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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 XXI.

"Roger—you what is it? What has brought you to Barrington Lodge?" So Patience faltered when she realized that it was her brother-in-law who was advancing to meet her along the rain-soaked path.

For a moment he made no answer, and when he spoke his voice was hoarse, his tone utterly different from that to which she was accustomed.

"I have come to see you, Patience," he muttered. "I was on my way to the Lodge." He seized her by the wrist. "But we can talk here—here in the summer-house. It will be better, for there is no time to be lost." He spoke in short, disjointed sentences. He pushed open the door of the summer-house and dragged her in after him.

"What is it?" she panted. "Vivienne—oh! don't say there is anything the matter with Vivienne? She wrote me such a strange letter."

"No there is nothing the matter with Vivienne," returned Roger, abruptly. "She has gone to Cornwall, where I hope to join her. I have only come to ask you a question, Patience, and I expect you to answer it truthfully lest a greater ill befall you."

"What do you mean?" She had withdrawn her hand from his clasp and stood before him, her breast heaving, her breath coming painfully.

"I will come straight to the point," he said. "The Blue Diamond was not the only object stolen at Barrington Lodge on the night before my wedding. You stole the diamond, Patience, and I have every reason to believe that you were also the thief who took the papers—the importance of which I don't suppose you realized—from the pocket of my coat, in order to hand them over to that blackguard, Spencer Stern."

He gave a short, harsh laugh as she remained silent before him. "No, I don't suppose you knew what those letters contained for, had thought I was a fool. I don't think you would bring about the absolute ruin of a man who loved you. Yet it is Jack who has been ruined—Jack and his poor old father—a man who is at death's door as it is. You have ruined them—do you understand?—unless something can be done to retrieve your action."

"I don't understand," Patience murmured, faintly. "Won't you be calm, Roger, and tell me exactly what has happened?"

Yet she knew what had happened. It was all painfully clear to her. It was from Roger that Vivienne had taken those papers which Spencer Stern admitted having in his possession. Had not Stern himself said that the means of ruining Jack had fallen into his hands? Had he not promised to return those fateful papers when she became his wife?

But it was hard—hard that she was to be suspected of another theft—she who had already suffered so much for her sister's sake.

"What is the use of bandying words?" said the man, roughly. "I have only come to see you in order to confirm my suspicions, so that I may know how to act. You are intimate with this man Stern, I know that. It was

at his instigation that you took those papers. It's no use denying it, for there is no one but you who could have done so. Now, I have come to know if you gave them at once to Stern, and where that scoundrel is to be found. I want to keep this matter quiet if I can, but I tell you that if I do not recover those documents I shall be forced to place the whole matter in the hands of the police. Not that that would be much good!—he drew a long sigh—"if, as I fear, the papers have already passed into the hands of him who needs them. But the thieves will be punished. The words came from beneath his clenched teeth.

Patience hardly grasped the meaning of all that he said. One phrase only had impressed her mind. "Why do you say that I only can be the thief?" she asked.

"Because you had the key of the room in which my bag and coat were locked up, together with the other luggage. It was from that room that the papers were stolen."

"Who told you that I had the key of that room?" faltered Patience.

"Vivienne," was the reply. "Even Vivienne, who suffered most terribly when she realized the truth, was constrained to admit that none but you could be the thief."

Patience burst into a hysterical laugh, and reeled back against the wall of the summer-house. Had it not been for this support she would have fallen.

"Vivienne said that?" she cried. "Vivienne told you that I was a thief?" Again she filled the little summer-house with her unnatural laughter. She knew now what was meant by that wild phrase that Vivienne had written in her letter—"Oh! Patience, Heaven forgive me."

Patience could have screamed the very words aloud, for they seemed to burn her tongue. She had lied, she had suffered for her sister's sake, and this was her reward!

She would speak the truth, yes, now, at the eleventh hour, she would speak the truth. She turned to Roger, burning, stinging words of denunciation against her sister upon her lips. But the words were not spoken, for a third actor had appeared upon the scene. Jack stood in the doorway of the summer-house, gazing with astonishment at Patience and her brother-in-law.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Jack, you here?" Patience said the words in trembling tones, and a look of dismay overspread her face.

As for Jack, he stood in the doorway of the summer-house gazing at her in silent consternation, staring as if he could hardly credit the evidence of his eyes.

And there was little wonder that he looked surprised, so Patience reflected to herself, for he could never have expected to see her there with her brother-in-law, Roger, whom Jack believed to be still on his honeymoon. Also the girl wondered if he had happened to overhear any of the conversation that had taken place between herself and Roger, for the latter's voice came at her own request. What is Roger doing with you, and why are you here—so agitated?" Jack spoke in quick broken sentences, staring first at Patience and then at Roger Selborne. There was no mistaking his very evident surprise at the latter's presence.

"Come into the summer house and close the door," remarked Roger. "I don't wonder that you look startled to see me here, for you can imagine that it is a pretty serious trouble that would bring a man back in the middle of his honeymoon."

Roger spoke the words with some bitterness, darting an angry glance at Patience, and she realized with intense sinking of spirit that Roger, believing her to be a thoroughly unprincipled and guilty girl, would show her no mercy but would betray her to Jack.

Also, she reflected, Roger might consider it was his duty to prevent his friend from marrying her. She raised her hand to her cheek to brush away a tear which was trickling down, and the simple little gesture attracted Jack Braithwaite's notice. He turned to her tenderly and affectionately.

"You are crying," he said. "Patience, my darling, what is the matter?" He moved closer to her as he spoke, but the girl drew back, then glanced furtively and nervously at Selborne. He, for his part, made a hasty step forward, standing between Patience and her lover.

"A good deal is the matter," Roger said, slowly, "and I am sorry for you, and with all my soul, I am sorry for you."

"Sorry for me?" Jack Braithwaite repeated the words in slow tones, then a look of determination overspread his handsome, boyish face, and he straightened his back resolutely.

"Let us have done with mystery, tell me the simple truth," he said. "What is the matter? Explain why you are here with Patience, Roger, and what the trouble is."

"No, no," murmured Patience. She covered her face with her hands, then turned to Jack imploringly. "Go away, my dear."

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



THE MODERN SUNDOWN.

Of all the hats that have been seen this summer none is so universally becoming as that Japanese poke, or old-fashioned sun-down, as we are pleased to call it. Pretty women look well in this type of hat; it is so quaint and becoming. The sun-down can be bought already shaped, or a broad, straight-brimmed flat can be used, and the same effect attained. The trimming consists of a band of ribbon

around the front of the crown, drawn down over the sides of the brim and tied in a bow at the nape of the neck. On this band of ribbon is a wreath of flowers, roses, forget-me-nots, sweet peas, wisteria, or any of the blossoms which are used this season. Black velvet ribbon is very attractive on a white or light colored straw in combination with any color flowers.

once, Jack, if you have any pity—any love left for me," she pleaded.

"If I have any love?" he interrupted passionately, then put his arm about her slim form. "Why, darling, you are all the world to me," he continued, headless for the moment of the presence of Roger, only thinking how he could comfort and console the trembling and shaking girl.

"Let Patience go!" Roger said the words sternly and deliberately—"and make up your mind to forget her, for she is not worth an honest man's love. I am sorry to have to say this to you, Jack, but she is not worth it. I have to give away the girl who, after all, is my wife's sister, but still, it is my duty to speak. I should be no true friend to you if I remained silent."

Jack made no answer for a second, only strained Patience closer to him, his breath coming in short gasps, his face turning white with rage.

All at once, Patience, with a swift movement, loosed herself from his arms and faced him; she was white even to her lips.

"What Roger has said is quite true," she murmured—"terribly true. You must give me up, Jack. I am no fit wife for you. Try and forget that you ever loved me, or that we ever met."

"Never!" returned the young man, stoutly. "I shall love you till the day of my death."

Then he turned abruptly towards Roger. "What do you mean by speaking as you have done?" he continued, coldly. "Explain more fully your veiled charges against Patience. It is not like you, Roger, to strike at a woman in the dark."

Roger Selborne flushed to his forehead. His friend's last words cut him to the soul.

"You want to hear the truth, Jack?" he asked, sternly.

"Yes," the other answered, "I do." Silence fell, a long and breathless silence. The two men looked at each other fixedly—Jack's face full of suspense, whilst Roger Selborne's countenance was over-spread with a grave concern.

(To be continued.)

GROWING OLD WHILE YET YOUNG

What a number of women there are who feel that these words exactly suit their case.

There are thousands of females all over our land, broken down in health and dragging out a miserable existence, overburdened with disease peculiar to their sex, apparently growing old while yet young.

From early morn till late at night they have been on the go year after year, attending to the household duties. Is it any wonder then that sooner or later there comes a general collapse? Palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, smothering and sinking spells, weakness, dizziness, sleeplessness and many other troubles follow. What a woman wants is something to build up the system and for this purpose you cannot equal

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Mrs. W. J. Russell, Vasey, Ont., writes: "At one time I suffered greatly from my heart and nerves, and the shortness of breath was so bad I could scarcely do my housework. A friend of mine advised me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I did and I only took them for a short time before I was better."

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The International S. S. Company intend having their steamers make three trips a week beginning Wednesday next. Although not definitely known yet, it is presumed that the Governor Cobb and Calvin Austin will be placed on the route, and beginning July 1st, two direct trips will be made on Tuesdays and Saturdays. Complete plans for the season have, however, been received at the local office.

Don't Howl With Neuralgia

Cure it—drive it out for all time. Rub on Nerviline, its quick death to Neuralgia, cures it permanently. Large bottles of Polson's Nerviline for 25c. at all dealers.

Walter R. Theal, on the staff of the Royal Bank of Canada, was in town Saturday on his way to the Amherst branch.

W. L. Roscoe, of Wolfville, was registered at the Dufferin yesterday.



AN INVENTIVE GENIUS.

"What makes him so unpopular?" "He fixed his lawn mower so you have to drop a dime in the slot to make it go."

Getting Hot

I asked an old farmer who had come into Brooklyn from his farm with a load of vegetables to sell if the people out his way were waking up to the presidential campaign, and he answered with great heartiness:

"You bet they are! Yes, sirs, things are getting hot down my way."

"Folks taking a great interest, eh?" "Heaps and heaps! Did you hear about Jim Wheeler calling Bill Smith a liar?"

"No."

"Yes, sir, called him a liar right to his face and then spit on his hands to back it up. Hear about Jim Sawtelle?"

"No."

"He got so excited talking politics that he put a hot pipe in his pocket and burned his coat-tails off. You must have heard about Tom Bovens and Elisha Jones?"

"I don't think I have."

"They have been friends for years. They were at the post office the other night and got telling who they wanted for the next president, when Tom speaks up and says:

"Elisha, you are an infernal liar!" "And you are a jackass on wheels!" says Elisha, and then they pulled off their coats, put chips on their shoulders and dared each other to knock 'em off. They have agreed not to speak to each other again as long as they live. Then we've had two cows die of hollerhorn, and one mad dog running around a bull



A not pipe in his pocket and burned his coat tails off.

got loose and gored an old mare to death. Getting hot? You bet your life it is, and we are getting ready to save the country or bust!"

JOE KERR.

West India Steamer Arrives

The West India steamer Ocamo, Captain Buchanan, arrived in port yesterday morning from Bermuda, Windward Islands and Demerara, with a large cargo of molasses and sugar for this port and Halifax. The steamer had on board also forty-three passengers, nineteen first and twenty-one second cabin, and three steerage. The passengers were:

E. S. Woolford and Miss Woolford, from Demerara; Mrs. H. E. Murray and two infants, with two nurses, from Trinidad; Miss Martin, Norton Dean, C. B. Brandshaw, E. D. Kellman, from Barbours; William Hank, Jr., from Antigua; D. S. Black, Rev. and Mrs. Price and child, from St.

sage up from Bermuda was an exceptionally fine one, and was uneventful.

The following is a list of the first class passengers:

E. S. Woolford and Miss Woolford, from Demerara; Mrs. H. E. Murray and two infants, with two nurses, from Trinidad; Miss Martin, Norton Dean, C. B. Brandshaw, E. D. Kellman, from Barbours; William Hank, Jr., from Antigua; D. S. Black, Rev. and Mrs. Price and child, from St.

What Malt Is to Beer

Malt is barley, with its life-germ artificially grown. Malt gives body, strength and quality to beer.

The better the malt, the more satisfying the beer.

The Pabst Eight-Day Malt-ing Process follows Nature—it grows the barley slowly, thus preserving all of the nutritious food properties of the grain, and transmitting them to

Pabst Blue Ribbon

The Beer of Quality

Brewed from Pabst perfect Eight-Day malt and the choicest hops, Pabst Blue Ribbon is a beer having a delightful flavor, with the vital, life-giving malt predominant. It is a pure beer, properly aged, rich and mellow—malt and hops perfectly blended.



When ordering beer, ask for Pabst Blue Ribbon. Made by Pabst, at Milwaukee and bottled only at the Brewery.

Kitte; Rev. W. H. Evans, Messrs E. and C. Evans and Master T. Evans, Colonel C. D. Dunfer, Miss Evelyn Marsh, Percy Strong, E. B. Marshall and Captain Mark Golenky, from Bermuda.

The annual picnic of Brussels street Baptist church took place at West Hill Beach on Saturday and proved very enjoyable despite the coldness of the weather. A good crowd was in attendance. A series of sports were productive of much competition among the youths of the congregation. A refreshment table proved a great attraction. Those in charge were Miss McGinty, Mrs. Bolding, Mrs. L. A. Belyea, Miss Julia Elliott, Mrs. Wm. Smith and Miss Marsh.

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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?