

"You are in perfectly familiar to me, Father Giroux. I must have met you somewhere."

"I have not had that pleasure, Monsieur. I am of the country, and rarely stray beyond the precincts of my own parish, where, indeed, I was born and brought up; it was only through the goodness of Father Rare that I received any education and was enabled to enter the church, for my own people are of the poorest and most humble."

The frankness of this admission immediately conciliated my esteem. I said hastily:

"I travelled down on the Algerian yesterday with a clerical gentleman from California, whom you greatly resemble."

"I had a brother in California, but it is years since we have heard from him. We feared he must be dead."

This must be the solution of the mystery. The wide-awake Californian might be a brother of the gentle country cure, satisfied for the moment, I turned my attention to the subject in hand.

Mr. Besum brought several drawers from one of the cupboards; from these he took small, carefully boxed packages, which on being opened proved to contain sparkling gems. I have always been keenly interested in precious stones, and really know something about them. An animated discussion arose between the jeweller and myself, to which the cure listened passively.

"For Father Rare's purpose, I decidedly recommend these," Mr. Besum addressed him. "What sum did you say he wished to invest?"

"Seven thousand dollars. As I have never seen a genuine diamond before, I must remain entirely in your hands. My superior assured me that I should be perfectly safe in doing so," with a smile that was transparent in its guileless simplicity.

"That is all very well, and I highly appreciate the compliment. I have told you honestly what I think, but in a large transaction of this sort you should certainly have an expert opinion for your own side of the bargain."

"Another opinion," looking around with a bewildered air. "And where should I seek it? I, who know nobody in the city?" Then, after a doubtful, troubled pause: "An idea comes to me. Monseigneur, the Archbishop is himself a connoisseur in gems, I have heard."

"There is none better in Montreal."

"For the last few days he has been confined to his rooms by a slight attack of la grippe, but in his kindness he will not refuse me the favour. I can certainly depend upon his condescension. I will make my request, and should Monseigneur agree, I will telephone at what hour it will suit him to examine the diamonds."

"I could send my confidential clerk up to the palace with them," Mr. Besum agreed, readily.

"Then, if Monseigneur approves of the stones I could pay your bearer by cheque, as I leave for St. Petronille by the five o'clock train."

"A genuine specimen of a country cure," remarked Mr. Besum, when the priest had left his office. "Imagine a man attempting to buy diamonds without knowing about them."

That same afternoon I had occasion to visit the Bonaventure Station, and on the way to it passed through Cathedral-street.

This street skirts the lower portion of Dominion Square, running beside large buildings, the St. James' Cathedral, which, facing Dorchester-street, runs back along Cathedral, the Archbishop's Church, and the Episcopal Palace, whose principal entrance is on Palace-street. As most pedestrians prefer passing through the Square, this thoroughfare is decidedly lonely. Across the Square I could see people passing to and fro, but on Cathedral-street only one man appeared in sight. He was slowly strolling to and fro before the steps which descended from the side entrance of the palace, as though awaiting someone. Something in his stealthy movements arrested by attention, and as I approached I perceived that it was the individual whose villainous countenance had impressed me on the "Algerian."

At that instant a man dressed as a priest rushed out of the side door, the other received from his hand a small package, like a box wrapped in white paper, then the two separated, one flying in one direction, the other in the opposite one. Surely that was the Californian priest. Instinctively I dashed after the man who carried the package. As I ran a new light, like an intuition, flashed across my mind; suspicion blossomed into concrete action. Certainly

the shrewd Californian had been masquerading as the unsophisticated country cure. With what object? I remembered that the diamonds were to be sent to the palace. Were these two confederates in a scheme of fraud?

He flew down Windor-street. Regardless of curious glances I followed in hot pursuit. Once he entered the narrow streets in the vicinity of the station the chase became more difficult; but I held on doggedly, as though my one object in life was to entrap him. My training as a college athlete stood me in good stead. Just as he was darting into the side door of the station I grabbed him.

"This man has assaulted me. I give him in charge," quite cool and composed, he turned to the tall policeman on duty. "I fancy he must be an escaped lunatic, as I am a stranger and never saw him before."

With a sudden chill I realised that I had absolutely no proof against this man. My rashness might place me in a very unpleasant predicament. There was no help for it now. I must leave it out. With satisfaction I recognised the policeman as a man who had once been in my father's employ. Inspired by a desperate determination, I cried:

"Masters, he is a thief. He has diamonds belonging to Besum and Blank in his possession."

I saw by the poor wretch's face that the chance shot had told. Even then he tried to make a dash for liberty, but Masters was too quick for him. Then he tried to throw away the diamonds, but when he dropped them, I secured the prize.

When Masters had carried off his prisoner, I carried the jewels back to their owners.

"Mr Besum is in his private office. I do not think he will be able to see you, sir," one of the clerks assured me.

"Please tell him I have important business and very good news or I should not disturb him," I urged.

As I was ushered into the inner office, I heard the firm's confidential clerk crying wildly:

"I don't know how I can face you, Mr Besum. I feel as though I must go down to the St. Lawrence and drown myself."

"I do not know that you are personally to blame, Nelson. I have every confidence in your integrity. It seemed that we had taken every precaution, but it is a heavy loss."

"But the lost is found," I cried, laying the little package on the table.

I do not exactly know what happened after that, we were all so excited. Nelson laughed. I am not certain that he did not cry as well. I believe he tried to embrace me. Mr Besum nearly wrung my hand off. I was the hero of the hour.

The thieves' plan had been bold in its utter simplicity. When Nelson arrived at the palace, he found the supposed Father Giroux awaiting him. They went into a large public antechamber, where there were a number of people passing to and fro, apparently intent on their own affairs, and no one paid any particular attention to him. Giroux had said that as the Archbishop was not strong enough to see strangers, and had promised to give an opinion on the jewels, he would like to take them to Monseigneur's private rooms. Nelson demurred, saying that he had been told not to allow the diamonds out of his possession. Giroux immediately proposed leaving a cheque covering the value of the gems in Nelson's hands. As the seven thousand dollar cheque was on the Bank of Montreal, and appeared to be perfectly correct, the clerk felt no misgivings in acceding to this request.

The thief must have run out of the side door, given the diamonds to his companion and escaped. Nelson waited until he began to get impatient, then inquired for Father Giroux and was told that no such person had been staying at the palace. In his desperation he begged to see the Archbishop, who was perfectly well, and assured him that the only Father Giroux in his diocese was an aged man who had not been able to leave his parish for years.

Wild with terror, the unfortunate man rushed to the bank, only to find that there were no funds there to meet the cheque.

We found that the bogus priest was an exceedingly clever Parisian crook, who, finding the O.J. World too hot for him, was trying his fortune in the New. He was never caught, but his less for-

tunate confederate got a long term in the penitentiary.

Mr Besum's gratitude constituted my good fortune. He employed me in a lawsuit in which I was able to give him satisfaction. His brother-in-law, a large manufacturer, was able to throw a good deal of profitable employment in my way, and when, through his influence, I was appointed solicitor to a wealthy corporation, I felt that my fortune was secure. Six months after the affair of the Besum and Blank jewels, I was engaged to Dora Bretherton, and at the end of that year we were married with her father's full approbation.

Cloud Signs.

Soft looking or delicate clouds foretell fine weather, with moderate or light breezes; had redged, oily-looking clouds, wind. A dark, gloomy blue sky is windy, but a bright blue sky indicates fine weather.

Small, inky looking clouds foretell rain. Light scud clouds, driving across heavy masses, show wind and rain; but if alone may indicate wind only.

High upper clouds crossing the sun, moon, or stars, in a direction different from that of the lower clouds, or the wind then felt below, foretell a change of wind toward their direction.

After fine, clear weather, the first signs in the sky of a coming change are usually light streaks, curls, wisps, or mottled patches of white, distant clouds, which increase, and are followed by a murky vapour that grows into cloudiness. This appearance, more or less oily or watery, as wind or rain will prevail, is an infallible sign.

Usually, the higher and more distant such clouds seem to be, the more gradual but general the coming change of weather will prove.

Light, delicate, quiet tints, or colours, with soft, undefined forms of clouds, indicate and accompany fine weather; but unusual or gaudy hues, with hard, definitely outlined clouds, foretell rain and probably strong wind.

Misty clouds forming or hanging on heights show wind and rain coming, if they remain, increase, or descend. If they rise or disperse, the weather will improve or become fine.

BABY'S SENSITIVE SKIN.

Zam-Buk is Invaluable in the Nursery.

A baby's soft, delicate skin often becomes very sensitive, burning, irritating, and inflamed, as shown by chafing, eruptions, soreness, and itching. This condition causes not only agony to the little one, but brings on a lot of annoyance and worry for its mother and nurse. Powder and puff will not more than temporarily allay the pain; and as a consequence, when this resort is adopted the itching condition is aggravated and all the more difficult to control. Evidence that this is so, will be found in the statements of Mr Graham Weatherley, Scene Artist, of Leichhardt, Sydney. This gentleman writes: "My wife has derived great benefit from your Zam-Buk Balm in cases of chapped hands and face, and has proved it invaluable in the case of our little daughter, aged eighteen months, who was very chafed in the limbs. Other treatments had been previously tried, but as the child had an extremely sensitive skin, these caused her much pain, but Zam-Buk has a wonderfully soothing influence, and completely heals the affected parts." Zam-Buk, the great healer, is a speedy cure for Piles, Eczema, Bails, Ranning Sores, Sore Legs, Ringworm, Barrow, etc. As an emollient for strained Muscles and Tendons, Zam-Buk, rubbed well into the parts affected, is unequalled. As a Household Balm for Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Pimples, Blackheads, Cold Sores, Raw, Chapped Hands, Child's Sores, and Chest-Sores, Zam-Buk is invaluable. From all medicine vendors, 1/6, or 3/6 family size (containing nearly four times the quantity), or from The Zam-Buk Co., 39, Pitt-street, Sydney.

Shall hacking cough my rest destroy,
And all my pleasure here alloy?
Are you that cut me like a knife
To make a misery of life?
Shall bronchial troubles wear me out?
No—never, all are put to rout
By best of medicines, simple pure,
W. K. Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.



Loosing your hair? Do you bring out a combful each morning? Has it lost its natural brightness? Is it beginning to look faded and dead? Do you like this condition of things? Certainly not. Then stop this falling of the hair at once. Stop it before your hair is thin, short, and lifeless. Buy a bottle of

Ayer's Hair Vigor

and make your hair beautiful, glossy, silky, abundant. If your hair is gray, and you don't care to look at thirty as if you were sixty, then you should use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It always restores color to gray hair, all the deep, rich, beautiful color it had when you were young. Do not be deceived by cheap imitations which will only disappoint you. Be sure you get AYER'S Hair Vigor. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

SAVED BABY LYON'S LIFE

Untold Suffering and Constant Misery—Awful Sight From that Dreadful Complaint, Infantile Eczema—Commenced at Top of his Head and Covered Entire Body.

MOTHER PRAISES CUTICURA REMEDIES

"Our baby had that dreadful complaint, Infantile Eczema, which afflicted him for several months, commencing at the top of his head, and at last covering his whole body. His sufferings were untold and constant misery, in fact, there was nothing we would not have done to have given him relief. The family doctor seemed to be wholly incapable of coping with the case, and after various experiments of his, which resulted in no benefit to the child, we sent to Mazon, Ill., to a druggist and got a full set of the Cuticura Remedies and applied as per directions, and he began to improve immediately, and in about three or four days began to show a brighter spirit and really laughed, for the first time in a year. In about ninety days he was fully recovered, with the exception of a rough skin, which is gradually disappearing, and eventually will be replaced by a healthy one. Praise for the Cuticura Remedies has always been our pleasure, and there is nothing too good that we could say in their favor, for they certainly saved our baby's life, for he was the most awful sight that I ever beheld. Mrs. Mabelle Lyon, Parsons, Kan., July 18, 1905."

The original of the above testimonial is on file in the office of the Pitt Rivers Co., Ltd., 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

A SET OFTEN CURES

Complete external and internal treatment for every humor, from pimples to scrofula, consists of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent Pills. A single set is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disgusting, itching, burning, and scaly humours, eczema, rash, and irritations, from infancy to age; when all else fails.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent Pills are sold throughout the world. Every druggist, chemist, grocer, and confectioner has it. Beware of cheap imitations. The Trade Mark Book. Address, R. T. Owen & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.

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