

Special Sale

Boys' Suits!

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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.)
Fenton had made his way into the house, and had used the knowledge he possessed to force the strong-room. The safe which contained the papers had been clearly described to him by Spencer Stern. He had opened it, knowing the secret of the spring. He had seen the wonderful array of jewels, the same that had been paraded before Stern's own eyes in the afternoon. The temptation had been too much for him. He had seized them and began to fill his pockets.

And then Baron Gelderstein himself had appeared upon the scene, disturbed by a noise, perhaps, or perhaps merely paying his usual nocturnal visit to his treasures. "The darlings—the beauties!" Stern could remember how the miser, the monomaniac, had spoken. Yes, probably that was the explanation, and it was due to his miserly instincts that Baron Gelderstein had met his death.

The Jew must have cried out in amazement and horror when he recognized his friend, the man he had trusted, rifling his safe. He had attempted to lay hands upon Fenton, who had struck out in self-defence; struck, slain, and then fled, his pockets filled with the proceeds of his robbery, littering the floor, perhaps in his haste, with articles that he could not carry.

Had he secured the papers too? It was very doubtful if he had betrouth himself of them in the excitement of the moment, more doubtful still if, having secured them, he would keep his appointment to meet Spencer Stern that night, for murder as he was, his only chance lay in immediate flight. "Poof! fool!" repeated Stern, as he crushed the morning paper which he had been reading in his hands and threw it from him. "And myself—triple fool! I was—to put temptation in the way of such a man."

Spencer Stern spent that day in going round to the known haunts of Fenton in the hope of coming across the man. Here and there he asked discreet questions, but could obtain no information. Fenton had not been seen. Yet the murderer of Baron Gelderstein had not yet been arrested, and the police did not seem to have any definite clue. There was some hope in that.

Late that evening Spencer Stern took a cab and bade the driver go to Charles Street Club, the spot where Fenton had appointed to meet him. The club was in Bloomsbury, and it was a long drive from the place where Stern had been prosecuting his researches. The way seemed interminable. Every street appeared to be up, and there were constant blocks owing to stress of traffic. The horse, too, was poor, jaded animal. Stern was just about to put his hand through the trap and tell the driver to stop in order that he might descend and get another cab when of a sudden there came a great crash, and before he could realize what was happening he was thrown violently from his seat, and the cab itself was overturned upon the pavement.

He was dimly conscious of a struggling black mass above him, of red lights in his eyes, of crying and shouting, and then of being seized by the arms and dragged away. A blow on the head, yes, he remembered that too, and was vaguely conscious that it was a kick from the fallen horse that he had received. After that he lost consciousness altogether.

Carried to the nearest hospital, it was not till much later that he understood how the accident had happened. His own cab had collided with another—a runaway—with disastrous results to the one that he was occupying. He had been thrown out, and had received a kick upon his forehead from one of the struggling

horses. And so, lying unconscious in the hospital, the unknown subject of a street accident, he was utterly prevented from keeping the appointment which meant so much to him.

In the meantime, Fenton, murderer and thief, had, in spite of the danger of such a proceeding, put in an appearance at the appointed spot. Perhaps he thought it safer and wiser in his own interests to do so. As yet no suspicion was attached to him. He had got clear away from the house of the murdered man, and there was seemingly no reason why he should be suspected. Almost he was congratulating himself upon his escape, and he was disposing in his own mind how best to dispose of the stolen property. It would need great care, for, as Spencer Stern had pointed out to him, he was dealing with goods already known to the police. However he knew of a man in Rotterdam who might help him, and it was thither that he intended to fly. But he was in want of ready money, and he saw no chance of obtaining this except from Spencer Stern. The papers were safe in his pocket, and he had but to exchange them with Stern for the promised cash.

It was going on for midnight when he reached the little club in Bloomsbury. It was a wholly unpretentious place, frequented mainly by betting men and those who loved gambling. It had somehow escaped the attention of the police, for "Faro" Seaton, as he was called, the proprietor, was an astute man, and knew how to keep on the right side of the law, while habitually breaking it.

A long, low room, with a bar at one end and a few tables at the other, a sand floor, and walls discolored by smoke and the accumulated grime of years; it was into such a room that Fenton made his way. It was here that he expected to meet Spencer Stern. A few men were lounging over the bar, a few were seated at a small table engaged in playing faro by means of the time-honored device of four wooden matches in place of the actual cards. It was still rather early, and the habitual frequenters of the club had not yet put in an appearance. Later, champagne-baccarat would be the order of the night, but this would be played in an upstairs room specially adapted for it.

Fenton strolled up to the bar and ordered a drink. He had been drinking heavily all the afternoon, and this, combined with unwanted nervousness, had rendered him talkative and excitable. The men at the bar were discussing the murder. It was very natural that they should do so, for Baron Gelderstein was known to most of them. They looked at him a little suspiciously, Fenton thought, but he assumed an air of bravado, and joined in the discussion, giving his own opinions as to how the crime had been committed. There was a stranger present—a big, fair man—and it was with him that Fenton entered into an argument—this in spite of a discreet nudge administered by "Faro" Seaton himself, who, a little while before, had been discussing the same subject with the fair man.

"Faro" Seaton knew how to exercise discretion in the presence of a detective—as was the fair man in question—and usually managed to keep on his right side. At present he was aware that the doings of his own club were not the object of attention.

After a while Fenton took his drink and seated himself in the neighborhood of the faro players. He was growing impatient, and as the minutes flew by his impatience increased. Why could not Spencer Stern keep his appointment? Why did he not put in an appearance? The thing was absurd. The little, wizened, ugly man sat there lowering and angry. He must take the first morning train out of London, and there was business to be attended to first. He swore under his breath, and tried to interest himself in the game.

One hour, two hours passed, and still Spencer Stern remained absent. At length Fenton could stand it no longer. He must go and manage as best he could with the little money in his possession. He must communicate with Stern later.

But the papers in his possession? He did not want them, they were only evidence against himself if found. He had better leave them and a letter with one of Spencer Stern's friends. He looked about him for a reliable person to whom to confide them. His eyes rested on Colonel Strangeway, who had just risen from the faro table, having played and won a good round sum. Colonel Strangeway—the very man!

"Colonel," he said, huskily, "I've got to go, and I can't wait for Stern, whom I expected to see here tonight. Will you give him a letter from me?" He handed a passing waiter and asked for a long envelope, paper, and pen. He scribbled a hasty note, which he put with the papers into the envelope, and then carefully gummed it down.

"There," he said, when he had done this. "I shall be awfully obliged if you will take charge of that and deliver it when you see Stern."

Colonel Strangeway, red of face, content with himself and the world at large, on to his prosperous evening's play, as

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



FOR DRESSY WEAR, THE SILK SKIRT AND COAT.

For dressy street wear, the smartest and most practical thing the business woman can have is the silk tailored suit. Very smart indeed are those with golden brown taffeta coat and skirt of the same material in a brown and white check. In this instance each gore of the skirt is strapped with plain brown silk. Above the hem there is a band of the plain silk, and reversing the usual order of things, the hem is turned up on the outside of the skirt and cut in tabs, and each gore is finished with a point extending above the plain silk trimming. These tabs are finished with tiny rosettes of plain and checked silk. The coat is a Bibson model, the broad pleats both front and back extending well out over the top of the full

puff sleeve. The bottom of the jacket is finished with three tiny skirts which come just about two inches below the natural waistline. These are piped with the checked silk as are the high sleeve cuffs. The turnover collar rolls over a pleating of fine linen, edged with embroidery, and there is a dainty vest of white linen carrying Egyptian embroidery. Checked silk buttons with brown bone rims are set above the waistline in groups of six on either side of the front and the collar is seemingly held in place by two or more of these golden brown straps. Trimmed with various colored pascies and two shades of ribbon, while the parasol is one of the new petal petal models in golden brown.

HOW TO TEST FLOUR

How to know when food stuffs are "good" is a puzzle that faces the inexperienced housekeeper at every turn. From market to butcher, from butcher to grocer, the same perplexity awaits her, but she can escape many mistakes by keeping a pad to jot down things she has proved, and has reason to know will be good.

Good flour should be creamy, not dead white, nor yet have that bluish cast that some flours have. It should not feel damp, sticky nor clammy. It should not form lumps when pressed in the hand. It should have some elasticity, some "bite," as the millers express it. When made into dough it will be elastic, easy to knead, staying in round, puffy shape with a springiness that is quite noticeable.

Ontario flat wheat flour, with its rich, yellow flavor, provides that beautiful brown crust in well made bread. Manitoba flour provides the gluten. The two combined and blended in just the right proportions, give the good qualities of both, with their faults eliminated.

This Blended flour is a deservedly popular place in the esteem of good housekeepers, and in fact they declare the Blended Flour is far ahead of any other that can be bought today.

The best way to assure yourself of the quality of flour is to buy a little and try it. You will save yourself some trouble, however, if you begin by using Blended Flour, then you won't want to use any other. Blended Flour is certainly best for bread, and best for pastry.

EARL GREY'S VISIT

Programme Arranged for His Reception Here.

The following is the programme of entertainment for Earl Grey, governor-general of Canada, on the occasion of the visit to St. John and Fredericton in August, 1907, as approved by his excellency:

St. John—Headquarters at Royal Hotel. Tuesday, Aug. 13, his excellency will arrive by S. S. Minot at St. John at 3 p. m. Lieutenant-governor and staff will call on his excellency on the S. S. Minot. A small dinner will be served immediately after the lieutenant-governor. Guard of honor and salute. Drive to Royal Hotel. Presentation of address by his worship the mayor and council at the court house at 4.30 p. m. Drive around the city and visit public institutions. 8.30 p. m., state dinner by his honor the lieutenant-governor at the Union Club.

Wednesday, Aug. 14—Quiet morning. 1.30, luncheon at Canadian Club. Address by his excellency. 4.30 p. m., inspection of Boys' Brigade and Cadet Corps. 8, public reception at York Theatre. 10.20, supper by the mayor and council at the Union Club.

Fredericton—Headquarters at the Queen Hotel. Thursday, Aug. 15, leave St. John for Fredericton by steamer. Luncheon on board. Arrive at Fredericton 3 p. m. Received with guard of honor. Mayor and council will meet his excellency on arrival and the party will drive to the Opera House, where address will be presented by his worship the mayor, after which the party will be driven to different places of interest about the city. Public reception at parliament buildings 9.30 p. m. Supper with mayor and council after reception Friday, Aug. 16. Leave for St. John. After luncheon a visit to Mrs. Close's children home at Nauwigewauk. Transportation to be by automobile (weather permitting). Evening fireworks, etc., not yet fully arranged. A staff of five people will accompany his excellency.

The annual collection in the Reformed Baptist church, Carleton street, last evening in aid of foreign missions amounted to \$422. In the afternoon \$10 was contributed to the Sunday school fund.

Mrs. C. H. Thomas and son, Herman, of Moncton, are guests of her daughter, Mrs. W. R. Green, 45 Garden street.

The employees of the Lawton Wood, working Company who had requested increase in pay met with the management Saturday morning according to previous arrangements and adjusted matters pertaining to wage rates satisfactorily to all parties.

EIGHT MEN WERE KILLED AND THIRTY-FIVE SERIOUSLY HURT

This Tells the Grim Story of Awful Train Wreck on New Haven Railway.

Hartford, Conn., June 23—Eight workmen were killed and 35 injured when a passenger train on the Highland division of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway crashed into the rear end of a work train that was backing into the city from New Britain tonight at Sigourney street crossing. Of the injured two are not expected to recover.

The wreck is one of the worst that has occurred here in years. Dead and dying were strewn along the side of the track while unfortunate victims horribly mutilated were beneath the wreckage, some pinned amid a mass of tangled iron and wood. Their groans and appeals for aid moved the rescuers to desperation, and brave men worked till prostrated in an attempt to extricate the sufferers. Some of the victims within easy reach were dead, and after this fact was definitely ascertained, they were left while the rescuers united in getting the living out of their desperate positions.

In one instance it took an hour and a half to rescue one workman who was pinned between the tracks. His head was hanging down backwards. He suffered untold agonies, but the rescuers kept encouraging him while doctors reached between the framework which held him a prisoner and treated the wounds on his face and head.

There are three unofficial versions of the manner in which the wreck occurred. One is that the passenger train for New Britain went out on track No. 2 instead of track No. 1. The second is that the work train had the right of way until 7 o'clock and should have had a clear track, that the passenger train was ahead of time at that point. The third is that the work train opened a switch and failed to close it, thus making the collision possible, but this version is generally discredited. It is understood that all the trains on the divisions today operated on track No. 1, thus leaving the other track to the work train, whose crew have been employed repairing the rails.

The engineer of the work train claims that he had the right of way and his statements are borne out by others on the same train. Engineer Wilson, of the pas-

senger train, jumped in time to escape injury. The passengers, however, were badly shaken up and some were cut by flying glass.

The 4 o'clock express from New York was held up about half an hour directly abreast of the wreck. The 7.10 express, north, passed on an adjoining track soon after the accident and "side swiped" the wreckage.

When the news of the accident reached the city a squad of police were detailed and they had hard work keeping the hordes of people who came from all directions, from the scene. There was danger all of the time because the wreck cars had to be maintained in an upright position by stays, while the rescuers were underneath battling to save the lives of the victims.

During the excitement fire broke out and the department was summoned. After quenching the flames, the firemen became rescuers and with axes and saws worked hard until the arrival of a squad of fifty railroad wreckers. A half dozen priests were early at the scene and administered the last rites to some of the sufferers.

Soon after the wreck, while an investigation was being made to ascertain the whereabouts of the living victims, one man underneath several tons of debris was seen waving a red flag. Some one reached in with a bottle of whiskey and gave him a draught. He remarked: "The first drink in twelve years, and God knows I need it." He had a terrible gash in his neck and is one of the hospital patients who is in a critical condition.

At St. Francis Hospital there are 31 victims tonight. The doctors say that two of them cannot live, and they are unable to give any detailed information regarding the condition of the rest.

At the Hartford hospital there are four injured and none of them fatally.

Satisfactory Cure for Summer Complaint
Nothing is so certain and prompt as Polson's Nervine. Used for years with unfailing success. Pleasant to take, and sold everywhere in 25c. bottles.

On Saturday the schooner Comrade, now lying near Rankin's wharf, was attached by a writ out of the admiralty court. It is understood that all the trains on the divisions today operated on track No. 1, thus leaving the other track to the work train, whose crew have been employed repairing the rails.

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10,000 IN PARADE

St. Jean Baptiste Day Celebrated in Montreal Yesterday.

Montreal, June 23—Seven sections representing the eastern division of the St. Jean Baptiste Society celebrated the French-Canadian national festival today by a procession through the streets and attending grand mass. There was a big turnout, it being estimated that more than 10,000 took part in the demonstration.

The chief feature of the procession were several decorated cars bearing the living symbols of the celebration in the shape of little tots of boys dressed in the traditional lambskin fleece, leaving bare their shoulders and arms. The big celebration will take place tomorrow.

Cailler's
GENUINE
SWISS MILK
CHOCOLATE

—pure—rich—delicious—tastes like more.

And more is good—for the youngsters and everybody else.

Cakes to nibble 'tween meals. 5c., 10c., 20c. All dealers.

Wm. H. DUNN, MONTREAL, General Agent for Canada.

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Rich Red Blood

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For Weak People Having Heart or Nerve Troubles.

SYMPTOMS

Palpitation of the Heart, Irregular or Skipped Beats, Dizzy Spells, Smothering Feeling, Shortness of Breath, Bluish Color of the Lips, Pain in the Region of the Heart, Thin Watery Blood, Cold Hands and Feet, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, etc.

If you have any of these symptoms

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

will bring the whole system into healthy action, and give power, force and vigor to every organ of the body thereby strengthening the weak heart and unstrung nerves.

Mrs. Harmon Dayball, Wetland, Ont., writes: "I write to let you know what good Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me."

For over three years I suffered with pains under my left breast and my nerves were completely unstrung. I purchased two boxes of your pills and before I had the first box finished I felt much better and now I am cured."

Price 60 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.