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126-28 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.  
Old Y. M. C. A. Building, ALEX. CORBET, Mgr.

## THE BLUE DIAMOND

BY ALICE AND CLAUDE JAMES.

Authors of "The Struggle," "Bus-and-the-Law," "Glides London," "The Premier's Daughter," "The House Next Door," Etc.

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(Continued.)  
But he won't marry me, he won't marry me when he knows what I am supposed to have done," the unhappy girl told herself. "Besides, I will go away as soon as I can. I will leave myself in London; he shall not find me. My promise is that I will consent to marry him if he asked me. If I avoid him tomorrow I may escape him altogether."

The fire was dying down; it was growing cold in the hall. Her father had been sitting opposite her, his elbows upon his knees, his chin resting upon his fleshy hands. He too, had been lost in thought. There had been no sound from within the smoking-room, where Spencer Stern was presumably still occupied with his early habits; so much Patience knew. He always professed to have much correspondence, and usually occupied himself with this at night-time.

Colonel Strangeway rose from his place with a yawn. "Well, you shall tell me what you decide tomorrow, Patience," he said. "I am tired, and sick to death of this worry. Thank Heaven the house will be empty after tomorrow."

He turned to the study, and made his way slowly upstairs, disappearing at last about to follow him, a sudden fear of the proximity of the man in the smoking-room having come upon her. She did feel faint, and had been unable to reply to her father when he rose to go; a lassitude had come upon her and a disinclination to move. It was only the thought of Spencer Stern that had goaded her on.

But she was too late. Almost before she was aware that the door of the smoking-room had been opened, he stood by her side; also she realized, and this to her utmost dismay, that he had been drinking, and was hardly master of his senses. He was a tall, lean man, dark and rather asthmatic of feature. He wore a heavy moustache, and had a way of tugging at his hair with his fingers. He called him handsome, but his type was not one that was particularly repugnant to Patience.

He stretched out a hand to her, it was a slim hand, and the fingers wore a superabundance of rings.

"Patience," he said, hoarsely, "I was waiting to see you. I thought I might catch you after your father had gone, but it seemed as if he was never going to leave you. What was he saying to you about?"

His voice was hoarse and unmelodious, and he formed his phrases with difficulty, moistening his dry lips with his tongue.

"There's something up, isn't there?" he asked again.

Patience drew herself up, though it was with but a poor assumption of dignity. "Please let me pass, Mr. Stern," she said. "It's very late, and I should not be here if my father had not detained me."

"Your father? I like that!" The man gave an impatient laugh. "It wasn't your father for whom you came down to the hall, Miss Patience. I know better. Do you think I have no ears? But, there, we're old friends, aren't we? And I shall not give you away. And I'm sorry your father has been so long in coming. I could hear what he said—but his voice! The Colonel at his best—and he's not bad when he lets himself go. And all because

you let young Braithwaite kiss you! Well, well, you're not going to marry Master Jack; I hear from Lady Eclipse that you told her so. That means there's a chance for me. By-and-bye I shall have a question to ask you. But, in the meanwhile—"

"Let me go," interrupted Patience, making another fruitless attempt to pass. Her cheeks were flushed a vivid red, and she was afraid of what this man might say to her. And the knowledge that he had overheard something at least of her parting with Jack pained her the more.

Spencer Stern was not master of himself, the fact was abundantly evident. "Let me go," she repeated, nervously. "If you have anything to say, Mr. Stern, another time I will listen to you."

"That's all right," he replied, with a leer, feeling a little and putting out his hand to support himself by the banisters. "I know what I shall say and what you'll answer. But since you've been kissing Jack, when you're not going to marry I don't see why—"

He sought to draw her to him. Drink had quickened his senses, and he had lost control of himself. His usual tacit quality he undoubtedly possessed—had deserted him.

"Oh, how pretty you are, Patience," he stammered. "Give me a kiss and you shall go."

His hands were upon her—those long hands which were so repugnant to her. He was drawing her nearer to him—nearer—laughing at her struggles at her noising protests. His breath was on her cheek.

"Little pride!" he muttered. "But I'll kiss you if I die for it."

And Patience could do nothing but call feebly upon the name of Jack.

It was from Jack that help came. The boy had gone to his room, which happened to be situated near the head of the staircase. He had heard the sound of Colonel Strangeway's angry voice, and had surmised something of the scene that was passing between father and daughter.

But though his heart bled for Patience he had not dared interfere. Then the Colonel had gone upstairs and he had listened for the girl's following footsteps. They had not come, and he had opened his door, wondering if he might go down and comfort her. He had peered down into the hall, and so was witness of the scene that was being enacted there—the insane offer to Patience to do.

He did not hesitate. He tore down the stairs, and, seizing Spencer Stern by the shoulders, threw him violently back. The man, taken by surprise, swayed and spluttered, then recovering himself, hit out wildly. But a well-directed blow from Jack brought him to the floor.

"Go down, go quickly!" The boy turned to Patience who stood trembling by his side. "I'll settle with this fellow."

Patience obeyed. But before she had gone far, she turned and looked back. She was afraid of her lover.

Spencer Stern had dragged himself to his feet, but was making no attempt to resume the attack. He was confronting Jack, and the expression upon his sufficed face was full of meanness. The words he spoke reached her ears.

"Very well, Mr. Braithwaite, I shall not forget this. You have struck me, and you shall suffer for it my life. Oh, yes, I can promise that you shall suffer."

CHAPTER.

Vivienne had not yet risen when, early the following morning, Patience went to her room. She was awake, however, sitting up in bed, and Sarah, who had just brought her a cup of strong tea, was about to take her departure. Vivienne was looking better for the night's rest, but Patience was heavy-eyed, and it was evident that she had slept badly, if at all.

### Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



RECEPTION COSTUME OF WHITE MOHAIR.

Her school days over and the social life begun, the college girl's reception frock, though fashioned simply in mode of development, carries no suggestion of her school-day dress, which, up to even the class-day dress, are decidedly simple and girlish. The pictured costume is made of a soft, lustrous white English mohair in jumper style, the skirt effectively bordered with white silk novelty braid and banded with simulated tucks of white tulle, which gives the effect of a very fine braid. The skirt is noticeably long, touching at the front and sides and trailing some five to seven inches in the back. The waist, built over a tight-fitting boned lining of oxford silk, stitched to the waist lining. The guipure is of white allover Normandy Val, with trimmings of Val insertion and edging in white, cream and butter color. The toning of lace compliments the touch of gold in the braiding and the buttons on the straps of the jumper and the cuffs of the sleeve.

"Patience, how ill you look!" Vivienne motioned to Sarah to leave the room, and until the old woman hurried out she spoke of nothing but the ordinary morning platitudes. As soon as the door was closed, she turned to her sister exactly.

"You have been worrying, dear, and all on my account," she said. "Don't tell me you haven't, for it is evident enough from your face, and I—oh! I spent a wretched night, for there is something that lay very heavy upon my mind. But this morning something has happened, something has given me a fresh hope. I will tell you about it, because I want you to help me. I am so glad that you have come early to my room. I was just thinking of sending Sarah for you. Now I can tell you myself what I want."

She was playing nervously with one of the buttons upon her dainty dressing jacket. Though she spoke quickly, there was hesitation in her voice, and it seemed as if she feared to come to the subject of which she was evidently anxious to speak.

"What is it, dear?" asked Patience. "You know that I may trust me."

"I do know that, I do," returned Vivienne, quickly, "for you are a darling, and have always been so ever to me. I could not open my mind to you if it were not so. And you will help me, Patience, you will keep my secret. I did a silly thing, a wicked thing, but with your help I can make it all right again."

Patience stopped down and kissed her sister, whispering kind words and gentle promises. Her heart was beating quickly. What was it Vivienne was about to ask of her? It was not without fear that she went to Vivienne's room that morning, for surely, she told herself, she would be asked to produce the dressing-bag, when the discovery was made that the stolen diamond was no longer there, what then? If this happened, she had already made up her mind what she had to do and she had been one of the many problems that had tortured her during the night, and it was not till dawn that she had discovered the answer.

"Go quickly to your room, dear, and bring me my dressing-bag," Vivienne whispered. "I will tell you then what I want."

Mechanically Patience obeyed, returning after a few minutes, the dressing-bag in her hand. She placed it upon the bed in front of Vivienne. The moment which she had feared had come, but, from what Vivienne had already said, it seemed as though a confession was about to fall from her lips, a confession now that it was too late. Vivienne opened the bag; she did not appear surprised; she was calm, and went away. She groped about in the interior with her hands, and then uttered a little cry of dismay, pulling out the contents and dropping them at her feet. The stolen diamond was about to fall from her hands, a confession now that it was too late. Vivienne opened the bag; she did not appear surprised; she was calm, and went away. She groped about in the interior with her hands, and then uttered a little cry of dismay, pulling out the contents and dropping them at her feet. The stolen diamond was about to fall from her hands, a confession now that it was too late.

Patience knew she could not find it. To Patience the sight was intensely painful, yet she was about to speak, but she could find words to interrupt the task. But at last the pitiful look of blank despair that had come over Vivienne's face decided her. She laid her hand upon her sister's.

(To be continued.)

Let me mail you free, to prove merit samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the Heart, or The Kidney. Address me, Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Troubles of the Stomach, Heart or Kidneys are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the result of your ailment, and not the cause. Weak Stomach nerves—the inside nervous means stomach weakness, always. And the heart and kidneys as well, have their controlling or inside nerves. Weaken these nerves and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoop's Restorative has made its fame. No other remedy even claims to treat the "inside" nerves. Also for bloating, biliousness, bad breath or complexion, use Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Write for my free book now Dr. Shoop's Restorative sold by all druggists.

A telephone message was received yesterday in the board of health office from St. Martin. No new developments were reported to have taken place with regard to the smallpox situation. Men are now busy disinfecting the two houses under quarantine. This will take some time at one of them contains thirty rooms. It was wrongfully reported in the press that one of the patients was named Gould. It now turns out the name is Manford Schoales. Mr. Schoales is so much better that the health officer does not consider it necessary to move him to the isolation hospital.

The death of John Wheaton, an old and respected resident of Bellisle, occurred at his home, Elmhurst, Kings county, on May 24. Mr. Wheaton, who was in his eighty-third year, leaves two sons—G. Harvey and Leon D., of Elmhurst, and two daughters—Mrs. W. D. Urquhart, of Dorchester (Mass.), and Mrs. J. R. Erb, of Long Point, also several grandchildren and great grandchildren. His wife had preceded him thirty-one years. Although quite feeble for some time, his death came quite unexpectedly as he had been in his usual health up to the first of the week in which his death took place. Deceased was a member of the Baptist church at Kiersteadville, where he joined with his wife many years ago. He was also a member of the Orange Association, although not actively associated with it for several years. His death leaves a vacancy in the old home which can never be filled.

Edward Rycroft, C. P. R. telegraph operator at Booth station, near Harvey, died yesterday morning. He had been in failing health for some weeks, but was not dangerously ill until Tuesday, and news of his death was a shock to his friends on the road and at his home. Mr. Rycroft was fifty-two years old, a native of Stockford, Lancashire (Eng.), and had been six or seven years operator for the C. P. R. He was a faithful employee, well thought of. He is survived by his wife and two children. The funeral will be held at Frederick Junction Friday, on arrival of the Montreal train.

P. W. Thomson returned from Montreal yesterday.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

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## WHERE DOES THE PAPER GO?

The first question asked by a general advertiser. The *Telegraph* and *Times* reach that class of people who subscribe and agree to pay for the reading privilege. These papers go first hand from the publishers by carrier and not through street boys to be left in office or store by purchaser after reading. Common sense teaches that every paper passed into homes direct will be read. The *Telegraph* and *Times* are home papers. Do they contain your advertisement?

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## GOT A PAIN IN YOUR BACK?

You got a pain in your back, and you wonder what it means. You perhaps pay no attention to it. Backache is caused by imperfect action of the kidneys, in fact, is the first sign of kidney trouble to follow.

The kidneys, gamp, are composed of a close network of filaments, interlaced with tiny elastic fibres. Their object is the excretion of the uric acid, and other poisonous matter composing the urine, from the blood.

They are continuously at work to preserve the general health of the body and most people are troubled with some form of kidney trouble, but do not suspect it.

Some of the symptoms are: A feeling of weakness in the small of the back, sharp pains in back, stiffness under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, urinary troubles such as suppressed urination, excessive urination, cloudy, thick or highly colored urine, etc.

Mr. J. L. Whiting, Oshawa, Ont., writes: "I suffered for two years with kidney trouble. I had terrible pains in my back, hips and legs. I could not sleep and was very nervous. I took four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, and the pains went away. I can now sleep and I am a new man. I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone suffering from kidney trouble."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or three for \$1.50 at all drug stores or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.