

## Only a Beggar;

BUT  
A Queen Among Women

CHAPTER XXIII.

He nodded, took up his letters and left the room. When he had reached his own den he opened the letter and read it with feverish haste. For a moment as he read the room seemed to spin round with him, and he looked up in a dazed, bewildered way, as if he were not certain of the meaning of the words he had been reading. Then he looked down again, re-read the uneven, broken lines, blurred here and there, as if with tears, and at last sank onto the table and, still holding the letter, stared before him, as a man stares when he has received from judge or doctor his death-sentence.

The minutes passed, struck out with a thin, shrill note by the finger of Time with its scythe in the antique French clock—the only sound that broke the intense silence, save that of his labored breath; then he straightened himself, and, walking slowly, as if his feet were shod with lead, went down the hall and up to his father's room. The earl's valet met him at the door.

"Yes, my lord; the earl is awake." Vane went in and approached the bed. The earl was sitting up, with a cup of chocolate before him. He put it aside and looked hard at Vane, with keen apprehension, then averted his eyes, and, in a low voice, said:

"You have heard—wait! Is it bad news? Your face—"  
"It is bad news," said Vane, huskily. "I—I do not understand it. She—she has gone."  
"Gone! What—what do you mean? No, no!" as Vane held out the letter. "I cannot see. The—the light is bad. Read it—your."

Vane's voice refused to come at his command for a moment or two; then, almost inaudibly, he read:

"Lord Dalesford: I have left the castle. I have made a discovery which renders it impossible for me to be your wife, impossible for me to see you again. I know how hard it will be for you to believe this, to accept it: almost as hard as for me to say it. But it is the bitter truth. Between us there has come a gulf which nothing can ever bridge. Oh, if I could only tell you! But I cannot. And for my sake you will not, if you can still love me, if you can bear to think kindly of me, ever seek to learn the cruel thing that has separated us forever. We are separated, and while life lasts, from this moment. If you still retain one gentle feeling for me, one spark of the old tenderness you have lavished on me, you will grant the request that I make: that you will not follow me, seek to find me; but think of me as one who is—"



**Windsor Table Salt should be in every Canadian home**

dead, as indeed, indeed, I must be to you. I am suffering—oh, when I remember all the love you have lavished on me, when I think of your father who has been a father to me— But I cannot write any more. Grant my prayer, and let me hide myself from your sight and from the sight of all who have loved and cared for me. You will do this? It is I, Diana, who loved you so dearly, who prays to you.  
Diana."

An intense silence followed the last words of the piteous letter; and father and son stared before them, each avoiding the other's eyes; but Vane heard the old man breathing thickly, and knew that the blow had fallen on his heart very heavily.

The earl was the first to speak. "What—what does it mean?" he asked in a quivering voice. "Where has she gone, where does she write from?"

"There is no date, no address to the letter. The date-stamp is London, sir. She—she must have bought some paper directly she arrived in London, at some shop, and written it there."  
"But—but what has happened?" asked the old man with a gesture of impatience, of resentment. "She is in some trouble, of course. But what can it be? She must have heard some news yesterday morning—a telegram."

"There was no telegram," said Vane. "I asked at the post-office."

The earl uttered a cry that was almost one of rage.

"I—I hate mysteries! And a mystery in connection with Diana! It—it is an outrage; she is so—so pure, so simple-minded in her goodness—the very type of an honest English woman, the perfection of breeding, of all that we mean by 'lady.' Mystery—it is too vulgar to be connected with Diana. Of course she has gone to her aunt, Mrs. Burton."

"I am not so sure of that," said Vane. "I think not."

"Of course you will go and see; you will find her," broke in the earl feverishly.

"Of course. But—I don't think that I shall find her; and if I do—"

The earl raised himself—he had fallen back—and stared at him angrily.

"You will bring her back, Vane. Do you understand?" he said almost fiercely. "You will bring her back, wherever she is, whatever has happened. I will hear from her own lips the meaning of this letter. If she is in trouble, here—he struck his breast—"is the old man who loves her like a father. Let her come to me. Why the devil, sir, do you stand gaping there—I beg your pardon, Vane; I humbly beg your pardon! Forgive me! I forgot myself. I know you are suffering." He looked at Vane's white, haggard face, pityingly.

Vane nodded. "I will find her if she is to be found; but I doubt my ability to bring her back," he said. "Diana would not have written this, would not have killed the heart in my body, without sufficient cause. This is not the outburst, the raving, of a hysterical woman. Diana is the last woman to give way to hysteria. There is some cause, some terrible reason, for her flight, for her—I was going to say—desertion. She has said that I am not to follow her, that nothing would induce her to be my wife, to return to me; and—I know Diana as well as love her, sir."

"What do you think it is?" asked the old man in a whisper.

Vane shook his head. "I can't even guess; I can scarcely think. My brain is in a whirl. I feel—bah! Think!" He laughed slowly, a laugh which made his father wince; for there was a touch of the madness of despair in it. "Think! I am like a man walking in the dark—with the devil at my elbow! I will order a special, and get to London. You will say nothing, sir!"

"No, no! And—tell her, Vane, that I want her. That she has taught me to love her as my own daughter, and that her place is here, here by the side of a very feeble old man! Bring her back by force, if necessary!" He fell back and covered his face with his trembling hands.

Vane smiled grimly. Force and Diana! He sent down to the station to order a special train; then went to his room and told his man to pack a small portmanteau. On his way

## Do Your Looks Quite Satisfy You?

If Your Color Is Bad, If You Suffer From Pimples, Here is Good Advice.

Fine Results in Two Weeks.

Miss Nettie E. Callaghan, a well-known young lady in Middleton, writes as follows: "I was affected for two years with a rash, and ugly looking pimples that spread over my face. My color was poor, and my blood evidently completely out of order. Certainly it was a most despairing sort of a case, because various treatments did but little to help me. A friend of mine in Toronto, Ont., advised me to get Dr. Hamilton's Pills, so I sent at once for five boxes. In two weeks I felt like new—looks improved, spirits rose, and I felt I was getting well. I have used this remedy for a long time, and now wouldn't be without it."

If you are in falling health, have blood disorders, stomach trouble, or headaches, Dr. Hamilton's Pills will help you quickly. All druggists and storekeepers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. 25c. per box, five for \$1.00. Sent postpaid by the Catarhozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Canada.

down, dressed for the journey, he met Mabel. "I shan't want you, after all, Mab," he said with ghastly cheerfulness. "Diana is with her aunt; going to join her there."  
"I knew it was that!" exclaimed Mabel. "She is worse, I'm afraid. Oh, Vane, I'm so sorry for her and poor Diana. It will put off the wedding, I see by your face."  
"Yes, I fear so," he assented. "Be a good girl."

He paced up and down the smoking-room with feverish impatience until the man came back; it would take an hour and a half to get a special.

Wondering how he should endure those ninety minutes, ninety ages of inaction, Vane went into the hall and met the earl. His face looked white and drawn. Beckoning Vane into his own room, he said, in a shaky voice:

"Take those diamonds up with you, Vane. I can't bear to look at the safe—to think of her as she looked with them on. Take them to the bank. Here is the key—my hand shakes—"

Vane inserted the key and endeavored to turn it. "Wrong key," he said; but the earl shook his head.

"No, no; it's the right one. Never mind, never mind!"

Vane tried to take out the key, but it stuck fast.

"Something wrong," he said, and mechanically he knelt on one knee and examined the key-hole. "Some one has been tampering with the lock," he said. "It has been cut by a sharp tool, a drill."

"What!" cried the earl. "Do you mean that a thief has been at work; that the diamonds, her diamonds, have been stolen!" He rang the bell. "Send for Donald!" he said sharply to the servant. "Tell him to bring an axe, an iron bar. Her diamonds gone!"

"What does it matter, sir?" said Vane, with weary indifference. "If she has gone—" he made a gesture of despair.

But the earl was not appeased; in his mind the loss of the diamonds connected itself with the loss of Diana; accentuated it and made it real. The servant found Donald about the house, and brought him. The giant drew himself up and saluted.

"Open that safe, Donald!" said the earl.

Donald looked at it with an impassive countenance, and shook his head doubtfully.

"I'm thinkin' that's easier spiered than dune, laird," he said. "But it's auld, and may yield. Stand ye back, laird, and gie me my swing."

They stood back, and Donald swung his axe and struck the safe upon its lock. The key had partly turned it.

"Take a good look at the above cut. If you are suffering from a Cough or Cold, don't make any difference how slight it is, go to Stafford's Drug Store and ask for a 25 cent bottle of Phorotone Cough Cure, take it according to the directions on the bottle and you will find it a good preparation. If you keep neglecting a slight cough or cold it will gradually develop into the "Cough" that you will not very easily get rid of. Thousands of people are dying every year from neglecting what they called a slight cough or cold.



## "She Can Count On Me"

T. OWEN.

When throughout our Empire vast Arose the sound of war, And the bugle's thrilling blast Called from far and near.

"Tommy Atkins" answered manfully, said he: "When Britain is in trouble she can count on me."

Bravo, Tommy Atkins, Bravo! sailors true; Splendid sons of Empire, We are proud of you.

Out across the ocean wide Went the urgent wire—"Britain needs her sailors bold,"

Setting hearts afire, Back the answer flashes from the sons at sea,

"When Britain is in danger, she can count on me."

So let all the people, too, Do their little share; Taking up the burden, Cheerfully to bear;

Heart to heart, we answer, and our motto be: "When Britain is in trouble, she can count on me."

## The Ramea Cable.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir,—I ask you for a little space in your paper to show up to the public our present condition at Ramea. Our government wharf, with two shores under the front of it, has been in poor condition all summer. When the Portia came from West last trip going at fairly good speed, she gave it the knock-out blow, as much as to say, I will not go there any more. We also have a telegraph cable between here and Burgeo, put there with a good intention by the Government to meet the requirements of this growing settlement, but instead of its being a blessing to the community it is only a useless expenditure. It is six weeks now since a message has been received or sent, owing, it is said, to some "peculiar freaks" as it is sometimes called. If the Government cannot afford to locate the trouble with the cable, it should not be able to afford to keep the young lady in charge of the office here under salary doing nothing. It is hard to get a revenue from a telegraph office that only works about three months out of twelve. With a long winter ahead of us, isolated as we are, with no doctor nearer than Burgeo, and over a hundred of our male population going west fishing in January until about the first of April, it is a very serious matter. The cost of one mile of railway is in the vicinity of \$14,000, and yet we cannot get one-tenth part of the cost of a mile of railway to put the cable in workable condition. Sometimes now it will go one way and not the other. Six or seven hundred dollars' expenditure should make it go the other way and would give us continued communication with Burgeo. It was reported that the s.s. Balene was coming to locate the trouble. This community would welcome some boat for a day or two to put it right.

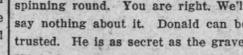
Yours truly,  
VOTER.

Ramea, Dec. 1st, 1914.

## Have You an Itchy Spot?

Somewhere on your body? If so, attend to it at once. In Eczema—and itchy spots, whether dry and scurfy, or moist and inclined to "weep," are generally eczematous—delays are foolish, allowing the disease to spread and affect more of the good skin. Your best chance for a cure is to use Zylex, which will give almost instant relief, and if used in the earlier stages of the trouble will almost certainly bring a cure, and in any event will greatly ameliorate the trouble. Ask your druggist about it. Price 50c. a box. Zylex Soap, 25c. a cake.

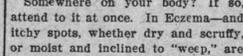
ZYLEX, London.



Uncle Joe.

Bowed by his ninety-seven years, his stogie rank and black, into our lower house of peers, old Uncle Joe goes back. For years he helped to frame our laws with energy and vim, and he supported every cause that then supported him; our liberties he did defend with patriotic blow, and Cannon had no better friend than good old Uncle Joe. He was so strong—like his cigar—the jealous planned his doom, nor rested till they shipped him far, to exile and to gloom. Reformers, with intentions dark, in Congress rose and roared, "He is the Jonah of this ark," then threw him overboard. But Congress, with old Joe therefrom expelled, with jeer and flout, was like the play of Uncle Tom with Lawyer Marks left out. And so the Dams of Danville rose, to vindicate their star, elected him, his baggy clothes, his whiskers and cigar. So let all patriotic men prance round on joyous legs, and let the eagle scream again, and lay a dozen eggs!

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIS-TEMPER.



## The Second Son of the Kaiser.

Eitel Fritz, the second son of Kaiser Bill, on the day his elder brother got his first uniform, became particularly envious of it, and during breakfast he kept on saying that he too wanted a pretty suit of clothes. When the Emperor would not listen, the little fellow became obstreperous, shouting, "But I want a uniform."

To cure him of this, the Emperor sent him in "arrest," the only convenient place at the moment being the large dining-room table, under which he was told to crawl. After a time, he was bidden to come out again, which he did, but with all his clothes removed excepting his under garments.

To the question what he meant by such conduct, he made reply: "If I can't have a uniform, I don't want any other clothes either."

There is no disputing the fact there is something fascinating about a military uniform, especially if it has just been Dry Cleaned at

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS, Halifax.

NICHOLLE, INKPEN & CHAFE, LTD., Agents.

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## Gold Filled Bar Pins!

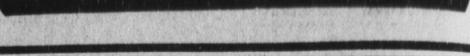
We have just opened a new assortment of Fine Quality Gold Filled Bar Pins in Plain, Engine Turned, Hand Engraved and Stone Set.

Each one of them is perfect in design and workmanship and would make an ideal offering for a moderate priced and beautiful gift.

Prices from 50c. to \$2.50.

T. J. DULEY & CO.,

The Reliable Jewellers.



## Quality COUNTS!

We have just opened a splendid assortment of WINTER SUITINGS and OVERCOATINGS, the quality and utility of which are second to none in the city. Let us make your Suit or Overcoat and convince you that we are

THE STORE THAT PLEASES.

CHAPLIN, The King of Tailors

## USEFUL XMAS GIFT

A Safety Razor, 50 cents

complete and package of 3 blades extra. This Razor is no toy and gives perfect satisfaction to hundreds of thousands of users throughout the U. States and Canada.

The Woods Giant Junior Safety Razor.

Extra Blades, 3 for 10 cents.

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