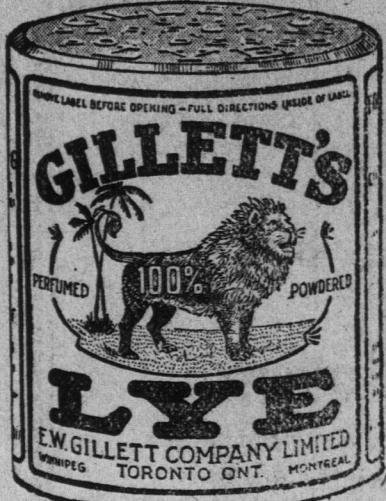


GILLETTS LYE EATS DIRT



Only a Beggar; - BUT - A Queen Among Women

CHAPTER XXIII.

As he went up the avenue, through which he had walked—how often!

She started at the sound of his name and leaned forward, gazing at his face, white and haggard with sorrow

"Diana!" broke from her thin lips. He took her hand and bent over her. She looked so ill, so frail, that he almost feared to tell her; for he knew by the tone of her cry that Diana was not there.

"Diana is not here?" he said, as quietly as he could. "No," she responded. "Is she—has she—"

"She has left Glenaskel," he said, drawing a chair near her and looking at her with a forced smile. "She left suddenly, so suddenly that we feared you were worse."

She was silent for a moment; then she said: "She did not tell you where she was going?"

"No; she sent me a telegram and then a letter. In neither did she explain why she had left me so suddenly. She is in trouble. I will read you the letter, though it is sacred to me; but you must know what she says, so that you can help me to find her."

THE BLESSING OF MOTHERHOOD

Healthy Mothers and Children Make Happy Homes

Motherhood is woman's highest sphere in life. It is the fruition of her dearest hopes and greatest desires; yet thousands of noble women through some derangement have been denied this blessing. In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong. This is evidenced by the following letters which are genuine and truthful:

London, Ont.—"I wish to thank you for the benefit I received by taking your famous medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Before my baby was born I was so ill I could not stand long or walk any distance. I had to lie down nearly all the time. After I took your medicine I felt like a new woman. I could work from morning till night and was happy and well. I certainly think it relieves pain at childbirth and recommend it to every woman who is pregnant. You may use this testimonial if you like. It may help some other woman." Mrs. FRANK COSWAY, 122 Adelaide St., London, Ont.

Brooklyn, N.Y.—"I was ailing all the time and did not know what the matter was. I wanted a baby but my health would not permit it. I was nervous, my side ached and I was all run down. I heard that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was good and took the medicine. I have now a beautiful baby and your Compound has helped me in every way." Mrs. J. J. STEWART, 259 Humber St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

He read the letter and looked at her waitingly. She had driven paler, whiter, than before, if that were possible, but her eyes were fixed on the opposite wall, and her thin lips were drawn together with, as it seemed to vane, an expression of determination.

"I cannot help you," she said hoarsely. "I cannot help you. Diana—Diana is her own mistress. Oh, my God, gone! Gone! She is free to come or go as she pleases! I am not answerable; I—her voice rose suddenly to a thin cry of resentment, of complaint—"I warned her; I opposed this marriage, Lord Dalesford. From the bottom of my heart I warned her. But she would not listen. She turned a deaf ear. She went her way, and it has led her— Oh, my child, my child!" The shrill note died into a wail; but suddenly she stretched out her hand. "I will say no more, I will answer no questions. I do not know. I know nothing, nothing! She has gone of her own free will and accord. She did not come to me. She will never come back to me! Never, never!"

Vane, sick at heart with dread imaginings, tried to calm her. "Tell me this, only this," he pleaded huskily. "Is she in any peril—is she? Heaven and earth, what can I ask you? It is all a dark mystery, an accursed juggle! Can you not help me to find her, give me a word, a hint? Surely, surely you want to see her, to love her back, to restore her to me. I love her. Do you hear? I love her, though you do not seem to do so. Oh! I beg your pardon! Forgive me, but—"

She had risen and was looking down at him, fear, resentment, a strange mixture of emotions, depicted on her white face and in her dilating eyes.

"I do not love her!" A laugh of ghastly mockery distorted her face. "I do not love her! You do not know what you are saying."

"I don't," he said, with a groan. "I am half mad with my love for her, Mrs. Burton. But, for God's sake, bear with me—and help me! Only tell me where I can look for her."

She had sunk down again, calm now, or what seemed like calm, after her passionate outburst, and she turned her face from him and stared at the fire as she replied, with dogged sullenness: "No; I can't help you. I do not know where you should look for her. If Diana has gone into hiding from you, you will not find her. Lord Dalesford. She—she is clever. She knows what she is doing. You will go to the police, I suppose?" she added suddenly.

Vane shook his head. "You know I cannot do that."

"I cannot drag my dear one's name in the mire of a police hue and cry. I must find her myself, unaided—if you still refuse to help me."

"I do not refuse," she said, with the same dogged manner. "I am powerless. You do not know Diana. I do not know her?"

She shook her head. "No. If she has resolved to hide from you, to have done with you, nothing will move her. I know the blood, the temper that is in her."

He was silent a moment, then he rose.

"I will go. I have already wasted much time. If you hear from her—"

"I will write to you, if she does not forbid me," she said.

He shook her hand, and she let it lie in his limp, lifeless, then he left her, telling the maid, as he went out, to go to her mistress; for he feared that Mrs. Burton would collapse when he had gone. He stood looking at the lawn, the river, with an anguish beyond words; then went back to London to begin his search.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Fortunately for Diana, she had to change at Perth; fortunately, because as she walked along the platform she saw a woman on one of the seats nursing a little girl, who was crying fretfully, as if in pain; and Diana, who never could listen unmoved to the cry of a child, went up to the woman and asked her what was the matter with the little one.



COFFEE Knows No Substitute And SEAL BRAND COFFEE Knows No Superior

"You look ill and tired." "I am that, miss."

"Let me hold her for you while you go to the refreshment room and get some milk. We'll all go."

Too touched for words by the young lady's kindness, by the angelic pity and sympathy in the beautiful eyes, the sweet, sad voice, the woman, with a threat of tears, handed her the child; and Diana got them some milk and a bun for the little girl. It seemed to her that a watchful and merciful Providence had sent her the mother and child to divert her from her own great, overwhelming sorrow; so, very wisely, she went into a third-class carriage with them, and insisted—

"I'm well and strong; and I'd love to have her—upon holding the child who, as fascinated as her mother by the 'booful lady,' lay with her curls; head against Diana's soft bosom and listened to the story of Cinderella until she fell asleep.

The mother herself also dozed, but sleep held aloof from poor Diana; she lay back with wide-open eyes, and drew pictures of her past happiness with the pencil of grief and despair.

When they reached the terminus the woman took the child from Diana. "God bless you, miss," she said. "You've got a kind heart. You're fond of children; may He send you many of them to love and to love you in return."

For the first time since the blow that had shattered her life, Diana's eyes filled with tears; a lump rose in her throat, and she could only shake her head and smile the smile that covers a broken heart.

Diana was no faintly reared exotic, to be blown hither and thither helplessly in the sudden blast of misfortune. The influence of her early days came back to help her; and she made her plans. Just before she and her aunt had gone to Wedbury, they had put up at a small boarding-house

"I see you looked a bit tired and knocked out, miss, last night; and I think to myself, 'she'd be all the better for a lie in bed in the morning. You just drink this, miss, and turn over and get another snooze. Lor' how pale you look! An' you up from the country, too, miss, ain't you?"

"Yes," said Diana with a sigh. "Ah, I've never been in the country; but they talk a lot about it, them as have been there. A cousin of mine was sent away to one of 'em 'omes for convalescence—something or other; and she came back looking as if she'd bin a-washing 'erself in coffee. 'Well, I sez to 'er, playful like, 'you may 'ave got yer 'eath, Jermima, but I'm blest if you ain't lost yer complectation! But there! There ain't anything the matter with your's, miss. It's like ivory. What name, miss, if any letters come?"

Diana had given the name she had resolved on in the train—Mary Kendall—and the girl, remarking, with a nod, that she was christened Geraldine Ardmita, but was called Polly for short, drew the clothes round Diana, patted her in a motherly fashion, and left her.

(To be Continued.)

in Bloomsbury, and she now took a cab and had herself driven there; stopping at a stationer's to write the letter, every word of which she had gone over in her mind during the journey.

The landlady had a vacant room, a small room at the top of the house; and, remembering Diana, accepted her as a boarder. It was not until Mrs. Parsons looked round for the luggage that Diana recollected that she had nothing but the clothes she was wearing; but Mrs. Parsons, on being told that Diana had come up so suddenly that she had no time to bring anything, offered to lend her some of her daughter's things; and at once brought them. Diana would have liked to rest, but after she had a cup of tea in her own room, she went out and purchased a few articles—the cheap things which are to be found in the shops of the great thoroughfares in that locality; and as she did so, the sense of unreality, of moving in a dream-land, almost confused her.

It was not until she lay in bed, exhausted, mentally and physically, that the full weight of her sorrow came crushing down upon her, and racked her weary, aching head. Vane!

It was Vane who was uppermost in her thoughts. What must he be suffering now, and how much keener still would be his agony—for she measured it by her own—on the morrow, when her letter reached him?

Vane! She would never see him again. He would learn to forget her—ah, no, no, surely not! Not forget her! He would remember her, if in the remembering he were forced to curse her for wrecking his life, break his heart. And the earl and Mabel—they, too, would think hardly of her for the wrong she had all unwittingly done the man they loved. It was after these that she thought of her aunt. She, too, would suffer, would wonder what had happened to cause Diana to "cease from life's ways." For she could not go to her aunt, who must never know, who was not strong enough to bear the secret burden which Diana must carry to her grave. She would write to her—yes, she would write; a line of farewell, a prayer for pity.

And her own life? She closed her eyes and stifled a moan that rose from her tortured heart. Well, life, too, was a burden one must carry until one laid it in the grave and found rest.

She thought, too, of her father. She had looked for him—with fear and trembling—at the junction; but she did not see him. The remembrance of him, the square figure with its huge head and doglike eyes, haunted her, and made the silence of the room almost unbearable. God forgive her! That she might never see him again was the prayer that cried from every fiber of her aching heart.

She was ill and weak in the morning, and the servant, a strong, cockney girl, with a wide, kindly mouth, and cheerful smile, brought her a cup of tea and some toast.

"I see you looked a bit tired and knocked out, miss, last night; and I think to myself, 'she'd be all the better for a lie in bed in the morning. You just drink this, miss, and turn over and get another snooze. Lor' how pale you look! An' you up from the country, too, miss, ain't you?"

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(To be Continued.)

Household Economy

How to Have the Best Cough Remedy and Save \$2 by Making It at Home

Cough medicines, as a rule, contain a large quantity of plain syrup. Two cups of warm water, stirred for 2 minutes gives you as good a syrup as money can buy.

Then get from your druggist 2 1/2 ounces Pinex (50 cents worth), pour into a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with sugar syrup. This gives you, at a cost of only 54 cents, 16 ounces of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50—a clear saving of nearly \$2. Full directions with Pinex. It keeps perfectly and tastes good.

It takes hold of the usual cough of chest cold at once and conquers it in 24 hours. Splendid for whooping cough, bronchitis and winter coughs.

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G.P.O. to Nov. 23rd, 1914.

- A Aylward, Miss Agnes, Cabot St. Angel, F. Duckworth St. Atwood, Mrs. James, LeMarchant Rd. Ackerton, J. P. Arnold, Maggie, Signal Hill Road. B Brawn, Edward J., Pleasant St. Begg, Mrs. James, Church Hill Barnes, Miss May, care Mrs. Sterling, Gower St. Brantley, J. J. Bruce, Wm. F. Bailey, Mrs. Wm., Duckworth St. Brabury, Mrs. Wm., Burke's Square Baird, John Braker, Miss Mollie, P. O. Box 378 Batsman, Miss Alfreda, Gower St. Bradley, Mrs. A. Blake, Miss P., Cochrane House Bearn, Thomas, Newtown Road Bell, James, Nagle's Hill Brennan, Jeremiah Bowman, Charles, care Capt. Kennedy, G.P.O. Bonia, Francis, care Mrs. Gower St. Bowen, Margaret, New Gower St. Butt, Mrs. Emma, Hayward's Avenue Budden, Mrs. H., Boncloddy St. Butler, Mrs. J. Butler, John, care Gen'l Delivery. C Carroll, Miss Bell, Water St. West Carter, Miss Louise Carter, J. C., care Gen'l Delivery Clarke, W. H., Lion's Block Clarke, Mrs. E., Walsh's Square Campbell, J. D. Calpin, A. M. Chafe, Gill, care G. P. O. Canning, Miss Mary Chester, James, York St. Crew, Garland Cheffey, Miss L. B. Clinton, Joseph, James St. Collins, Peter, Lime St. Cooney, Mrs. Lime St. Colbourne, Miss M., George's St. Cole, S. B. Cochrane, Mrs. San, card, Hayward's Avenue Cattel, Miss Katie, King's Bridge Rd. Collins, W. H., Cuddihy St. Cole, George, Windsor Hotel Churchill, Miss Elsie, Forest Road. D Danniell, Miss, care Walter Power Dallas, Thomas G. Davis, Miss A. L., Freshwater Road Dawe, Gordon, Water St. Dwyer, Michael, Nagle's Hill Dwyer, Richard, LeMarchant Road Dwyer, Michael, care Gen'l Post Office Dillon, Jas., Freshwater Road Diamond, Miss Gertrude, Barnes' Road Dooley, Nellie, Gower St. Dodd, Lilly, card, care Gen'l Delivery Duggan, James, Gower St. E Earle, Wm. H., Hayward's Avenue Evans, Miss, Circular Road Emberley, Mrs. Erzheim, Miss B. Emerson, Miss B. Ebsary, Mrs. Annie, Duckworth St. Earle, Wm. F. Flannigan, Mrs. Wm., Beaumont St. Frampton, Miss Bessie, Sudbury St. Francis, Miss Laura, Gower St. French, Miss Nellie, Gower St. French, Herbert, 14 — St. G Gardner, Miss Maud, Finn's St. Grant, Charlie Greene, Laurence, Allandale Road Green, Miss Angela, care General Delivery. H Hackett, Mrs. Lawrence, Queen's Rd. Harris, Miss Elsie, care Mrs. Capt. Cross Hayes, Mrs. M., card, Allandale St. Harley, Mrs. B., late Gen'l Hospital Hampton, George, Bell St. Harrison, E. J. Hartley, John, care Gen'l P. Office Harvey, Augustus, Alexander St. Hewitt, Miss Blanche, Spencer St. Hewitt, Stephen, Allandale Road Hill, Charles H. Hill, Miss Fannie, Theatre Hill Hiscock, Joseph Hibditch, Mrs. John, late Gen'l Hospital Hynes, Miss May F. Hicks, Miss Jennie, Duckworth St. Highmore, Edward, late s.s. Bonaventure Hoddinott, Miss Ina Holmes, A., Pleasant St. Holman, F. E. Howard, Chas. C. Hodder, Miss A., Charlton St. Horwood, George Hodder, Walter W., care Gen'l Delivery. Hurley, J. J. Hunter, Ernest, Duckworth St. Hunter, Joseph P. Hunt, L. Hagen, Mrs. Thomas, Tank Lane. J Jackson, George, Street 28 Joseph Abraham, care Gen'l Delivery Jesseau, Arthur F., King's Bridge Jennings, E., Springdale St. K Kemp, W. J. Kennedy, Terence, Barter's Hill Cairns, Miss J., Flower Hill Kearns, Miss Nora, care Mrs. R. J. Cross Kavanagh, Mrs. N., card, New Gower St. King, John J. Knight, Frederick H., late H. Grace. L Langmead, Miss Jessie, Jueen's (Rd.) or (Street) Lewis, W. J., Pennywell Road LeShane, Miss Beatrice, Lime St. Lynche, Jas. F., George's St. Lodge, S. T. Locke, Mrs. Wm., George's St. Lush, Samuel Long, Miss Gertrude, Monkstown Rd. M Mahar, W., Plymouth Rd. Malone, E. J., New Gower St. Marshall, Mrs. Frank, McFarlane St. Malone, Mrs. Thomas, Duckworth St. Marshall, Mrs. A. M., care Gen'l Delivery Martin, Mrs. Edward, Duckworth St. Martin, A. S. Moore, E. M., Water St. West Morton, W. D. Monahan, Mrs. Pennywell Road Morok, Miss Nathalie, care Gen'l Delivery. N Morgan, Mrs. John Merry, Edward Meaney, John, Collier's Lane Mills, John J. Miller, Jacob, retd. Murphy, Miss K. T., Water St. West Murphy, Miss May, Hamilton Avenue. O Gilbert, W. Griffin, Miss Annie, care Gen'l Post Office Greening, Miss Gertie, Cabot St. Grose, Miss Mary, Allandale Road Godden, Henry Goodridge, Maggie, — 4 1/2 St. Gulliford, George Greening, Gertie, Cabot St. P Percy, Albert, care Mrs. C. Snow, Gower St. P. McGarth, Mrs. Mary McCarthy, Mrs. Water St. McDonald, Geo. W. McLehlan, John A. N Noseworthy, Hilda, care Mrs. C. Snow, Gower St. O O'Neill, Miss Mary, Simms' St. Oliver, Miss Janet, Brine St. P Parsons, Alice, care Mrs. Tucker, Clifford St. Percy, Albert, care John Ryan, Theatre Hill Read, Miss A., Scott's St. Ryder, Miss Emily, Parade St. Reid, Miss Maggie, Flemming St. Roberts, George, Allandale Rd. S Saunders, Sarah, retd. Slade, F. Shanahan, Miss F., card, City Hospital Scammell, J. H., Freshwater Road Sears, Edward Stewart, Mrs. James, Adelaide St. Sheppard, Miss Edith B. Snelgrove, S., Carter's Hill Smith, Mrs. Emery, Water St. West Smith, Eloyal, card, King's Road Smith, J. B. Smith, Miss Ida M., LeMarchant Rd. Smith, W. J. Snow, Francis, card, Pleasant St. Snow, Joseph, Notre Dame St. Snow, John (Rigger) Stokes, Lizzie, card, Casey St. Snow, Chas., retd. Spurrell, Thomas, Thorburn Rd. T Taylor, T. J. Taylor, Richard Treacher, William Thistle, Mrs. Wm., James St. Thorpe, E., late Bridgewater Turner, F. Tucker, Jas. A., care H. D. Reid Taylor, Miss Hannah, Gower St. W. Wareham, John R., Prince's St. Walsh, Thos. J., Nagle's Road Walsh, Patrick, card Walsh, Miss M., Mount Seio Wakeley, Thomas Ward, Lillian, Victoria St. Way, Nathaniel, Barter's Hill Wells, Fred, care Gen'l Post Office White, Mrs. Janet, Gower St. White, Mrs. George, Water St. Warham, Miss Annie, Queen's Rd. Watkins, R. J., George's St. Y Youden, Mrs. Thomas, Casseys St. Young, Mr. and Mrs. J., Hayward's Avenue. Z Yard, Miss M. Yetman, W. F.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

- A Gains, Capt. John, schr. Annie E. Larder Hart, Eugene S., schr. Albert. B Thomas, Wm., care Capt. Higdon, schr. Bertha Penney, Hayward, schr. Brothers. C Howell, Wesley, schr. Cold Storage F. Eldridge, George, schr. Flossie Mac H. To (Captain) schr. Hubert Mac Prince, Samuel, schr. H. J. Yetman Jorgenson, Harold, schr. Ida M. Zink. Street, Capt. George, schr. Isabella J. Hancock, Wm., schr. Janie Bell Feltham, John, schr. Josie. L Oldford, Mrs. Wm., schr. Lady C. M. Dennan, Michael J., schr. M. Francis Brace, Archibald, schr. Mayflower Winter, George, schr. Mischieff Lake, Heber, schr. Millie Lake Noel, Tibson, schr. Maula Loa Best, Robert, schr. Mary J. N. Abbott, Joseph, schr. Nellie R. Kennedy, Capt. W. J., schr. Nellie R. Little, Stewart, schr. Nellie R. O. Anstey, George, schr. Olive P. Norris, A., schr. Packet T. Robertson, Isaac, schr. Tattler V. Hearty, Michael, card, Volume Spray Sheehan, G. W., Village Bell W. Skintelberg, J., schr. Western Lass Hughes, Hugh, schr. William Morton Grandy, Capt., schr. Wilfred M. Scott, Timothy, schr. Willie K. Y. Stoodley, Frank, schr. Yukon. Hiscock, George, schr. Yukon.

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Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including 'B F', 'Note', 'Size 3', 'Regular', 'SHE', 'Regular', 'PLA', 'Regular', 'OPEN', 'Regular', 'Dates can be', 'Potato-water is', 'stains from cloth', 'A green goose', 'months old—can', 'game bird without', 'When paring pot', 'a clean pan; a new'.