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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.)

CHAPTER IX.

Patience remained alone, seated over the fire. It was true that she needed rest, yet she was sure that sleep would not come to her; also her father had not yet retired. She had been vaguely conscious of his movements in the smoking-room, and now and again the sound of his voice. She wondered who his companion might be.

Jack had not been gone long before Colonel Strangeway himself put in an appearance. His gait was unsteady, his large face suffused. He laughed roughly as he stood before her.

"Well, my girl," he said, "so it's all been fixed up, has it? Jack and you have come to an understanding? A good job, too! The very best thing that could happen. You ought to be pleased that things have turned out so well. It isn't every man who would want—"

Patience raised her hand in feeble protest, and for the moment even George Strangeway, rough and callous as he was, was startled by the look of helpless misery upon the girl's face. "Father, can't you spare me?" was all she said.

"Why, what's wrong?" he asked, heavily. "The boy wants you to marry him, doesn't he? Well, that's all right. You are fond of him, aren't you? That's all right too. What is there to make this fuss about, to put on an expression as if you had just been listening to your death sentence? Why, Jack kissed you just now. I could hear him from the smoking-room. Stern, too. We were having a parting glass. He vowed that you wouldn't marry Jack.

Yes, he did, though he knows nothing whatever of what has happened in this house tonight. I believe he has some idea in his head that you care for him. Asked you to marry him once before, didn't he? Silly fellow! I laughted at him, and told him he hadn't a chance."

Patience sat still, and raised no protest, though her father's words galled her to the quick. It was horrible, too, to know that Spencer Stern had been made aware of Jack's proposal to her. Yet it was no use arguing with her father. She knew the man's disposition too well for that, knew, too, that he had reached a dangerous stage of semi-intoxication. She rose to her feet, as if to move away. He watched her for a moment stupidly, and then something in her manner arrested his attention.

"Look here," he said, roughly, "I don't want any shilly-shallying about this business. You're going to marry Jack Braithwaite, I suppose? Tell me that and I will be content."

She could not escape him. He stood between her and the stairs.

"Let me speak to you about this tomorrow, father," she murmured. "Not now; oh! please, not now."

"You can give me an answer, I suppose?" he rejoined. "That is all I want. I don't expect anything but to hear you say yes. Of course, it must be yes, for I take it that my daughter does not accept kisses from a man unless she is going to marry him."

A deep flush mantled the girl's cheeks. She was forced to make an answer. "I love Jack," she said, "and I kissed him because I love him. I kissed him because he is brave and good and kind, but I am not going to marry him." She lowered her voice, and the last words came with a stifled sob. "I have told him that I cannot marry him."

For a moment the man was silent. Then he broke out into violent invective, hardly troubling himself to modulate his voice. "Why you fool, you fool!" he cried. "You are ruining everything. You have disgraced yourself, admitted that you are a thief, and now, when a chance is given you of retrieving, when an honest man, who knows all about you, too, wants to make you his wife, you refuse him. What does it mean? What does it mean, I say?" He pushed her roughly back into the chair from which she had risen, and stood before her, threatening, menacing, his fists clenched.

"It means," she returned, with some defiance, "that I should be doing wrong, making things worse than they are, if I consented to marry Jack. My mind is made up, father, and after what has happened tonight I will not allow him to make such a sacrifice. I have told him so. I shall repeat it if he ever asks me again to be his wife. You may be as brutal to me as you please, you won't make me alter my decision."

She leant wearily back in the chair. She was not afraid. She would almost have welcomed a blow.

But Colonel Strangeway allowed his fury to vent itself in mere words, although more than once he thrust his great fist into close contact with her face, and more than once he laid his heavy hands upon her shoulders. He walked up and down the hall, swearing and muttering to himself, returning always to stand before her chair and hurl some fresh insult at her head. Patience sat still in silence. In her heart she felt pity for her father, for she knew that, in his way, he loved her. Believing her to be what she had avowed herself, his anger was not unjustified. She had fallen in his estimation. She was no longer the daughter of whom he had always been proud. She felt herself abased; she bowed her head and was silent.

The man's passion wore itself out at last. He was somewhat sobered also. When he spoke there was more coherence in his words. "Well," he said, "and since you do not propose to marry Jack Braithwaite, what are you going to do?"

Patience spread out her hands despondently; she did not know. How could she look into the future?

"You know as well as I do," continued the man, "that I only took Barrington Lodge for a short term; you know why I took it, to give you two girls a chance. But I tell you straight that my life for the last couple of years has not been particularly attractive to me. I am sick of it, sick to death, and, what is more, I am not going to put up with it any longer. There's another six months on the lease, which would have been just time enough to get you and Jack comfortably married, and I'd have stayed here and played respectability for that time. But now that you have made such a fool of yourself, things are going to be different. After Vivienne goes I shall settle up affairs and be off myself. I shall go back to the old life and to my old friends. Stern was telling me only now how much I have been missed. As for you, you can do as you please. You may stay here, if you like, till the lease is up. I daresay old Sarah will be happy to look after you. I've got no money for you beyond sufficient to cover expenses for that time. You may stay here under these conditions or you may go with me. If you do that, you know what you have to look forward to. You know the sort of people I consort with. A different lot than you've seen at Barrington Lodge. You will have to put up with that; I shan't concern myself about you any more than I can help. That is the position. You may take your choice."

"Let me have time to think, father," said Patience, wearily. "It's cruel of you to treat me like this tonight. You make me feel that it is I who have driven you back to the hateful life we used to live. I hoped, yes, indeed, I hoped that that was done for ever, that you had raised yourself to a position from which you would not fall." She covered her face with her hands. "What shall I do?" she moaned. "What shall I do?"

She saw herself in her imagination living once more the hand-to-mouth existence which had been so hateful to her and to her sister. Tawdry lodgings, second-rate hotels, a constant change of surroundings, all these she knew too well. Late hours, the uncertainty of her father's return to the temporary home—there had been times when she, Vivienne, and the old nurse had been left for days almost penniless, and in ignorance of Colonel Strangeway's whereabouts—the clamouring of coarse landladies for rent unpaid, writs and bailiffs; these had contrasted with the time when they were more flush of money, when they had stayed at more stylish hotels, eating lavish dinners, entertaining questionable company, being entertained in turn by the declasse, and those upon whom society turned its back.

From all of this they had risen when Colonel Strangeway had of a sudden realized the possibility of forcing his way into more respectable society. It had seemed an impossible task, but he had accomplished it. Barrington Lodge was in a rather remote part of Sussex, and he had carefully ascertained that the neighbors whom he would be likely to meet were not such as would know much, if anything, of his previous history. He had calculated, and rightly, as events proved, upon his daughters' power of atraction. He had obtained all the money required, had paid his way conscientiously, though it was a mystery to Patience how he had contrived to do so. And now, all this was to come to an end. Patience had failed to play her part correctly; she must go back with her father to an existence she hated, or she must face the world alone. These were the two alternatives before her, and though she asked for time she knew she would not hesitate. She would not even stay at Barrington Lodge longer than was necessary. She would look out for work, she would cut out a path for herself. This must be her decision. She did not forget the promise she had made to Lady Erline, but she hoped to escape from it. Far worse than anything else was the prospect of being married to Spencer Stern. She had an instinctive horror of the man; he was a boon companion of her father's, and many an evil story she had heard of him, usually from her father's own lips. He had forced his attentions upon her soon after they had been settled at Barrington Lodge, he being the only one of her father's former associates whom Colonel Strangeway admitted to his new surroundings. Perhaps this had been an unwise step, but it was an undoubted fact that Spencer Stern, in spite of his doubtful reputation, had always moved in better society than any Colonel Strangeway had known.

(To be continued.)

Are You Often Bilious?

Read This and Learn How to Prevent Attacks

Biliousness is merely a term applied to a condition that exists when the body is over-loaded with bile.

The complexion turns yellow, eyes look dull, pimples, itching and eczema break out, headaches are ever present.

Biliousness has two great causes, constipation and defective liver action.

When Dr. Hamilton's Pills are taken they not only correct the bowels, but act directly on the liver, regulating its bile secretion.

Unlike ordinary medicines which purge and give temporary relief, Dr. Hamilton's Pills remove the condition which causes biliousness; thus permament cures are effected.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills do cure biliousness and liver ills under all circumstances.

We prove this by the statement of Mr. Fenwick Luddington, of New Harbor (N. S.), who writes: "Three months ago I had no expectation of ever getting free from periodical bilious attacks. They were preceded by dizziness and dreadful headaches. If I stooped over my head would swim and a nauseous feeling crept into my stomach.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills fixed up my liver, drove all the bile out of my blood and made me a well man in a few months. Today I enjoy a good appetite, excellent digestion, and the best of health. Dr. Hamilton's Pills did it all."

Get Dr. Hamilton's Pills today. Sold by all dealers; 25c. per box or five boxes for [illegible] by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., [illegible]un., U. S. A., and Kingston,

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

A SUNDOWN HAT AND A PRETTY SUNSHADE.

A hat which is particularly becoming to the youthful beauty of the girl graduate is the sundown shape. The brim droops coquettishly over each ear, giving a pretty poke outline to the front, and is tied down with ribbons which start from the crown well toward the back and finish in a huge bow, which is pinned to the coiffure at the nape of the neck. White and blue violets are bunched on the left side of the crown, while delicately tinted pink roses and mottled foliage nestle on the right side. To complete the charming picture when such a hat is worn the wearer should carry a dainty parasol. The pictured sunshade is of allover embroidery, with a border of Irish crochet and three flounces of Normandy Val. The top of the border and the ferrule are finished with a ruche of finest white batiste.

All Run Down

In the spring—that is the condition of thousands whose systems have not thrown off the impurities accumulated during the winter—blood humors that are now causing pimples, boils and other eruptions, loss of appetite, bilious turns, indigestion, and other stomach troubles, dull headaches and weak, tired, languid feelings.

Hood's Sarsaparilla removes all these humors, cures all these troubles; renovates, strengthens and tones the whole system. This is the testimony of thousands annually.

Accept no substitute for

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Insist on having Hood's. Get it today. Sold everywhere. 100 doses one dollar.

Ling Loo and the Giant.

Little Ling Loo
Found a giant's shoe;
The shoe was broad and deep.
Ling Loo got inside
And did gaily ride
Across the ocean deep.

To an isle he went
On adventure bent,
As he sailed in the giant's shoe.
So he landed awhile
On the bonny isle,
For he'd nothing else to do.

While he rested there
In the fresh night air
A step was heard hard by,
Ling Loo took a peep
Up the mountain steep;
Then, frightened, began to cry.

For a giant strode
O'er the mountain road,
Coming straight towards little Ling Loo,
And one foot was bare
As it cleft the air,
For the giant wore but one shoe.

"Ah, ha!" he cried,
When Ling Loo he spied,
"Little chap, you've got my shoe.
But, come, dry your eye;
You needn't cry!
For I'll tell you what I'll do.

"I'll let you stand
On my outstretched hand;
It will bridge the ocean deep.
Then, when I say 'Go!'
Be ready, you know,
To make the home-stretch leap."

So little Ling Loo
Did what you would do—
He jumped on the giant's hand;
And with one mighty leap
Crossed the ocean deep
To his own Celestial land.

ANNIE JAMES.

Don't Use the Knife

That's the barbarous way of treating corns—dangerous too—any corn can be removed painlessly by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor in twenty-four hours. Try it.

SAFETY INK WELL COST HER A GOWN

Michigan Woman, a Stranger to Such Devices, Sues Hotel to Make It Right.

NEW YORK, May 24—Mrs. Elizabeth B. Suave, a Michigan dressmaker, journeyed all the way to New York before she first saw a safety ink well. She told Judge Roesch so in the Eighth District Municipal Court at the hearing of her suit against the Hotel Breslin for $115, the value of a damaged gown.

Mrs. Suave said she asked the clerk to send pens, ink and paper to her room, and when she opened her room door in answer to the bellboy's rap he passed the ink to her in such a way as to spill most of the bottle's contents down the front of a black and white challis gown.

Attorney Harry Manheim, of No. 346 Broadway, questioned Mrs. Suave and gained the reply that safety ink wells and she had been strangers up to the day the dress was stained.

"Didn't you shake the well to see how the ink came out?" asked the lawyer.

"Certainly not. I am old enough to know better," responded Mrs. Suave indignantly.

Judge Roesch examined the ink well and gave a verdict for the hotel without comment.

FEARED MANSFIELD WOULD DIE ON TRIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

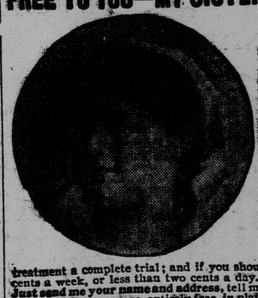
Wireless Sent to London for Doctor to Meet Invalid Actor on Arrival in England.

LONDAON, May 24—When Richard Mansfield was assisted out of the railway car upon the arrival of the boat train from the steamship Minneapolis at Fenchurch street station this evening he looked very, very ill. With the assistance of his attendants he walked across the platform, entered a cab and was driven to his hotel.

Mansfield suffered a relapse shortly after the Minneapolis left New York and he was under the care of the ship's physician throughout the voyage. Some of the passengers said that at one period of the voyage it was feared that he would die. When the Minneapolis got within the zone of wireless communication with England a London doctor was asked to meet the ship at Tilbury, which he did. Mansfield was carried from the ship to the train, but seemed slightly better when the train reached London. He goes to a quiet place in Surrey for a few days.

The following subscriptions are gratefully acknowledged by the treasurer of the Free Kindergarten: Silas Alward, $10; Mrs. R. B. Emerson, Miss L. MacLaren, $5; Miss Ada Bayard, a friend, A. B., S. B. Bustin, E. H. Arnold, Mrs. Simeon Jones, each $2; Mrs. J. W. Smith, J. W. Myers, Mrs. Thos. Gibbard, Mrs. J. H. Doody, E. J. P., a friend, A. M. Peters, Mrs. H. C. Tilley, C. A. Clark, Roy Potts, W. L. Broadbent, each $1; a friend, Miss P. Baird, 50 cents; Mrs. Spurr, Mrs. Vanwart, Mrs. Sandford, 25 cents; H. Austin, 30 cents.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER



FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Prolapse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head; back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the Free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

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The organs of life take to their natural functions, the appetite improves, digestion becomes easy, the blood circulates rich and regularly in the veins, strength increases, the mind awakens, and owing to this blood-making tonic surpassing in stimulating qualities all its rivals, life goes on placidly without the weight of sickness. . . . . .

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Lies Through the Rich, Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

Common pills purge the bowels. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new rich blood. Purging pills gallop through the bowels—tearing the tissues, irritating the organs and weakening the whole system. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not purge at all. They're tonic pills, soothing pills, strengthening pills, blood-building pills. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. That is why they are the only scientific cure for all blood diseases. That is why they cure headaches and backaches, kidney troubles, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism, heart troubles, and the special ailments of growing girls and mature women. Purging pills act only on the symptoms of disease, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go straight to the root of the trouble in the blood—and cure. Mr. John Burke, Elmdale, P. E. I., says: "I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine in the world. I had an attack of pneumonia which was followed by extreme nervousness and rheumatism. I tried some of our best doctors but got nothing to help me until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking the pills some weeks I could actually feel the new blood they were making coursing through my veins, and in the course of a few weeks more I was completely restored to health." Remember that it is only Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that can make this new, rich, health-giving blood. Imitations and the so-called "just as good" medicines never cured anyone. Insist on the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper on each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.

SUCCESSFUL CONCERT

A very successful concert was held in the city hall, Carleton, last evening under the auspices of St. George's basket ball team. About 600 were present. The Carleton Cornet Band furnished music during the evening and the following programme was carried out: Selections, Carleton Cornet Band; orchestra; solo, Miss Bessie Wetmore; duet, Misses Burt and Farron; piano duet, Misses Wetmore and Long; Highland fling by four Scotchmen; piano solo, Miss Ida Bray; solo, William Lanyon; piano solo, Miss Mullen; Carleton quartette, Murray Long, William Lanyon, Thos. Rippey, and Harry Lingley; step dance, Fred Alchorn; recitation, John Simpson; solo, Charles Burrell; piano solo, Miss Gladys Wilson; male quartette; God save the King. The proceeds go towards furnishing a room for basket ball.

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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