a hundred years whether you keep up with your class or not?" returned Jim, while his keen eyes seemed to be closely inspecting something in the region of Louis's collar.

"I don't suppose it would make any difference to the world in a hundred years, but it would make a good deal to me now if I did not," Louis responded, quietly.

"Yes, anybody can see that you're bound to go ahead," Jim cried.

Jim, as if he had made a sudden discovery, "there's a great coarse black thread on the back of your neck—let me pick it off."

Before Louis was hardly aware of his intention he had seized that slender black cord, and with a dexterous jerk pulled it from its hiding place in his bosom. Margaret Houghton's treasured gift, and it hung glittering in his hands, and swinging back and forth before his astonished schoolmates.

Jim's "Hullo!" had been heard by nearly everyone, and the attention of nearly every person in the room was attracted by it to the two boys.

Mr. Allen had stopped his explanation to look, and now stood regarding Louis in speechless astonishment and displeasure, while a death-like hush instantly pervaded the room.

"I thought it was a thread on the back of his neck," Jim said, and tried to pull it off. Jim had tried to explain, but looking half frightened over what he had done, for he had made a sudden discovery, "there's a great coarse black thread on the back of your neck—let me pick it off."

But Louis, flushing a vivid crimson with shame to have his schoolmates know how he had treasured that simple gift, seized it quickly from Jim and clasped it tightly in his hand.

"Louis," at last said Mr. Allen, in a voice of thunder, "what does this mean?"

"Sir," the boy turned toward him with a frightened look at that time.

"How came you by that gold coin?" "It was given to me," said Jim.

"Given to you by whom?" "A little girl, sir," and now Louis began to grow pale, as he saw toward what these questions were tending, and marked the expression of suspicion depicted upon the faces of those around him.

"A little girl gave it to you?" repeated Mr. Allen, severely. "When?" "A year ago last June, sir."

"Have you worn it around your neck ever since that time?" "Yes, sir."

But Louis hung his head at this confession.

TEA.

All grocers sell Tea, but all Teas are not the same. Some are good and some are not. We have had a great many years' experience, and after carefully studying the productions of all the countries we recommend the use of

Pure Indian or Ceylon.

Make your Tea in an earthen pot, use boiling water, let it draw seven minutes. Buy our 25c or 35c Indian or Ceylon.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co.
169 DUNDAS ST.

fession and colored crimson again. Mr. Allen and his pupils thought it was from conscious guilt.

"I hope you are telling me the truth, Louis Dunbar," said the master, sternly, but his infection implied a grave doubt.

"I am, sir," promptly returned the boy, and now his bright dark eyes were lifted and met his teacher's steadily and frankly, though the color still remained in his cheeks.

Arthur Aspinwall now stepped forward, shooting a look of malice at Louis as he did so.

"Mr. Allen, I believe that dollar is mine," he said, confidently.

"Wait a moment, Arthur; I have a few more questions to ask. Louis, you may bring me that coin."

The boy opened his hand and looked wistfully upon his treasure; it was the only keepsake that he had ever possessed, and he could not bear to part with it.

But he hesitated only an instant. The next he stepped forward and laid it upon Mr. Allen's extended palm, though his lips quivered as he parted with it.

The man regarded him fixedly. The boy's manner did not betray a sign of guilt, yet the evidence seemed strong against him.

"What was the name of the little girl who gave you this?" he asked.

"I do not know what her last name was, sir; but I heard a servant call her 'Miss Margaret.'"

"Where does she live?" "She lived then on the road from Boston to Brookline."

"How did she happen to give it to you?" "In a simple, straightforward way, Louis related how he had strayed from the city on that hot summer day; how he had been attracted by the sounds of mirth coming from a gentleman's grounds, and how the pretty child had greeted him, presenting him with the dollar, and then taken him up to the house and treated him to some of her birthday feast."

Mr. Allen watched him critically during the recital, and was convinced of its truth.

When Louis finished his story, the teacher stood thoughtfully considering the matter several minutes.

"I think I will take charge of this piece of money for the present," he said, at last.

"I've had it so long, and I told her that I would always keep it," Louis pleaded, in a husky voice, and his tone was so earnest, his eyes so wistful, that the man half relented.

But still there was a doubt about the matter; justice must be done at any cost, and he said, firmly, though not unkindly:

"If it can be proved that it rightly belongs to you, Louis, you shall have it again; but until this matter of Arthur's loss and your asserted ownership is settled, I shall keep it."

Louis said no more, but turned sadly away and went to his seat.

He was grave and troubled during the remainder of the day, and when at length school was dismissed he hastened home without exchanging a word with anyone.

He saw that he was regarded with suspicion by the scholars if not by his teacher, and was deeply hurt and mortified.

Nothing more was said openly about the matter for several days, though the children gathered in knots at recess, and before and after school, and discussed the matter quite spiritedly among themselves.

Saturday afternoon, while Louis was in the corn-barn shelling the golden ears of grain to send to the mill, the door was suddenly opened, and Mr. Allen appeared in the aperture.

"Come, Louis," he said, in his brisk, hearty way. "I am going into Boston, and I have Mr. Brown's permission to take you with me."

The boy's face lighted, then fell. He could not forget that he was still resting under a ban.

"You are very kind, sir," he began, "but—"

"I won't stop for 'buts' just now, for I am in a hurry. Run in and get ready as quickly as you can. I am going to drive in," Mr. Allen interrupted.

The boy left his work and proceeded to obey, but his eyes were averted, and his step was not the quick, elastic step of a lad anticipating a rare pleasure.

They drove along for a couple of miles, Mr. Allen chatting upon indifferent topics, but coming to a place where two roads crossed each other instead of keeping straight on he turned to the right.

"This is not the way to Boston, sir," Louis observed.

"You are aware of that fact, my boy; but I am going to drive through Brookline," returned his teacher, smiling.

Louis flushed scarlet.

"I cannot rest," Mr. Allen continued, "until you are exonerated before the whole school; so I resolved that I would spend this afternoon in trying to solve the mystery of that contested coin. I am trying to find your little 'Miss Margaret,' if I can, and with her word to prove the truth of your story, you will stand acquitted of all wrong before the school."

[To be Continued.]

SOAKING UP SUNSHINE.

Some poet skilled in putting the motive wisdom of life into happy phrases could evolve a taking piece out of this sentiment of an unfortunate little crab.

The anecdote, from the New York Tribune, is as true to life as Mrs. Dorothy Stanley's pictures:

"Hi! Jimmy! Come down here! Let's set on the bridge and go round when she turns."

"This from a ten-year-old street boy standing on the approach to a bridge over the Erie canal in an interior city. The person addressed was a fellow street boy standing on a muddy foot-bridge over the same muddy waterway."

He was no older than his companion and fully as ragged. He was lame and carried a crutch, but he had his compensation in a philosophy of contentment that old Horace might have envied.

He stood upon the footbridge and answered:

"Naw. Can't. Got t' stay here." "Aw, come on down. What d'y'e hang up there for? Lots o' fun swingin' around here. We kin git on a boat and go over the aqueduct an' then ride back on another. Aw, come on down."

"Naw, can't. At it." "Why not? What yer wants ter fool round up there for? Ain't no fun up there."

"Wal, was the answer that Jimmy cadet on parade, "I can't come down now. I've got to stay up here and soak in all the sunshine I kin so as I kin laugh when it rains."

PERSONAL FACTS

In Connection With the U. S. Presidential Candidates.

[New York Sun.]

MCKINLEY AND ROOSEVELT.

William McKinley is 57 years of age; Theodore Roosevelt is 42.

Theodore Roosevelt was born in Ohio; McKinley was born in New York city.

McKinley is of Scotch-Irish ancestry; Roosevelt is of Holland-Dutch descent. The name Roosevelt means "field of roses."

McKinley, educated in Ohio, studied law in Albany, New York. He was admitted to the bar in 1867. Roosevelt was educated at Harvard College and at the Columbia Law School in this city.

Both McKinley and Roosevelt are trained in the affairs of public life, legislative and executive. Mr. Roosevelt was for three terms a member of the New York Assembly. Mr. McKinley represented his home district for fourteen years in Congress. Afterward he was elected governor of Ohio and was re-elected to the same office by a large majority in 1892. He was the presiding officer of the convention which nominated his Republican predecessor, Mr. Harrison, for president.

McKinley was 36 years of age when elected president of the United States. McKinley was born in Ohio; Roosevelt was born in New York city. He was elected governor of New York in 1898.

Mr. McKinley was promoted to the presidency from the governorship of Ohio, and Mr. Roosevelt was nominated for the vice-presidency while governor of New York.

Both McKinley and Roosevelt have won military honors. Mr. Roosevelt was a soldier in the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer, which participated in the battles of South Mountain, Antietam, Lexington, Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. McKinley was one of the youngest men in the regiment, which included 92 members under 21. Roosevelt's military record in Cuba at San Juan and on the neighboring fighting fields is of general public knowledge.

Both McKinley and Roosevelt are interesting and effective public speakers. Mr. McKinley comes from a state having 26 electoral votes; Mr. Roosevelt from a state having 36.

Both candidates urge colored people to vote. Mr. McKinley is president of the United States; Mr. Roosevelt is governor of the State of New York.

BRYAN AND STEVENSON.

William J. Bryan is a native of Illinois; Andrew D. Stevenson is a resident of that state. Bryan was born in 1860; Stevenson resides at Bloomington.

Both are lawyers. Stevenson is in active practice.

Bryan, now 40 years of age on the 19th of March last, Stevenson was 66 on the 23rd of October.

Both men have been candidates before for the offices to which they were nominated by the Illinois State Convention.

The Illinois county of which Bryan is a native gave him 400 majority in 1896. Stevenson is a native, is one of the strong Republican counties of that state. It has a population of 100,000.

Geisel lost it at the last election by 600 majority. Stevenson lost it when a candidate for vice-president in 1896. In 1896, in which Stevenson was defeated, he received 2,225 Republican and 4,100 Democratic votes in 1892, with Stevenson on the Democratic ticket.

Both Bryan and Stevenson have been members of Congress, each for two terms. Bryan was first elected in 1890; Stevenson 16 years earlier.

Stevenson was the tail of the successful Democratic ticket in 1892; Bryan was the head of the unsuccessful Democratic ticket in 1896.

Nebraska, from which Bryan hails, has 8 electoral votes; Illinois, from which Stevenson comes, has 24.

Bryan was nominated for the presidency in Chicago, 1896, on the fifth ballot, one of his opponents being Stevenson. Stevenson was nominated in the same city for vice-president four years earlier, on the first ballot, as he was in Kansas City, but coming to a place where two roads crossed each other instead of keeping straight on he turned to the right.

"This is not the way to Boston, sir," Louis observed.

"You are aware of that fact, my boy; but I am going to drive through Brookline," returned his teacher, smiling.

Louis flushed scarlet.

"I cannot rest," Mr. Allen continued, "until you are exonerated before the whole school; so I resolved that I would spend this afternoon in trying to solve the mystery of that contested coin. I am trying to find your little 'Miss Margaret,' if I can, and with her word to prove the truth of your story, you will stand acquitted of all wrong before the school."

[To be Continued.]

SOAKING UP SUNSHINE.

Some poet skilled in putting the motive wisdom of life into happy phrases could evolve a taking piece out of this sentiment of an unfortunate little crab.

The anecdote, from the New York Tribune, is as true to life as Mrs. Dorothy Stanley's pictures:

"Hi! Jimmy! Come down here! Let's set on the bridge and go round when she turns."

"This from a ten-year-old street boy standing on the approach to a bridge over the Erie canal in an interior city. The person addressed was a fellow street boy standing on a muddy foot-bridge over the same muddy waterway."

He was no older than his companion and fully as ragged. He was lame and carried a crutch, but he had his compensation in a philosophy of contentment that old Horace might have envied.

He stood upon the footbridge and answered:

"Naw. Can't. Got t' stay here." "Aw, come on down. What d'y'e hang up there for? Lots o' fun swingin' around here. We kin git on a boat and go over the aqueduct an' then ride back on another. Aw, come on down."

"Naw, can't. At it." "Why not? What yer wants ter fool round up there for? Ain't no fun up there."

"Wal, was the answer that Jimmy cadet on parade, "I can't come down now. I've got to stay up here and soak in all the sunshine I kin so as I kin laugh when it rains."

Brave Men Fall.

Victims to stomach, liver and kidney troubles and feel the results in loss of appetite, backache, nervousness, headache and tired, run-down feeling, but "Electric Bitters are just the thing for a man," writes J. W. Gardner, of Idaho, Ind., "when he is all run-down, and don't care whether he lives or dies. It did more to give me new strength and good appetite than anything else I could take. I can now eat anything, and have a new lease on life." Only 50c. Every bottle guaranteed by W. D. Strong & Co.

THE HORSE — noblest of the brute creation—when suffering from a cut, abrasion, or sore, derives as much benefit as its master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Lameness, swelling of the neck, inflamed joints, throat and lungs, are relieved by it.

Light and Shade.

THE ORATOR.

I'll save my country if I can; I'll do my duty like a man; if I talk can make a land secure, Good sirs, I'll save my country, sure.

"I don't like you, Aunt Jenny," said Wibur, after his aunt had interfered with some cherished idea he had in his mind. "An' if you don't let me alone I'll save up my pocket-money an' buy a tapir." "A what?" asked his aunt. "A tapir," said Wibur. "An' tapirs, they eats ants!"

Johnnie—Mamma, I can count all the way up to twelve.

Mamma—And what comes after twelve?

Johnnie—Recess.

A man who has become annoyed beyond endurance by the fault-finding of his children with their food, exclaimed at dinner: "You children are intolerable! When I was a boy I was often glad enough to get dry bread to eat."

"Poor Papa!" said little Rose, the family pet, "poor Papa! I'm so glad you're having so much nicer times now living with mamma and us."

A famous Russian writer has an original way of writing his opinions in regard to people and things.

"How do you like her?" he was asked, relative to a prima donna who produced an enormous quantity of husky tone when she sang.

"Voice!" repeated the writer, with great scorn. "That's not a voice. It's a draught of air!"

"But why do you not print a card and deny the accusation?" inquired the politician's wife.

"Deny it?" howled the politician, "and then have them prove it? No, I will treat it with contempt."

Mrs. Rasper (to her family physician)—Do you think, doctor, that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?

Physician (gallantly)—Certainly not, madam, certainly not. On the contrary, it is a good thing; and she should take care never to lose it.

Aunt Dorothy—How many commandments are there, Johnny?

Johnny (in reply)—Ten.

Aunt Dorothy—And, now, suppose you were to break one of them?

Johnny (tentatively)—Then there'd be nine.

The Old Spring.

A path that leads from the kitchen door.

Through a little garden plot. Down past the cherry and apple trees. That grow in the pasture lot. Thence on through a beechen avenue. Till you hear the waters trill. Upon the pebbles and over the stones. By the old spring under the hill!

The old spring under the hill is cool. With blottches and riffs of sun; Its air is as grateful and fresh and sweet.

As the air of a summer dawn. The song of a bird in the trees above. Below the song of a rill. Are the only sounds that are heard.

The old spring under the hill. How oft we have trudged in other days. When boys and girls at our play. To the shade and stillness of that old spring.

Remote from the garish day! How oft by its sparkling waters clear. We have knelt and quaffed our fill; And never a draught was so sweet as that.

From the old spring under the hill. The years are many, the years are long. Between us and that old spring time. We hear no more the tinkling song. Nor the water's silver chime; But oft in the mirror of memory. We can see the image still.

Of the winding pathway, the shadows deep. And the old spring under the hill. —Denver News.

The Fall Fairs.

WESTERN FAIR, London, Sept. 6-15. Industrial, Toronto, Aug. 27 to Sept. 8. Kingston, Kingston, Sept. 10-14.

Owen Sound, Owen Sound, Sept. 11-13. Central Ottawa, Ottawa, Sept. 14-22.

Southern, Brantford, Sept. 15-20. W. Middlesex, Stratford, Sept. 17-19.

Northern, Walkerton, Sept. 18-19. E. Elgin, Aylmer, Sept. 18-20.

Central, Chatham, Sept. 18-20. Great Northern, Collingwood, Sept. 18-21.

N. Brant, Paris, Sept. 25-26. N. Oxford, Woodstock, Sept. 26-28.

W. Kent, Chatham, Oct. 9-11. Norfolk Union, Simcoe, Oct. 16-18.

Secretaries of Western Ontario Fair Associations are invited to send the dates of their local fairs to The Advertiser.

PRICE OF CIVILIZATION.

Civilization has its price. That Chinese boy who was brought to this land of freedom by Admiral Dewey, and who still remains his devoted body servant, is learning to play the cornet.

He toots it with a devotion worthy of a religious cause. Every spare moment finds him with the mouthpiece close to his lips. He has actually blown his eyes straight, and puffed out the flattened bridge of his Mongolian nose.

Of course, much can be forgiven a hero, but Dewey or no Dewey, that Chinese boy couldn't blow his cornet in a modern flat more than one consecutive time. There would be war declared on China before you could hit the pipe twice.

But out at the admiral's country home it is different. When the admiral and his wife go away for a day or two—and they often go away now that the boy is learning the cornet—the yellow-faced lad has to sit to himself. He drinks the milk-so it won't curdle, and then he starts in on a Chinese dirge in seventy-three grievous movements.

The dog, having got somewhat used to it, crawls under the wooden shed and occasionally howls in unison. The chickens creep into the tall grass and the cows and horses race down to the further pasture and put their heads over the pipe fence.

There is an aged lady in the neighborhood of a melancholy disposition, who always comes up and sits on a fence with her knitting and listens to the boy's pleasing efforts.

"Play away, little boy," she says, with the big tears streaming down her furrowed cheeks; "it does remind me so much of a pet cat we once lost with a turnip in its throat."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Angostura Bitters are endorsed by the highest medical authorities here and in Europe as a preventative and cure of Malaria and all Summer diseases. Keep it in your house to flavor your drinking water and all other beverages.



"Take it back."

—go to some grocer who will give you Pearlina. That's the only way to do when they send you an imitation. The popularity of Pearlina begets the habit of calling anything that's washing-powder, "Pearlina." Those who notice the difference in name, think perhaps "it's about the same thing." It isn't. Nothing else equals Pearlina, the original and standard washing compound.

Million of Pearlina

Binder Twine.

Binder Twine.

Binder Twine.

Hobbs Hardware Co.,

LONDON, - - - ONT.

Hay Fork Rope.

Hay Fork Rope.

Hay Fork Rope

A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever.

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.