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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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CHAPTER I.

"What a nuisance all these folk are!" Jack Braithwaite glanced after the last of the newly-arrived guests who were disappearing up the broad staircase in the company of Colonel Strangeway, his host and the temporary owner of Barrington Lodge.

"It won't be half so jolly now that our little family party is broken up," the young man continued. "What do you say, Patience?"

Patience Strangeway smiled. She had a charming smile, frank and unaffected. It dimpled the corners of her lips and lent a peculiar character to her face. The many—those who met her acquaintances—envied her for her happy disposition; the few—those who knew something of her family history—wondered that she could smile so readily, and admired her for her pluck. There were one or two who hinted that Patience knew how to make the most of a natural advantage, but Lady Birchington was one of those who are always ready to spit venom.

"It has been nice, Jack, hasn't it, this last week?" Patience asked. "But I suppose Vivienne and Roger are pleased that the day is so near." She drew a little sigh. "It does seem a break up," she continued, "and the arrival of all these people is the beginning of it. My sister and I have hardly been parted in our lives. I love her so dearly that I shall feel losing her more than I can say. She saved my life once; nursed me through an illness when everyone else had given me up; didn't leave me night or day. It was an infectious illness, too. Oh! I shall miss Vivienne badly."

Patience said nothing of the unpleasant life which she anticipated for herself in the future. Alone with her father—a man who had never been in sympathy with his daughters, whose manner of life, too, had not been calculated to bring them into harmony—the prospect was not engaging. Nobody liked Colonel Strangeway—no one, at least, in the set to which, by dint of push and the help of his undoubted good connections, he had forced his way. He was tolerated—tolerated by some, snubbed by others. Had it not been for his charming daughters he would have been simply dropped, and would probably have returned without a sigh to the society which he preferred—the society of the racetrack and the gambling club. There was nothing definite to be said against him, but indefinite hints may be as injurious as outspoken accusations. Colonel Strangeway's reputation was shrouded by much smoke, in the midst of which there was, of course, a little fire. Jack Braithwaite knew little about the Colonel's supposed shortcomings and cared less. His friend, Roger Selborne, the bridegroom of tomorrow, for whom he was to officiate as "best man," had occasional fancies of Vivienne's father in deprecating terms, but Jack had accepted this as being the usual order of things. His acquaintance with the Strangeways was not of long standing. Roger had introduced him to his fiancée about three months before, and since then Jack had been a pretty frequent visitor at Radham House, where Roger Selborne's place, the grounds of which adjoined Barrington Lodge, the shooting-box which Colonel Strangeway had rented from his future son-in-law.

A quick friendship had sprung up between Jack and Patience. They had reached the stage of calling each other by their Christian names, but of love there had been no talk. They were both very young and Jack, though he would come in for a considerable fortune on the death of his father, was still reading for the Bar, and

was not by any means independent. Colonel Strangeway, however, regarded him with eyes of favor, and saw to it that the two young people were left much in each other's society. Jack Braithwaite was quite a good catch—not equal to Roger, of course, who was, in his way, one of the most important personages in the county, but still desirable from every point of view. With Vivienne and Patience married off so satisfactorily, Colonel Strangeway might rest on his laurels and enjoy himself again in his own fashion.

For the last week Jack had been staying at Radham House, which meant that he was over at the Lodge every day, and for the best part of his time, of course, in Patience's company. Roger and Vivienne were quite content that this should be so. And now it was the evening before the wedding day. Colonel Strangeway had filled his house with guests, and there was an end to the pleasant tête-à-tête talks in which Jack and Patience had been wont to indulge. After the wedding, too, Jack had no longer any excuse for lingering on at Radham; he must return to London, and to his neglected work.

"Who's that chap that went last up those stairs?" asked Jack, after he had cordially sympathized with Patience on the loss of her sister. "I don't seem to know his face."

A slight flush came to the girl's cheeks. "That's Mr. Stern," she said, quickly. "Spencer Stern. He is an old friend of father's. I don't like him much. He's a City man, I believe."

"Never heard of him," was the reply. "All the rest I fancy I know. There's Lady Birchington—and what possesses your father to ask her here, when he knows that she'll pull him and everyone else to pieces, is more than I can say."

Patience smiled again, but with a touch of sadness. Lady Birchington had been asked to lend "tone" to the Strangeway Wavenhurst, the bridegroom's widowed sister, who was also of the party. Patience, however, made no comment, and Jack continued checking off the guests. Lady Edine was the last to be mentioned. "How do you like Roger's sister, Patience?" asked Jack after a pause. "Well," replied the girl, a trifle evasively. "I know her so little. I have only met her a few times, in London and at Radham House, and I don't think she took much notice of me. If anything, she seemed inclined to snub me. She is very handsome."

It was Jack's turn to smile. He had a frank, open face, and laughter came naturally to him. He was clean-shaven, and his features were regular if not particularly intellectual. One might judge him at once as being far more keen—as he himself would say—upon outdoor sports than over his work. He had crisp brown hair, that he kept closely cut, and his eyes were brown and looked one candidly in the face. On the whole, he was a well-set-up type of young manhood.

"So Lady Edine snubbed you, did she?" he asked. "Well, I can't say that I am surprised. It's a way she has. She thinks a lot of herself, though her husband was nobody in particular, after all. Her own family is far better, even if without a handle to the name. Sir Charles Wavenhurst was a connoisseur of gems, and got a fine collection together. I believe that's all he did to earn money—except having Lady Edine a young widow, to be run after by half London."

Patience's eyes flashed. "I've seen some of Lady Edine's jewels," she said, "and they are the most beautiful things imaginable. I long to see the Blue Diamond of which I've heard so much. I love precious stones, they have always had a curious fascination for me. I really don't think the diamond would be safe in my hands; I should want to steal it. Vivienne is just the same."

"I'll get Lady Edine to show it to you," remarked the boy lightly. "She's never happier than when people admire her things. Do you know, Patience," he continued, reflectively, "I have a very strong notion why her ladyship snubbed you."

Patience glanced up quickly, a curious light flashing in her bright eyes; her eyes were large, blue, and limpid—fascinating eyes. "Why?" she asked. She was not without her own suspicions.

"Because," returned Jack, slowly, "she's jealous. For one thing, she's jealous, she envies your looks—your freshness. She's young of course—not much older than me—but she sort of life she leads takes the colour out of one. And then she thinks I'm too attentive to you. It isn't conceit on my part to say that she's rather fond of me. I know it. He flushed a little, but it was his way to be outspoken. "Of course, I like her very much, and all that," he went on, "but I don't love her not a little bit. She's not my style. Now, with you, dear—"

His hand had been hovering over Patience's; it fell as he spoke the soft word, his broad palm covering the girl's slim fingers. Patience was sitting in a high-backed, oak chair, which had been drawn up to the log fire, a fire justified by a cold day late in September, and her hands rested upon the carved wooden supports. Jack had drawn up a stool by her side, stretching out his long legs to the fire, leaning a little against Patience's chair. It seemed curious to her that he should fall upon her.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



HER PARTY FROCK.

The party frock is, of course, the most important dress in the small girl's wardrobe, and upon this is lavished all the expense and fine needlework in which it is possible for the mother to indulge. The material should be of the finest lawn, of course, or batiste, and the laces or embroideries of equal quality. Rather should the dress carry less trimming and be of the best than to be over-loaded with that of second quality. The more trimmings used the simpler the mode of development, is the rule which mothers of dis-

criminating taste follow. Little full blouses are inset in yoke form with wide sections, the neck finished square or round, with a little tiny frill. The sleeves are small puffs, inset and frilled to match the blouse, and skirts are very full and prettily when finished with a frill of the material inset with the lace. Sashes of soft white or delicately colored ribbon are tied loosely around the waist and bowed in the back or finished in a rosette at the left side in front, this treatment matched by another rosette of ribbon on the left shoulder.

It was dusk, and the hall behind the two young people was in shadow. The glow of the burning logs lit up Patience's face, and Jack, looking up at it, wondered if her heightened color was due to this, or, to a flush caused by his words. In any case the effect was charming. Patience had a very white skin, the clear complexion that usually accompanies reddish brown hair; it was a beauty that she shared with her sister Vivienne, and she was mainly responsible for the admiration so generally accorded to the Misses Strangeway.

"Now, with you, dear," Jack repeated, "it's quite different. I knew we should hit it off together from the first day we met. I'm awfully fond of you, Patience, you must know that." He spoke awkwardly, but his words were very sweet in the girl's ears. Her head inclined nearer to his. They formed a pretty picture in the glow of the firelight.

To Lady Edine Wavenhurst, descending the stairs, the picture was not so attractive. She looked over the banisters, hearing low voices in earnest converse, and she had no difficulty in recognizing Jack Braithwaite and his companion. She stood for a moment perfectly still, her high forehead wrinkled into a frown, her full lips twitching angrily; then, without further hesitation she advanced, and calling Jack by name, effectually interrupted the little idyll.

"She did it on purpose," the boy muttered to himself. But he was, nevertheless, forced to yield to the situation, and take part, with the best grace he could muster, in the conventional small talk that followed. He consoled himself with the reflection that he should find an opportunity later on to tell Patience of his love for her.

(To be continued.)

Constipation

Baked sweet apples, with some people, bring prompt relief for Constipation. Others, however, cannot eat them, and find Nature's way to health. And this is strikingly true with regard to Constipation.

The bark of a certain tree in California—Cascara—offers a most excellent aid to this end. But combined with Ferrum, Sulphur, and other elements, it makes a most effective prescription. Its effect on Constipation, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath, Sallow Complexion, etc., is indeed prompt and satisfying.

No grating, no unpleasant after effects are experienced, and Lax-ets are put up in beautiful sugar-coated metal boxes at 5 cents and 25 cents per box.

For something new, nice, economical and effective, try a box of

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TEN MILES OF PROHIBITION

Sale of Liquor to be Forbidden Along Canada's New Railway Lines.

Toronto, May 16.—The dominion government having reduced the territory in which the sale of liquor is forbidden from twenty to ten miles on either side of the transcontinental route, a number of existing licenses will not be interfered with.

The Ontario government will put the New Ontario district between Fort William and Kenora on the line of C. P. R. in the prohibition class, as thousands of natives are to be employed in double tracking the 300 miles in question. The following licenses will likely be cut off: Kewatin, three taverns and one shop; Dryden, two taverns, one shop; Dryden, two taverns; Vermilion Bay, Dinorwic, Gold Rock and Ignace, one each. Being an incorporated town Kenora is not affected.

The goodness of beer depends upon the excellence of its malt. Pabst Eight-Day Malt makes Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer, delightful, nutritious food.

SEVERE TEST OF SUBMARINES

Totally Submerged for 24 Hours Without a Mishap.

Newport, R. I., May 16.—With all hands well contented with a bountiful supply of fresh air and with records of submergence broken, the submarines Octopus and Lake rose to the surface of Narragansett Bay at 4 o'clock this afternoon, ending a test of 24 hours under water.

The Octopus rose first, having been the first to sink yesterday, and the Lake soon followed her rival to the surface. The members of the naval trial board crowded about the Octopus as the conning tower hatch flew open.

All of the officers and crew emerged, each wearing a flower in his buttonhole. The members of the trial board at once went below to see what conditions existed on board and also to test the air supply. Samples of air were bottled every two hours throughout the test for analysis by the board.

The Octopus blew out foul air only twice during the 24 hours she was at the bottom of the bay. It was computed that only one forty-fifth of her air supply was exhausted, and if these figures are correct they tend to show that the boat could remain submerged 45 days, provided the food and fuel supply was sufficient.

The Lake also stood the test well, although a leak was sprung in the superstructure. She pumped out twice, but what proportion of her air supply was used up could not be learned today.

The trial board made a thorough examination of the Lake after they had finished with the Octopus.

Both crews passed the time comfortably while at the bottom of the bay. They slept well and managed to get thoroughly rested after their labors in connection with the maneuvering tests that have preceded the submergence trial. Games, books and other diversions helped to pass the long 24 hours below the surface.

Tomorrow the Lake will be taken out in the bay on her maneuvering trials, if the weather is fair.

During their period of submergence both boats were in communication with the members of the trial board by means of submarine signals.

MAILS TO GO VIA RIMOUSKI

Ottawa, May 16.—The special leaving tomorrow evening via the Intercolonial with the British mails will not run past Rimouski. The intention was to go to North Sydney but the ice is still in the harbor there and will not permit of mails being forwarded to or landed from steamers by tender at that port.

George Skeffington, former chief of police on the I. C. R., contemplates the establishment of a maritime detective agency with headquarters in Moncton.

HEART TROUBLE CURED

In the rush, hurry and worry of modern times, we overlook the heart. Is it any wonder then that there comes a breakdown of this wonderful little engine, when such a continued strain is placed upon it day after day. There are many forms of heart trouble and the slightest derangement of this important organ is extremely dangerous. To strengthen the weak heart it is necessary to use a remedy that will act upon the heart tissue, restore and revitalize it and at the same time tone up and invigorate the nervous system, we have such a combination in

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Mrs. Ella Dingman, Morganston, Ont., writes of her experience with them: "It is with the greatest of pleasure that I recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I was troubled for a long time with my heart; I had weak and dizzy spells, could not rest at night, and I would have to sit up in bed the greater part of some nights, and it was absolutely impossible for me to lie on my left side. At last I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and they did me so much good I got another box and they effected a complete cure. I have not been troubled with my heart since."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

SAY THEY ARE ST. JOHN MEN

Burglars Arrested at Mattawamkeag Claim to Hail From This City.

Bangor, Me., May 16.—Early today Deputy Sheriff F. J. Rich, of Mattawamkeag, arrived at the jail here with three prisoners, who are alleged to have broken into the post office at Mattawamkeag the night before, and when discovered by telegraph operator Malloy, to have escaped before they got much booty.

Mr. Malloy aroused Postmaster Smith and the two tried to round up the thieves, but without success. The quick witted telegrapher, however, jumped on a locomotive and rode to Sprague's Mill, at Drew, where he located the men and it was not long before Deputy Rich had them back in town where trial justice Seekins held them for the supreme court.

They gave their name as Thomas Coffey, Thomas Mullet and Everett Marney, all of St. John (N. B.), and when the clothes they wore on their backs and also their shoes were identified as a portion of the goods missing after three breaks at Stockton Monday night they weakened, it is asserted, and told the story of how both the one and the other at Mattawamkeag were done, stating that they only secured about \$3 at Mattawamkeag.

The question now is which jurisdiction will have the first claim on the suspected men, Waldo county or Penobscot, and whether the federal government will press its case for their alleged breaking into the building occupied at Mattawamkeag as a post office.

WHEAT JUMPS AGAIN

Yesterday Afternoon's Session of Chicago Exchange Saw Some Sensational Advances.

Chicago, May 16.—The wheat market experienced another sensational upturn near the end of the session of the board of trade today. July jumped from the lower price of the day, 82 1/2 cents, to 90 1/2 cents, and closed five cents over yesterday's final figures, at 95 1/2 cents. December rose to \$1.02 and closed at a net advance of five cents, at \$1.01. September options were also in the "dollar wheat" class for a time, at \$1.00, but the close was at 93 1/2.

The closing figures on December are only two cents under the high point of the season, reached a few days ago. The volume of business in the wheat pit was immense, a few of the leading firms alone taking on

MONTREAL STRIKERS WILL NOT COME TO A SETTLEMENT

Montreal, May 16.—Acting under strong popular pressure and being conscious of their responsibility in having any longer the shipping men late today agreed to make an offer to the striking longshoremen of an advance of 2 1/2 cents an hour. Their letter conveying that information was signed by Hugh A. Allan, president of the Shipping Federation of Canada, and D. McNicoll, vice-president of the C. P. R., and reads as follows:

"The Shipping Federation of Canada and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, submit an offer, without prejudice, of an increase in wages to the longshoremen of the ports of Montreal, of two and one half cents (2 1/2c) per hour worked, day and night, on the understanding that these rates are to remain in force until the last ocean vessel sails from Montreal for season 1907. If this is not acceptable, then they are willing to arbitrate the question of wages, provided the workmen resume work forthwith, in which case the decision of the arbitrators will date from Friday, May 17th, 1907. It being understood that the rates fixed by the arbitrators are to remain in force until the last ocean vessel sails from Montreal, season 1907.

"These two offers are to remain open for acceptance until Friday, May 17th, 1907, at noon."

Two large meetings of the striking longshoremen were held tonight and both rejected the offer of the shipping federation of an increase of 2 1/2 cents an hour, or of submitting the dispute to arbitration. The strikers declared they stood out for five cents an hour and nothing less would satisfy them.

Mr. F. A. Ackland, acting deputy minister of labor, addressed the men, and though not saying anything that could be construed to influence them, at the same time he gave his opinion in favor of coming to terms as the deputy minister had been in conference with the shipping federation during the day, and it was assumed by the meeting that the offer had his support.

The longshoremen, however, made short work of it; they listened attentively to the speaker and then attacked the weak side of the offer not being enough for men who worked a week at a time and then had to be idle for half of the next, and all that with the knowledge that their full season lasted but seven months in the year.

They resolved then to reject the offer and insist upon the five cent increase an hour.

There was considerable disappointment when the result became known among business men.

W. I. Gear, representing the lines controlled by the Robt. Reford Company, and Vice-president McNicoll on behalf of the C. P. R. lines, declared after the decision of the meeting had been transmitted to them that the shippers had done all they could. They had endeavored to meet the men in a business way and had offered them an increase of wages or arbitration. Now as both these conditions had been refused it looked much like a hold up on the part of the men. Both declared the shippers could not meet the demands of the longshoremen.

The situation tonight is that the strike in consequence of the refusal of the offer will be prolonged to the detriment of trade and commerce in the country.

CURLEW GOES ON MONDAY

Ottawa, May 16.—(Special)—The Curlew of the fishery fleet will begin her summer's patrol work on Monday. She will be under the command of First Officer Robinson, who was second in command last summer.

Mrs. E. A. Smith delivered her delightful and instructive lecture on Switzerland in Fairville Presbyterian church last evening. The lecture was illustrated by a number of very beautiful slides made from photographs taken by Mrs. Smith on her visit to Switzerland. The lecturer's many poetic references and word pictures caused much enjoyment to all present and a hearty vote of thanks was tendered her. W. C. R. Anderson, principal of Fairville school, presided.

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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?