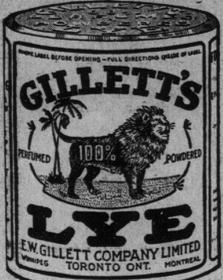


GILLETTS LYE EATS DIRT



Only a Beggar, A Queen Among Women

CHAPTER XVII.

At this point of his bitter reflections there arose before him the sad, sweet face of the girl who loved him, and of whose love he had taken advantage. Yes; there was one woman, and one woman only in the world, who would be sorry for him, who would give her life if the gift could help him to a moment's happiness. The thought of her, though it awakened no remorse, for he was steeped in selfishness to the very finger-tips, intensified his craving for sympathy, the sympathy of some human being.

He had promised to go round to Garner Street, but without any intention of keeping his promise; but now he thought wistfully of the loving welcome that would await him; and, putting on his hat and coat, he left his rooms and took a cab to the shabby little street that was like a backwater in the great London tide.

She heard and knew his step on the stairs, and came to the door to meet him. She had been at work, and the shaded lamp fell upon her half-finished drawing; one corner of the shade was raised, and the light shone upon his face; she saw its pallor, something worse than pallor, the deep lines of care in the handsome face, the hunted, desperate look in the usually brilliant and laughing eyes, and she drew back her head and scanned his countenance with tender anxiety.

"What is the matter, Desmond?" she asked. "Are you ill? Has—has anything happened?"

"Yes," he said; "something has happened. I have just had bad news."

She drew him to the shabby arm-chair and actually put a cushion at his back; then she knelt on the

ground beside him, and, resting her arms on his knee, took his cold hand and pressed it between her own, lovingly, consolingly.

"My cousin, Lord Dalesford, is going to be married," he said; his voice was husky, and the forced smile simply twisted his lips into a more haggard expression. "That will cut me out of the succession. Of course I might have expected this, but it has knocked me rather hard; for it comes on top of a run of bad luck, devilish bad luck; and I am out of sorts and can't play a losing game as I used to do. I've had a shocking bad time at Hurst Park to-day; and, upon my word, taking one thing with another, I'm near stone-broke, ruined, thrown into the gutter—I, Desmond March," he laughed, a laugh that made the girl catch her breath. "Pon my soul, I've half a mind to think it a pity I didn't put a bullet through the brains that have been so little use to me, instead of coming whining here."

With a swift movement she put her hand upon his pale lips. "Ah, no, no, don't say that, Desmond!" she said, in a low voice. "When did you have anything to eat last? All those hours! Ah, yes, I thought so! Wait!"

She ran to the sideboard—ran so scarcely the word—she glided swiftly, noiselessly, as if she knew that every movement, every sound, would jar upon his strained nerves. There was only the remains of her last poor meal; she brought it out, and, swiftly and noiselessly as she had moved before, she held a tray and brought the food to him. He had sent in some whiskey many months ago; the bottle had been untouched; she found it and mixed him some spirit and water. He tried to eat, but could not; but he drank a little of the whiskey and water, and a faint tinge of color stole into his pallid cheeks.

"That's better," he said; but it is a shame to worry you with my troubles, Lucy."

"No, no," she responded, quickly and softly, with a woman's joy in the fact that the man she loved had sought her in the moment of his trouble. "Whom should you come to, but to me? And, ah, how I wish I could help you."

"Fraid you can't, my child; very much fear there is no one who can. Looks to me as if I shall have to make a bolt for it, or provide the corner with a job—"

"No, no," she interposed, with a shudder. "Why shouldn't you go away, Desmond? Why shouldn't you give up this London life; this—this—double to live, to keep up appearances? Why shouldn't you go away and—"

her voice broke, the color flooded her face, then left it pale; her eyes were fixed on his with a terrible anxiety, a keen longing—"and take me with you? I'd try to make you happy, Desmond. And I could help, too. We could go to some place on the Continent, where few of our English people go, where living is so cheap. Let me give you some more whiskey. Smoke, Desmond. Where are your cigarettes?" She got the case from his pocket, opened it, and extended it to him lovingly, lit a match, and held it to the cigarette; and he leaned back and smoked and looked at her with a curious kind of hesitation; as if he were actually considering the possibility of yielding to her prayer.

"We could be very happy there in a quiet way. I am earning more money now, getting better prices for my work; and I am sure I could manage. You can't think how clever a little housekeeper I should prove. And you would have your allowance; and, of course, that would be your own to spend as you liked; I could keep the house going on my earnings quite well. Oh, Desmond, think of it, only think of it; You and I together, always, away from this horrible London, where I am always so unhappy—excepting when I am with you; and where you, too, Desmond, are unhappy, are you not? And—her voice grew lower, would have been inaudible if she had not crept still closer to him and almost laid her cheek against his—"and you would marry me, Desmond, wouldn't you? I'd make you a good wife, I'd make you happy; oh, I couldn't fail to do so, for I love you so much, so much!"

The man's heart was stirred, not so much by pity for the girl, who was almost a child, kneeling beside him and trying, like a child, to woo him to the right path, the path of restitution, atonement, honor, as by the picture of peace, of rest, which her words had painted.

His lids drooped, his mobile lips worked and twisted the cigarette to and fro and in a circle, and he let his arm drop round her waist.

"Pon my soul, Lucy, I might do worse." It was of himself only he thought, of course. "Yes; it's rather a pretty picture you've drawn, a deuced pretty little picture; you are an artist in words as well as with paint and pencil. And you think we should be happy, eh?"

He smiled down at her with the condescending smile which the man of his character bestows upon the woman who has placed herself entirely in his grasp, the woman who is at his mercy.

"Yes, yes," she said eagerly, her color coming and going, her eyes glowing with the anticipation of a happiness which seemed too great to be possible. "You're afraid that you would miss your clubs, the race-meetings, and the society of London; but see, Desmond, dear, what happiness have they ever brought you; how many times have you come to me tired and weary of all the gaities and the men and women of your set, people of rank? You told me that they always bored you, and that you were glad to get away from them! Give this new life—and—and me—a trial, Desmond; just a trial! If you grow tired of it and me, ah, well you can come back. I only ask you just to try it. Desmond, how soon could we go?"

She looked eagerly into his eyes, for she saw that he was brooding over her suggestion, that it was not unhelpful, too. We could go to some place

An Old, Family Cough Remedy, Home-Made

By making this old-time cough syrup at home you not only save about 25c, as compared with the ready-made kind, but you will also have a much more prompt and positive remedy in every way. It overcomes the usual coughs, throat and chest colds in 24 hours—relieves even whooping cough quickly—and is excellent, too, for bronchitis, bronchial asthma, hoarseness and spasmodic croup.

Get from any drug store 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), pour it into a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Full directions with Pinex. Keeps perfectly and tastes good.

You can feel this take hold of a cough or cold in a way that means business. It quickly loosens the dry, hoarse or painful cough, and also heals the inflamed membranes. It also has a remarkable effect in overcoming the persistent loose cough by stopping the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes. The effect of pine on the membranes is known by almost every one. Pinex is most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with gualacol and other natural healing pine elements.

There are many worthless imitations of this famous mixture. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex," and do not accept anything else.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

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Windsor Table Salt should be in every Canadian home

Made in Canada

"What's this?" he asked, as she pressed it into his hand and drew his fingers over it. Blushing and downcast, she raised her eyes to his imploringly.

"Take it, Desmond. I—I don't want it. I have some more—a little, but enough to go on with; and there is some owing to me I shall be able to get. Pray take it—to please me, dear!" she begged him. "And, indeed, it's as much yours as mine! Think of the money you used to spend on me!"—"before you got tired of me!"—she was going to say, but checked the words—"before you got into difficulties! Don't refuse, Desmond. It will make me so happy to think that I—I may have been of some use to you; the lion and the mouse, you know!" She laughed tremulously. "Be a good lion, and take it, dear!"

The man reddened, and he opened his hand, shaking off her fingers roughly; then he hesitated, his lids fell to cover the shame in his eyes, and with a forced laugh he said: "What! Your little savings! Well, well, if it will please you, Lucy; and upon my soul, I believe it will! I'll accept the loan for—a day or two. And I don't mind admitting, my child, that I am completely stumped! But you're sure you don't want it?"

"No, no!" she assured him eagerly. "I was only saving it for—in case—for a rainy day."

She had been saving on the happy chance of his making one day a sunny one for her.

He dropped the little box into his overcoat pocket and stayed with her for some little time; but the whiskey and her sympathy, the presence of the box in his pocket, had "buckled him up," and very soon he was anxious to be gone. And she knew him too well to attempt to keep him; indeed, as soon as she saw he was desirous of going, she told him that she wanted to get back to her work, mixed him some more whiskey and water, and kissed him with a smile in her eyes and on her lips.

"Soon, Desmond!" she whispered lovingly. "You will not break your promise—you will not change your mind?"

"Trust me!" he responded confidently, he whom man or woman had never trusted without ruing it.

(To be continued.)

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The Song of The Camp.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried. The outer trenches guarding. When the heated guns of the camps allied Grew weary of bombarding.

There was a pause: A guardsman said, "We storm the forts to-morrow; Sing while we may, another day. Will bring enough of sorrow."

They sang of love, and not of fame; Forgot was Britain's glory; Each heart recalled a different name. But all sang Annie Laurie.

Until after voice caught up the song For a singer, dumb and gory; Rose like an anthem, rich and strong! The battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dare not speak, But, as the song grew louder, Something upon the soldier's cheek Washed off the stains of powder.

And once again a fire of hell Rained on the Russian quarters, With scream of shells, and burst of shell, And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim For a singer, dumb and gory; All the horrors of all the ages, Who sang of Annie Laurie.

Sleep, soldiers! still in honoured rest. Your truth and valor wearing: The bravest are the tenderest— The loving are the daring.

Courage.

When you find that you are stranded, And you know not what to do, Then's the time to show your courage, Faith and hope and strength renew. If you yield to your despondence, And surrender to your fears, Keenest still will be your anguish, Hotter fall the scalding tears.

If the storm has wrecked your fortune, And around you left but loss, If your brightest hopes have perished, Cling the closer to the cross. Since our elder time began, On the cross have poured their fury: Still it stands, the hope of man.

So amid your desolation, All your bleak and blank despair, See the cross in glory rising, Symbol of a father's care. All the sights within your vision, All the objects you can see, Pale before this wondrous brightness, Sign of blessing still to be.

Mourn no longer for your losses— Loss may never seem to bring gain; Out of sorrow and of sadness, Find the peace that follows pain. Rise above your dark forebodings, Take the promise God has given, Think no more of all your troubles, Think of home, and hope, and heaven.

A Wall of Steel.

How the Irish Guards Repaired the German Cavalry.

This is the story, as it has been told to me, of the way in which the Irish Guards, at M—, met the charge of three German cavalry regiments and emerged from the encounter with undying glory.

In the brief interval before the crash came the watchers could see officers walking up and down the lines, cracking jokes with their men and otherwise assisting to maintain their excellent spirits.

Then they "prepared to receive cavalry." Three regiments of German cavalry, splendidly horsed, splendidly equipped and armed, charged a regiment of Irish infantry. The men who had been smoking and joking rose to meet them, a bristling bulwark of giants holding weapons of steel in steel grips.

For a few minutes there was an awful chaos of horses, soldiers grey and soldiers yellow, glittering lances and bayonets, the automatic spit of machine guns the flashes of musketry. Amid it all the men in khaki stood immobile. Grimly and without budging they threw back, at the bayonet's point, in their demoralisation, the troops of the Kaiser.

They wanted something to put on their banner, and their casualty list will show that "if blood be the pace" they achieved their aim.

French soldiers tell me that, rising from the ranks of the Irish, just before the crash came, there reached them the strains of songs, they had never heard before. A French soldier, hobbling along with a bandaged face and a bullet in his back, ventured to repeat from memory the beginning of a tune which I made out to be that of "God save Ireland!" and I have gathered that "While to me, said I," was another of these strains.—Central News.

Fire Sale Ads—Before the Fire

A stock-out man who furnishes small merchants with cuts featuring sales, style, furniture, opening sales etc., relates the following:

"I received an order for a fire sale cut about three months ago, and at the time thought little of it.

The other day I chanced to read an out-of-town paper and noticed an account of a large fire occurring in a clothing store, and on another page appeared the cut I sold to the merchant."

It is said this occurs quite often.

Nose veils continue in favor. In most evening wraps the sleeves are modifications of the kimono.

'TIPPERARY'

The record of the moment, and we have just filled 300 orders for "It's a long, long way to Tipperary." We have just 300 more of these records. Everybody wants "Tipperary." We're not stocking them—we're selling them!

¶ They're going every minute on one of our popular Graphophones and out of the store. Come in and hear the song of the moment. If you haven't got a Graphophone, buy the record "Tipperary," and then buy a Graphophone, for this record is worth its weight in gold. It's the longest 65c. worth you have ever heard.

All the Patriotic Records of the Allies are sold by the

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Your Shoes!

The Lady or Gentleman who wants good Shoes can get them right here. Our New Shoes are now in

FOR LADIES.
The "Burt" Shoe.
The "Mansion" Shoe.
The "New York Favourite" Shoe.

FOR GENTLEMEN.
The "White House" Shoe.
The "Tally Ho" Shoe.
The "Dr. Sawyer's" Shoe.

The Shoes are manufactured by the most noted shoemakers of the United States.

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