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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 II.

Patience, ready gowned for dinner, made her way to her sister's room. There were some twenty minutes to spare and she wanted to indulge in the pleasure of a little chat; besides, it was quite possible that Vivienne might need her assistance—ready to give, taking peculiar pleasure in playing lady's-maid to her sister. There was no jealousy in Patience's disposition, and she never hesitated to admit Vivienne's superior beauty—though this was a point not so readily conceded by others.

The two sisters were very much alike, though Vivienne, the elder by a year, was the taller and more stately of the two. They both had the same creamy complexion and the same bronze hair. Vivienne, however, lacked Patience's taking smile, and there was something fretful in the curve of her lip which betokened a discontented spirit. She had not accommodated herself to the life which she had been forced to live.

"How pale you are, dear," Patience felt constrained to say, when her sister, who had been putting the last touches to her toilet before the glass on the dressing table, turned with a slight gesture of annoyance at being disturbed. "But it is a trying time, isn't it?" Patience went on; "and I'm sure you must hate all this fuss and having to entertain a lot of guests."

She was surprised at the vehemence of Vivienne's reply.

"I hate it all. I'm sick of my life, of myself, of everything! I wish I could run away and drown myself—I do."

"Vivienne!" Patience gazed at the other girl in amazement. Could she be in earnest, she who adored the man she was about to marry, and was adored by him? Never for a moment had Patience doubted her sister's happiness. To her the coming marriage had promised to be an ideal one. Perhaps the girl was overstrained, overwrought. Vivienne was not naturally strong.

"What is it, dear? What is troubling you? Let us sit down on the sofa and have a talk. There's a good quarter of an hour before dinner." Patience's voice was very soft and sweet. She put her arms about Vivienne and led her, unresisting, to the couch.

"Oh! Patience, I'm in such trouble." There were tears in the girl's eyes. She had been crying before, as was all too evident, though she had done her best to conceal the fact.

"Trouble? Is it about Roger, Vi?"

"No—no—I love Roger—he loves me. It isn't that at all. Oh! I don't know how to tell you, Patience. I don't know what I ought to tell you. But I want sympathy so badly, and I'm so helpless."

"Tell me, dear," was the gentle answer. "We have never had any secrets from each other, Vi. Perhaps I can help you."

"What can you do?" asked Vivienne, pettishly. Nevertheless, she yielded to the fascination of Patience's sympathetic nature and briefly poured out her story.

It was a mean little tale, the tale of a girl's folly—nothing worse—and of the unscrupulous advantage which a man had taken of that folly. It had happened

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

Dr. Hamilton Gives a Full and Satisfactory Explanation.

Look at your tongue! Sometimes it's heavily coated, sometimes it's clear and red.

Study this out and you'll find some interference with the functional activity of the body.

This means the bowels are not regular, the liver is sluggish and the blood is contaminated.

Strong cathartic pills act so destructively on the intestines as to provoke deathly sickness; this often frightens people from taking medicine when they badly need it.

To the multitude of dangerous purgatives now on the market, Dr. Hamilton's Pills are a notable exception, they neither gripe, cause sickly feeling or headache, yet they cleanse and purify the entire system in one night. No other laxative acts with such mildness and certainty. Giving proper stimulus to the liver and kidneys, strengthening the stomach and lending valuable aid to digestion, it's small wonder that such marvelous results accompany Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Mr. Geo. O'Hogarty, of Amherst, N. S., writes: "Last winter I worked in a lumber camp and neglected my health. I was dreadfully constipated and had a headache that fairly made me reel at times. I was sick and miserable, and hadn't the slightest ambition to work or stir around. I felt heavy and dull and had a bad taste in my mouth. I sent into the city for Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which I knew were good for my condition. They fixed me up very quickly and have kept me in good condition ever since. There are other men in the same camp that use Dr. Hamilton's Pills also. They say they wouldn't be without the pills for ten times their price."

Every dealer in the land sells Dr. Hamilton's Pills—25c. per box or five boxes for \$1.00. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



HER DRESSY HAT IS TRIMMED WITH FEATHERS.

Large hats are the order of the day for dressy wear, and if one would be strictly up-to-the-minute as regards millinery, the dressy hat will be trimmed with feathers, the more feathers the better; long feathers and short feathers; feathers which encircle the crown, droop over the brim and nestle under the brim close to the hair; almost any disposition is considered good style, so long as there are enough of them. The black hat is the most fashionable for dressy wear. A bit of color, complementing the tone of the costume with which

you silly little goose. You were looking happy enough when you came into the room. What has happened to you? Has he proposed?" She asked the questions quickly, as if eager to put the other matter from her mind altogether.

"It was about that that I came to speak to you Vi," said Patience, shyly. "I was happy, oh! more happy than I can tell you. Jack spoke so sweetly to me, and I am sure that he was about to ask me to be his wife, but we were interrupted by that horrid Lady Erline, who appeared on the scene just when she wasn't wanted."

"That's just what one might have expected of her," returned the other, with assumed lightness. "Though she's Roger's sister I have always thought her something of a cat. And I believe she loves your Jack and is jealous of you. But I don't think you need be afraid of her. Patience, and I'm glad, very glad, to hear your news." She stopped and kissed her sister with real affection. "Father ought to be pleased," she went on, with a return to the half-satirical tone which she had adopted. "His little investment in taking Barrington Lodge and forcing his way into society has been a success. And now let us go down or we shall be late. Don't worry about me, for I dare say nothing will happen, after all. By the way, you've packed my bag for me?"

The two girls were walking together down the broad corridor that led to the drawing-room. Vivienne paused as she asked the question.

"Yes, dear," replied Patience. "It's in my room ready for you." It had been a delight to the girl to help her sister with the packing.

"That's all right, and thank you, Patience." They were close to the drawing-room by now. Vivienne gave a short laugh, a laugh that was harsh in tone, as she grasped the handle of the door.

"Roger shan't complain that I am dull," she said, "and though neither you nor I, Patience, have jewels like Lady Erline, I don't think we shall contrast badly with her. She is sure to come back in all her glory. I wonder if we shall see the Blue Diamond?"

(To be continued.)

STARVING BABIES

The baby who suffers from indigestion is simply starving to death. It loses all desire for food and the little it does take does no good and the child is peevish, cross and restless. Mothers will find no other medicine as prompt to cure as Baby's Own Tablets—they always do good—they can't possibly do harm. Mrs. James Savoy, Little League, N. B., says: "I believe that had it not been for Baby's Own Tablets my child would have been in her grave. She was completely run down, would refuse food, and was rapidly failing. Nothing I gave her did her any good until I began the use of Baby's Own Tablets and growing child, old her into a well and growing child. Sold by druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SPREE MAY PROVE FATAL

P. E. Islander While Intoxicated Ejected From House and May Die.

Charlottetown, May 17—An affair that was feared will have a serious ending occurred at Wellington. A young man, Albert Perry, while under the influence of liquor, entered a house and created a disturbance. The owner of the house struck him on the head with a stick and followed up the punishment with kicks and blows. The victim was terribly injured and at latest accounts it was feared he would not recover.

Good Reason for Its Success

Without a doubt the largest selling cathartic medicine is "Catharhazone." Not advertising but honest merit has made fame for Catharhazone, which cures catarrh in any part of the system. Guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drug Act, and warranted satisfactory in every case; try it yourself.

H. A. Powell, K. C., returned to the city last evening.

That Tired Feeling

That comes to you every spring is a sign that your blood is wanting in vitality, just as pimples and other eruptions are signs that your blood is impure.

One of the great facts of experience and observation is that Hood's Sarsaparilla always removes That Tired Feeling, gives new life, new courage, strength and animation; cleanses the blood, clears the complexion, builds up the whole system.

This is one of the reasons why Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Best Spring Medicine. Accept no substitute for

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Insist on having Hood's. Get it today of your druggist. 100 doses one dollar.

THE WATCHWORD OF THE FAR EAST

To the Editor of the New York Evening

Sir:—The overwhelming success of Japanese arms, the moral influence wrought among yellow races by the overthrow of a mighty white Power by Asiatics, remind us of a prophecy uttered in 1877 by a Russian poet, A. Maikoff:

TO THE EMPRESS OF INDIA.
Say that in thee again the prophet doth arise,
Say, an thou wilt, thou'rt of the gods elect;
But, Empress of the East in native eyes
No sway imperial shall thy claim reflect.
None in the Orient, rooted in the soil,
Live prophecies and very old traditions,
Which round the hearts of men like serpents coil
And nestle in the strangest superstitions.
The Eastern mind has strange prognostic drawn
Of dark dominion chased by northern star,
Which, as the herald of a promised dawn,
Shall signalize the reign of the White Czar!

To which Swinburne designed the following sonnet to serve by way of counterblast, remarking, at the time, that it seemed to him that an insult leveled by Muscovite lips at the ruler of England might perhaps be less unflatteringly unofficially resented by an Englishman who was also a republican:

THE WHITE CZAR.
Gehazi by the hue that chills thy cheek,
And Pilate by the hue that a promise dawn,
Whence all earth's waters cannot wash the brand
That signs thy soul a man-slayer's though
Thou speak
All Christ, with lips most murderous and
most mock,
Thou set thy foot where England's used to
Thou reach thy rod forth over Indian
land!
Slave of the slaves that call thee lord, and
weak!
As their foul tongues who praise thee! Son
of them
Whose presence put the snows and stars to
shame,
In centuries dead and damned that reek
below
Curse-consorted, crowned with crime and
Bane,
To them that bare thee like them shalt thou
go
Forth of man's life—a leper white as snow.

Who shall say that the Swinburne sonnet, written in 1877, did not, in view of later happenings, possess the same political value as a diplomatic document?

The British War Office had this old Swinburne sonnet translated into Japanese by Kipling, and a copy of it given to every Japanese soldier and sailor.

We know the result.

Today, however, we read that "Dacots burn and loot in India." Is it "the herald of a promised dawn?" Did not the Russian poet write:

There in the Orient, rooted in the soil,
Live prophecies and very old traditions,
Which round the hearts of men like serpents coil
And nestle in the strangest superstitions.

Has not another poet said:
The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet and warm,
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form.

In the far East the watchword is, "Asia for the Asiatics!"
In the name of Christ you have sounded the call to arms!
In the name of Confucius we respond!

WALTER BEVERLEY CRANE,
New York, May 11.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. McKeown were in Paris on May 2.



Keep "Him" At Home

YOUR husband, or son, or father, or whoever it is who finds occasion to run downtown each evening for a little entertainment. There is more than a little entertainment in

THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH with Edison Gold-Moulded Records

He cannot find at the club, cafe, variety shows, concert or grand opera such a vast amount of good music and good amusement as he will get out of an Edison Phonograph with a good supply of records. Keep all the family at home by making the evenings shorter and livelier.

The Edison Phonograph can be bought of a dealer in your town on the easy-payment plan. You will feel its expense but little, and you will enjoy its entertainment much.

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Write for full information as to terms, discounts, etc.

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