

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, MAY 27, 1907.

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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. Copyright 1907, by the National Press Agency.

(Continued.)

"A sudden temptation, I suppose," he muttered. His voice was hoarse, his color heightened. It was as though he had had recourse to the decanter to drown his trouble. "You've got bad blood in you, Patience, and it asserted itself. Well, we've just got to make the best of things. That woman—cursed her and her Blue Diamond—has just given us a promise that she'll hold her tongue. She's got her internal gland back, so I don't see what else she can do. Everybody else will keep their mouths shut, and for the servants and others we can invent a story to account for the finding of the stone. It's lucky that Lady Birchington was not in the drawing-room, for had she been there the tale would have been all over London the day after tomorrow. It's lucky, too, that Vivienne knows nothing about it, and we've agreed to keep the secret from her."

"Vivienne must never know," said Patience, faintly. "Father, that is more important than anything else—Vivienne must never know."

"She shan't if I can help it," returned the man. He had seated himself in one of the dainty armchairs drawn up to the fireplace. It was the same one as Lady Erline had occupied. To Patience's mind it was taking on the appearance of the judgment seat.

Colonel Strangeway was an awkward figure though as he sat there, his large limbs cast of place upon the delicately fashioned furniture. Patience had been afraid of him once, now there was nothing in his mind but a steady determination to be a thief. Why did he not rise in his fury and shake her till she pleaded for mercy? It was that which he should have done. She would have respected him for it.

"What has happened downstairs?" she asked, shortly. "Has everybody gone to bed? Is it all over for the night?"

"All the ladies have gone," replied the man. "It is half past twelve, getting on for one o'clock. Most of the men, too, I believe. But Jack's downstairs, sitting over the fire in the hall. Jack and Roger, I have been having a talk with Jack, Patience."

The girl glanced up sharply at her father; she had sunk down upon the hearth-rug close to his feet. She stretched out her hands to the dying fire. She felt cold, very cold.

"You have been talking to Jack?" she questioned. "What about?"

The man faltered and seemed to find his words with difficulty. "He is a good fellow, is Jack," he said at last. "There is no humbug about him. When he says a thing he means it. He's very fond of you, Patience."

Patience drew a long, sobbing breath. "Why do you talk to me of this now, father?" she said. "There can be no thing between me and Jack. I have never been a different girl than I am now. Don't talk to me of Jack. His lips quivered, and a tear splashed down. "Won't you leave me, father? There is nothing to be done—nothing to be said. I am glad that Lady Waverburton will be silent. For the sake of all of us I am glad. As you say, we must all make a pretence tomorrow. We must pretend to our guests, pretend to Vivienne, and pretend to ourselves. I shall try to do my part. I shall go to Vivienne smiling tomorrow morning and help her dress herself for the wedding. I shall talk as if nothing had happened. When the

time comes I shall follow her smiling up the aisle—a happy bridemaid to a happy bride. The papers will describe my dress and say I looked charming." Her words were wildly reckless. "I know well how they will word their silly phrases. We shall go back to the house and there will be a crowd of people. I shall have to make little conventional speeches to this one and to that. Everybody will be very nice, even those who were our guests last night. They will all want to make me forget if they can. It will be kindly meant, but every word they say will sting me to the quick. But I will go through with it father. You shall see that I am not a coward. There shan't be a single cloud to mar the brightness of Vivienne's wedding-day if I can help it."

"You are a brave girl, Patience, however foolishly you may have acted," said the man. "Heaven's! what can have possessed you?"

Over and over again he came back to that exclamation. To him the whole thing was incomprehensible. He knew his own nature well enough but in his heart he had always prized and esteemed his two daughters before anything else in the world. He had been proud of their beauty, of their high spirits, of the immediate popularity they had attained when fair chance had been given them. He had acted at first in his own interests, realizing how much it would mean to him if they made wealthy marriages. Their value as commercial assets had suddenly dawned upon him. It was then, and not till then, that he had pushed his way into a society that he had always professed to scorn. He had raised the necessary money to take Harrington Lodge for a short term of years. The result had surpassed his most sanguine expectations. Vivienne and Patience had created something of a sensation. They had been received in houses where he had never expected to set foot. Vivienne was about to make a most excellent match, and there had been every prospect of Patience following suit. An hour ago he had felt as though the whole of his life was about to slip away from him, as if all that he had done must be undone, as if he and his daughters must return once more to the old life which they had abandoned.

But Lady Erline's promise of silence had given hope. Vivienne's marriage would not be broken off. No one would know what had happened. Their hardy won position would be unassailed, and even for Patience the situation was not so bad as it had seemed to be. His two girls married, he cared little for himself. He had hated society, and pined for a return to the general life of his club and of his other favored haunts.

He stretched out his large hand and stroked his daughter's hair. She shrank back at the touch. "Won't you let me rest tonight?" she said again. "I am worn out, father, indeed I am."

"Yes, yes, you shall rest, Patience," he muttered; "but there is something that I want you to do first, something that I want you to hear. Perhaps you will rest the better for knowing it." He withdrew his hand from her hand. It was a sinking uncertain hand.

"What do you want of me?" she said. "I have been talking to Jack," he said, repeating the words he had already made use of. "There's something that Jack wants to say to you, Patience. He is downstairs in the hall; I left him there. He is very unhappy, poor fellow. Won't you go to him, Patience, to-night, at once?"

The girl rose to her feet. She had quite decided in her own mind that all was over between herself and the man she had learnt to love. It was only natural that he should not want to see her again, a girl who had been guilty of a mean and paltry theft, as he must believe. She had felt for his sake that the declaration of love he had been about to make had been nipped in the bud. She thought it would pain him less to part from her now. She would have avoided him as far as possible on the morrow, conscious that he was leaving Ratham after the marriage, and that she would, in all probability, never meet him again.

And now he wanted to see her. He had sent a message by her father, for what she had just heard was practically a message. What was it he wished to say to her? Was it sympathy? She hated the thought. She did not want sympathy. She only wanted tomorrow's function to be over and done with. Then the house would be emptied of its guests, and she might be left to herself.

"You will go to Jack?" pleaded Colonel Strangeway. "I will take you down with me, Patience. He is a good fellow, and you will make him very unhappy if you refuse to see him." He raised his voice slightly as he spoke the last words. Surely the girl would not be such a fool as to refuse to see him, of course. "To marry me—now!" Patience leant her hands upon the mantelpiece, and her body shook with an hysterical laugh.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



CLASS DAY EMBLEMS ARE EMBROIDERED ON RIBBON SASHES.

A pretty fad with the college girl this year is the class sash worn with the graduation frock. This sash is not worn as a part of the costume; that is, as an accessory to the completion of a perfect toilette, but is simply a novel way of showing the class emblem, which is embroidered on the end of the sash. The work, of course, is done by hand and in the class colors, and the ribbon, though it may be of some delicate tint, such as pink or blue, is usually white, and white sets off the emblem to best advantage. Two and one-half yards of ribbon about seven inches wide in a soft satin weave is the necessary yardage. The ends are cut in points and the emblem embroidered with the point. The sash is draped around the waist and tucked in a double knot on the right hip after the manner illustrated.

With silken banners floating to the breeze and to the sound of martial music as discoursed by St. Mary's Band, the members of Lodge Marlborough, No. 246, and Sons of England, No. 207, Sons of England, No. 200 strong marched to Main street Baptist church yesterday morning on their annual Victoria day church parade. They were led by an inspiring sermon by Rev. D. Hutchinson, pastor of the church, who is himself an Englishman.

The members of Lodge Marlborough, No. 246, Sons of England, No. 207, Sons of England, No. 200, were accompanied by Mayor Sears, and headed by St. Mary's Band, left their new headquarters in Union street, and were joined on the way by Lodge Portland, carrying their handsome new banner and marshalled by John H. Tongue.

The Sons of England, No. 207, Sons of England, which was crowded, music was rendered by the band, while Mrs. Tutts and Miss Seaton sang solos.

Rev. Mr. Hutchinson took as his text the words, "Thou wilt therefore endure hardships as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." He spoke particularly to the Sons of England, saying that they were heartily welcomed to the church to join in the worship of God. The principles which bound them together as a fraternal organization and the objects they had in view were principles of which all should be proud. The objects were briefly to fear God, honor the king, love their country and make themselves good citizens.

These, if followed, would make a good man better and the better man the very best. The theme of his sermon would be God's Soldiers of Jesus Christ. Paul, when he gave this exhortation had in mind the great warfare in which he himself had been so long engaged. The battle between right and wrong, righteousness and unrighteousness, heaven and hell, was continually going on and every one must engage in it.

The important question for each one was "on what side am I? Will it be under the black shadow of Satan or the blood red banner of Jesus Christ?" The only way to become soldiers of Jesus Christ was by voluntary enlistment. He never compels a man to become one of His soldiers, as is done by the conscript system in some European countries.

There were several quotations necessary for good soldiers. A good soldier must be prompt in obeying orders. British soldiers had obeyed orders, when to do so meant death, and they knew it. Men should be prepared to follow blindly. The Great Captain who never made mistakes. There was no danger in following Him. Man's very safety lay in obeying the directions of the Master.

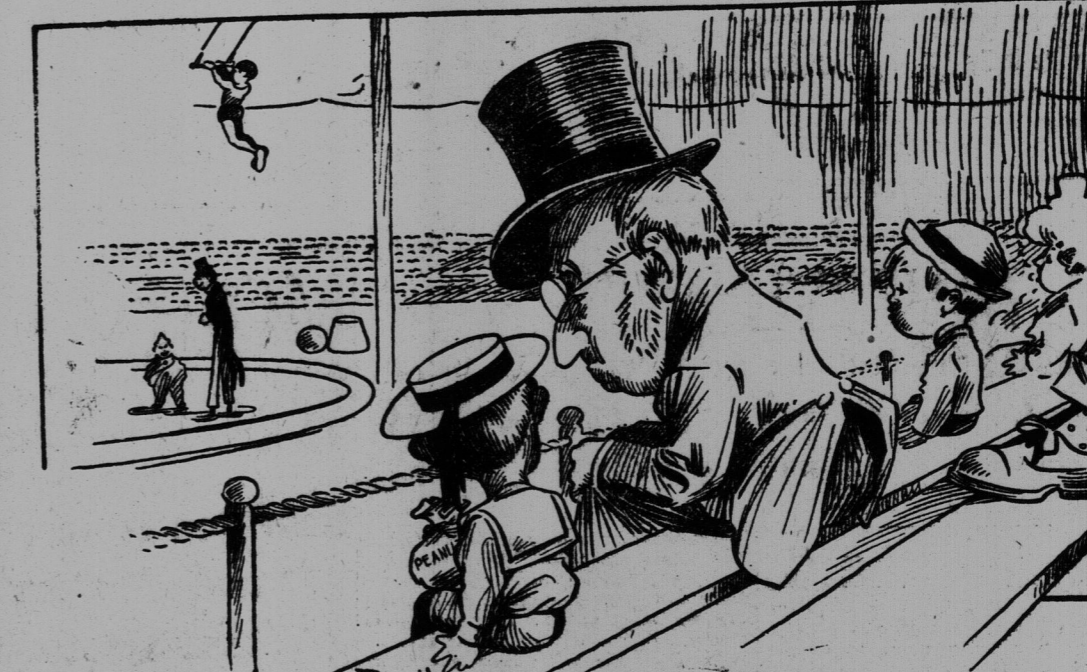
A good soldier must be loyal to his sovereign, the very opposite to the traitor. Christians should be ready to die at the block or the stake for the Christ who had redeemed the world by His own blood. A good soldier must have courage. Courage was a trait which all Englishmen possessed and which made them stand out from the rest of the world. He is commanded; right straight at the enemy's strongest. If repulsed he does not know when he is beaten.

A good soldier of Jesus Christ must expect hardships. It was fine to be a soldier in peace time, but when the war drums were rolling and the battle flag was unfurled it was different, but thank God England in the time of need had found men right here in Canada, many of them Sons of England, who had responded to the call and at Paardeberg had made it so hot for the Boer general that he surrendered.

A Christian who was knocked about, received kicks and cuffs, fell and picked himself up again, deserved more honor than the man who stood aloof with folded arms and criticized the church, the minister and his fellow men.

In closing, Rev. Mr. Hutchinson wished that those who had paraded would prove to be good sons of England and good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

Thinking men agree there would be more true temperance if more Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer were used, because of its very low percentage of alcohol.



Grandpa—Johnny, don't you wish you could perform like that man on the trapeze? Johnny—Yes, I do, but my mamma always will make me go to school and never will let me be nothing.



Well, Jimmy, do you want gran' pa and pa and ma and Aunt Jane to take you to the circus? "No, no; I'd rather go with Johnny Green."

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?

Nerviline the Best Rub for Athletes and Workers

A bottle of Nerviline in a pint of water is the best rub for athletes and workers. It is soothing, relieving, and makes it possible to catch cold after you use it. Nerviline is the acme of perfection, and athletic leaders say there is not a pain, ache or bruise it won't cure. Not a liniment on earth with Nerviline's penetrating and pain-subduing power; try it.

Funeral of George Bolton

The funeral of George T. Bolton, who was drowned on the 24th inst. in Latimer Lake, took place yesterday afternoon from his parents' residence, Peters street, to Cedar Hill cemetery. At 3 o'clock Rev. H. R. Trumpp, of Robbsey College, who is at present supplying for Rev. G. A. Kubring in Stone church, held a special service for the family, after which the regular funeral service was read in the parlor.

At 3:30 the sad procession was formed. Members of family carried the casket from the house to the funeral car. Most of the employees of M. R. A. Ltd., walked behind the hearse and Joseph Allison, William H. Barnaby and T. E. G. Armstrong, members of the firm, also attended. Members of the family also carried the casket from the funeral car to the grave and lowered it. Rev. Mr. Trumpp meanwhile reciting the solemn committal service.

On Saturday afternoon the two-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Phillips, of St. Paul street, fell in the yard of her home, injuring her leg severely. The little one, who is just beginning to walk, was being led between an older brother and sister when the accident happened. At first it was feared her leg had been broken, but it turned out to be a bad sprain. Dr. Baxter attended the child.

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