

A FATEFUL... DIAMOND

The man stepped to the door and beckoned to some one without, and instantly a gendarme entered, and presented a paper to Mr. Houghton.

It was a search-warrant, showing that all objections on his part would have been useless, if he had offered any.

Margaret, seeing it, recoiled where she stood, and, putting out both hands, convulsively grasped her father's arm.

"Why should they wish to search the house?" she asked huskily. "Do they believe that he—Louis—has taken this money and gone away with it?"

"I fear so," he admitted reluctantly. The beautiful girl drew herself up haughtily. Her lips curled; her eyes flashed with scorn as she turned them upon the intruders, who were regarding her with undisguised admiration.

"It is utterly impossible," she said, coldly. "Mr. Dunbar could not do such a deed."

"Pardon, mademoiselle," politely returned the man who had interviewed her father. "No one has a key to the safe save Mr. Dunbar and the cashier; this morning it was found open, with his key in the lock, the money gone—

too, Mr. Dunbar is missing, and no trace of him can be found in all Paris. We must do our duty, mademoiselle; we have been ordered to find Mr. Dunbar; we must search for him here—

everywhere."

"It is utterly impossible; he could not do it!" Margaret repeated.

Then, as the men passed on about their business, she suddenly broke down, and threw herself into her father's arms. He led her into the parlor, placed her in a comfortable chair before the cheerful grate, and then went to call his wife.

Everything certainly looked very dark and mysterious, and his own heart was disturbed by anxious forebodings. The robbery had been done with the key belonging to Louis; the cashier's key was still in his own possession, the other was found in the lock of the safe, the door of which was wide open, while not a book nor a paper had been disturbed—the money drawers alone were empty.

The two hundred thousand dollars had been paid in just before the hour for closing the office, and the cashier stated Mr. Dunbar had seemed troubled and anxious when it was delivered to him, for it was past banking hours, and it would have to be kept in the office until morning.

He had remained to superintend the locking of the safe; had examined every window and tried every door after it was fastened.

All this the cashier testified to under oath, and he declared that he believed there had been foul play in the matter, for Mr. Dunbar was not a man likely to do a dirty piece of business like that; he was a gentleman, and no robber. He believed that "somebody" must have suspected the presence of money and shadowed him, and, when he returned to see that everything was right about the office, robbed him of the key, and, perhaps, murdered him.

Of course, no trace of Louis was discovered in the Houghton mansion, and the officers having done their duty, apologized for their intrusion, and were about to withdraw, when Margaret suddenly remembered what her lover had told her regarding his father.

She quickly related the facts to Mr. Houghton, who repeated them to the officers, and they beat a hasty retreat, their opinion greatly changed, and believing they would soon bring the real rogue to justice.

Great excitement prevailed in the city over the strange affair; but when it came to be known that Mr. Dunbar had a father in Paris whose character was questionable, many not knowing of his engagement to the wealthy Miss Houghton, who had before been inclined to believe that he himself had absconded with the handsome sum, now decided that the father was the guilty party, and had sacrificed his own son to his greed for gold.

There was deep grief in the Houghton mansion. It seemed almost as if there had been a death there.

Margaret was nearly wild with anxiety and suspense, for she imagined that Louis had met with a horrible fate.

During the early part of the day Arthur Aspinwall dropped in upon the troubled family.

"I am so lonesome since Uncle Albert went away that I do not know what to do with myself," he apologized, as he entered the room where the household was gathered; then he started.

"What is the matter?" he asked, looking from one to the other of the sorrowful group and remarking their blank, white faces and despondent attitude.

"Mr. Houghton drew him aside. "Haven't you heard of the robbery of last night?" he asked.

"No; where was it? I have not been quite well for a day or two—arose late this morning, took my breakfast in my room, and then came directly here. Who has been robbed?"

"Dunbar's office was robbed of forty thousand dollars last night, and Louis himself is missing."

"The deuce!" exclaimed the young man, in a startled tone.

Mr. Houghton then explained the circumstances as far as he knew them.

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.

remarking that suspicion was directed against the young man's father. "Father? Dunbar has no father," returned Arthur, in a derisive tone. "He was always preaching that there was a mystery shadowing his parentage."

Mr. Houghton then enlightened him further upon the subject.

"Umph!" remarked Arthur, reflectively, when the elder gentleman had concluded. "You don't suppose that this—this story of a father is a trumped up affair to throw people upon the wrong scent, do you?"

"Not for a moment," returned Mr. Houghton, with indignant emphasis. "Louis Dunbar is the soul of honor. What would that comparatively paltry sum be to him, when he might have married Margaret in a month, with three or four times that amount."

"True; no, no, he would not be likely to sacrifice so much for so little," Arthur responded, but his lips were firmly compressed, and his tone was strained and unnatural.

CHAPTER XXI

Days passed, but no clue to the robbery was obtained, and no intelligence of Louis Dunbar. Gradually the excitement subsided, and matters settled into their old grooves once more.

The cashier was appointed to take Louis' place, and a new man procured to fill that vacancy; and though the loss to the company was great, and would long be felt, yet business was soon resumed with all its former activity.

At the Houghton mansion, however, there was great sadness. For a time it seemed as if Margaret would sink under the dreadful blow, and her friends were exceedingly anxious on her account, and proposed to hasten their return to America, hoping that change of air and scene might blunt the memory of these recent horrors.

"Go home to America!" she exclaimed, with sudden anguish, when the plan was proposed to her. "Papa, never speak to me again of it. I should die before we could cross the ocean. No, no; if Paris has been Louis' tomb, it shall be mine also. I will live here as long as I can. When I die, if I die here, I shall have died in my father's house, but I cannot, cannot go home."

Of course they said no more to her after that upon the subject.

She was their all. They lived only in her, and her every wish, her every word, she was gratified as far as it was in their power to do so.

But how their hearts ached over this early blighting of all her hopes it is not in the power of pen to describe, and there was not a sadder home in all Paris than theirs, where lately there had been nothing but sunshine and joy.

Mrs. Parker and her daughter returned to America without their friends, and, for a time, Mrs. Houghton, who was fondly attached to her friend and had been greatly comforted by her kindness and sympathy during the recent trouble, felt as if half the world was gone.

Arthur Aspinwall came every day to bring some offering, or to speak some word of cheer and sympathy.

He did not intrude himself upon Margaret, but devoted himself to Mrs. Houghton, and really made himself so agreeable and helpful that she grew to watch for his coming with pleasure.

He seldom said much to Margaret, but his manner toward her was gentle and deprecating, and he was so kind and thoughtful in anticipating her slightest wish, that she was sure he regretted those bitter words he had uttered against Louis on that last eventful evening.

Mr. Forest had not returned, neither had he written anything regarding his movements; and, as Arthur was thus kept in ignorance of his whereabouts, appearance and the trouble that the Houghtons were in.

"I hope I shall not wear my welcome out," Arthur said one day, when he dropped in, for the second time, and threw himself wearily into a chair; and, as he sat there, he said to himself, "I can't stay by myself."

"Come as often as you like, Arthur," Mrs. Houghton replied, kindly. "We are lonely, too, without our friends, and I know you must miss Mr. Forest."

"Yes; and I am decidedly upset over the mystery regarding Dunbar," the young man returned, in a low tone, as if he intended the remark for Mrs. Houghton's ears alone.

"Hush," she whispered, with a warning glance towards Margaret, and a few moments after wishing something from her room, she arose and went upstairs to get it.

Margaret had always received Arthur of late rather apathetically. Today she had merely nodded a greeting as he entered, then lay back in her chair by the fire, and fell again into painful reverie.

But she had heard that last remark of his to her mother, in spite of his low tone, and suddenly sitting erect she turned her great languid eyes upon him, and gazed at him fixedly.

He bore her scrutiny as long as he could, then he turned and met her glance.

"Well, what is it?" he asked, smiling, and trying to look indifferent.

"You never appeared to entertain a very high regard for Louis, and I was rather surprised to hear you express yourself as so 'upset' over his strange disappearance," Margaret returned, with some bitterness in her tone, but without removing her eyes from his, while she kept looking and unlocking her hands in a nervous manner.

(To be Continued.)

From the Camp Outside Bloomfontein.

Comes a letter from a member of C Company, Royal Canadian Regiment, telling how "FOOT ELM" helped the Canadian boys on their marches.

There is no section of the British army now in South Africa so well equipped to undertake long, tiresome marches as the Canadians. The secret is that they have "FOOT ELM" in their shoes, and this harmless and wonderful discovery prevents scalding, blistering and chafing, and robs marching of the footsoreness which is its invariable accompaniment. Mr. T. Buckart, C Company, R. C. R., sends the following letter from the camp outside Bloomfontein to Messrs. Stott & Judy, Bowmanville, Ont.:

"The regiment was supplied with FOOT ELM en route to Cape Town. Most of the boys have used it continuously, and all express themselves as highly delighted with the results, as it prevents scalding and chafing. A friend of mine still has a portion of his box left, and he says it is one of the most treasured things in his knapsack contains. (Signed) T. Buckart."

"FOOT ELM" is 25c a box at all druggists, or by mail, Stott & Judy, Bowmanville, Ont.

WOMEN IN A FIX

Left With Only Their Bathing Suits to Go Home In.

Atlantic City, N. J., Aug. 16.—Two handsome women, Mrs. Anna Gray and her daughter, of Syracuse, N. Y., spent all day yesterday and part of the night hunting their clothing, which they had left at the place where they hired unmarked bathing suits.

The ladies came here with a party of Philadelphians, but decided to remain over night. All the afternoon they visited first one then another bath house, but in none of them were there any unmarked clothing. Their bathing suits did not contain the names of their establishment, as is usually the case. They were followed by a curious crowd, which soon learned of their predicament, and towards the middle of the afternoon took refuge in a Boardwalk restaurant, where a charitable proprietor gave them dinner free. The search was resumed, but until ten o'clock at night their clothes had not been found.

In a small grip sack Mrs. Gray had considerable jewelry, and about \$40 in money. The officer took them late at night to Phillips' restaurant, where they arranged to spend the night in borrowed clothing, and telegraph their friends in Philadelphia. They refused to give the name of their friends, or their street address in Syracuse, fearing notoriety. Both appear to be women of refinement.

CHUNKS OF ICE

Disastrous Storms at Various Points—At Emsdale the Hail Stones Were Eight Inches Around.

Emsdale, Aug. 16.—A terrific storm visited this place and vicinity Tuesday afternoon, the like of which was never known in this country before. Chunks of ice fell with terrific force, measuring eight inches around. Hundreds of windows were smashed in this place, besides other serious damage. Crops were cut down and completely destroyed, apples and fruit were cut to pieces and the trees uprooted, hundreds of dollars of damage being done.

Winnipeg, Aug. 16.—A severe hail storm passed over Moline district on Sunday afternoon, doing damage to the crops. The whole wheat crop in an area about the size of a football field, several miles in length, is practically wiped out. The news was brought in to Rapid City by John Hunter, Moline, who is almost the only man who is insured this year. He says he had the best crop for years, probably \$7 bushels to the acre, and the hail did the farmers insured their crops last year, and they escaped storms and frost, so this year they thought they would risk it, and the result is many of them are almost ruined by Sault's storm.

Killarney, Aug. 15.—A destructive hail storm passed north and south of Killarney yesterday evening, completely destroying a strip about a mile wide. Wm. Hodgins, J. Hammell, Beaton Gale, McCulloch and McNaughton are the principal sufferers.

How Robert Was Married and Buried Without His Knowledge.

The reappearance of a person who officially had been declared dead some years ago has created not a little excitement in the little town of St. Eulalie, Arrondissement Mauriac, France. Fifteen years since M. Robert, a tradesman, left his native place, never again to be heard of by his relatives or neighbors. He had settled in a distant part of the country and continued in his former occupation, the sale of linen. Recently while traveling as a drummer he arrived at Saint-Cirgues-de-Malbert, not far from his birthplace, where he called on a cousin residing there. Instead of being received with a kind welcome he was stared at by the lady as though he were an apparition from another world. Had she not read the certificate of his death, issued by the mayor of Chartre, and had she not pliously attended all the masses read for the peace of his soul?

Not willing to be thus without ceremony stricken from the number of the living, Robert returned to St. Eulalie, where he found his aged mother. She, too, seemed terrified at his sight, but soon recovered, and, amidst tears of joy and surprise, told him the following curious story:

A few years ago she received the announcement of her son's death from the authorities of Chartre, made out in due form, which was followed by the arrival of his alleged widow, with two children, the latter remaining with her "grandmother" at St. Eulalie, while their mother, who stated she had been living with M. Robert in wedlock for a number of years up to his death, returned to her home.

Astonished at the official report of his death, Robert at once made out his marriage certificate and alleged fatherhood, Robert entered suit in court. The evidence brought out that ten years ago he had lost his military service passport, which the finder had produced as his own in Chartre, where he afterward married and died, leaving a widow and two children, who, with his townsmen, had never doubted his identity with the person named in his wrongfully appropriated army papers.

THE UNNOWNED BOUND.

In passing outward I may cross the line Between the Arctic and the Atlantic ocean.

I may not know by any test of mine—By any startling signs or strange commotion Across my track.

But as the days grow brighter, one by one—And even the icebergs melt their hardened faces, And sailors linger, basking in the sun—I know I must have made the change of places.

Some distance back.

Thus, answering timidly my Master's call, I passed the bourne of life in coming to Him,

When in my love for Him I gave up all;

The very moment that I thought I knew Him, I cannot tell.

But, as increasingly I feel His love, As this cold heart is melted to o'er-flowing—

And now so clear the light comes from above.

I wonder at the change, but move on, knowing That all is well.



Shirt Waists.

4 dozen Colored Striped Percale Waists, in sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38; regular 75c, sale..... 43c
2 dozen Silk Striped Waists, in pink, blue and black and white, tucked front, laundered cuffs and collars, perfect fitting; regular \$1 25, for..... 75c
8 dozen black and white, pink and white, mauve and white, and blue and white striped, Zephyr and Percale Shirt Waists, four rows insertion in front; \$1 75, for..... 80c
18 only Fine Dimity Shirt Waists, in broad and narrow stripe, in pink, mauve and blue, tucked yoke; regular \$1 50, for..... 20c
12 only Silk Shirt Waists, in pink, cerise, light and dark blue stripes, with and without fitted lining; former price \$3 25, sale, while they last..... \$1 25

Dress Skirts.

13 only Crash Skirts, overlapped seams, deep hem; \$1 25, for..... 75c
Crash Skirts, deep hem, three rows military braid; \$1 50, for..... \$1 00

Children's Hats.

Child's Shirred Silk Tam Crown, two frills of accordion pleating on rim, wide silk ties, in white, blue and green; regular \$5, sale price..... \$3 00
Silk and Organdy Bonnets, in blue, pink and green, shirred crown, deep full over face; regular \$1 50, for..... 75c
Organdy Poche Bonnets, four frills on brim, French crown, wide ties; regular \$1, for..... 50c
All Children's Underwear at half-price.

Whitewear.

Heavy White Cotton Drawers, deep hem, six rows of tucks, for..... 19c
Lonsdale Cambric Umbrella Drawers, deep hemstitched frill, with six rows tucks and beading; regular 60c, for..... 40c
Lonsdale Cambric Drawers, with eight inch frill of embroidery, three rows tucks; regular 65c, for..... 50c

Gowns.

6 only Empire Gowns, heavy English Col, tucked yoke, reverses of embroidery, with frill of embroidery around neck and sleeves; \$1 75, sale..... \$1 00

The Fall Fairs.

WESTERN FAIR, London, Sept. 6-15. Industrial, Toronto, Aug. 27 to Sept. 8. 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. St. Catharines, Exeter, Sept. 17-18.

W. Middlesex, Strathroy, Sept. 17-19. North Waterloo, Berlin, Sept. 18-19. Northwestern, Goderich, Sept. 18-19.

Northern, Walkerton, Sept. 18-19. S. Wallace, Listowel, Sept. 18-19. E. Elgin, Aylmer, Sept. 18-19.

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

Clinton Township, Sept. 20-21. N. Wallace, Palmerston, Sept. 25-26. Moss and Elfrid, Glencoe, Sept. 25-26.

N. Brant, Paris, Sept. 25-26. Southwestern, Essex, Sept. 25-27. Amabel and Albermarle, Watford, Sept. 26-27.

Fullerton and Logan, Mitchell, Sept. 26-27. Westminster, Ag. S. Lambeth, Sept. 27. N. Oxford, Woodstock, Sept. 28-28.

Northwestern, Wingham, Sept. 27-28. North Bruce, Port Elgin, Sept. 27-28. Turnberry, Wingham, Sept. 27-28.

Mornington, Milverton, Sept. 27-28. Springfield and South, Dorchester, at Springfield, Sept. 28, 29.

Camden, Dresden, Oct. 2-3. N. Perth, Stratford, Oct. 2-3. South Waterloo, Galt, Oct. 2-3.

East Lambton, at Watford, Oct. 2-3. North Dorchester, Oct. 3. West Zorra, Embury, Oct. 4-4.

E. Huron, Brussels, Oct. 4-5. North Simcoe, Stayner, Oct. 9-10. Delaware, Oct. 10.

W. Kent, Chatham, Oct. 9-11. Canada, Cheltenham, Oct. 11-12. North Norwich, Norwich, Oct. 12-13.

Norfolk Union, Simcoe, Oct. 16-18. Norfolk Union, Simcoe, Oct. 16-18. Owen Sound, Owen Sound, Oct. 16-18.

Norfolk Union, Simcoe, Oct. 16-18. Secretaries of Western Ontario Fair Association are invited to send the dates of their local fairs to The Advertiser.

Troubles of a Minister.

To benefit others Rev. J. T. W. Vernon, of Hartwell, Ga., writes: "For a long time I had a running sore on my leg. I tried many remedies without benefit, until I used a bottle of Electric Bitters and a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which cured me sound and well." Sores, Eruptions, Bolls, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum show pure blood. Thousands have found in Electric Bitters a grand blood purifier that absolutely cures these troubles. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money refunded by W. T. Strong & Co. Large bottles only 50c.

Railways and Navigation
L. E. & D. R. RY.
Semi-Weekly Excursions to
Port Stanley
on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY,
of each week during the season. FARE 30c
ROUND TRIP. Bains leave London 10:25
a.m., 2:30, 5:15 and 6:50 p.m. Returning leave
Port Stanley 1:00, 7:00 and 9:30 p.m.
No train connection on Sunday.

STEAMER "URANIA."
Commencing Thursday, May 8, will leave
Port Stanley for CLEVELAND, on Tuesday,
Thursday, Saturday and Sunday of each week,
at 11 p.m., except Saturday, when it will leave
at 1 p.m. No train connection on Sunday.

Fare one way from \$2.25; round trip,
\$3.50. Get tickets at De la Hooke's, "Clock"
corner and at G. T. E. station.

Saturday and Monday Reductions as Usual at the Big Store.

Graniteware.

PRESERVING KETTLES.
95c, reduced to..... 55c
60c, reduced to..... 49c
Jelly Cake Pans, regular 15c, sale,
2 for..... 15c
Pie Plates, 2 for..... 15c
Pudding Pans, round, regular 20c,
sale,..... 10c
Oblong Pudding Pans, 15c; sale..... 5c
Mugs, regular 5c, sale, 3 for..... 10c
Cups, regular 5c and 7c, sale, 3 for 10c
Tea and Coffee Pans, in white and
gray, regular prices, 35c, 40c and
50c, choice..... 25c

Dinner Sets.

Combination Dinner and Tea Set,
Meakin's best English semi-porcelain, new shapes, decorated in
pink, blue, green and brown; regular
price \$3 75, special for..... \$3 50
75-piece Dinner Set, best English,
semi-porcelain, in pencil and
green, gold filling, \$10 50, sale..... \$8 75

Tea Sets.

Fine quality English Porcelain, 44
pieces, decorated in brown, green,
and slate; special sale price only \$2 95
We have a full line of China Dinner
and Tea Sets.

Music.

All the New Sheet Music.
"Every Race Has a Flag but the
Coon."
"They're Proud of the Irish Now."
"Soldiers of Canada."
"The Mick That Sent the Pick."
"The Picture of the Girl I Used to
Know."
"Write a Few Lines to My Mother."

New Books.

Received every day.
"By Adverse Winds."
"Ordered South."
"Life's Trivial Round."
"The Trivial Round."
"The Purple Robe."
These are only a very few of our
immense stock.

Special line of 5c and 10c Paper
Bound Books, all good titles, by best
authors.

Big Reductions

In our Hosiery Department:
Ladies' Neckwear, Ribbons, Collars,
Ties, etc.
Shell Hair Retainers, small round
size, only..... 5c

Every mother who tries
to quiet her restless child
by rocking and singing a
lullaby song, practices hygienic
suggestion in a mild
degree.

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Comforts Crying Children safely
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harmful Sugar Syrup, Opium,
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It surpasses hypodermic
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