

A FATEFUL...DIAMOND

CHAPTER XI.

Louis Dunbar—for he had refused to adopt the name of his father, notwithstanding the fact that it rigidly belonged to him—remained with Mr. Allen for three years after the events recorded in our last chapter.

They brought plenty of hard work to him, and seemed to him to be a life of quietude, though he realized that he was reaping a rich mental harvest, for he was making rapid strides in his education, and chiefly through his own efforts and perseverance.

During this time he had encountered his discarded father. Once he learned indirectly that the authorities had discovered and swooped down upon his gambling den, and that he had been arrested as its proprietor. He hunted him up, found that everything he owned had been confiscated, and a fine imposed upon him. This he could not pay, because his partner, Black, had absconded, taking with him all their funds.

He seemed inclined to accuse Louis of having put the police upon his track, but the young man gravely and positively denied all knowledge of the affair, and offered to procure his release if he would promise to abandon his illegal practices.

He suddenly assented to this condition, but would not accept Louis' offer to procure him respectable employment, and for many months the young man knew nothing of his movements. At length, however, he sent him word that he was in trouble again, and this time Louis found that he had been arrested for drunkenness. Again he paid his fine, and, as the man was destitute of funds, he gave him sufficient money to provide for the necessities of a week, during which time he hoped he would find means of supporting himself, and after that he heard nothing more of him for several years.

Louis was now in his twentieth year, but he was as mature as many men are at twenty-five, or even thirty, while he possessed a capacity for business that surprised Mr. Allen.

He had begun to think of the law as a profession for himself when he should have completed his studies, and he interested himself in many of the cases which came to the court, and in which he frequently expressed opinions which that gentleman did not think beneath him to heed.

One day a friend of Mr. Allen's came into his office for a social chat, and while there broached the subject of stocks—telephone stock particularly, over which there was beginning to be considerable excitement, and in which he confessed he had invested quite largely.

Louis pricked up his ears at once at the rather astonishing stories which this enthusiast was relating regarding the telephone, and secretly resolved that he would look into the matter for himself. Perhaps it was the very opportunity to make the prosperous turn upon fortune's wheel which he had been wishing for so long.

After his visitor had departed, he questioned Mr. Allen further upon this subject, and asked what he thought about investing in some of the stock. "I think I shall risk something in this new enterprise, Louis; it looks inviting and promising, and I believe the telephone will prove to be one of the most important inventions of our generation. I do not approve of speculations as a rule," he added; "I should never think of putting up a margin, or dealing in futures. I consider each operation no better than gambling, but purchasing legitimate stock, with the expectation of getting a fair interest for the money invested, seems to me perfectly honorable, although of course there is always some risk in it; but so there is in business of almost every kind."

From that hour Louis became absorbed in the history of the telephone. He procured whatever information he could, and thoroughly studied the whole subject. He looked into all its possibilities, visited various offices, questioned operators, inventors, and stockholders, until he knew the whole thing through and through, and was posted upon every point.

Then, one day, he paid a visit to Farmer Brown, drew his small capital from his hands, and invested every dollar of it in the telephone stock. So interested, so absorbed, did he become in this new invention, that he dissolved his connection with Mr. Allen, and entered one of the offices established in the city, with the intention of making himself a master in the business.

He proved himself peculiarly adapted to it, rising step by step, until he attained a responsible position. To those familiar with the history of the telephone, it will be remembered that at the end of two years Louis had acquired, by the careful handling of his small capital, the sum of \$5,000, and had also been waited upon by some of the superior officers with the proposition that he should go abroad in the interests of the company.

"Isn't he rather young to be entrusted with such responsible business?" one of the directors had asked, when his name was mentioned for the position.

"He is young," answered the reply, "but he has an old head on his shoulders."

So to Europe Louis Dunbar went in the interests of the company, with an adequate salary and rare opportunities for enriching himself by careful manipulation of the valuable stock of which he was a representative and Paris was to be his headquarters.

He seemed to him to be a life of quietude, though he realized that he was reaping a rich mental harvest, for he was making rapid strides in his education, and chiefly through his own efforts and perseverance.

During this time he had encountered his discarded father. Once he learned indirectly that the authorities had discovered and swooped down upon his gambling den, and that he had been arrested as its proprietor. He hunted him up, found that everything he owned had been confiscated, and a fine imposed upon him. This he could not pay, because his partner, Black, had absconded, taking with him all their funds.

He seemed inclined to accuse Louis of having put the police upon his track, but the young man gravely and positively denied all knowledge of the affair, and offered to procure his release if he would promise to abandon his illegal practices.

Louis was delighted with Paris—it was such a grand and clean-looking city, with its broad, beautiful streets, its lofty buildings and everything on a scale so magnificent and imposing. His life was a very busy one, for he was bound to do his very best for the company, and he entered into his new occupation with his whole heart, and everything promised to prove successful.

But many things were to happen to him in this strange country.

One day, not many weeks after his arrival, he was passing through the Champs Elysees, when a carriage, containing a gay party, suddenly rolled past him.

Involuntarily he glanced up at its occupants, and then felt a sudden thrill through every nerve as he caught a glimpse of a fair, delicate face, with eyes of wonderful blue, looking out from a mist of shimmering golden hair.

A sweet, silvery laugh rang out when the carriage was gone, and he stood gazing blankly after it, striving to collect his scattered wits and to grasp and trace the thread of memory which had thus been woven towards him.

It was in vain, however; he could place neither face nor voice, and day after day he was haunted by the remembrance of it.

One evening, some weeks later, he attended a benefit concert given by some amateur artists, both foreign and native, in the interests of some charitable institution.

More to pass the time than anything else—for his evenings were often lonely—Louis had resolved to go and contribute his mite to a cause so worthy. The programme promised to be very entertaining, for there were Italian, German and French artists, while one song was advertised by 'La Petite Américaine.'

Louis wondered who this could be—no name had been allowed to appear, and this fact of itself aroused his curiosity.

Just as 'La Petite Américaine' turned up, Louis became aware that a pair of opera glasses were leveled at him from a box on his right at some distance from him. At first he did not mind them, but as time after time they were lifted and brought to bear exactly upon him, he could not help thinking that someone was interested in studying his physiognomy, and finally, becoming annoyed at the persistent scrutiny, he lifted his own glass and returned it.

This act brought into distinct view a box containing three occupants—a lady of perhaps 40 years, accompanied by another of 22, and a gentleman about his own age, and this latter was the individual who had been observing him so closely.

When he saw Louis' glass raised and brought to bear in his direction, he immediately dropped his and turned to look at the young lady sitting beside him, and thus Louis obtained a good view of him.

He started as he looked. He knew that face. He recognized those keen, dark eyes, with their supercilious stare, and those thin, aristocratic lips, which always wore a half contemptible expression.

It was the face of Arthur Aspinwall, his former classmate and the bully of the school which he had attended when he was living with Farmer Brown. He could not fail to know him, for Arthur had changed very little, except to grow older and somewhat more polished in appearance.

His companions he did not recognize, if, indeed, he had ever seen them before, though he could not fail to observe that the young lady was a brilliant and beautiful brunette, whose every movement indicated ease and grace.

While he looked, all three turned expectantly toward the stage, and Louis glanced at his programme.

It was for 'La Petite Américaine' to appear, and at that very moment the curtain rose.

An instant later a slender, graceful figure, clad in glistening folds of pale blue satin, emerged from behind a screen at the left of the stage, and glided to her position before the footlights.

Louis Dunbar held his breath, while a thrill shot through every nerve. He had never seen anyone before who had seemed so beautiful to him.

The maiden was perhaps 20 years of age; her complexion was like wax, except for a delicate bloom on either cheek; her eyes were so bright and lustrous that he could not discern their color, while her hair was like a halo of sunshine above her pure white brow.

Her dress was cut low at the neck, and was sleeveless, but both arms and neck were shaded by folds of soft white lace, and gleamed like polished marble beneath the delicate lace.

Like a flash it came to Louis who she was.

She was the vision who had shot by him that day in the Champs Elysees, whose face and silvery laughter had haunted him ever since.

It was the face of a little maiden which had been stamped so indelibly on his youthful heart that he could never forget it, and he knew that he was gazing upon Margaret Houston.

[To be continued.]

The Fall Fairs.

WESTERN FAIR, London, Sept. 6-15.
Industrial, Toronto, Aug. 27 to Sept. 5.
Kingston, Kingston, Sept. 10-14.
Owen Sound, Owen Sound, Sept. 11-13.
Central, Ottawa, Sept. 14-22.
Southern, Brantford, Sept. 15-20.
South Huron, Exeter, Sept. 17-18.
Tavistock, Sept. 17-18.
W. Middlesex, Stratford, Sept. 17-19.
North Waterloo, Berlin, Sept. 18-19.
Northwestern, Goderich, Sept. 18-19.
Northern, Walkerton, Sept. 18-19.
E. Elgin, Aylmer, Sept. 18-20.
Central, Guelph, Sept. 18-20.
Great Northern, Collingwood, Sept. 18-21.
N. Grant, Paris, Sept. 25-28.
Southwest, Essex, Sept. 25-27.
Fullerton and Logan, Mitchell, Sept. 25-27.
N. Oxford, Woodstock, Sept. 26-28.
Northwestern, Wingham, Sept. 27-28.
N. Perth, Stratford, Oct. 2-3.
South Waterloo, Galt, Oct. 2-3.
W. Kent, Chatham, Oct. 3-11.
North Norwich, Norwich, Oct. 12-13.
Norfolk Union, Simcoe, Oct. 16-18.
Owen Sound, Owen Sound, Oct. 18-19.
Secretaries of Western Ontario Fair Associations are invited to send the dates of their local fairs to The Advertiser.

"Talk Read Will Securely Speed."
Be sure to heed the first symptoms of indigestion, nervousness and impure blood, and thus avoid chronic dyspepsia, nervous prostration and all the evils produced by bad blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is your safeguard. It quickly sets the stomach right, strengthens and quiets the nerves, purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood and keeps up the health tone.

All liver ailments are cured by Hood's Pink Pills. 25c.
The Old Boys' Cigar is an honest smoke. Sold by all good people. Ask for it at your dealer's. 25c.

IS THERE ANYTHING more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

AWFUL TORTURE

Inflicted on Sir Robert Hart by the Chinese.

England's Able Commissioner Shut in a Cage and Placed on Exhibition.

Frankie Mob Cut Off Three of His Fingers Tips and Felted Him With Stones—Treachery of the Chinese.

Sir Robert Hart, the inspector-general of the Chinese customs, who was trapped in Pekin with the ministers, knew what Chinese torture was.

He was once carried about in a cage like a wild beast for a week, and had three of his fingers cut off by the Chinese.

Sir Robert knew more about China than any other European. He could speak Chinese like a native, and understood 29 different dialects. Many Chinamen of high position were devoted to him and offered to help him to escape when the Boxer troubles broke out. He was the one European they trusted, for his administration of the Chinese customs alone had saved the empire from bankruptcy.

But he replied that he was bound to stay with the Europeans and Americans as a matter of duty and humanity.

In 1857 the English and the French made war on the Chinese because some native Christians had been taken from a British ship and boiled alive. The allies took Canton and the Chinese then began to sue for peace. A treaty was agreed upon, but the British insisted that it should be ratified at Pekin. The Chinese pretended to consent to this, but they were really bitterly opposed to it, because they feared the presence of a foreign mission in the capital.

It is the custom of the Chinese government upon every favorable opportunity to send out a number of emissaries, emissaries and bearers of flags of truce, and to instigate its soldiers and subjects to attack persons with whom it is nominally at peace.

True to these traditions the Chinese have done this to the British and the French. The English and French attacked the forts and were terribly repulsed. It was then that Commodore Tainan, went to the assistance of the English with his famous remark: "Blood is thicker than water."

Tien Tsin was taken and the allies began their march to Pekin. The Chinese tried every trick to secure delay. Finally Lord Elgin, the British envoy, and Baron Hume, the French, sent commissioners to meet the Chinese at Tung Chow and discuss matters.

Among these representatives was Sir Robert Hart, who was then a young man in the Chinese customs service in China. The party consisted altogether of two British commissioners, a French commissioner, the correspondent of the London Times and a guard of 26 English soldiers and 12 Frenchmen.

They met the Chinese authorities, chief of whom was Prince Kong, brother of the emperor, and arranged the terms under which the allies were to enter Pekin. Then they started to return, when they were ambushed and captured.

They were immediately subjected to horrible tortures. Some of them were kept lying in the palace yard bound hand and foot with ropes that were wet with sulphuric acid. When they asked for food filth was forced into their mouths.

Others of the prisoners were put into cages and carried through the city to show the people what foreign devils were like. Sir Robert Hart was one of these. He was put into a cage in which he could neither lie down nor stand up. He received barely enough food and water to keep him alive, while his official torturers continued to beat and stab at him, and the mob was invited to abuse him in every way.

They cut three fingers off Sir Robert Hart and stabbed him in many places. In his mutilated hand they left a permanent record of the Chinese method of treating ambassadors. Odd as it may sound, he was more fortunate than many of the others, for about half of them died under their tortures.

The Chinese flend cut ears, noses and fingers off their victims, laughing as they did so. They cut many of the French and Englishmen slowly to pieces. They put out their eyes, twisted their limbs and mutilated them in every conceivable manner.

At last the commanders of the allied forces, tired about their conquests, began their march to Pekin. The Chinese then had to give up what was left of their victims. Their behavior then was the most extraordinary of the whole affair and most peculiarly Chinese.

Sir Robert Hart came back without his three fingers and with marks on his limbs where the cords cut through to the bone unable to stand. M. de Lanture, the French commissioner, was mutilated in the most horrible manner and never recovered.

At the same time that he sent back these wrecks, Prince Kong wrote to the French envoy:

"I have the honor to inform you that Sir Robert Hart has been killed."

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for the past half century has had phenomenal success in curing Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, and all bowel complaints of young and old.

Both the medical profession and the people have given it their indorsement as the only reliable and safe remedy for these dangerous and distressing diseases.

There are some unscrupulous persons, though, who hope to profit by the merit and popularity of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. They put up a so-called "Strawberry Compound," and sometimes succeed in selling it to druggists and general merchants representing it as the genuine.

Even the wrapper is yellow in color, like Dr. Fowler's, so as to deceive the very elect if they can.

If you want to be on the safe side, if you don't want to experiment or take chances as to results, refuse any and every diarrhoea mixture or compound that may be offered you, and insist on the old reliable and genuine Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and every honest druggist and medicine dealer will give you what you ask for.

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and you required an aperient, it was usually administered in the shape of gripping Epsom Salts or nauseating Castor Oil.

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The children should be treated with some consideration, and Abbey's Effervescent Salt combines gentle effectiveness with pleasant taste, and is relished by young and old. It is uniform and reliable, made by expert chemists from the original English formula, and combines every good quality that an aperient and antacid digestive should contain.

A pamphlet explaining the many uses of this fine preparation will be mailed free on application to The Abbey Effervescent Salt Co., Limited, Montreal. For sale by all druggists, 25c and 60c a bottle.

that I gave orders that the commissary of your noble empire, M. de Lanture, should be treated with the greatest respect, and that my intention after having with him and some signature of the convention was to send him back in a becoming manner with his countrymen."

The mandarin who actually brought back the victims even surpassed Prince Kong, for he said in a most cheerful manner to the allied generals: "We have brought them all back. They are all there."

They were all there—in a cart—half of them dead and the rest of them crippled.

Out of 29 Englishmen 13 were dead, and out of 13 Frenchmen 7 were dead.

When Lord Elgin heard of the deaths of the captives he issued orders that the Summer palace in Pekin should be razed to the ground, and that the destruction of the palace might interfere with the negotiations for peace.

The French commander objected to this, because he considered that the destruction of the palace might interfere with the negotiations for peace. Lord Elgin responded that he had no other way of recording his condemnation of the cruelty and treachery of the Chinese. Even war itself must be ten times more horrible if peaceful emissaries were not to have protection.

He added that in case he had asked for the killing of all the perpetrators of the crimes against the captives, the Emperor would cheerfully have produced as many hundreds or even thousands as were necessary and beheaded them at once, but the victims would not have been the guilty parties.

In spite of this horrible experience of Chinese treachery, Sir Robert Hart entered the Chinese customs service, and rapidly rose to the head of it. Hundreds of millions of dollars yearly passed through his hands. The whole salary list of the customs, \$2,000,000 a year, was placed in his hands to pay out. In a land of universal corruption he was the one honest official.

From the standing desk in his little office in Pekin, which he scarcely left for twenty years, he collected the revenue of the largest empire on earth, governed the municipalities of thirty or forty ports over a vast line 4,000 miles in extent, protected the ships of that coast by a fleet of gunboats and a splendid system of lights, regulated the coming and going of great freight carriers, issued monthly, quarterly and yearly yellow books of statistics and reports which are unequalled for their excellence by any other nation, and controlled a staff of over 50 Europeans and some 2,000 natives of the best systematized and most efficient civil service known.

He negotiated all the big loans that bind China to Europe and advised the Tsung Li Yamen on foreign relations, and when the latter body got into a tangle, he dictated the only form of treaty which could find a way out.

With all the immense power thrust upon his hands, Sir Robert was the most modest of men. He never sought self aggrandizement or riches, and his economy and keen financial instinct enabled him to save a private fortune which was frequently exaggerated, no inconsiderable amount of which went to sustain Lady Hart's handsome establishment in London.

Sir Robert did not receive a salary from the Chinese government. He deducted a fixed annual sum from the revenues he collected, about \$2,000,000, from which he paid himself what he pleased after meeting the expenses of the service. The salaries of the 30 or 40 commissioners vary from \$500 to \$800 per month; that of the hundred odd clerks or assistants, who are divided into eight grades, from \$100 for a beginner to \$2,000 for the highest.

Two or three hundred tide surveyors, examiners, boat officers, tide waiters, watchmen, etc., from \$50 to \$300 a month. Besides these salaries and those of a host of native interpreters, shupans, clerks, waiters, artists, boatmen, etc., he maintained half a dozen or more modern war vessels, or revenue cutters, with native crews and foreign officers, a score or more of splendidly equipped lighthouses and lightships, and an admirable system of buoys in all the ports, entries and channels—the harbor and coast surveillance departments, which all navigators acknowledge to be quite equal to similar public works in other countries.

At the outbreak of this rebellion he considered the enormous extent of China's coast, is sufficient, one would think, to engross the life tax of a single man.

Sir Robert Hart was an Irishman from county Armagh, who joined the British consular service a poor and unknown youth, somewhere in the fifties. He was 65 years of age this spring, and had controlled the foreign customs service of China for forty years.

Although he was not its original organizer, he alone could claim the credit for building up the service to what it was. When he took it in hand the service, which extended only to five ports, was the most despised in the world, and composed of the worst class of stray adventurers engaged on the spot.

At the outbreak of this rebellion it was one of the most exclusive services, eagerly sought after by the sons of consuls and ministers of different countries, difficult to enter, and forming the aristocracy of the foreign settlements in China. Candidates had first to obtain a direct nomination from Sir Robert through influential introductions, and then pass a rigid examination in classical education, but, unlike the stereotyped civil service elsewhere, mere book knowledge would never pass a man.

Although Sir Robert may naturally be supposed to have had a personal predilection for Englishmen, he resolutely adhered to the principle that such a service must be purely cosmopolitan. Among his countrymen and assistants were French, German, Italian and Scandinavian representatives.

Not 10 per cent of the service had ever seen or been within 500 miles of its chief. Sir Robert ruled by secret.

reports of the most personal and searching nature. It was a common saying in the junior messes that you could not flirt with a woman, buy a pony or play a game of cards without a "little bird" at once carrying the tale to Pekin, and probably bringing down to you the famous "threatening letter" from the "I. G." as the inspector-general was called.—New York Journal.

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S.S. TEUTONIC.....Aug. 15, Noon
S.S. GERMANIC.....Aug. 22, Noon
S.S. MAJESTIC.....Aug. 29, Noon
S.S. OCEANIC.....Sept. 5, 2 p.m.
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Excellent Second Cabin accommodation on these steamers.

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Railways and Navigation

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, June 18, 1900, the trains leaving Union Station, Toronto (via Grand Trunk Railway), at 10:30 p.m., connects with the Maritime Express and Local Express at Bonaventure Depot, Montreal, as follows:

The Maritime Express will leave Montreal daily, except on Saturday, at 12 noon, for Halifax, N. S., St. John, N. B., The Sydney and points in the Maritime Provinces.

The Maritime Express from Halifax, The Sydney, St. John and other points east, will arrive at Montreal daily, except on Monday, at 7:30 p.m., and daily from Riviere du Loup.

The Local Express will leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 7:40 a.m., due to arrive at Levis at 1 p.m., Riviere du Loup at 5 p.m., and Little Metis at 8:25 p.m.

The Local Express will leave Little Metis at 4:45 p.m., daily, except Saturday; Riviere du Loup at 7:40 p.m., and Levis at 11:45 p.m., due to arrive at Montreal at 6:30 a.m.

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Steamer Urania

Excursion to PORT BURWELL Thursday, Aug. 2.

Fare from London and return, adults 75c, children 40c. Train leaves 5:50 a.m.

LONDON CIVIC HOLIDAY

MONDAY, AUG. 6. Excursion to PORT STANLEY Round Trip Fare 30c.

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