

BIG SPECIAL SALE

OF BOYS' and MEN'S SUITS AND FURNISHINGS

AT THE UNION CLOTHING CO.,

26-28 Charlotte Street

Old Y. M. C. A. Building.

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.

(Copyright 1907, by the National Press Agency.)

(Continued.)

"We will make tracks at the end of the month, and go to Belgium first of all. Look here, Patience, you shall have a fortnight to pack your things, and get the new clothes you may need, and I will leave you quietly here, and spend most of my time in London. For there are business matters which must be attended to at once. Do you suppose for one instant, he went on, with a short laugh, "that we could have continued to live here much longer at the pace we have been going? Heaven help us, no! I haven't got enough money to live a respectable life, even if I wanted to. Taking this house and settling down here was merely a wild speculation on my part to provide you and Vivienne with husbands, a makeshift expedient worthy of a Mayfair mother. A risky experiment, perhaps, but one which, it appears, I was justified in making. But now—He put his hands in his pockets and laughed again.

"Yes, no?" repeated Patience, blankly, a feeling of intense depression creeping over her, of almost pitiful dismay. How could she have ever dared allow her self to love Jack—she, the daughter of a man like this? For Colonel Strangeway was right in what he said—she was her father's child.

"I'm afraid it will be a life of pinching and screwing for some time," Colonel Strangeway went on, with a rough laugh, "of second-rate boarding houses and cheap hotels, till I make some big coup at the tables. So get all the clothes you can while the sun shines. Order a lot from the shops your sister got her trousseau from, and have it all put down to credit," he laughed; and his laughter made Patience's cheeks burn.

"Will you be able to pay the bills?" She asked the question in low troubled tones.

Colonel Strangeway made no answer for a moment, then he glanced at Patience, smilingly.

"Since when have you become so honest, my dear?" He smiled broadly at the way the girl flushed, and then bent down and kissed her lightly on her cheek.

"Good-bye for a fortnight. I will write to you from town, and tell you more about our future plans, but remember one thing there must be no enervating on your part. And as to living in England by yourself, as you suggested the other day, that is absurd," he went on, "and I can't afford it. Besides I have been thinking matters over, and have come to the conclusion that I might just as well have my pretty daughter with me. So you understand, Patience, all I said the day before yesterday is off, and you come abroad with me at the end of the month."

"Yes," she murmured, "I understand."

"That's all right," Colonel Strangeway moved to the door as he spoke, opened it, banded it heavily after him.

Patience walked across the room in half-dazed fashion, and stood by the French window.

She watched her father's slippers being put into the dog-cart, and then saw Colonel Strangeway jump in and take the reins, watched, but as one in a dream.

She heard the sharp click of the horse's hoofs going down the drive, and realised in a dull, stupid sort of way that she was being left utterly alone, alone with her own sad thoughts and painful reflections.

She felt as if she was deserted of the whole world. Vivienne had gone, her father had gone, and she was here by herself—abandoned, desolate.

She threw herself down on the chintz-covered sofa and began to weep, tears of impossible bitterness streaming down her pale cheeks, her slim body shaking with heavy sobs.

She tried to gaze ahead into the future, but everything was dark, and veiled in gloom and mystery. She could only see misery ahead.

"Oh, if I could only die—if I could only die!" She murmured the words to herself, and for a second a wild and desperate thought entered her brain, the thought of taking her own life. But she put the idea from her with a shudder, deciding in her own mind that she would never play the coward's part, but would endure with what courage she could all that might be sent her in the way of trouble.

"Heaven will not suffer me to be tried beyond my strength," she murmured, with a holy confidence. "Heaven knows the weight of the burden I am carrying, and will give me strength to endure."

She smiled faintly, and her features grew more calm and more composed. She dried her wet cheeks and smoothed her ruffled hair, then started to her feet with a little cry, for the door opened suddenly and Jack Braithwaite entered the room.

CHAPTER XV.

"Jack!" exclaimed Patience. She said the word in low, frightened tones. She had known that he would come—had he not said so? Yet she was annoyed and startled by his advent. "Why have you come here—oh! Jack, why have you?" she went on. "What good can seeing each other do either of us?"

"I had to come," Jack spoke in quiet, decided tones. He gazed at Patience with a tender solicitude, noticing how deadly pale she was, also the tear-stains on her cheeks. But her grief had not robbed her of her beauty, and she looked more lovely with her ruffled hair than he had ever seen her, more exquisite in this hour of sorrow than she had ever been in moments of joy. For sorrow was exalting the spiritual beauty of her face, and what it had lost in mere prettiness it had gained in fineness.

"You mustn't blame me, my dear, for coming to see you," the young man went on. "I told the servants not to announce me, for I was afraid you wouldn't see me; yet it would have been rather foolish, wouldn't it?" he smiled gently—"to refuse to see the man you love—the man who loves you?"

He came forward with outstretched hands as though he would have clasped her in his arms, but the girl shrank back.

The fire was blazing up cheerfully now, filling the room with a warm glow. Outside a mist was stealing over the whole country, veiling the fields, and the rain was falling heavily, chill, cold rain.

"They tell me that Colonel Strangeway has gone to London?" Jack looked hard at Patience as he spoke.

"Yes," she answered, "my father has gone to town."

"And you are left here all by yourself—alone?" His voice was full of infinite pity, exquisite tenderness.

"Yes, all alone," Her lips trembled a little as she spoke, and she hung her head. Standing up in her white dress she made Jack think of a snowdrift, a delicate, pure white snowdrift.

"Patience"—he came close up to her, and took her pale, cold hand in his—"I have come to see you, my darling, that I love you more than a man ever loved a woman before, and that you are not to make me miserable—and yourself."

I stayed the night at Radham House on purpose to ride over this morning and ask you once more to be my wife. Dearest Patience, don't spoil your life and mine by refusing to marry me." He spoke with passionate emphasis.

"Oh, Jack, have pity—have some pity on me!" she moaned, turning deadly pale, and away as if she were about to faint. "Haven't I told you that I can never be your wife?"

She pulled her hands away, and crossed the room, throwing herself down in the depths of a big armchair.

"I don't think I can stand much more," she muttered, feebly. "My heart seems full to bursting and my brain is on fire. For pity's sake leave me."

He shook his head. "Never, I say, never. For I know you love me, Patience. If you didn't things would be different. But as it is—He glanced at her, his invincible determination displaying itself in every line of her face.

"As it is?"—she sprang to her feet and faced him. She was trembling all over. "I come of a bad lot," she cried. "My father is nothing better than a gambler, an adventurer, a frequenter of card-tables and racetracks, a soldier of fortune. And you—you are an honorable gentleman, Jack, and you come of an honorable family. Don't disgrace yourself by an alliance with me. Two red spots of color burst on her cheeks as she spoke, her eyes glittered and shone. She was so desperately anxious to save Jack from herself.

"Nonsense, Patience!" he interrupted sharply. "You are talking nonsense, poor

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



MOHAIR BEACH SUIT WITH LACE TRIMMINGS.

Mohair in a fine, lustrous English weave of lace. The skirt is a gored model with a wide box pleat on each side and finished with a deep hem and the skirt band is fastened to the waist by means of hooks and eyes. With such a suit black tights instead of bloomers are worn, and the shoes are of white canvas extending up the back of the leg half-way to the knee and laced with navy blue ribbons through eyelets in the side of the shoe. The cap which is rather more a smart addition to this beach toilette than a protection for the coiffure, is of navy blue waterproof taffeta, the ruche faced with the same material in white.

girl. Your father comes from just as good a family as mine. I know all about the Strangeways. And what if he is a bit of a black sheep himself, a gambler, and a rove? Have all my forebears been beyond reproach? Why, of course they haven't. Besides—his voice grew ardent—"I am not marrying your father, I am marrying you, Patience, and I would ask you to be my wife, dear, even if you were a convict's daughter, or if you were a convicted every crime in the decalogue."

"We are pretty well penniless," She faced him defiantly, her breast heaving, her eyes shining.

"All the better," He smiled at her brightly. "It will be my privilege to give you all the pretty things you want. Ah, Patience, don't you understand the depth and strength of a man's love, my dear? How he wants to give everything—the whole world—to the woman he loves, not only more silver and gold."

"Listen!" She drew her slim form up to its full height, and she had never looked so tragically beautiful than at that second, more exalted above herself. "You might be willing to marry a gambler's daughter, a pauper, but you can't—oh! Jack, you can't be willing to marry a thief."

All the color died away from her face as she said the last word. She might have been a woman carved out of stone.

"A thief," He repeated the words slowly, then glanced at her intently.

"Yes, a thief"—she covered her face with her hands—"that is what I am," she went on, "a thief."

A long pause fell, a terrible silence. The clock continued ticking on the mantelpiece, and every now and then a cinder could be heard falling into the grate, also the fire kept on crackling, but no other sounds broke the silence.

Patience stood up erect and motionless. She had said what she had, trusting that Jack would believe her and go his way, for she would not allow him to sacrifice himself for her. Besides, there was that dreadful promise she had made to Lady Erline, the cruel promise extorted from her.

"I don't believe you," Jack spoke in calm, deliberate tones. "You were lying, Patience, when you made that confession. For some desperate reason of your own you were trying to blackmail your pure self. I have thought it over and I am sure of that. Believe you a thief—never! Not if the whole world swore to it, not if an angel from heaven came down and announced the fact to me."

He spoke with a splendid confidence, and there was something very fine in the way he addressed the girl.

(To be continued.)

PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause in congestion, pain is blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and his pills have created a little pink tablet. That tablet—called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets—pressure blood pressure from pain centers. Its effect is charming, pleasantly delightful. Gently, though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure. If it's painful periods with women, same cause. If you are restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a remedy for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets such in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.

Brace your finger and doesn't get red, and swell, and pain you? Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure. You'll find it where pain is—always. It's simply Common Sense.

We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

To Provide a Rest Room

A committee of the King's Daughters is working to provide a rest room in Charlotte street for women and girls. It is planned to have an attractive place with music and for a half hour or so physical culture. The room would be open only in the evenings and would afford a bright, cheerful place to spend a little time. Such rest rooms are to be found in several upper Canadian cities. The room would be open for all women or girls.

The committee have a room in view but have not completed arrangements for it. The King's Daughters' monthly meeting is to be held at 2.30 o'clock this afternoon and immediately at the close a brief meeting of the rest room committee will be held.

WEDDINGS

Dalton-Tennent

Nelson, N. B., June 5.—St. Patrick's church, Nelson (N. B.), was the scene of a quiet, pretty wedding Wednesday morning, June 5th, when Charles B. Dalton, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Dalton, of Newcastle (N. B.), was married to Miss Hattie E. Tennent, of Nelson (N. B.). Nuptial mass was celebrated by Rev. N. Power at 8 a. m., Dr. J. S. Hayes rendering Mendelssohn's wedding march with great effectiveness.

The bride wore a pretty dress of cream marquisette with Irish lace trimming over white taffeta with quaint shaped hat of champagne muline and roses. She carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley and wore a beautiful bracelet with pearl settings, the gift of the bridegroom.

The bridesmaid, Miss Mamie Bradley, of St. John, was gowned in flowered silk mouline over taffeta with Val lace trimmings and white hat with blue shaded plume. She wore a pearl crescent, the gift of the groom, and carried pink carnations. Fred Dalton, brother of the groom, was best man.

After the ceremony, wedding breakfast was served at the bride's home, after which Mr. and Mrs. Dalton left for Boston. The bride's traveling suit was of blue chiffon broadcloth braided in black with rose-colored hat. Mr. and Mrs. Dalton have the best wishes of their hosts of friends far and near for all future happiness.

Bennett-Ring

Miss Alice K. Ring, formerly of this city, and daughter of the late Edward Ring, of Carleton, was married on May 22 at Miles City, Montana, to James Bennett, merchant of that place. Mrs. W. E. Scully, of St. John west, is a sister of Mrs. Bennett.

A successful concert was given in the Calvin church school room last evening by the members of the Senior Mission Band. Rev. L. A. MacLean presided. The programme was: Chorus, Senior Mission Band; dialogue, solo, Miss Comben; physical drill, Boys' Brigade; recitation, Miss Gertrude McIlroy; chorus, Junior Mission Band; solo, Miss Jean Gordon; recitation, Mr. Archibald; solo, Master Haines; solo, Mr. Roberts.

HUNTLEY MAKES

EXCELLENT RIP

First Class Performance of Rip Van Winkle in Opera House Last Night.

Patrons of the Opera House were last evening treated to an excellent production of the well known play Rip Van Winkle as presented by James Huntley and an excellent company at the Opera House last evening the strange career of Rip was found to have lost none of its interest. The scenes with his scolding wife, the pathetic incident in which he is turned from his home, the Catskill mountains, the long sleep and strange awakening, were all given with great artistic effect and the entire production it was evident met with the hearty approval of the audience.

Mr. Huntley loses but little in comparison with his great predecessor, Jefferson, in the role of Rip. The devil-may-care nature of the man in the early scenes of the play was well sustained and the quaint humorous touches with which the character abounds were admirably portrayed.

In the role of Gretchen, Miss Saidie Hill proved herself to be a clever and accomplished actress, portraying the difficult and at times unsympathetic role in an admirable manner.

The character of Derrieh Van Beekman, the money lender, was well acted by Mark Merritt and Lawrence Conover and Frank Wright as Cockles and Nick Vedder were fully equal to the demands of their parts. The other members of the company all gave excellent support and the audience was unstinted in their applause of the efforts put forth to give a good portrayal of the well known play. The stage settings were admirably arranged and every detail of the production was carried out in an efficient manner.

Rip Van Winkle will be repeated this evening and tomorrow afternoon and evening and should draw crowded houses at every performance.

Choral Day, of Chatham, came to the city yesterday to take the preliminary examinations for druggists. He was accompanied by his sister, Miss Opal Day.

FINE PICTURES

AT THE NICKEL

For fully fifteen minutes of the programme yesterday afternoon and evening the large gatherings of men, women and children that attended The Nickel's showing of new pictures, were led into the scenic beauties of a trip to Niagara Falls in a most thorough and delightful manner. "Why it's just like being there in reality!" exclaimed one lady in surprise, and so it was, particularly at that stage where the bride and groom, who are on their honeymoon, are brought right into the very haze and thunder of the wonderful contrast about that famed wee steamer, Maid of the Mist. The bobbing and rolling of the steamer—aboard which the bioscope man took his pictures—actually made some susceptible onlookers feel a trifle seasick.

The Cave of the Winds, the terrors of the Cave of the Fall, the awe-inspiring whirlpool and rapids, and scenes in and about the towns adjacent all made great "looking."

Aside from this there was a most farcical picture of New York life, in which two mischievous boys, a long-suffering parent, a piece of odorous limburger cheese, and the general public played important roles. Pigeon Farming was a lovely scene, showing how tens of thousands of these gentle birds are bred and housed.

The illustrated song, When the Snowbirds Cross the Valley, is a good one, and Mr. Austin sings it effectively.

The prize for greatest proficiency in English at Acadia Seminary, which was on Tuesday evening awarded to Miss Louise Thompson, of Chance Harbor (N. B.), has later been given to Miss Elsie Estabrook of St. John. Miss Thompson was disqualified by being more than twenty years of age.

Senator King returned to Chipman yesterday.

GIN PILLS

CURE

Kidney Troubles

The sauce that makes an appetite and satisfies it

LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE

The Original and Genuine Worcestershire.

Ask any grocer for THE BEST SAUCE. He is sure to give you LEA & PERRINS'.

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?

The CANADIAN DRUG CO., LTD.

Drugs, Patent Medicines Toilet Articles Druggists' Sundries

Everything the Drug Trade needs. The Best Goods, the Right Prices, Prompt and Satisfactory Service.

Address all correspondence to

THOMAS GIBBARD, Manager

The CANADIAN DRUG CO., LTD.

70-72 Prince William Street.

P. O. Box 187.

St. John, N. B.

WEAK HEART SYSTEM WAS RUN DOWN

When the heart is healthy and performing its functions naturally, it should beat regularly seventy-two times a minute without causing its owner the slightest inconvenience or distress.

When it begins to beat irregularly or intermittently, palpitate and throb, skip beats, beat fast for a time, then so slow as to seem almost to stop, it causes great anxiety and alarm.

The least excitement or exertion seems to affect it.

Many people are kept in a state of morbid fear of death, become weak, worn and miserable, and are unable to attend to either social or business duties, through unnatural action of their heart.

To all such sufferers

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

can give prompt and permanent relief. Mrs. F. Fletcher, Saint Ste. Marie West Ont., says: "I have been troubled for four or five years with weakness, and run down system. My feet were always cold and I felt almost dead. My heart was weak and I was so nervous could hardly walk across the street. As I started taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after using three boxes I felt much better. I continued their use until I had taken twelve boxes and I am now well."

Price 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.

Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer is rich in food-values from Pabst Eight-Day Malt, and very low in percentage of alcohol—much less than other beers.