DIAMONDS FOR THE BRIDE

Or, a Proposal by Proxy

Mrs. Swayne and Lord Swinton, Margaret and Cousin Joan (who to the world was Mrs. Winthrope) walked across informally to the church, leaving the children to follow in the wake of the bride. Three years had gone by since Margaret knelt in the church of Fortune's Ferry, the church which had witnessed her childish prayers and her first step into womanhood. The familiar place was dear to her, though she came back to it so changed; and the rush of mingled memory, of the far-away past, the altered present, overpowered her so much she had hardly eyes to so much she had hardly eyes to came between the bride and bridesee. And the interior was a dark one, even on a day like this, when there was sunshine out of doors; except in the chancel the windows were small, single lancets and heavrecessed. To-day it was crowded from end to end, first with the specially invited guests, then with tenants and villagers, and the air was heavy with the scent of flowers Space had been reserved in the front pews for the party from the Court, and Margaret was so placed on the north side that she could relieve Dulcie of her bouquet, as the little bridesmaids would be distant the full length of the extended train behind her.
Soft music was discoursing on

the organ, and under cover of it the congregation were whispering this was a semi-secular occasion, and it was not necessarily strictly to observe the decorum of Sunday. As soon as they were in place—be-fore, indeed, Margaret had risen her knees-the clergy and choir were forming their procession to the porch, there to receive the bride, Margaret glanced across the narrow aisle, curious to see the bridegroom, this other George who was to be Dulcie's husband, but he and his supporter had stepped in to the opposite pew to leave free passage way. She had only a glimpse of two cropped heads and She had only a two pairs of flat shoulders similarly coated, and which belonged to her brother-in-law elect it was impossible to know. Then Mrs. Swayne bent over to speak to her, needing an answer; and as the congregation rose, turning with one accord to the west door, the surpliced procession streamed in be-

Every eye of that assembly was fixed on Dulcie's entrance, and Margaret's with the rest. She moved to music-for the choir were chanting the wedding hymn — a slight, small creature, hidden away among lace and drapery and flowher train behind her gleaming silver. She could hardly be said to lean on the arm of her handsome, grey-haired father, hel being so much taller, but her hand rested on his sleeve, and her head was close to his shoulder. As Gower turned to face his bride he glanced across at the beautiful woman gowned in white at Mrs. Swayne's right hand. "I suppose that must be Margaret," he conjectured in a flash of thought; and

the bride's beauty, which was well-nigh invisible. But lace and bro-cade, and the intangible cachet of

clearly see. But there was something indescribably familiar about the figure on Dulcie's right hand, something which made her heart beat, some undefined resemblance.
She leaned forward, but still Col"Mistake or not, it will have to onel Swayne was in the way. Oh, if she might see! It was imagination, doubtless, that there was a likeness in the stalwart shoulder, the turn of the head, but how the stalwart shoulder, a coincidence that there was a likeness in the stalwart shoulder, it can be proved or disproved; it can be proved or disproved; it strange a coincidence, together with the name, and the fancy about You go with Gower and Margaret, white flowers!

The clergyman by this time was reading the preliminary address, and when it was over he began the charge. He read emphatically and slowly, adjuring them both, as they would answer at the dreadful day of judgment, that there should be no concealment of just impediment to this projected union. And if any were present knowing of impediment, they, too, were exhorted now to speak, or else hereafter for ever lo hold their peace.

to see again; and he looked back at yourselt. There seems to be some are allowed to drink it and they woulding in the year, and not once in a thousand times does interrupted a stranger. But, beyond all doubt, it must be broken altogether. It is Creek, Mich.

Read the little book. "The Road to be some are allowed to drink it and they are perfect pictures of health." ion come. But Gower's nerves this was he.

Were on edge; the selemnity and the cause touched his secret discombient, the fear that was ever with again, "When was this marriage the void. He turned and with George Cullen?"

It is broken altogether. It is nonsense about postponement."

When asked her answer to the did not care for this eager young with George Cullen?"

Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a did not care for this eager young with George Cullen?"

Ever read the above letter? A new one man and his questions. "I have appears from time to time. They are

looked down the church-and Mar-

garet saw his face.

There could be no mistake now, no room for doubt or hesitation, for recognition was complete. The pause was over, the clergyman had turned to Gower with the question which follows, when Margaret cried

"Stop! stop! This is George

Cullen, my husband!"

The moment was so critical, the need for action so immediate, that came between the bride and bride groom, with hands outstretched to this man who had forsaken her. "You were George Cullen Have you forgotten your once.

The Archdeacon hesitated, and then shut the book and looked blankly at Colonel Swayne, who put his arm round the bride, as if he feared she would faint or fall; but Dulcie stood amazed, not understanding yet. There had been that one fierce question, "Are you mad?" but the father knew in his heart that such a claim from Margaret would be no madness, no spite against a sister. It was either a mistake-the most extraordinary mistake in the world-or else plain fact and truth. And then he thought of the Lost Summer.

And what had Gower answered? 'Certainly I was George Cullen; but I do not know you. I have no

The Archdeacon was the next to speak, addressing Margaret. "He was George Cullen before he changed his name to Gower. Surely gleam of hope. A weaker woman claim upon him, why did you not

make it before?' "I know it only now. I was married to George Cullen last September, in France, and he left me

asile, and with both hands she as they were together, the threw back the lace screen from before her scared face. Anything that Then her father took her by the fore her scared face. Anything that

difficulty had arisen, but knew no more. Except Margaret's first cry, the exchange of demand and reply had been low-pitched; reverence for a sacred place may have prompted the with may be the content of a four flea-power. One horse-power would suffice to operate 270,000,000 watches.

Furthermore, the balance-wheel of a watch is moved by this fourted the whispers, or else the instinct to keep private such a scan-

dal. Gower's supporter, young Claridge, stood behind him, help-less and bewildered. There would be a pretty piece of gossip over this, and he was annoyed to have "Hush, my dear, h been drawn into it. And, more ex- know myself yet. then his whole attention was drawn to Dulcie, veiled and advancing.

If not a murmur, there was at transfer from the children the long, silver-shining train, and Lord Swinton took it on least a caught breath in the church, simultaneous and indicative. It meant admiration, on the women's part for the toilette rather than the bride's beauty, which was well-nigh invisible. But lace and bro-night invisible invisible invisible invisible invisible. But lace and bro-night invisible invisible invisible invisible invisible invisible invisible invisible. But lace and bro-night invisible invisi

brother. wrong?"

"Mistake or not, it will have to be inquired into," said his lord-"Better go

the Court and feed them, and then ger's face.

dear to her beyond all else in the world, which she had never thought to see again; and he looked back at yourself. There seems to be some growing iat, and I'm sure Postum is the cause of it. All the children are allowed to drink it and they

Eight Years of Bad Eczema on Hands



Cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment

Miss Mary A. Bentley, 93 University St.; Montreal, writes, in a recent letter: "Some nine years ago I noticed small p mples breaking out on the back of my hands. They became years ago I noticed small p mples breaking out on the back of my hands. They became years ago I noticed small p mples breaking out on the back of my hands. They worse, and I could not put my hands is two seen and I could not put my hands is two seen and I could not put my hands is two seen and I could not put my hands is two seen and I could not put my hands is two seen and I was treated at the hospital, and it seen. I was treated at the hospital, and the seen and I was advised to try Cutleura Ointment. I did so, and I found after a few applications the burning sensations were disappearing, I could sleep well, and did not have any itching dusc my sense of the seen and I could use other remedies and thought if I could use other remedies, and thought if I could use other remedies, and thought if I could use other remedies, and thought if I could use other remedies and for a few applications and finding case from Cutleura Ointment, it deserved a sair trial with a severe and stubborn case, used the Cuticura Ointment and Soap for early six months, and I am glad to say they wish that you publish this letter to all the work, and if anyone doubts it, let them write me!"

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a

let them write me."
Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by
druggists and dealers everywhere. For a
liberal sample of each, with 32-p. book, send
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Boston, U. S. A.

She was almost beyond speech, but she repeated, "Last September." He had confronted and disowned her, and now it would be better if she could die. But even not make it possible for him to

would have fallen, crushed by the agony; she loathed her life because it was whole in her, and she knew

hindered sight was intolerable at arm, a grasp which would have which a whatch the moment, for, in addition, it seemed to baffle comprehension. Something had happened, and it had to do with Margaret. That was all which reached her understanding yet.

arm, a grasp which would have rough had she not been rapt beyond small miseries. But the wonder of it does not cease here. It has been calculated that the power that moves the sanding yet. ranks of staring faces, and Mar-

face with his own hands, for she had begun to cry and tremble. "What is it?" she sobbed. "What

'Hush, my dear, hush! I don't Come back to

nigh invisible. But lace and brocade, and the intangible cachet of style, appeal to the feminine public, who would fain go and do likewise, did the occasion and their purses permit.

As the bride came to the chancel step, Colonel Swayne drew back so directly into Margaret's line of vision that even now she did not clearly see Put these are to the content of the service, and mounted a pair of gold-rimmed eye glasses on his high, thin nose. Now he shut up the glasses and put them in his pocket, and came forward out of the pew.

"What is the matter, Otho?" he said in a low growl to his brother. "Something has gone to difficulty had arisen, she did not herself know what. The wedding was put off a day later, Colonel Swayne told her. Of course it was annoying, very; and Dulcie would rong?"
annoying, very; and Dulcie would
"Margaret says she was married be upset, but Lord Swinton was to Gower in France, when he was taking care of her. She hoped, and Colonel Swayne hoped, that all would come across to the Court, where the wedding presents were on view, and take the refreshments. which were spread ready, before they went away.

The assembly thus invited were inquisitive; more might be learned by remaining on the spot, so they flowed in the direction of the Court.

With the first more more than the wasn't discouraged though and wasn't discouraged You go with Gower and Margaret, and I will take care of Dulcie."

"And what is to be said to——"
Colonel Swayne ended with a gesture, indicating the crowded church.

"The strength of the could not speak to her; but he towarded the heat man on the could not speak to her; but he towarded the heat man on the could not speak to her; but he towarded the heat man on the could not speak to her; but he towarded the heat man on the could not speak to her; but he towarded the heat man on the could not speak to her; but he towarded the heat man on the could not speak to her; but he towarded the heat man on the court. "Tell them the wedding is put but he touched the best man on the off till to-morrow. Your wife will elbow, who, as he turned, wondermanage it. Have them across at ed at the excitement in this stran-

"The marriage is broken off. You

Mr. Bernard Claridge raised his

no information to give to anybody; I have not been told."

The choir were waiting their dismissal, and as soon as the aisle was clear the two clergymen marshalled them back to their vestry, where the usual prayer was said by Hunger-ford. Then he assisted the Arch-Then he assisted the Arch deacon to unrobe, and a few words of secular comment might be permitted on the scene they had just witnessed. "A bad business, a bad business!" said Dr. Swayne, shaking his head. "I didn't know the there was anything wrong in the Cullen family, but this young fellow can hardly be a sane man. To marry one sister abroad—though I understand Margaret did call herself Fielding—and then to come self Fielding—and then to come back to England and attempt to marry the other. It is altogether past belief!"

Hungerford had turned away to the vestry press, and his companion did not see his face. "If that is so," he said hoursely, as May is so," he said hoarsely, as May had said in effect before him, "if that is so, this marriage must be given up."

"Of course, of course!" agreed the Archdeacon. "Certainly it must be given up. My cousin Swayne will see that this fellow the Gower does justice to Margaret, so that the pretty younger sister is never likely now to reign at Gren-

(To be continued.)

WATCH MARVELS.

Some Facts in Connection With Its Performance.

We hear much from time to time of the wonders of this or that complicated and intricate machine, but there are few pieces of machinery more marvellous than that of the common watch.

A watch, it may be stated as a general proposition, is the smallest. her death, as the law stands, could most delicate instrument of the same number of parts that has ever been devised. About 175 different pieces of material enter into its construction, and upwards of 2,400 separate operations are comprised

in its manufacture.
Certain of the facts connected with its performance are well-nigh herself strong to endure. She looked from George to Dulcie, and back again to her husband; she had eral hundred blows on his anvil in a four weeks after. I have never seen or heard of him since then."

Again the Lost Summer, as Gower well knew, and as Colonel Bulgie's Dulcie's Cover well knew, and as Colonel Cover to the seen or heard of him since then."

Again the Lost Summer, as Gower well knew, and as Colonel Cover the seen or heard of him since then."

Bulgie's back again to her husband, she had day, and, as a matter of course, is glad when Sunday comes; but the forward to the long the seen or heard of him since then."

Again the Lost Summer, as Gower well knew, and as Colonel her for proof; this thing must her for proof; this thing must her for proof; this thing must her for proof; the proof of the seen or heard of him since then."

Again the Lost Summer, as Gower well knew, and as Colonel her proof; this thing must her for proof; this thing must her for proof; this thing must her for proof; the proof of more to say, more that must be said, but her voice died in her throat. Proof! They were asking roller jewel of a watch makes every Swayne knew also. Dulcie's bouquet dropped at her feet in the aisle, and with both hands she as they were together, it could be as they were together.

And the assembly in the church. garet had no veil to cover her tears. jump. The watch power is, theremazed and curious, knew that Lord Swinton was left with Dulcie, fore, what might be termed the times the force used in a flea's

flea power one and forty-three one-He turned back the lace over her hundredths inches with each vibra-

A HIT. What She Gained by Trying Again.

last spring when father brought snow-covered, gilded with the bright,

brewed it about five minutes, just as she had been in the habit of doing with coffee without paying a mountain was. Pictures give you no trees, cut to a line pench-point, are the only brushes they know; ash from the fire the only paste they use. Yet when a Kaffir smiles one as she had been in the habit of doing with coffee without paying special attention to the directions printed on the package. It looked weak and didn't have a very promising color, but nevertheless father raised his cup with an air of expectancy. It certainly did give him a great surprise, but I'm afraid it wasn't a very pleasant one, for he put down his cup with

"Mother wasn't discouraged though, and next morning gave it another trial, letting it stand on the stove till boiling began and then letting it boil for fifteen or twenty minutes, and this time we were all so pleased with it that we have used it ever since.

"Father was a confirmed dyspeptic and a cup of coffee was to him like poison. So he never drinks it Meanwhile Margaret was looking would hear why. What is the gularly. He isn't troubled with dyspepsia now and is actually

Read the little book, "The Road

NA-DRU-CO Headache

our or less. We guarantee that they contain no opium, or less. We guarantee that they contain no opium, or phine or other poisonous drugs. 25c. a box at your druggists'.

nical Co. of Canada, Limited, . .

LETTERS OF A SON IN THE MAKING TO HIS DAD

-By REX MCEVOY

this paper a series of letters from our place to the school-house set from the west. They will up on end.

I was out on the back of the train till appear from time to time under the above heading, and dining car for dinner. The mountains all

Kamloops, Sept. 14th, 1911.

Although this letter is dated Kamloops

we have just left that place and am getam writing this in a corner of the observation car on the Imperial Limited, stream, and felt the drip of the water, body ever found their way through, let Just where I am sitting there is a writ alone build a railroad. ing desk, and close beside it is a book case with a couple of hundred books to choose from if you want to read. notice that they are not used much. I didn't see anyone reading them, the scenery is too attractive for that. The magazines, however, which belong to the library, were much in demand.

Well, it has been a wonderful day for me. I was up early, for the train leaves Calgary at 3.15 a.m. right on the dot. That's one thing that has surprised me on this trip. While a local train in Ontario may be anywhere from half an hour to an hour late, these trains which and mother should come through how make a run for nearly three thousand and see this country, but if you do, I.a. miles pull out of the station right on time. Of course, they must lose in winter when the snow drifts. Then a train you have been in the mountains very may be excused for being a day behind

ed Exshaw, when you are right close up to the mountains. Here I noticed a number of long, dusty-looking buildings. They are part of one of the largest cement

heart of the mountains. describe the feeling of awe that is experienced in looking on them for the first time. The other side of a level valley, perhaps some five miles away, they rose up, up, up, grey, silent, majestic in the always something to see A failure at first makes us esteem mists still clinging about grey light of early morning, with the

they help you to understand the vac scale of creation. These tremend monuments of rock have been toss about at some time as the plaything some tremendous power. Their very ma and weight compels thought of the incomprehensible violence which has of old torn them from their place and reared them up on end. At one place where we came along to-day, right at the foot of Mount Mr. McEvoy will write for the track a mile in the air-as far as Macdonald, the rock rises sheer up from I was out on the back of the train till

will give a picture of the the way were unutterably grand. In great Canadian west from places they were a series of peaks, with snow gleaming like crowns or necklaces the standpoint of a young about them, in other places they were in Ontario man going out there to make his way. These letters should be full of inte.est for every Ontario father.]

about them, in other places they were in broken piles. In one place, for instance, there is what looks just like a castle cut out of the rock, with doorways turrets, and all. It is on a tremendous scale, some eight miles long. After passing the ride of the that you run out along the side of the mountain with a valley below you and a river running through it. bridges and tracks some distance below the track your train is on, and running parallel. Then you run slap bang into a tunnel and run along for a mile in the dark. When you come out you find that ting further from it every minute. I you have turned right round with the track you were on before above you. Then into another tunnel, and you find that the name the C. P. R. gives the train you have turned again, the track looping that runs through from Montreal to Van. round in the solid rock. This whole giant couver. The observation car has a deep platform behind where you can sit out \$250,000 were used in blasting the tunwithout and glass or window frames to nels. The wonders that the engineers interfere with the view. You get the real have accomplished in putting the rail nels. The wonders that the engineers mountain air, too, as the train slides road through is next to the wonder of mountain air, too, as the train slides the mountains themselves. After you through one of the mile-long tunnels to have been running in the maze of hills day I heard the splash of an underground for a whole day, you wonder that any

> When the tunnels are left behind, you come out along the Kicking Horse River. The track runs along a narrow ledge cut in the side of the mountain with river far below, hundreds of feet. Gradually the track gets lower and lower, till it is running close beside the leaping dashing, greeny-white water of the river

At Glacier I got my first fine view of one of the glaciers that feed these moun tain rivers. It was sweltering hot where we were at the station, but up on the side of the mountain lay a great expanse of snow that glistened in the sun. You sure you bring a dictionary with you, or you will run out of adjectives before

In the evening, after passing Sicamous We ran out of Calgary in the dark, Junction, where the line branches off to but it was daylight by the time we reach. the Okanagan Valley-the peach and grape belt of the province-we ran along beside Shushwap Lake, and the sunset lights and reflections in the still calm water were very peaceful, and contrastworks in Canada. Then we went through ed with the rugged beauty of the mounwhat is called "The Gap," right into the tains. The lights were lit when we ran into Kamloops, and the town was out-It was at Canmore that I first realized Uned with bright dots where the street what mountains were. I simply cannot lights stood in the darkness under the shadowy mountains.

Good-bye now, Dad. I have quite piece to go yet, but I'm not tired of travelling, as I expected to be, as there's

Your loving son,

BLACK AND WHITE. The negroes of South Africa have

finer preserved teeth than any other t. Her son tells the story:

"We had never used Postum till some a nachara brought of another, higher peak, miles beyond, a glimpse the race in the world. It is remarkable that they should be able to hold their own, in the dental sense, with snow-covered, without their own, in the dental sense, with their more civilised competitors, since they are so careless in regard home a package one evening just to try it. We had heard from our were grand. I just hung on to the railing which they look after their teeth in which they look after the which they look after their teeth in which they look after the neighbors, and in fact every one who used it, how well they liked it.
"Well, the next morning Mother"

"Well, the next morning Mother"

All the time I was drinking in the trees, cut to a fine pencil-point, are ash

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