



**ROYAL YEAST**  
MOST PERFECT MADE  
MAKES LIGHT WHOLESOME BREAD.  
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

ROYAL YEAST CAKES  
GOLDEN PURE  
WARRANTED  
ENGLIETT COMPANY LIMITED  
TORONTO  
MADE IN CANADA

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

CHAPTER XXII

"I was a locksmith by trade when I met your mother," he said. "She was an Italian. Her father was one of these socialists, anarchists, and had fled over here to England—there's a lot of 'em hiding away in London and the other big cities. I met her when I was doing some repairs to a lock at a house where she and her father were lodging, and we fell in love. I was—he raised his head for a moment, then dropped it again—"I was a decent-looking chap then, and—honest, and I loved her true. But she was afraid to be seen with me, for her father, with all his queer notions, was a swell in his own country, and we had to meet on the sly. We had to be married on the sly. But we were happy."

He paused and stared before him with half-closed eyes.  
"We were happy, though we had hard times. She was rather delicate, and, what with the want of firing and proper food, she fell ill. There was a general slackness in my trade, all the trades, that winter, and I couldn't get any work, though I tramped miles for it, and wasn't particular what I did. There was no one to help us, for her father had died of the same complaint, consumption. The doctor said that she'd get all right if I could take her to the proper places abroad and could give her nourishing food. And it was hard work to earn a crust! I watched her dying by inches until I was near mad at the thought of all the money that was being wasted in London, every day, every hour, all round us. And one evening a man I met in a public house and who knew something of me offered me—work. It wasn't honest work, but it was of the kind I could do. I learned afterward that he'd had his eye on me for weeks past and just chose his time to speak; and I—I closed with him. It was well paid, that work of his, and I did several jobs for him. But the money came too late. A week after you was born, dearie, my wife, your mother—died."

His voice broke, but he recovered it and went on moodily:  
"The day of the funeral, while I

**How To Get Rid of a Bad Cough**

A Home-Made Remedy that Will Do It Quickly, Cheap and Easily Made

If you have a bad cough or chest cold which refuses to yield to ordinary remedies, get from any druggist 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), pour into a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Start taking a teaspoonful every hour or two. In 24 hours your cough will be conquered or very nearly so. Even whooping cough is greatly relieved in this way.

The above mixture makes 16 ounces—a family supply—of the finest cough syrup that money could buy—at a cost of only 64 cents. Easily prepared in 5 minutes. Full directions with Pinex.

This Pinex and Sugar Syrup preparation takes right hold of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough in a way that is really remarkable. It also quickly heals the inflamed membranes which accompany a painful cough, and stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough. Excellent for bronchitis, spasmodic croup and winter coughs. Keeps perfectly and tastes good—children like it.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in quinine, which is so healing to the membranes.  
To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex,"—do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

was sitting with you on my lap, wondering what I should do with you, the—police came."

Diana shuddered, and pressed her lips tightly together to check the cry of horror that rose to them.  
"I was wanted—for a job I'd done on a safe at a bank." He cleared his throat. "They offered to send the child—that's you, Diana—to the workhouse; but I got my sister Mary to take you—and I swore that if ever I came out I'd turn honest and be a credit to you—"

"And you—you broke your oath!" she said almost inaudibly.

"Wait till you hear it all," he said meekly. "I had a hard time in—where they sent me. It was a long sentence, for they proved the other jobs against me, and no wonder. Ah, well, it was more than flesh and blood could stand, and I tried to escape. I did nearly get off, but they caught me and brought me back; and I served my time and came out with a ticket o' leave. You know what that is, dearie?"

She made a gesture in the affirmative and set her teeth hard.

"It gives you the right to live like a free human being while you report yourself—and do you know what that means? That you're spied upon and suspected, played with by the police as the cat plays with a mouse. Honest life! I tell you—he raised his huge, heavy hand and let it fall with tremendous weight and force on the log—"that not one 'ticket' in a thousand—ah! not one in ten thousand—can stand it. I made a bolt for it and left England. I'm strong—they used to call me the Ironmonger—the touch of pride in his voice made Diana wince—and I'd no difficulty in working my passage out in a sailing ship. I wanted to see you, to see you bad; but I wouldn't. I kept away from you because I'd sworn not to go near you until I was fit to claim you, to kiss you. Don't move! I'm not going to touch you, missie—Diana, I mean. I know what's due to you. I struck luck in the new country after a time, and at Chaquetta there I was the richest man in the place. Everything fell into my mouth like a ripe plum, just like a ripe plum. I'd sent money home to your Aunt Mary for you, and I wanted to send more; but she wrote and told me not to, that you was earning good money yourself; and the notion came to me that I'd come home when my ticket had run out, and bring the money and lay it at your feet—and make a great lady of you."

His voice grew thick, and he glanced at her wistfully for a moment, then averted his eyes.  
"The longing got a hold on me, such a grip hold that the days seemed weeks, and the weeks like ears. The waiting got on my nerves; I'd a terror on me that I should die before my ticket was out, die without seeing you. Then my partner and me went up to the mountains, as I told you last night; and he fell ill and died. We were alone; no one knew our names; it was easy to pass him off for me, to give out that I was dead and so leave me free to go where I liked, to come back as Stevie Brown, instead of Benjamin Bourne, or Garling, as the police called me. So I made a will and stuck it among his traps, and took his name. It worked all right, didn't it? You got the money?"

Diana's lips moved.  
"That is, all I left for you; I kept some of it, pretending that I'd sold some property to Brown. I'd have passed on every penny to you; but I didn't want to be driven by poverty to—the old life. You understand, dearie?"

Yes; she understood plainly enough. And every word he said went to prove his identity, to strengthen the evidence contained in his resemblance to her aunt, in the unmistakable sincerity of every accent and expression.

"Then I made my way slowly, bit by bit, to England, and began to search for you. I'd got your London address, for Mary wrote to me now and again; she'd told me that her husband and her little child was dead—"

"Yes; she died after Aunt Mary took me. I never saw her—to remember her," said Diana, more to herself than to him. "Poor Aunt Mary!"

"Yes; she's had a cruel, hard time, too," he said with a nod and a twitch of his lips. "It's the poor as suffers every way. Well, I went to the address in London; but you'd gone and no one knew where you were. I had to ask on the quiet, because, you see," he cleared his throat, "my ticket wasn't expired; and—and they could bag me if—"

She made a gesture to check him, and, with an apologetic jerk of the head, he went on:  
"At last I heard by accident that a girl with your name had got a berth as a schoolmistress at a place called Wedbury; and I went there. But you'd gone again; and no one seemed to know where. And now you're here—and—and we've met; and—and it's all of no use; for you know what I am; that I ain't fit to speak to you, breathe the same air, leave alone claim you as my daughter. It's all of no use, and I might as well have stopped out there in that God-forsaken place, or—or shot myself!"

His head drooped and his hands gripped each other. There was the bitterness of despair in every line of his face, in every huge, clumsy limb.  
"All of no use. You, my own little girl, are ashamed of me—and rightly; you a fine lady—and you'd rather I'd died as you'd thought I'd done."

Diana tried to speak one word, only one word of denial, of comfort, of sympathy with his agony of disappointment; but she could not. There was silence for a moment, as her aching brain struggled to realize the situation; then she said:  
"But if you kept some of the money, as you say—oh, how I wish you had kept every penny, all!—why were you robbing—doing what I saw you doing last night?"

He raised his head and looked straight before him, and an awful change came over his face, which was darkened by an expression of unutterable hatred and fury.  
"I was waiting for that," he said slowly and in a low, hoarse voice. "Seeing that I'd kept back money enough, and that I'd made you rich, what was I working that safe for?—what was I running my neck into a noose for?"

He unlocked his hands and flung out his arms with a curious action.  
"Must have been mad, it seems to you, missie? Looking back on it, I'm 'most inclined myself to think I was. And yet, what could I do? Don't be hard on me till I've told you. But—with a long breath—"you won't understand; you haven't seen him, heard his voice—the devil! He's the worst devil I've ever met; and I've been to Portland, where there's worse devils than there is in hell."

Diana uttered a low cry and held up her hand to stop him.  
"I beg your pardon, missie," he said meekly. "But you just listen. One night, the night I'd heard you had gone to that place in the country, school-teaching, I dropped into a place I knew in London. I was lonely, and down on my luck, and it was one of the few places I could venture to be seen in; a low drinking and gaming place. No, no, I didn't want to drink or play. It's years since I've done either. But I wanted company, lights, the sound of voices and laughter, and I knew I should find 'em there. I went in, knowing the password, and just looked round, meaning to take a drink and go out again. Some of the people there were playing, playing cards; and a couple—"

gentleman, a swell a real swell, was plucking a lad, a mere boy, as he'd fuddled with liquor. I knew the gentleman, though I'd seen him only once before in my life; but it was at a time I wasn't likely to forget—the day they caught me and brought me back to prison. He was standing beside the governor when they dragged me in half-famished and torn and bleeding—and that fine young gentleman stood there and laughed and sneered at me."

He loosened his neck-cloth as if he were choking, and waved his hand with a rough apology for his emotion.  
"I knew him again; and I was turning away when he spotted me and signed to me to stop. I'd a mind to take no notice and get out of the place; but I couldn't." He looked from side to side with a helpless expression. "I don't know why, but he seemed to hold me, to—make me stop. You see"—deprecatingly, and as if he were trying to explain his powerlessness to himself—"when a man's been used to obey orders, a word or a look, just like a dog, it comes hard to refuse, to stand up for himself. And this gentleman—" he stopped again, as if in despair of making Diana understand the peculiar influence that had mastered him.

"He's a devil," he said between his teeth. "He went on playing and kept me there against my will. Then he made me promise to report myself to him every Monday—and I did."

"Why?" Diana asked with weary surprise. "Why did you not leave England, go back, go abroad out of his reach?"

Garling looked at her. "I wanted to see you, to see my girl," he replied simply. "He said he might want me. I thought it was only a threat, that he was playing with me, a cruel kind o' game; but one Monday he told me—he gave me my job. He was hard up—his sort of gentlemen get a run of bad luck sometimes and get driven into a corner. He said he was stone-broke, and he knew where these diamonds were, and I was to get them—"

He paused under Diana's start and gaze of amazement and horror.  
"But—but you could have refused, could have taken flight—"

Garling shook his head and smiled grimly. (To be continued.)

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**1st Nfld. Regiment  
CALL FOR RECRUITS.  
Your King and Country  
Need You!  
Will You Answer Your  
Country's Call?**

At this very moment the Empire is engaged in the greatest War in the history of the world.  
In this crisis your Country calls on her young men to rally round Her Flag and enlist in the ranks of Her Army.  
If every patriotic young man answers Her Call, Great Britain and the Empire will emerge stronger and more united than ever.  
Newfoundland has already equipped and sent to the front her First Contingent, 540 strong. But we must not stop at this. Further drafts are urgently needed to reinforce our numbers on the battle line, and must be sent forward at the earliest possible moment.

Suitable Recruits between the ages of 19 and 35 will be accepted and trained in drill and shooting so as to fit them for military service. They will then be formed into regular Companies of the Regiment, and will be given the option of volunteering for service abroad, if required, on the same terms and conditions as the men of the First Contingent. Pay will commence when the men are actually enrolled for service abroad.

Recruiting Offices will be opened in St. John's, and at the offices of the different Magistrates, and at other suitable places in the Colony, (as to Recruiting in case of doubt write to the Recruiting Officer, St. John's). Where not less than fifty men offer for enlistment at any recruiting centre a drill instructor will, if possible, be sent to the District to train them. Men of the Ancient and Loyal Colony, Show Your Loyalty NOW.

**GOD SAVE THE KING.**  
nov26,28,dec1,3

**1st Nfld. Regiment!  
Their Xmas Dinner.**

We have just received word from our London connections that should the friends of any of our Volunteers on Salisbury Plain wish to send them Christmas Hampers they will undertake to supply Hampers containing such things as Turkey, Ham, Sausages, Pudding, Mince-meat, Fruit and Confectionery at the following prices, according to what Hampers contain:—  
**\$5.50, \$11.00, \$16.50.**

A list of the goods that can be supplied may be seen at our office or will be mailed to anyone interested on application.

All orders to ensure delivery by Xmas must be in by December 10th.

And don't forget that after a good dinner your boy will appreciate a box of the famous  
**DE RESZKE CIGARETTES**  
at \$1.50.

**The Universal Agencies**  
137 WATER STREET,  
nov21,ead,tif



**Scientific Denti try!**

It is impossible to obtain better fitting or more natural looking TEETH than can be obtained here.

Teeth extracted free of pain by our famous Anaesthetic 25c.  
Best Artificial Bridges \$12.00  
Crown and Bridge Work and Filling at reasonable prices.  
Remember Our New Anaesthetic is used solely and exclusively at our offices in the U.S.A., Canada and Newfoundland.

**Maritime Dental Parlors,**  
176 WATER ST.—176.  
(Opp. Mark Chaplin's.)  
jun22,24,14,15

**Bedsteads!**  
New Designs  
In Brass and Iron Children's Cots, Stretchers, Wool & Flock Mattresses, Wire Mattresses, Coppered and Steel. Bolsters and Pillows, etc.  
**BOWRING BROS, Ltd.**  
Hardware Dept.

**MOIR'S**  
Sounds Like More, Tastes Like More, More Centers, More Coating, More Popular, More for the Money, Many More More's. But ONLY ONE  
**MOIR'S**  
When talking of  
**Chocolate.**

**Notice!**  
We have made special arrangements with our Wholesale Houses in England whereby CHRISTMAS AND OTHER PRESENTS can be delivered free of duty by calling at our store, Water Street, and selecting those presents from our descriptive special catalogues and leaving with us the address of the person to whom the articles are to be delivered.  
People having relatives and friends in the 1st Newfoundland Regiment, now in England, will find this arrangement convenient and satisfactory, as we guarantee prompt delivery of goods free of duty and charges. All engraving on articles free.  
We are now booking orders for the next outgoing English boat.  
**Joseph Roper.**

P.O. Box 236 | **SLATTERY'S** | Phone 52  
**Wholesale Dry Goods,**  
TO THE CITY AND OUTPORT TRADE:  
We carry in stock for Spring Trade an attractive stock of Regular Price Goods and Found Remnants. Prices:  
**CHEAPEST IN THE CITY.**  
NOTE—See our Special Brand of Cotton, Tweed and Denim Overalls and Jackets. Give us a call.  
**SLATTERY BUILDING**  
Buckworth and George's Streets, St. John's.

**MI**  
Hunt to the ROYAL to be en trying c The the req cruiser Kerosen Miar U. S. A. A Po LOGUE JO

nov19,ead,tif  
**War**

Messages  
Previd  
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**ST. PIERRE**  
PARIS,  
In the district Saint Etie, a G ed during a tre Our artillery d three heavy call melles. The Cas two houses of the trenches were b our troops.  
Rather sharp e ported in the nel the southwest of In Vendresse, violent bombard which our artille fully, destroying In Arbonne against Fontaine repulsed, and we lowing advantage trench in Courtes and some small o Hubert.  
On the Meuse Vosges there is Petrograd.—The operating on the tes Valley against succeeded in dis from their positio fight, and captu prisoners and two On the left ban the Lowitz distric

**Crusts in t**  
**You H**  
Relief in Five Min Follows if "Cate Don't stay stuff nose, eyes running Use Catarrhos Take one breath —Just one single b It clears out the n you breathe free an Relief from Catr and effective—yon all day to get it e No other treatme come or is able t completely out of u You don't take a In using Catarrho the chance of spoil mening appetite w medicine. Just bre ing piney vapour.