

Only a Beggar; —BUT— A Queen Among Women

CHAPTER XVI.

Vane, in his kilt, with the eagle's feather in his bonnet, moved among his guests. Diana found herself plunged into an atmosphere of sport, with a capital S. No one talked of anything but grouse and salmon. The men went out soon after breakfast with gun or rod, and the women joined them at luncheon-time, and ate the meal on hillside or in valley; and the talk was of nothing but the bag or the reel. Mabel and Bertie were the most enthusiastic of the enthusiasts; and Mabel was carried beyond herself with delight when she succeeded in landing, with Bertie's aid, a twenty-pound salmon.

Diana neither fished nor shot; but she bore her part in administering to the needs of the sportsmen, and won not only Vane's, but the earl's approval.

"There is no need for you to shoot or fish, my child," said the old man, with fond pride; "that you are here is quite sufficient. It's all very well for that tomboy, Mabel, to go with the men and land her salmon or fill her bag; but it is quite enough for you to appear at lunch and too give them their tea when they come in. And you do it beautifully, my dear. No one could do it better."

Isolated as the castle of Glenskel seemed, there were several other residences, mostly those of noblemen, within a reasonable distance; and the earl decided that a formal dinner-party should be given.

Invitations were issued which embraced all the families of the neighborhood. It was, as Vane laughingly declared, a gathering of the clans.

"You ought to know all the people, my dear," said the earl to Diana. "Vane is very fond of this place; and I think you also are?"

"Yes; yes, indeed," assented Diana. "I have never seen any place so beautiful; have never known, imagined, people so nice, so lovable as the people here. If I go down to the village they treat me as if they had known me all their lives, as if I belonged to them and were one of them."

The old man nodded. "So you will be, my dear," he said. "In fact, they regard you as if you already belonged to them. This feeling of clanishness seems strange to you, no doubt. I don't know that I myself fully realize it. There isn't a man, woman or child who wouldn't lay down his or her life for any one of the family; and, of course, they already regard you as one of the clan. But, touching this dinner—now, my dear child, you will not think me intrusive or presumptuous if I venture to make you a little present for the occasion."

Diana looked at him and shook her head apprehensively. "You are surely not going to make me another present!" she said. "Scarcely a week, a day, has passed but you have given me something. Seriously, Lord Wrayborough, there must be a limit to your generosity and my gratitude."

He laughed, and drew her arm within his. "My dear, I have only given you a few trifles not worth mentioning; and you must not refuse to accept my gift, this thing that I want you to take and wear on this occasion. Come with me and you shall see what it is."

He offered her his arm in his courtly fashion and led her across the hall and into the room which he called his own. It was one of the smallest rooms in the castle, lined with books and furnished in a solid and simple way. Diana had never been in it before, and she looked round her with interest; an interest which increased as the earl, taking a bunch of keys from his pocket, unlocked a door by

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Was Seldom Free From That Weak, Droopy, Half-Dead Feeling.

Now Cured, and Gives Good Advice to Others With Dyspeptic Tendencies.

If you have any stomach distress at all you will certainly be interested in the following experience which is told by Mr. Edward Dawkins:

"When I was working around the farm last winter I had an attack of inflammation," writes Mr. E. P. Dawkins, of Port Richmond. "I was weak for a long time, but well enough to work until spring. But something went wrong with my bowels for I had to use salts or physic all the time. My stomach kept sour, and always after eating there was pain and fulness, and all the symptoms of intestinal indigestion. Nothing helped me until I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Instead of hurting, like other pills, they acted very mildly, and seemed to heal the bowels. I did not require large doses to get results with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and feel so glad that I have found a mild yet certain remedy. To-day I am well—no pain, no sour stomach, a good appetite, able to digest anything. This is a whole lot of good for one medicine to do, and I can say Dr. Hamilton's Pills are the best pills, and my letter, I am sure, proves it."

Refuse a substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butter-nut. 25c. per box or five for \$1.00, at all druggists and storekeepers, or post paid from the Catarhoxone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Canada.

the fireplace, and, signing to her to follow, entered a still smaller room, in which there was very little but a large safe. Selecting a key from the bunch, he opened this, and, taking out a casket, carried it to the adjoining room, and, unlocking it, threw back the lid, and, with a nod and a smile, invited her to look at the contents.

With her hand on his shoulder, Diana bent over the box, and was startled and surprised to see that it contained a quantity of diamond ornaments. She had no idea of their value; indeed, no one but a connoisseur could have estimated their worth; but she knew, at a glance, that they were very splendid; and, with an exclamation, she looked from them to him questioningly. The earl smiled and nodded.

"These are not the family diamonds, my dear," he said. "I suppose that you ought not to wear those until you are married."

"Oh, no, no!" said Diana earnestly. But Lord Wrayborough laughed. "I don't know that I care very much about strict etiquette," he said; "but I do know that I do want you to wear these, at any rate, at this dinner party. As a matter of fact, I don't think the family diamonds—they are at the bank in London—are as fine as these. Take them out, my child."

Diana lifted the gems reverentially. She looked at them with girlish delight and admiration. There was a tiara of splendid proportions, a necklace and pendant, bracelets and old-fashioned earrings, several rings, and a spray, which could be used as a brooch or an ornament for the hair.

She took them up one by one and held them to the light, exclaiming, in a subdued voice, at their magnificence. While she was doing so they heard Vane's voice in the hall. Diana ran to the door.

"I am here, Vane. Oh, come and see!"

He came into the room and put his arm round her and looked smilingly at the priceless gems.

"I thought that was what it would be," he said. "If the whole world belonged to my father, he'd melt it down for you. I suppose you are going to give them to her now, sir?"

"Yes, I am," said the earl. "She shall wear them at this dinner-party."

Dalesford took up the tiara and placed it on Diana's head, and drew back and gazed at her with worshipping eyes.

"You look like a queen, an empress; doesn't she, sir?"

The earl looked from one to the other with delighted satisfaction.

"She shall wear them, Vane. There is no woman in the world who could wear them better than Diana. Put on the bracelets, my dear; and the necklace. I suppose you can't put on the earrings, because your ears are not pierced? Quite right—a barbaric

fashion. I'll have them made up into something else, eh, Vane?"

Gradually they got the whole of the suit on her, and, drawing back, looked at her with smiling wonderment and admiration; for, though blushing and with her eyes modestly downcast under their gaze, she "carried" them well, as the earl had said she would.

"My dear Diana," said Vane, "you will create a sensation. I don't think," to the earl, "that there are any finer diamonds than these, are there, sir?"

The earl shook his head as he commenced to collect the various pieces of the magnificent suit. "As a matter of fact, I don't think there are," he assented. "One of the English ducal families possessed a finer suit; but it was broken up. We have kept ours intact. They were your mother's," he added, in a low voice. "and Diana shall wear them on the twenty-second."

He gathered them together, replaced them in the box and locked it, and took it to the safe. Vane looked round the small room absentely.

"I suppose they're all right here, sir?" he said. "I'd no idea they were here. I thought they were at the bank."

"No," responded the earl, carelessly. "They have always been here. I had quite forgotten them until our dear girl came upon the scene."

"They are quite safe, I suppose?" said Dalesford.

The earl shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, quite. Why shouldn't they be? It's a very good safe; they've always been here. What should happen to them? I don't think any one but ourselves know where they are. The windows are heavily barred; and there has never been a burglary at Glenskel."

CHAPTER XVII.

Desmond March first saw the announcement of his cousin Dalesford's engagement as he was returning from a race-meeting at Hurst Park.

He had had an extremely bad day; had not only failed to spot a single winner, but, as if often the case with men of his temperament when luck seems dead against them, he had heavily backed each succeeding loser.

He had had a run of bad luck lately at cards as well as at racing; and as he crowded into the railway-carriage with half-a-dozen similar men, he was filled with the rage and despondency which, like vultures, tear at the vitals of the unsuccessful gambler; but his face was little paler than usual and he carried his head erect and smiled with his usual nonchalance.

One of the men produced the inevitable pack of cards, and it was while Desmond March was spreading a sporting paper over his and his companion's knee to serve as a table that he read the short paragraph which contained such significant and lamentable news for him.

For a moment or two he stared at it, holding his breath, his long hands closing over the cards spasmodically. The shock was a sudden and severe one, though he ought to have been prepared for it; for it was almost certain that Dalesford, the heir, would marry. Of course there was always the chance that Dalesford might break his neck out hunting, be drowned in his yacht, have a fit, or meet with some fatal accident; and remote as the chance might have been considered by a disinterested person, Desmond March had cherished the hope of it.

The marriage of Dalesford, the advent of a son and heir, would not only ruin Desmond March's future prospects, but would work him present ruin. He was always in debt, always living from hand to mouth, on his winnings at cards or at races, on loans from the Jews raised at exorbitant interest; and his ill luck of the last few weeks had plunged him deeper into the mire; so that, as he talked and laughed with his com-

panion and played with an apparent carelessness and sang-froid, he had all the sensations of an animal driven into a corner and at its last extremity; but even when the man beside him saw the paragraph, read it out to others, and joined in the chorus of commiseration, Desmond March still kept a smiling and unmoved countenance.

"Oh, Dalesford was bound to marry some time or other," he said. "He was not likely to continue single for my sake, confound him! But the game isn't up yet; all sorts of things may happen; and I may yet romp in at the finish."

It was not until he reached Hans Crescent that he allowed the mask to slip from his face, and, pallid, to the lips, lay back in his chair and stared vacantly before him. To tide over his difficulties, to enable him to go on for even a few months, he would need a large sum of money; he knew that the Jews not only would refuse to lend him another penny, but would be soon swooping down upon him for that which he already owed them.

He had only recently wrung from Mr. Starkey five hundred pounds, his allowance from the earl was not due until the end of the quarter; and even if he could succeed in extorting another hundred or two from the same source it would be as a drop in the ocean of his liabilities.

He arose presently and began to pace up and down, stopping now and again to help himself from the decanter of brandy which stood on the sideboard. He was desperate and quite ready to do any desperate deed. In the drawer of the sideboard was a loaded revolver, and once or twice he glanced toward it; but as he turned in his pacing he caught sight of his pallid face in the mirror on the wall. He was too young to die; there must be something he could do, some loophole of escape from the meshes which surrounded him.

Of course there was flight; but Desmond March, during his pleasant runs on the Continent, had met men who had sought that refuge from their trouble; he had seen them wandering about the streets of some foreign, fifth-rate watering place, had come across them in a "silver-bell," or caught sight of them, seedy, unshaven, out-at-elbows wretches, sinking furtively among the crowd at a respectable race-meeting. Could it be possible that he, Desmond March, the nephew of the Earl of Wrayborough, the man who was not far removed from the earldom itself, should sink to such depths of degradation?

And yet what hope was there of anything better for him? He could not dig, and, though he was not ashamed to beg, there was no one from whom he could beg, no one to help him. Not a single one of the so-called friends, the men who had drunk and gambled with him, who had shared in his plunder of some innocent lad or moneyed fool, proud of the distinction of playing with Mr. Desmond March, would stretch out a hand to save him from perdition itself.

There was no woman—
(To be continued.)

Five Attractive Films.

To-day the Crescent is showing five all feature pictures produced by the best film makers and featuring the stars of the movie world. Edwin August is in the powerful mystery drama "The Reincarnation of a Soul." This great work is produced by the Powers Company, and is classed as one of their finest films. "Comrades" is a war drama with a unique plot, a production of the Nestor Company. "The Girl Reporter" and "Muchly Engaged" are two Crystal comedies in which Pearl White and Chester Barnett star, while the "Universal Animated Weekly" the most famous in the world, is a full reel of all the interesting topics and happenings all over the world, and is itself worth the price of admission. Added to the above Jack McDonald sings "Last Night was the End of the World," a charming ballad. This is a big show even for the Crescent, and should be well patronized.

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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.

* BUSINESS AS USUAL *

Here and There.

Miss Rose Carmichael, who graduated recently at Edinburgh University, returned home by the Allan Line Mongolian yesterday.

Stafford's Liniment should be in every home. No advance in the price.—sep19,1f

In strolling along past the stores of this city, one cannot help being struck by the dainty values in Kiddie's White Bearskin Coats and Caps at RODGER'S.—nov23,11

Stafford's Liniment cures all aches and pains. Sold everywhere.—sep8,1f

STUCK BY RUNAWAY.—A young man named Morey, was knocked down on Water Street by a runaway horse on Saturday afternoon and injured, but not seriously.

Stafford's Phorotone Cough Cure will cure that cough and cold you have had for a long time. Price 25c. Postage 5 and 10 cts. extra.—sep10,1f

AGED VAGRANT.—On Saturday night, a woman, aged 75, was found wandering the streets sparsely clad and with no home. She was brought to the police station for shelter.

Piano for Sale.—One good second hand Piano and suitable for any parlor. Will be sold very cheap for cash only. CHESLEY WOODS, 140 Water St. Office upstairs.—nov12

GOT THIRTY DAYS.—A young man was arraigned before Judge Knight, Saturday afternoon, charged with larceny, and sentenced to 30 days hard labor.

Stafford's Phorotone Cough and Cold Cure is the best preparation for all kinds of Coughs and Colds. Price 25c. a bottle; post, 5c. extra.—sep19,1f

FOGOTA BACK.—The S. S. Fogota, Capt. Dalton, arrived from the Northward at 6 p.m. yesterday, and reports stormy weather during the whole trip. She brought a considerable freight and several passengers.

Stafford's Prescription "A" is one of the best stomach preparations for sale in Newfoundland. Price: Small size, 25c.; post, 5c. extra. Large size, 50c.; post, 10c. extra.—sep19,1f

ARRIVALS AT HARBOR GRACE.—The schr. Garnet, Capt. Alex Parsons, has reached Harbor Grace with 200 quintals of codfish taken at Ragged Islands. The Nelson, T. Noseworthy, master, has arrived with 400 quintals from Saug Harbor.

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 TRAP-NELLS, where only reliable Watches are kept and sold at reasonable prices.—oct22,1f

LADY TO REST.—The funeral of the late Robert Carter took place from the residence of his parents, Hamilton Street, yesterday afternoon and was largely attended. The remains were enclosed in a beautiful casket which was adorned with wreaths and floral offerings. Rev. G. R. Gordon officiated at the graveside and interment was at the C. of E. Cemetery.

Safety Gland Junior Razor, 50 cents with four blades—extra blades 2 for 10 cents. Made in the U. S. and a great favorite for its simplicity and cheapness. CHESLEY WOODS, Sole Agent, 140 Water Street.—sep30,1f

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- Bird's Custard Powder.
- Morton's Custard Powder in ¼ and ½ lb. tins.
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- Creme de Menthe.
- Mixed Fruit Delight.
- Turban Brand Dates.
- MOIR'S CAKES.
- Huntley and Palmer, Jacobs', Carr, Crawford's BISCUITS & WAFERS.
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THERAPION No. 3
CURES CHRONIC WEAKNESS, GRAVEL, LIMP, STIFFNESS, ACIDITY, LEADEN GONORRHOEA, PAIN IN SHOULDER, THROAT, EYES, EARS, NOSE, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY TRACT.
THERAPION No. 4
CURES GONORRHOEA, GRAVEL, LIMP, STIFFNESS, ACIDITY, LEADEN GONORRHOEA, PAIN IN SHOULDER, THROAT, EYES, EARS, NOSE, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY TRACT.
THERAPION No. 5
CURES GONORRHOEA, GRAVEL, LIMP, STIFFNESS, ACIDITY, LEADEN GONORRHOEA, PAIN IN SHOULDER, THROAT, EYES, EARS, NOSE, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY TRACT.

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Grape Fruit, Water Melons, Bananas, Celery, Tomatoes, New Potatoes, Cauliflower, Cucumbers, Turnips, New York Chicken & Turkeys, New York Corned Beef.
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