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 126 Wellington Street, West Toronto, Ont.

A DEAL IN DIAMONDS.

Count Sacha Roublesky was on his beam ends. To the world he was still a dashing young Russian nobleman, son of an immensely wealthy prince, but in point of fact he was financially at his last gasp.

Monte Carlo, the gardens of Paris, and now a succession of disastrous evenings at a London West End club, where high play was winked at, had cleaned him out.

Further, the most serious part of all, his father, tired of his continual extravagances, had put his foot down, and given him the choice between returning to Russia and rustiating on the family estates, and shifting for himself.

Count Sacha had no mind to return to Russia. On the other hand, he must have money.

Apart from his personal extravagances, he had designs on an American heiress, temporarily resident in London, whom he had met on the Riviera, and it was necessary that he should be able to support his character of a rich young man.

Count Sacha was a bit of a "wrong 'un," but he was a courteous rogue. He wanted money badly, and was not very particular as to how he got it, so long as the means did not bring him within reach of the law's arm.

He wanted a thousand or so for nothing. This was the problem he debated as he sat in his Jermyn Street lodging smoking cigarette after cigarette. At last he rose, with a satisfied smile on his Tartar face.

Next morning Count Sacha Roublesky called on Messrs Sparkle and Shine, the well known Bond Street jewellers. He explained what he was, and that he had come to select jewelry for his sweetheart.

He added that the lady was a collector of gems, and that he proposed to present her with a fine unmounted diamond, and desired to be shown some specimens.

From the glittering tray he selected a beautiful stone, price £500. He then explained that, owing to certain remittances being delayed, he was not in a position to complete the purchase at the moment, and, in any case, he wished first to submit the stone to his sweetheart's approval.

He added suavely that, of course, as he was unknown to Messrs Sparkle and Shine, he could not expect them to part with the gem without making enquiries, but they

were quite at liberty to apply to the Russian Embassy for any information they desired concerning him. He proposed to return the following day, and, everything being satisfactory, to take away the diamond.

To this course the jewellers agreed, and, inquiring at the Russian Embassy, were informed that Count Sacha was unquestionably what he himself claimed to be—the son of a wealthy prince, and that Messrs. Sparkle and Shine would probably be safe in giving him credit for even more than the amount mentioned.

They did not know at the Embassy that Sacha had practically been disowned by his father—and they were agreeable to the Count's own suggestion, that a member of the Embassy should attend at the jewellers next day, formerly to identify him. This was done, and Count Sacha received the diamond.

The same day he called at a great pawnbroker's, and mentioning airily that he was in temporary difficulties, pledged the diamond for the small sum of \$50.

The next day found Count Sacha once more at Messrs. Sparkle and Shine's. His sweetheart, he said, was enchanted with the diamond, but—oh, the extravagance of these women—nothing would satisfy her now, but that she should have another diamond, absolutely matching the first.

The jewellers explained that to match such a stone would be a matter of great difficulty, and the price of the second gem would be enormously increased, in short, for such a pair of twin diamonds they would have to charge £3,000, a fancy price, but it was a fancy order.

Count Sacha shrugged his shoulders—the price was stiff, but he could deny his sweetheart nothing—would Messrs Sparkle and Shine, please, at once set about procuring the second diamond, which, he insisted, must be an absolute match, in weight, color, shape cutting and every particular.

The jewellers, being unable to match the diamond themselves, wrote around to the leading dealers and pawn-brokers, describing the stone they wanted, and intimating that they were prepared to go as far as £2,000 for a perfect specimen. Among those they wrote to was the pawnbroker with whom Count Sacha had pledged the original diamond, which was just what that ingenious rascal had intended should happen.

A few days later Count Sacha called at the pawnbroker's and said he had come to redeem his diamond. Summoned by an assistant, the proprietor himself appeared.

He had had Messrs. Sparkle and Shine's letter, and remembering the beautiful diamond pledged with him a day or two before, he had examined it, and, naturally, found that it met all of Sparkle's and Shine's requirements.

The Count redeemed the stone, and then the pawnbroker inquired whether by any chance he would care to sell it.

Oh, no, it was a family heirloom; his customer would not dream of parting with it.

That was a pity, said the pawnbroker; he had chanced to show it to his wife, and she had taken a violent fancy to it, so much so that, to gratify her, he prepared to give a fancy price—be offered £800.

Count Sacha laughed and shook his head. £1,000? Oh, no, he really did not want to sell it, and he must be going. An offer of £1,300, however, made him hesitate. At last, after prolonged chaffering, Count Sacha passed back the diamond to the pawnbroker, and received £1,500 in exchange.

Once outside, he jumped into a cab, and drove as fast as he could to Messrs Sparkle and Shine's.

Arrived there, he explained, with many regrets, that his sweetheart had changed her mind; she no longer wanted the second diamond. Had the jewellers yet found it? No, ah, that was well. Still he feared he had put them to much trouble. He was desolated. However, he was glad to say his remittances had arrived, and he had now much pleasure in handing over £500 in payment for the original diamond which his sweetheart had decided to keep.

£1,000 to the good, Count Sacha left the shop, having "brought off" a most ingenious swindle. Yet can anyone say where he came within reach of the law?

Short Metre Sermons.

I love children. They do not prattle of yesterdays: their interest are all of to-day and the to-morrow—I love children—Mansfield.

I have never had a policy. I have simply tried to do what seemed best each day, as each day came.—Lincoln.

To look fearlessly upon life; to accept the laws of nature, not with mere resignation, but as her sons, who dare to search and question; to have peace and confidence within our souls—these are the beliefs that wake for happiness.—Masterlinck.

Let us have a church for the whole man; truth for the mind, good works for the hands, love for the heart, and let our doctrines and forms fit the soul as the limbs fit the body, growing out of it. Let our church fit man, as the heavens fit the earth.—Theodore Paaker.

Rural Phones
Solve These
Every-Day Problems

Problem I. Bad Roads:
 The old way was to curse nature and idly await sun's return.
 The new way is to telephone for what you want, and smile because you get the information in a thousand part of the time.

Problem II. Weather Forecasts:
 The old way was to work on belated information, and to excuse the losses with "That's what the farmer has to put up with."
 The new way is to telephone every morning to the weather man and overcome much of the needless hustle and bustle of the old way.

Problem III. Prices Current:
 The old way was to ask a neighbor or trust to the newspapers.
 The new way is to get information in the nick of time over the phone, thus knowing when to sell and when to hold.

Problem IV. Emergencies:
 The old way of procedure when some one took sick, was to harness up the "driver" and make all haste for the doctor. Effort in this direction often procured as its only result the information: "doctor is out."
 The new way is to call up the doctor on the phone, and know instantly what can be done pending the medical man's arrival.

Problem V. Help:
 The old way was to allow men to go on boys' errands—waste half a morning walking to Smith's only to find that his harrow was already loaned.
 The new way is to make the phone your errand boy—buy, borrow, beg by means of the "silent partner."

We have prepared a Booklet describing fully a rural phone system. Hadn't you better instruct us to send you this interesting bit of information, seeing it costs you nothing.
 Ask for Booklet 3117

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 Manufacturers and Suppliers of all apparatus and equipment used in the construction, operation and maintenance of Telephone and Power Plants. Address Office nearest you.
 MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER REGINA

The Old Year and the New.

When I was a New Year, just begun,
 I thought of the things which had to be done
 And I went on thinking of what I would do
 For about three months—and so will you.

In three months more I was in my prime,
 And I laughed as I said, "There's plenty of time;
 When the summer is over, I'll buckle to."
 That was what I thought—and so will you.

At length I steadied myself, and then
 I had to decide on the where and the when;
 But the how and the why and the what and
 the who,
 They puzzled me—and they'll puzzle you.

And now I find that I'm growing old;
 And my head is white, and my heart is cold;
 And I think of the things that I meant to do,
 And I haven't done—and so will you.

Dividing Fortunes Before Death.

(London Spectator.)

It is not the custom, at any rate in England, for a man to divide his fortune with his children. Speaking generally, the most unselfish parents belonging to the middle and upper classes expect in their old age to enjoy a larger income than is enjoyed by, say, a son with a rising family. Would the world be happier if the custom changed, if every good man said to himself: "I am getting old. I need, of course, physical comforts, but I want less society, can enjoy fewer pleasures, and feel far less ambition than I did when I was young. Money is less good to me now. Let my son and his children enjoy them selves while they may. I only ask them not to forget the giver." Would such a new custom make for the good of the world? From the point of view of strict reason it is conceivable that might, but the instinct of man would seem to be against it. The time when a man could enjoy most is the time when, for the good of the world, he ought to work hardest. Perhaps no man can safely have all that he wants until, if we may be forgiven the paradox, he has ceased to want it. One must not forget, however, that the French dot system does in a measure force men to divide their good with their children and that by contract.

Feeding Farm Hands.

Every farmer's wife knows what tremendous appetites farm hands usually have; but while they eat well they work well, too.

Here's a good suggestion about feeding farm hands. Give them plenty of Quaker Oats. A big dish of Quaker Oats porridge with sugar and cream or milk is the greatest breakfast in the world for a man who needs vigor and strength for a long day's work. The man that eats Quaker Oats plentifully and often is the man who does good work without excessive fatigue. There is a sustaining quality in Quaker Oats not found in other foods, and for economy it is at the head of the list. A whole family can breakfast for a week on 10c worth of Quaker Oats.

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 The W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co., London, Ont.

Not a Pauper in the Lot.

A citizen was reading his paper the other evening, when suddenly he looked up and remarked to his wife:
 "Just think of it! One person in every 37 in England is a pauper."
 "Why, John," she returned, "it isn't so. I met more than 37 people in London last summer myself, and there wasn't a pauper in the lot."

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BEAUTIFUL GIFTS

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Graduated five years ago, and am getting \$2,000 per year.
 Graduated seven years ago; am getting good salary and am worth \$7,000.
 Graduated three years ago; am now secretary of this firm, and am worth \$5,000.
 Pretty good for boys who remained in New Brunswick and whose only capital was plenty of energy and a diploma from

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Residence For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his handsome and convenient residence with freehold property on Victoria street, containing 17 rooms and heated by hot water, set tube. The house is lighted by electricity and has all modern improvements. For further particulars apply to

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Passenger Train Service from Woodstock, Effective Oct. 3rd.

DEPARTURES.

(QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.45 A MIXED—For Houlton, McAdam Jet, St. John and points East; Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland and Boston etc.; Pullman Parlor Car, McAdam Jet, to Boston Palace Sleeper, McAdam Jet, to Halifax. Dining Car, McAdam Jet, to Truro.

12.15 A EXPRESS—For all points North, St. John and points East; Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland and Boston etc.; Pullman Parlor Car, McAdam Jet, to Boston; Dining Car, McAdam Jet, to Truro.

5.00 P MIXED—For Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

5.33 P EXPRESS—For Houlton, St. John and points East; Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland and Boston etc.; Pullman Parlor Car, McAdam Jet, to Boston; Dining Car, McAdam Jet, to Truro.

11.50 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

12.15 A. M.—EXPRESS—From St. John and East St. John, (S. Andrews after July 1st), Boston, Montreal and West.

5.33 P. M.—EXPRESS—From Fort Fairfield, Carleton Place, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Riverview du Loup.

11.00 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.
 W. B. HOWARD D. P. A., C. P. Ry.,
 St. John, N. B.



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Aug. 11,

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We have also two second-hand Small & Fisher Furnaces for burning wood, practically as good as new.

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Connell Street next to Clarke & Johnson's Hardware Store.

BRONCHITIS

If Neglected, it soon reaches the Lungs and may Prove Fatal.

Mr. G. L. Garrow of 116 Millicent St., Toronto, writes under date of September 13, 1908, "One year ago this spring I contracted a severe cold in the chest, which developed into Bronchitis. I took three kinds of medicine and found no improvement. A friend of mine advised me to try PSYCHINE and in three days I felt like a new man again. I desire to let others know what a valuable cure you have in PSYCHINE for it cured me where all other medicines had failed. I am more than thankful to be well again, and for the sake of others who may be ill, you may publish this testimonial." Stop that cold or the results will be serious. You can do this by toning up the system with PSYCHINE.

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