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ALEX. CORBET, Mgr

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.)

Vivienne had sat silent, her frightened eyes fixed upon her husband. A sickening dread had crept over her, for in her heart she knew that these lost papers must be those which she had been instructed by Spencer Stern to steal. Had he not told her where she would find them? Had not his explanation made everything quite simple to her? Yet why had Patience told her a lie that morning when after the receipt of Spencer Stern's letter, she had hunted in vain in her dressing-bag for the packet which she had placed there? She could remember so well all that Patience had said. Her sister's very words came back to her. Patience had found the packet, suspected the crime that Vivienne had committed, and had restored the packet to its owner, and Vivienne, delighted to have escaped so easily, had believed all she heard, seeing no reason for a lie. But now, as wild thoughts shot through her brain, she asked herself how Patience could have restored the packet to its owner, not knowing who the owner might be, or what the packet contained? But why had Patience lied—why? And why had Spencer Stern led her to believe in that ambiguous letter that he had obtained all that he had desired without her assistance? Had he by some chance discovered for himself where she had concealed the packet, and at once appropriated it? It seemed almost incredible, yet Vivienne could find no other explanation.

She had moved away from her husband and was seated almost opposite him, her elbows resting upon the table, her chin pressed into the palms of her hands. Between her fingers her eyes glared questioning, terrified, filled with an unutterable horror.

"You think," she faltered, "that these papers were stolen from you by Spencer Stern at the instigation of the other man to whom they are of value?"

"I am sure of it was the reply. But here is one of the strangest parts of the story, Vivienne. I cannot understand how Stern contrived to secure the papers. They were, as I told you, in the pocket of my overcoat, and this I did not take off till I went to the room which was allotted me for dressing in that evening. You remember, I came straight to Barrington Lodge, as it was late, instead of going to the House. Well, I took off my coat and strapped it on to a hand-bag ready packed for the morning. I did not need that particular coat again. After that I took the bag and placed it with the rest of the luggage that was to be sent down to the station early the next day. And that, as you know, was in the locked room. There was wedding presents and other things there, and so it was carefully looked for the night. I had to ask you for the key, don't you remember?"

Vivienne's pallor had intensified. She had begun to tremble. It was quite true that Roger had asked her for this key. It was quite true that by means of that key in her possession that she had obtained the papers which Spencer Stern had told her she would find in the pocket of the overcoat.

"It is very strange," she faltered. She was still leaning upon the table, and she was vaguely conscious that her

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Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



THE CLEVER COMBINATION OF LACES.

The combination of several laces in plique, baby Irish all-over, Val. edging and Val. all-over are combined in this waist with a coarse flit net. The yoke is outlined with narrow Val. insertions, and flower and bow-knot appliques trim the yoke and blouse. The back is not without trimming, for here the applique takes the line of a round yoke, and extends to the waistline in suspender fashion. The

sleeves are puffs of the flit and all-over Val., banded with baby Irish, and finished with triple frills of Val. edging. The yoke appliques extend up on to the high feathered collar in the back and front, and the top of this collar is finished with a narrow frill. A slip of white orkeda silk, made sleeveless and cut well down in the neck, accompanies this waist.

A GREAT TRIUMPH

GAINED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.

The Doctors of Mount Clemens Institute Prove the Value of These Pills in the Case of Mr. S. Harris, Government Inspector of Elevators at Hamilton, Ont.

From the Star, Dundas, Ont.

We were much pleased to see Mr. S. Harris, the well known Government Inspector of elevators of Hamilton, in Dundas the other day, greatly improved in health and appearance since the last time we met him. As is known to many of the Star readers, Mr. Harris has recovered from a long and severe illness, and is now quite able to attend his usual duties. From this long illness many predicted Mr. Harris would never recover, and the fact that he is once more able to go around very nearly as spry as he did before he was attacked, is little less than marvelous to them.

In reply to our reporter, Mr. Harris related the early stages of the attack and subsequent sufferings which he experienced, and while he did not court publicity, decided that in the public interest he would relate the circumstances of this wonderful cure. About fourteen months ago Mr. Harris woke up one morning with a stiff neck; try as he would, and after applying all the remedies externally that he could hear or think of, he was unable to get rid of it. The stiffness moved to the spine and shoulders, then to his hips, until it made almost a cripple of him, and it was with extreme difficulty that he could get out of bed at all. As for walking it was out of the question with him. The attack became so bad that he was unable to put on either his coat, vest or hat. From time to time he called in various medical men, none of whom were able to give him much relief. It was almost impossible for him to raise his feet from the floor, and all pronounced his a severe case of muscular rheumatism, giving him little encouragement as to his ultimate recovery.

However, one medical gentleman finally recommended the baths, and as a last resort Mr. Harris decided to follow his advice, and went to Mount Clemens, Mich. As is customary with all patients, Mr. Harris had to undergo a thorough examination in order to determine if the system can stand this rigorous treatment. After several examinations had been made as to Mr. Harris' condition, the physician there finally decided that he was not suffering from muscular rheumatism at all, but that his ailment was of the nerves, and told him that the baths would do him little or no good; that he required altogether different treatment. Mr. Harris placed himself in the hands of one of the physicians there, and what seemed quite strange to him, they did nothing for him but administer medicine in the shape of pills. Shortly after he commenced this treatment he began to improve perceptibly, and his appetite greatly improved. He began to walk around slowly at first, but soon was able to get around more than he could for a year previous. He was able to put on his coat and vest, and began to feel like his former self. His improvement was so rapid and perceptible not only to himself, but to others, that he was pined with all sorts of questions as to his wonderful recovery. The medical attendant was questioned as to the nature of the medicine which was being administered. Much to the surprise of Mr. Harris and other patients there, he was told that it was a well known Canadian remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and was advised to continue their use for a time on his return home. Mr. Harris is loud in his praise of the wonderful curative qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and consented to make his case public in the hope that he might benefit others similarly afflicted. Mr. Harris has long been a resident of Hamilton, being a well known builder of elevators, as well as Government Inspector of the same, so that his prominence and well known integrity is evidence that he is sincere in the statements he made.

WEDDINGS

McClellan-MacKenzie.

Moncton, N. B., June 14.—The marriage of A. McClellan, private secretary to W. B. MacKenzie, chief engineer of the I. C. R., to Miss M. Beatrice Thomson, daughter of the late C. D. Thomson, is announced to take place in the early autumn. Both young people are prominent members of Moncton society.

Stirling Day.

Fred. Stirling, of Oxford (N. S.), and Miss Helen Day, of Portland street, were married at the bride's residence last evening by Rev. Neil McLaughlin. They left last night on the late train for Oxford, where they will reside.

G. R. Sangster, of Moncton, fruit inspector, was registered at the Victoria yesterday.

lips, the lips that were bloodstained in the spot where her teeth had closed upon them.

"My darling—my wife!" he whispered. "You are suffering like this for the sake of another. Oh, Vivienne, how sweet and dear and good you are! And she is your sister. Oh, Heaven! If it had been you that had done this thing!"

How would she speak? After he had spoken those words, how could she say that it was she who was the thief? Her confession fell stillborn, and she hid her face against the man's shoulder, sobbing pitifully. At all costs she must defend herself; she must not lose this man's love and esteem. She must not ruin her life, destroy every chance she had of happiness in the future. Patience already had her burden to bear. And Patience would not betray her, she felt sure of that. Patience loved her as few girls love their sister. Patience would stand by her whatever the cost.

And so, in the smallness of her selfish heart, Vivienne was silent. Roger had taken her tears, her distress, merely as an indication of her sorrow for Patience's sake. He did not suspect her—he would not suspect her.

"Vivienne, I must go to-morrow to Barrington Lodge and see Patience. I must bring the truth from her. You can go to Cornwall without me and I will join you there later. But I must know one thing; the person who had the key of that room was the thief who stole my papers. I know you had it, dear, but, of course, of course, it passed out of your possession. To whom did you give it?"

"I gave it to Patience," she whispered. And then she would have fallen fainting to the ground had his arms not supported her.

(To be continued.)

YOUNG LADY AND LAD DROWNED

Charlottetown, P. E. I., June 14.—The people of St. George, Kings county, were shocked yesterday to learn of a sad drowning accident, which occurred near the farm of Michael D. McDonald, of that place. It appears that three daughters of Mr. McDonald went out with their hired boy in a flat bottomed punt for a row on the river, on which the farm is situated.

After the boat had been pushed out a short distance from shore it upset in about nine feet of water. The smallest child, aged twelve, managed to clamber upon the bottom of the upturned punt, and grasped her eldest sister, aged twenty-two, and at the same time had presence of mind enough to signal to the house, which was not far away, for help.

In the meantime the other two were struggling in the water unable, it appears, to swim, and beyond the reach of those clinging to the boat. Before help came from the house, where the accident had been observed, the struggles of Justina, aged twenty, and of the hired boy were ended, and only their dead bodies remained to be recovered.

The other two girls were rescued in a very distressed and exhausted condition.

OBITUARY

A cable message received yesterday by Robert E. Coupe announced the death of his only sister, Miss Charlotte (Lottie) Coupe, who had many friends in St. John, as she lived here some years ago. She was the youngest daughter of the late Major R. Coupe, 1st Battalion 15th Regiment. Death occurred in Basingstoke, Hants (Eng.).

Bathurst, N. B., June 14.—The death occurred last evening at his home here of Joseph Lannigan, an old and respected citizen, after a short illness. Mr. Lannigan was born at Bathurst, was eighty-two years of age, and leaves a wife and two daughters—Sister M. Joseph, of the Convent of Mercy, Dover (N. H.), and Mary Francis, of Bathurst, and four sons—Joseph E. of Ottawa; Patrick J., of Quebec; Mark A., of the I. C. R., Campbellton; and Bert M., manager of the G. N. W. Telegraph Company, Bathurst.

St. Stephen, N. B., June 14.—(Special)—A. J. Fraser, died this morning after an illness of several years. Mr. Fraser was born in this town forty-two years ago. He entered the employ of Smith & Murray, dry goods merchants of this town, when quite a young man. He then went to Grand Manan and took charge of his father's business for several years.

Mr. Fraser was an energetic young man wished to engage in business for himself, so about fourteen years ago he opened a boot and shoe business on Water street, in this town and was very successful, having established the flourishing business now conducted by his son.

Mr. Fraser leaves a widow, four sons and one daughter, the sons being John M., Arthur M., Frank W., and Frederick A., and daughter, Eva Celeste. He also leaves an aged mother, two sisters and four brothers, who have the sympathy of the community in their bereavement.

The funeral will take place Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock from his late residence on King street. The services will be under the direction of the U. Rank K. of Pythias.

Dr. Hetherington returned home yesterday from Halifax.

ROYAL Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Has Many Imitators
But no Equal



WHAT FATHER THOUGHT.

Mrs. Proud—What did you think of Myrtle's graduation essay? Mr. Proud—Excellent. No one would think that Myrtle chewed gum and slapped her little brother, would they readslapped her little brother, would they dear?

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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?