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THE BLUE DIAMOND

BY ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW,

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

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(Continued.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Colonel Strangeway, who has a reputation for gambling, has two beautiful daughters, and one of them, Vivienne, is to marry Roger Selborne, a barrister, whose place adjoins Barrington Lodge, the Colonel's shooting box. Between Roger's "best man," Jack Braithwaite, and Patience, friendship has sprung up. Lady Erline Wavenhurst, the bridegroom's widowed sister, is in love with Jack, and there is also of the house party assembled for the wedding Mr. Spencer Stern, a City man, whom Roger dislikes intensely. The bride, who is very unhappy, confides to he reister that some love letters she wrote years ago are being held over her for blackmail, and a demand has just been made upon her which terrifies her. If the matter came to Roger's ears, she declares passionately, she should drown herself. Lady Erline's Blue Diamond is a subject of admiring discussion among the house-party. Vivienne faints during the dinner, and afterwards proceeds to her room. Before the evening is out the Blue Diamond is lost. Is this, Patience asks herself, the blackmail that was levied upon her sister?

The jewel is found in Vivienne's bag, which Patience had packed for her, and Patience, to secure her sister's happiness, admits that she herself stole it.

Roger explains to his sister that Stern, whom she has met before, is a scoundrel, he has discovered, through a case which he, as a barrister, conducted against him in the courts.

Lady Erline demands of Patience, as the price of her silence, that the girl shall renounce Jack and marry Stern, and Patience, horrified at what she is doing, yields, to be told by her father a few minutes later that Jack, in spite of what has taken place, asks to marry her.

Patience admits to Jack that she loves him, but tells him she cannot marry him. Stern, who has been drinking, follows, and tells her that he has a proposal he intends to make to her another day. In the meantime, he insists on kissing her. Patience calls upon Jack, who knocks Stern down, and Spencer Stern, taking himself off, warns Jack that he shall suffer for this.

"I know what you are looking for, Vivienne" she whispered. "It is not here, dear. But do not be frightened, do not look at me with those horrified eyes, and don't be angry with me, for I did it for the best. Accidntally, quite accidentally, I found the—the packet in your bag, and I guessed what had happened."

"Patience!" Vivienne bowed her head and began to sob. "You knew—you knew all the time?" she faltered. "You found out how wicked I had been?"

Patience placed her hand upon the bag and gently removed it from her sister's grasp. Then she commenced to restore the scattered articles to their place, slowly, one by one. Her face was turned away from her sister.

"Speak, Patience — why can't you speak?" cried Vivienne, petulantly. "How did you know? How did you find out? What have you done?

But Patience was on her guard. She had lied for her sister's sake, and she was prepared to lie again; but she must not betray to Vivienne the fact that she had lied. Vivienne must not suspect her sister's self-sacrifice.

"Tell me first, dear," murmured Patience, her face averted—"tell me first what you did."

"Why do you force me to speak of it?" cried the other. "I was a fool, a mad fool, and I was risking all the happiness that might be mine. He—he forced me to steal for him. He swore that if I did not do as he bade me he would expose me to Roger. It was as though he presented a pistol at my head. I pretended to be faint at dinner, but Heaven knows I was ill enough in reality. I would not let you follow me, Patience, because I had to be alone to do that which I was compelled to do. I thought you looked at me suspiciously, and I suffered—oh! you don't know how I suffered. It was so easily done, for all the servants were downstairs and the house seemed quite empty. I could not carry it"—she trembled as she spoke the little word—"I could not carry it to my room. It was not until today that I had to give it up to him. I remembered the bag in your room, knew that it was packed and locked. You had been very careful about locking it, but I had my own key, as you know. I just opened it and thrust the packet in, then ran away to my own room without even pausing to lock the bag. I lay down, and I believe I went to sleep. I could not have gone back to the drawing-room and met all those people, not if my life depended upon it. I should have read accusation, condemnation in every face. I was a thief, and I knew it." She paused, plucking furtively and with tremulous fingers at the white sheet of her bed. "This morning," she went on, falteringly, "he has written to me. His letter is here." She plunged her hand beneath the pillow and produced a letter, but she kept it clutched in her hand as if to guard it from her sister's eyes. "He says that, thanks to me, he has got all he wants, that I need not trouble myself any more. I don't know what he means, but he writes almost roughly, treating me as though I were indeed a thief, as though what I did was not by his orders. He is a fiend, Patience, a fiend and not a man. And now you know all I can tell you. There was a chance for me to replace what I had taken, and I seized it, but you seem to have forestalled me. What did you do?"

Then Patience told her lie—a lie which she had come prepared to speak. She had been afraid of committing herself if she uttered it before she knew all the facts. But now Vivienne had spoken, and it was her turn.

"I went to my room," she murmured, "when we came up from the dining-room. They began to talk of precious stones, and Lady Erline, of course, was asked to show hers. I was frightened and nervous—not really suspicious. I found that there was some little article which had been left out of your bag, and it was for that reason I went to open it. I found out what you had done, Vivienne, and I was horrified!' Seated upon the bed beside her sister, she placed one arm around Vivienne's neck, and, drawing the girl close to her, kissed her warmly and affectionately. "Oh! I was so sorry, so sorry, Vivienne," she went on, "and in my heart I did not blame you, for I knew that you had been forced to do this terrible thing. But I could not let it be, and I knew that there was danger of immediate discovery. I took the packet and replaced it. Nobody is the wiser, and, as it happens, there will be no trouble for you from this man, whoever he may be, who drove you to do this thing. Isn't it fortunate? Haven't things turned out well? Let's try and forget all about it, Vivienne. Let the matter never be referred to again between us." There was a catch in her voice, and she buried her face on her sister's shoulder. She was afraid that Vivienne might read something of what it cost her to speak this lie. "Everything is just as it was yesterday," she murmured, "except that the cloud that was hanging over you is dispersed. You will go to the church happily with Roger, won't you, Vivienne? You won't let the recollection of this thing trouble you? I want to see my sister smiling as she walks down the aisle on her husband's arm. I want the sun to shine upon the bride." She was speaking quickly, almost hysterically, but Vivienne hardly noticed it. She was filled with the great joy of her escape. There was nothing now to weigh upon her mind, nothing. There was no danger that threatened her. She might, as Patience said, go smiling to the altar.

The knowledge of a sin committed, if unexpectedly escaped from, did not appeal to her. Her conscience had pricked her, certainly, and she had suffered, but it was more the fear of discovery than regret for a mean act that had weighed upon her. Vivienne was selfish by nature, and her own comfort was paramount to her.

Probably, had the trend of events not made her crime superfluous, she would have bitterly reproached Patience for her interference, but as it happened she returned her sister's kisses and repeated again and again her faltering words of gratitude.

"But you will never, never say a word of this, Patience, will you?" she implored. "It must always be a secret between you and me."

And Patience promised that this should be so, her lips curving into a sad smile.

It seemed strange that Vivienne should even think such a promise necessary.

"And if I am ever in trouble again, Patience, I shall come to you." Vivienne sighed. "I shall hide nothing from you in the future."

"Is there anything more that you have to fear?" asked Patience, softly.

"He has not returned my letters,' was the answer, "and I cannot quite understand what he writes. It has evidently been scribbled in a great hurry. All he says is that he has no further need of my help. But he thanks me, in an ironical sort of manner, for coming to his aid, almost as though he knew that I had obeyed his commands. He says that I will see he has put matters right. And then he goes on to say that I shall probably see him after my marriage, that he may be nearer to me than I think for. I do not know what he means at all. He concludes by saying that I need not fear him in the future, and that he has never really been a bad friend to me. Oh!"—she raised her hands, and as she did so the letter slipped from her grasp and fell upon the bed—"I hate him—I hate him! But I am not going to allow the thought of him to trouble me now. I am going to think of Roger and my own happiness."

Suddenly she realized that she no longer held the letter. She covered it quickly with her hand, as though to conceal it from Patience's view. Then she crumpled it up and thrust it once more beneath her pillow.

But Patience's eyes had half unconsciously fallen upon it as it lay there upon the silk quilt. And a long shudder had passed over her as she recognised the signature.

For this letter to Vivienne was signed by Spencer Stern, the man who was forcing his attentions upon her, and whom she had promised Lady Erline to marry. The man who had insulted her last night, and who had been struck to the ground by Jack Braithwaite.

It was this man, Spencer Stern, who was his sister's blackmailer, the cause of all the misery that had befallen herself.

(To be continued.)

HEART TROUBLE CURED

In the rush, hurry and worry of modern times, we overwork the heart. Is it any wonder then that there comes a breakdown of this wonderful little engine, when such a continued strain is placed upon it day after day. There are many forms of heart trouble and the slightest derangement of this important organ is extremely dangerous. To strengthen the weak heart it is necessary to use a remedy that will act upon the heart tissue, restore and revitalize it and at the same time tone up and invigorate the nervous system, we have such a combination in

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Mrs. Ella Dingman, Morganston, Ont., writes of her experience with them: "It is with the greatest of pleasure that I recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I was troubled for a long time with my heart; I had weak and dizzy spells, could not rest at night, and I would have to sit up in bed the greater part of some nights, and it was absolutely impossible for me to lie on my left side. At last I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and they did me so much good I got another box and they effected a complete cure. I have not been troubled with my heart since."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for $1.25 all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

MATCHING LINGERIE HAT.

The lingerie hat is the logical accompaniment of the lingerie frock. Though not necessarily of the same material used in the dress, many of these hats are made this year to match the dress in both material and trimmings. Where the dress is a plain white lawn or batiste, as in the pictured model, the hat is of the same fabric, shirred over the wire frame, which is previously covered with white maline in order to hide the wires; and the entire brim, upper and under, and crown are covered with numerous ruffles of narrow Val edging. The crown may conform to the wire shape or be a Tam O'Shanter, as in this instance. A shallow bandeau lifts the hat off the head and is covered with folds of maline. On the left front a bunch of pink roses is posed on this bandeau, and on the center front of the crown an Alsatian bow of white satin ribbon is apparently held in place with two large pink roses, buds and foliage.

Weak Women

To weak and ailing women, there is at least one way to help. But with that way, two treatments, must be combined. One is local, one is constitutional, but both are important, both essential.

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure is the Local.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the Constitutional.

The former—Dr. Shoop's Night Cure—is a topical mucous membrane suppository remedy, while Dr. Shoop's Restorative is wholly an internal treatment. The Restorative reaches throughout the entire system, seeking the repair of all nerve, all tissue, and all blood ailments.

The "Night Cure", as its name implies, does its work while you sleep. It soothes sore and inflamed mucous surfaces, heals local weaknesses and discharges, while the Restorative, eases nervous excitement, gives renewed vigor and ambition, builds up wasted tissues, bringing about renewed strength, vigor, and energy. Take Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—as a general tonic to the system. For positive local help, use as well

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure

OBITUARY

Samuel Stafford

At Lepreaux, on Wednesday, Samuel Stafford, one of the best known residents of that section and a man having many friends in St. John, passed away. He was known to all who have visited Seven Mile Lake. He was sixty-five years of age, and is survived by his wife, one daughter, Mrs. David Kennedy, now living in New York, and three sons, one of whom is at home and two in the States. Jonas Howe, of this city, is a brother-in-law.

Archibald Galbraith

The death of Archibald Galbraith, second son of Thomas and Elenor Galbraith, occurred at Lorneville on May 24. He had been ill for about six months, the result of an accident some years ago. He was well known and highly respected in the community.

Mrs. Samuel Milton

Hopewell Hill, May 29—Many friends learned today with deep regret of the death, which occurred yesterday, of Mrs. Milton, wife of Samuel Milton, of Albert Mines. Mrs. Milton, who was a most highly esteemed lady, had been ill with an internal trouble for quite a long time, and this spring underwent an operation at Moncton which, it was hoped, would effect a cure. After improving for a time, however, there was a recurrence of the internal growth with which she had been afflicted, and she rapidly sank. The deceased was a daughter of the late Robert Rennison, and was about fifty-two years of age. She leaves, besides her husband, four sons—Perley, Morley, Uzzial and Elijah; and three daughters—Mrs. Wallace Steeves, of Brewer (Me.), and Misses Cora and Minerva at home. She also leaves several sisters and one brother—Lorenzo Rennison, of Albert Mines. The deceased was a member of the Baptist church, and was held in high esteem. Deep sympathy will be extended to the bereaved family in their bereavement.

Capt. Alonzo A. McLean

The death of Capt. Alonzo A. McLean occurred at Mobile (Ala.), on May 29, of Bright's disease, after an illness of about six months. Capt. McLean was well known in St. John. He sailed for St. John firms for a number of years, but later was connected with a lumber firm in the south. He is survived by one son and two daughters in St. John, also five sisters and three brothers—Mrs. G. F. Wasson and Mrs. E. Horncastle of St. John, Mrs. A. M. Granville and Bartlet E. of Grand Lake, Queens county; Mrs. McCluskey and Leonard B. of Dawson City, Mrs. J. A. McCluskey of Alaska, and Judson E. at present in Fernandina (Fla.). Mrs. McLean died two years ago.

James Black

Harcourt, May 30—James Black died at his home yesterday morning, aged eighty-six. Mr. Black is survived by a widow, six sons and six daughters.

At the regular meeting of the District Orange Lodge Thursday the celebration of July 12 was decided upon. A picnic will be held at Westfield, the excursionists going there and returning by train. A committee was appointed to arrange the details.

Mrs. Gyde, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. de Soyres, has gone to Montreal to sail for Liverpool on return to her home in South Africa.

Here's the Cure for Sick Kidneys

TEST THEM FREE

Perhaps you are skeptical about GIN PILLS. So was Mr. Brown. He had tried so many things for his kidneys, without getting any better, that he had just about made up his mind that he couldn't get well.

When he first read about GIN PILLS he laughed. The second time, he thought. The third time, he said "he would write for a sample just to see if there was any chance of getting well."

He was pretty nearly tickled to death over that box of GIN PILLS. They did him so much good that he would have paid $5 a box for the second, if necessary. The dizziness, headaches and backaches stopped. Those shooting pains in hips and legs died away. Urine lost its high color. He slept through the night without being disturbed by bladder trouble. His appetite began to pick up and he felt better than he had been for years.

34 John St., Hamilton, Ont.

Being a sufferer from my Kidneys and Dizziness in the Head, and could get nothing to help me, I saw in the papers what good Gin Pills were doing. I got a sample box, and they did me so much good, I bought three boxes and am taking them. They have worked wonders for me. I can recommend them to any similar sufferer. GEO. A. BROWN.

Don't be prejudiced. Give Gin Pills a fair trial and they will cure you just as they cured Mr. Brown. Mention this paper and we will send you a free sample. The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg, Man.

50c. a box—6 for $2.50. 86

The pharmaceutical examinations for the province will be written here, under the direction of the Pharmaceutical Society, on June 5. Among the candidates for qualifying is Joseph Hawker, of Centreville, son of William Hawker. For this year the examiners are M. V. Paddock, Dr. Hay, A. D. Johnson, St. Stephen, H. D. Wildman, E. R. W. Ingraham, St. John.

DR. FALCONER ACCEPTS CALL

He Resigns Principalship of Pine Hill College to Become President of Toronto University.

Halifax, N. S., May 30—Dr. R. A. Falconer has resigned the principalship of the Halifax Presyterian College and Dr. R. Magill is nominated by the college board as his successor.

The resignation was laid before the college board at its meeting this morning when Dr. Falconer was present. This action was in view of his decision to accept the offer of the presidency of Toronto University. The board, while greatly regretting to lose the services of Dr. Falconer, were unanimously of the opinion that they could not stand in the way of his going to the greater work in Toronto. The resignation will come before the Presbyterian General Assemby and in view of the action of the board it will at once be accepted. Dr. Falconer leaves next Tuesday for the General Assembly in Montreal and thereafter will proceed to Toronto.

To succeed Dr. Falconer in the professorship of New Testament Exegesis in the Presbyterian College, the board unanimously decided to nominate his brother, Rev. J. W. Falconer, pastor of Fort Massey church, Halifax. For the principalship of the college here they nominated Dr. Magill, who for three years has occupied the chair of systematic theology.

Toronto, May 30—Hon. Edward Blake is ill in London, having been stricken with paralysis. W. H. Blake, K. C., received a cable today saying: "Satisfactory improvement." The stroke seized the member for South Langford yesterday.

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They are the "crowning glory" of chocolate making — the purest, most wholesome, most delicious of bon-bons.

Stewart's TORONTO, CAN. Chocolates

THE STEWART CO. LIMITED, TORONTO. 13

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