



**Only a Beggar;
—BUT—
A Queen Among Women**

CHAPTER XIII.

"Better now?" he asked, presently. "Thank you, I am all right now," she replied, with a smile; it was a smile with a dark shadow of sadness behind it, the shadow that lurked in the slightly drooping lips, and clouded the brightness of her blue eyes. "Oh, yes; I am quite recovered. I will go now. I haven't thanked you really thanked you, for your kindness; and you have been very kind."

"Don't mention it," he said, nodding at her in a fatherly way. "Better wait another minute or two, till you have quite felt your feet. Hope that hasn't come to any harm?" he added, as she examined her portfolio, which had come untied. "Something valuable?"

The question was so devoid of offence that the girl replied at once: "To me, yes; but—with a sigh—"of not much value to others, I'm afraid. They are some drawings, which I was taking to sell; but I have not succeeded in disposing of them."

"An artist, eh, miss?" "Oh, I'm scarcely entitled to call myself an artist," she replied. "I make drawings for magazines, and fashion-plates—and these are fashion plates."

"I'm sure they are very clever," he remarked, looking so wistfully at the portfolio that she could not fail to see his curiosity; and, after a moment of hesitation, she untied the portfolio and showed him the drawings. He bent over them, and turned them over with the reverence of the uneducated, touching them gingerly with his thick, strong fingers.

"They're right down beautiful," he said, with unfeigned admiration. "Beautiful, that's what I call them! And you mean to say they wouldn't buy 'em? They must be fools! Why, every one of them—these pictures, I mean, not them idiots as don't know a good thing when they see it—ought to be framed. And I should like to frame them. See here, miss, I should take it as a favor if you'd sell them to me."

She laughed, colored, and shook her head sadly. "You cannot want a set of fashion-plates," she said.

"That is just what I do want," he responded. "I've spent such a long time in places where there aren't any fashions that this kind of thing is a treat to me, and I'd rather have it than the regular sort of picture. Besides, I should like to have 'em as a"



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Windsor
Table Salt**

kind of—what do you call it?—sovereign."

The girl shook her head again. "Do you think I don't understand?" she said very gently. "You saw that I was disappointed because I had not sold my drawings; and—and you want to add to the kindness you have shown me by helping me, by offering me—"

"Excuse me," he argued. "Business is business. I'll pay you just what you were going to sell them for; no more, because you're a lady, as I can see, and wouldn't take it; no less, because I'm not the man to take advantage of a low market; that is—with a grim smile—where a lady is concerned."

The girl laughed mirthlessly, and, selecting the plate she considered the best, she held it out to him. "Well," she said resignedly, "there is one—if you really want it. You shall buy it, and give me what the publisher would have given me."

"Right you are," he said, taking a five-pound note from his pocket and laying it on the table. "That's about right, I suppose?"

She stared and blushed; then laughed, with sad irony, and shook her head again rebukingly.

"It is quite right—barring four pounds ten shillings."

"Why, I am ashamed of myself," he said penitently, as he quickly placed another note beside the first.

The girl regarded him with astonishment, and a touch of offense.

"I mean that the price is ten shillings."

"What!" he exclaimed. "You do this beautiful thing, this lovely lady in the swell clothes, for ten shillings? And they call this a just world! Well, I can see you won't take any more," he said, and he pocketed the notes and held out half-a-sovereign.

"Thank you very much," she said, as he dropped the coin in her cheaply gloved hand. "Now, I will say good-by."

"One moment," he said, peering at the corner of the drawing; "there's a name here—Lucy Edgeworth. That's yours, I suppose?"

"Yes; that is my name," she said. "Now, suppose," he said, trying to speak in a casual way, "suppose I was to want some more of these, to frame and hang up in my room, you know—where should I write for them?"

"I live at—" she began; then she stopped, and, biting her lip, shook her head. "You will not want any more of them," she said. "I—I would rather not give you my address. I am not ungrateful; but—but it is not necessary. Good-by."

She hesitated for a moment; then, with a trustful glance from her child-like eyes to the man's rugged face, she held out her hand. His huge fist swallowed it up, and he patted it in a fatherly way. "Well, good-by, miss," he said. "I was hoping that I might see you again; but you're right—I am a stranger."

"A good Samaritan," she said, wearily. "Good-by."

He looked after her thoughtfully. "I suppose she'd be about her age," he murmured. "I wonder whether she's as pretty and taking? Ah, well, I shall know some day—soon, I hope."

He called a cab, and told the man to drive to Waterloo. There he took a third-class ticket for Lowminster, and, getting into a smoking-carriage, lit a cigar, and made himself comfortable behind a newspaper. Just as the train was starting, two young men got in, and Garling, from round the side of his paper, examined them, as he examined every one and everything that came within his purview.

They looked like clerks, and they lit the everlasting cigarette, and talked, and laughed, with the beautiful irresponsibility of youth. Garling listened to them for a time; but their conversation—it was mostly of a sporting character, with football predominating—did not interest him, and he closed his eyes and went to sleep. He awoke, after a time, and heard the two young men still talking, but their voices were lowered, and they were leaning forward to each other, as if they were speaking of something of importance; and Garling instantly closed his eyes again, but opened his ears.

"You see," said one of the men, "it's a touch-and-go thing. We're as certain as certain can be that the line's coming right through the pro-

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perly. Look here; I'll show you." He drew a paper from his pocket, unfolded it, and the two heads bent over it. "See? Right through it. And just think what a difference it'll make. It will turn a kind of fishing village into a swagger watering place. Everything is in its favor—situation, climate, surroundings. It's one of the most beautiful places in Cornwall; and it only wants this railroad to transform it into—well, into a goldmine, for that's just what it would be. Now, my firm has got scent of this. Oh, they're sharp."

"They're sharp enough," assented the other, with a nod.

"You bet! And, naturally, they want to get hold of the property. Once they had got hold of it, they could easily raise the capital to work the thing. And, I tell you, it's a splendid chance," he went on eagerly. "A lovely bay; a good sea frontage; hills at the back, with pine-trees and all that; no end of sites for a casino, hotels, swell houses, villas, shops—everything you want."

The other man nodded. "I know the whole bag of tricks. You get a swell doctor, one of those Harley Street chaps, to go down and see it, and send his patients there, and write a letter to the Times, saying it's the finest air in England."

"Exactly," assented his companion. "You start a kursal"—he called it "crase-all"—and a band, and a ball-room, a club, and a pier; make the place pleasant and entertaining, and in less than no time you've got a property worth—"

"Half-a-million," caught up his friend eagerly. "Yes; that's just what could be made of Sunningdale." Garling's thick lips mutely formed the word—Sunningdale. His eyes were tightly closed; he emitted a faint snore.

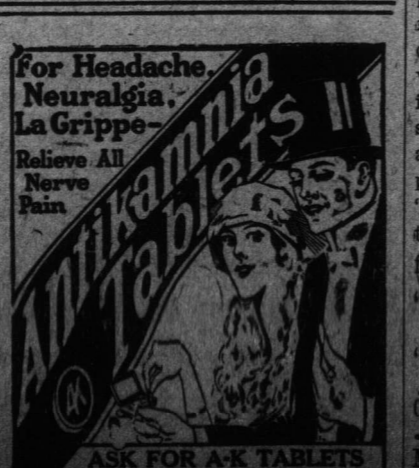
"How that old chap sleeps, doesn't he?" remarked one of the men. "A good name, too, isn't it? By George! I believe you get more sun there than in any other part of the kingdom; sun all the year round. Oh, I tell you, it's a big thing!"

"But who does it belong to?" asked his companion, who after a cautious glance at the figure in the corner, replied, in a lower voice:

"To the Wrayborough family. That is to say, they are the owners; but Drake & Drake hold the mortgage; and they're anxious to sell, because they're lent more money than they think its worth, and—here's where the joke comes in—the Wrayborough people have authorized them to sell. They're hard up, you know—the Wrayboroughs, I mean."

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"Fine old sportsman, the earl," remarked the other knowingly. "So's his son, Lord Dalesford—splendid chap. 'Pon my word, it seems a pity that they should be so blind to what's going on."

"Oh, I don't know," remarked the other; "business is business, you know. My people will have their claws in this thing presently, and they'll make a mint of money. Hello! Here's the junction. We change here. Tumble out old man."

In leaving the carriage, one of them stumbled over one of Garling's extended legs, and begged his pardon. Garling stretched himself, appeared to wake with difficulty, yawned, and told him not to mention it. When the train was in motion again, and had got well beyond the platform, he sat up, and, with an alert expression in his rugged face, took out a notebook, and wrote down the names of the places and persons he had heard; he composed himself to sleep again, and slept soundly until he reached Lowminster.

Without making any enquiries, he found the quietest hotel in the town, engaged a room, and, having eaten the usual hotel meal of chops, potatoes and cabbage, set out for a walk. Again, without any inquiries, or guide, excepting the finger-posts, he made his way to Wedbury, and, late in the afternoon, stood beside the church, and looked gravely about him. He had all the air of a man who had happened on the quiet, out-of-the-way place by accident; and it was in a manner of easy and casual interest that he stopped an old laborer, and got into conversation with him.

"Pretty place, this," he said.

"Yes; it's pretty enough," replied the old man.

"Not many houses or people here, though," remarked Garling.

"No, not many," assented the old fellow; "most of us goes up to the big town; it's only the gentry as stops on."

"Ah, yes," said Garling. "Have a cigar? Prefer 'bacca, eh?" as the old man eyed the cigar-case doubtfully.

"Here you are, then; help yourself. You're one of the old inhabitants, I suppose—know all the people, eh? Do you happen to know a Mrs. Burton?"

The old man lit his pipe, and shook his head dully.

"No? A lady as lives with her niece, Miss Bourne—Miss Diana Bourne," said Garling, a trifle huskily.

"Oh, you mean Miss Diana, the school-teacher," said the old man. "Why, of course I do; everybody knows she. You're inquiring for 'emister?"

"Yes—for a friend of mine," replied Garling, still more huskily. "He asked me to look them up if I was down in these parts."

"Ah, well, then, you're too late," returned the old man. "They be gone."

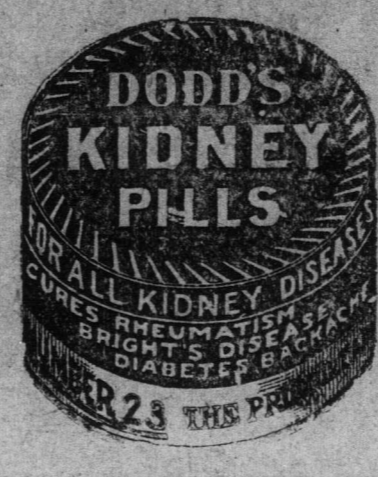
(To be continued.)

An Old Story.



The winter's approaching, the sleet and the storm will soon be encroaching on latitudes where a r. a. T h e snowflakes are leaving from clouds that are gray, the winds will come shrieking from Hudson's cheap bay. Then peace to the worker who toiled in the heat, and woe to the shirker who loafed in the street! The man who kept toiling in June and July, has cabbage for boiling, and chickens to fry; with grub in j hisarder, the storm he may dare: "Dad bust you, blow harder—it's little I care!" With coal in the cellar, he says to the storm, "Get busy, old feller—I'm comfy and warm!" But what of the neighbour who's not a live wire, who looks on all labor as punishment dire? He loafs through the summer when farmer and clerk, and painter and plumber are doing their work. He sits in the shadow and dreams by the day of some Eldorado where loafing will pay. And then when the winter is doing its chore, he goes like a sprinter from door into door, assistance beseeching—some prunes or a pie: "My children," he's groaning, "all threaten to die!" The generous toiler, the kindest of men, takes out from his boiler the wing of a 'den; "Give that to the kiddies," he says, "and by heck, I'll kill some more birds to keep them on deck!"

Minard's Linctum Cures Diphtheria.



Obituary.

CONDUCTOR HOWLETT.

The passing of Conductor Stephen Howlett, whose death took place at his late residence, York Street, last evening, removes from our midst one of the best known and most popular railroad men in Newfoundland. The deceased was in his 68th year and had been suffering from heart trouble for some months past, from which he rallied at intervals. About three weeks ago his condition became more serious and it could be seen that the end was approaching. He passed peacefully away at 7 o'clock last evening, surrounded by his wife and children, who so patiently watched him during his illness.

The late Stephen Howlett was a man of sterling worth and was one of the pioneer conductors of the Newfoundland Railway. He helped to build the first track that was laid, and was brakeman on the first regular train from St. John's to Harbor Grace. When the Reid Co. took over the railroad in 1898, he entered their service, and had been in their employ up to the time of his death. During recent years he was conductor on special trains, principally on excursions, and during his many years of service held the distinction of never having had an accident to any train under his charge. When His Majesty King George V. visited here as a middy some thirty years ago Mr. Howlett was conductor on the train that conveyed him to Holyrood. By a happy coincidence Prince Albert, the second son of His Majesty, who was here in the summer of 1912, also made a special trip with Conductor Howlett, and anticipated the pleasure his father would feel when informed of the circumstances.

In his earlier years Mr. Howlett went to sea, and because of his intimate knowledge of the geography of Europe gained by his many voyages he was keenly interested in the war. Somewhere about two years ago, when in charge of the waiting room of the station, he saved the life of a child who was nearly involved in an accident in front of an approaching train. At great personal risk he snatched the little one from the jaws of death. He is survived by a widow, one son, Frank, who is in Western Canada, and three daughters, Mrs. Alex. Saunders at Whitbourne, and Misses Rose and Ida, who live with their parents. To these the Telegram extends sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

**Two Big Films
at Nickel Theatre.**

Mr. Haskins Sings "A Perfect Day." Two more great features will be seen at the Nickel Theatre this evening. One is the "Hand Print Mystery" by the Kalem Players, and the other "The Girl from Prosperity." The first is a romantic story of a girl who steals to save her brother, but she is saved from exposure by a lover. It is a beautiful picture, and Alice Joyce and Tom Moore who are in the leading roles are seen to advantage. "The Girl from Prosperity" is by the Vitagraph Co. with the dainty actress Anita Stewart in the principal character. Her work is of such a high quality that she needs no praise. It is a comedy drama with some of the prettiest scenes imaginable. There will be a full reel of Hearst-Selig News Pictorial showing many interesting events, and a great comedy entitled "Getting Even." Mr. Arthur C. Haskins has another grand song for this evening "A Perfect Day." Be sure and hear him.

**The Pantomime
Troop To-Night.**

Hurrah, Hurrah! for the Christmas ship. As it starts across the sea, With its load of gifts, and its greater load Of love and sympathy. Let's wave our hats and clap our hands As we send it on its trip. May our lads on Salisbury Plain be cheered By the gifts in the Christmas ship.

To-night Mrs. Rossley's clever little pupils will appear in all new and beautiful costumes, and give a performance that is a credit to their training, for they are getting better all the time. They have one number, "Tipperary," that would do justice to many an old-time performer, and the dance that they give for a finish is entirely new and original. Kelly and Mack are expected about Thursday. The little girls will fill the bill until then, when they are quite capable of doing. The pictures as usual are up to the high standard of perfection. There are two complete shows each evening with lots of time for the store people to see it.

No sensible man wants a Watch that is not reliable, it may cost him dearly. Any man who wants a Watch that is reliable, let him go to TRAPNELL'S, where only reliable Watches are kept and sold at reasonable prices.—Oct 22, 14

LOADING FOR GIBRALTAR.

The schr. Rose is loading fish at St. Jacques for Gibraltar.

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