



Only a Beggar; A Queen Among Women

CHAPTER XIX.

"I can see no one," he said. "Was it one of the keepers, woodmen, dearest? I'll have the fellow hauled over the coals. No one has any right to skulk about the drive—"

Diana laid her hand on his arm. "Don't be angry, dearest," she said. "Yes; I dare say it was one of the keepers. I am not frightened, there is no harm done. See, there is Lord Wrayborough. What care you take of me!"

At the foot of the stairs, she remembered Donald's photograph, got it from Vane and held it in her hand as she talked to Lord Wrayborough, who, as usual, wanted to know all the details of the ride, how she had enjoyed herself, and whether she was sure she was not tired. She told him of Donald's purchase of the photograph and his request, and the old man, proud and pleased, drew her into his room.

"Bravo, Donald! Fine fellow that, eh, Diana? Compliment! I should think so. And he behaved like a gentleman, eh?"

"Like a prince!" said Diana.

"Here's the pen and ink. Write it large and plain. That's it. Hem! Pity he hadn't waited a little; you could have written 'Diana Dalesford.' What?"

He put his hand on her shoulder and pressed it lovingly, and did not move when the butler, at the open door, said:

"Mr. Fielding has arrived, my lord. He would be glad if Miss Bourne could see him."

"Fielding? Eh, Diana? What?"

"Oh, I'll come directly," said Diana, and, dropping the photograph on the table, she left the room and followed the butler to the library.

CHAPTER XX.

Mr. Fielding rose as Diana entered, and, smiling at her with a fine mixture of the paternal and legal, held her hand and patted it.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Bourne," he said. "My sudden and unexpected visit has no evil import. May I say that you are looking both well and happy?"

"Alarmed! I am delighted, Fairy Godmother!" responded Diana, laughing. "I suppose you flew here on your broomstick? Yes; I am quite well, and quite happy," she added frankly, but with a blush and a sudden glow in the eyes that always met his straightly.

"No evil import; but on business, of course. I would wait until this evening or to-morrow before bothering you, but it is just possible I may receive a wire that will take me back by the night mail."

"Oh, poor Mr. Fielding!"

He nodded and sighed. "Yes! Taking all things into consideration, a lawyer's life is not an easy one, my dear Miss Diana. But to business! It is connected with your father's estate. Do sit down"—he put a chair for her, and sat opposite, leaning forward a little, his eyes, guarded now, fixed on hers. "Our investigations into the amount and character of your father's property have taken a great deal of time, as you may easily understand. Neither his will nor the few papers he left behind him gave any list or clue to his investments or holdings, and we had to hunt them up. Now, the man we sent out, a very capable and reliable person, of course, made a strange discovery."

Diana listened gravely and with intense interest. Her father, his career, his very fate, were for her invested with a deep and tragic mystery. He seemed intangible, almost mythical, to this girl who had not until lately heard his name mentioned, who had almost forgotten that she had a father.

"It was this," continued Mr. Fielding. "It appears that your father had a partner, a man named Brown; this partner was with your father when he died. They were up in the mountains, almost if not completely alone; and those who were near them in that wild locality knew nothing of them. I believe that the two partners were prospecting for gold, or, perhaps, examining some new investment or speculation. However, your father died there, and soon afterward the partner disappeared—well, that is scarcely the fair word to describe his departure; for there was nothing secret about it. He was very much affected by his partner's death, and he spoke openly of leaving the country, of coming to Europe."

"Poor man! Ah, yes, I understand. He was with my father when he died. Could I not find him, Mr. Fielding? I should—should like to see him," Diana said in a low voice.

Mr. Fielding nodded. "As usual, with woman's wit and directness, you have put your finger on the spot, my dear young lady," he said approvingly. "We, too, want to see this partner of your father's; for, on going over his accounts—your father's, I mean—we find that just before he died he had sold his partner, Mr. Brown, several properties, shares in mines and companies, and so on; and it is rather difficult to trace the money your father ought to have received. It amounts to a very large sum very large; and, of course, we want to know whether Mr. Brown paid, and where the money has gone. Do I make myself clear?"

"Quite," said Diana. "But—but you don't suggest that Mr. Brown didn't pay my father?"

"No," replied Mr. Fielding. "That would be going rather far—very much farther than I should care to venture; for, you see, your father was too keen a business man to part with such valuable properties without receiving payment, and, as his accounts were very loosely kept—indeed, we have had to construct them for ourselves in the kind of way the famous naturalist constructed the megatherium—from a single bone—it is quite possible he invested the money as soon as he got it or buried it, or—gave it away. As Mr. Brown realized these properties before he left South America and we can't trace him, it's difficult to come to a decision. And now, this is my business to-night: Will you accept the estate as it stands, with this question of Mr. Brown's indebtedness left open, or will you wait until we can track him down—if that is not an inappropriate expression?"

"Wait?" said Diana.

Mr. Fielding nodded and smiled at her.

"Yes; postpone the wedding, I mean. Because you will have to do so if you do not care to leave this question open. Wait!" for Diana's face had grown crimson and her lids drooped. "Even without this money which Mr. Brown may or may not owe, you are an extremely wealthy young lady. If you will glance at these figures—this is the total at the bottom—"

He handed her a paper, and Diana, looking at it, uttered an exclamation. "You think it is enough?" he said with a smile. "You won't trouble about Mr. Brown, and will not keep Lord Dalesford waiting?"

"No," she whispered. "I—I promised him—in a fortnight—"

Mr. Fielding rose and took both her hands.

"A very sensible decision! It is said heartily. Let me wish you every happiness, both of you! And there's every prospect of my wishes coming true. The marriage settlements shall be completed at once, and—"

A footman knocked, and, entering

Bright, Rudy Cheeks For Pale Girls.

NO LONGER ANY NEED TO BE PALE, WEAK OR ANAEMIC.

By Following the Advice of Miss McEwan You Can Quickly Become Strong Again.

The pallid girl always lacks appetite. What little she eats is badly digested.

At night she is restless, she dozes but doesn't sleep soundly.

Vital force must be increased, new blood must be supplied and a general rebuilding take place before she will feel like she ought.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills begin by cleansing the system and purifying the blood; they also improve digestion and render food ready for absorption. Additional nourishment is quickly supplied and the patient is fast strengthened and invigorated.

Full of spirit, ruddy and strong is the girl that assists her system by the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

The following recent letter from Miss Edie McEwan, of Halliburton, speaks for itself:

"In using Dr. Hamilton's Pills I find my system is wonderfully built up. It is certainly the most effective remedy I ever used. I have now a good appetite, sleep more soundly, and awaken in the morning feeling quite refreshed.

"Formerly I felt tired and depressed. I looked as if a severe illness were hanging over my head.

"Nothing could give quicker results than Dr. Hamilton's Pills and I strongly advise every young woman to use them."

All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box or five boxes for \$1.00 by mail from The Catarrhons Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Ont.

carried a telegram on a salver to Mr. Fielding, who groaned aloud.

"As I feared. Just time to get a snack before I start on my return journey. I must have a few words with Lord Dalesford. Is there anything I can do for you? No? Have you everything in the world you want? Ah, well, you deserve it."

"Why, Fairy Godmother?" Diana asked, as she held his hand.

"Because—oh, never mind! Good-by!"

It was a quiet house-party that night, for they were all feeling the effects of the ball of the preceding night; but the Wrayboroughs, family, and the earl and Mabel especially, were happy and complacent. Vane had told them that the wedding-day was fixed; and the earl was in the seventh heaven of delighted satisfaction. After dinner he sat for some time beside Diana, holding her hand now and again and patting it, as if she were a beloved child who had been more than ordinarily good.

Early in the evening, she went up to her own room and poured out her heart to her Aunt Mary. The letter was just a song of happiness, of wondering bliss; and when she heard Vane's voice calling her in the corridor, she went out to him with a light in her face which struck him silent, as if with awe.

The night was fine, though dark, for there was no moon, and he coaxed her on to the terrace, where they paced up and down or stood in a cozy and sheltered corner rap in the lovers' silence that is so much more eloquent than words.

He had drawn one of Lady Selina's thick shawls round her as they had gone out, and as they reentered the hall by one of the back doors she slipped into the earl's room so that Vane might take the shawl off her. While he was doing so—and how long the simple action took!—she fancied she heard something drop; but a passing footstep in the hall startled her out of his embrace, and she forgot to look for whatever it was. The earl drove her to bed early, and

just as she was falling asleep she remembered the little, tinkling sound that had struck her ear as Vane had taken the shawl from her shoulders, and wondered what had caused it. She fell asleep while she was still wondering; but awake presently, and with a start, for her brain, that mystic piece of machinery, had been at work while she slept, and had whispered: "Aunt Mary's portrait!"

It was a miniature which an artist in Paris had painted for Diana; an exquisite piece of work, and so small that Diana wore it as a pendant.

She sat up asking herself whether it was the miniature that had dropped, and, after a minute or two, she got out of bed and went to see if it was on the table.

It was not there, nor was it on any of the other tables or in the places where the maid would have been likely to put it. Diana was now convinced that it was the miniature that had fallen, and she tried to tell herself that it would be quite safe where it had dropped in the earl's room until the morning. But she was uneasy about it, and could not sleep; when she closed her eyes she pictured the servant sweeping it away; the thing was so small that a sleepy housemaid might easily overlook it.

She grew so restless in her anxiety about it that she sat up and thought of ringing for Janet, her maid; but Diana was one of those women—they are not too plentiful, by the way—who consider the comfort and well-being of their servants; and she was reluctant to awaken the girl and send her down. Why, it was much better for her to go herself, for she was already awake.

She got out, and, slipping into her dressing-gown, opened the door and listened. The great house was wrapt in silence, a silence broken only by the ticking of the big clock and the crackling of the logs in the fire-place in the hall. She stood hesitating, feeling a little nervous, and half dreading the journey from her room, along the corridor, down the staircase, across the hall into the earl's room. It seemed fearsome and weird in the dead of night—the turret-clock chimed two as she listened—in that intense silence.

But presently, ashamed of herself, she, woman-like, passed out quickly, and as quickly went down the stairs and across the hall. Her movements were absolutely noiseless, for she wore her felt ballet slippers, and trod like a thing of air, a fitting vision of girlishhood trembling on womanhood. As noiselessly she pushed open the door of the earl's den, and found that it opened only a little way, and some obstacle stopped it. She looked round and saw a small wedge of wood lying against the door. It was within reach of her foot, and with her foot she pushed it away, and, without asking herself why it was there and how it had come there, she entered the room, turned up the electric light, and began to look for the miniature.

She had not to search long, for she saw it lying under a small table where it had rolled when the shawl had broken the slender, thread-like chain. With a sigh of relief she picked it up, pressed it to her with a girlish gesture of relief, and was passing out again swiftly when she heard a peculiar noise in the adjoining room.

(To be Continued.)

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

1118—SOME NEW STYLES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.



A Pretty Cap, and a Becoming Bonnet

For the cap, embroidered lawn, batiste or linen would serve, or silk, cloth, velvet or corduroy. For the bonnet, black velvet was selected, with facing of white mull shirred to the brim. This style is good for fall silk, for messaline, crepe de chine, for velvet, or corduroy. The Patterns are cut in 2 sizes for Children 1 to 2, and 3 to 4 years. It requires 5-8 yard of 24 inch material for either style. If this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

1125—A JAUNTY TOP GARMENT FOR THE YOUNG MISS.



Girls' Coat With or Without Cape. Blue chinchilla, black velvet or brown broad cloth could be used for this style, with braid binding or trimming for a finish. Double faced cloaking or novelty weaves in zibeline, plaids and other cloakings are equally appropriate. The cape may be omitted. The fronts are lapped at the closing and the garment is loose fitting and in sack shape. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 14 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

No.
Size
Address in full—
Name

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern can not reach you in less than 15 days. Price 10c. each, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address: Telegram Pattern Department.

New Books!

The War That Was Foretold, 5c.
War Albums—Heroes of the War (For traits), 8 in set for 50c. sets and 2 new size sets.
Lord Kitchener—Heroes of the War, 5c.
A. B. C. Guide to the War, 20c.
German Atrocities, LeQuex, 30c.
The Great War in Parts, 18c. part.
The War of the Nations, 15c.
The Life of Lord Kitchener, 5c.
Her Royal Highness, LeQuex, 60c.
Night Watches, W. W. Jacobs, 60c.
Facing Fearful Odds, Joseph Hooker, 60c.
The War of the Nations, 15c.
The Six Rubles, by J. M. Forman, 60c.
The Silent Captain by May Wynne, 60c.
A Silent Witness by R. A. Freeman, 60c.
Latest War Maps, 20c and 30c.

Garrett, Byrne, Bookeller & Stationer.

TRAPNELL

The Eyesight Specialist.

Examines the eyes without DRUGS, DROPS, or DANGER. He not only finds the trouble, but with his perfect optical machinery he can grind the correct lenses to suit the most complicated cases, and do it quickly.

There was a time when all compound lenses had to be sent out of the country for, involving a delay of three or four weeks, but that day has passed; an hour or two is sufficient to produce any lens that may be called for.

Prescriptions filled or broken lenses replaced if you have the pieces.

TRAPNELL

IS YOUR MAN WHEN EYE TROUBLE APPEARS.

"Stanfield"

WOOL UNDERWEAR,

AT

Henry Blair's,

FOR WINTERY WEATHER STANFIELD'S WOOL UNDERWEAR IS A GOOD INSURANCE POLICY.

We have now a complete range of this celebrated Underwear which we are selling at very lowest prices. Buy now whilst all sizes are in stock.

Range of sizes—Shirts, 34 to 44 inches.

Range of sizes—Drawers, 32 to 42 inches.

Mens Stanfield Unshrinkable Ribbed Heavy Wool Shirts and Drawers, Green Label, from \$1.00 per garment. Prices according to sizes.

Mens Red and Blue Label Stanfield Underwear in the same assortment of sizes.

Mens Stanfield Black Label Underwear, all wool and extra heavy weight.

Ladies' Stanfield Vests and Drawers from 80c. to \$1.60, according to size and quality. Sizes stocked, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7.

Ladies' Fine Wool Stanfield Combinations, sizes 3, 4, 5. Prices \$2.75, \$2.90, \$3.15.

Ladies' Spun Silk Combinations (Job), only a few left at \$3.25.

A Special Job Line Ladies' Stanfield Drawers, assorted sizes. Worth \$1.25 to \$1.50. Clearing at 75c. a garment.

Lot Ladies' Fine White English Cashmere Vests, long and short sleeves (Job), at 95c. and \$1.10 each.

Ladies' White Cashmere Combinations, winter weight, English made, \$3.20 each.

WEAR ONLY WOOL UNDERWEAR AND KEEP IN GOOD HEALTH.

Henry Blair

nov20, eod, ff

THE BIG Furniture Store.

If you want Furniture, get acquainted with our well selected stock. Every department complete. A variety to please all tastes.

TABLES, BUFFETS, CHAIRS, CHINA CABINETS, ROCKERS, BUREAUS, LOUNGES, COUCHES, WARDROBES, JARDINIERES, KITCHEN CABINETS, LINOLEUM, OIL CLOTH, CANNAS, CURTAINS, BLANKETS, QUILTS, SHEETS, BED SPREADS, TABLE COVERS, CUSHION COVERS.

See our display before buying.

CALLAHAN, GLASS & CO

Duckworth & Gower Streets.

The Eastern Trust Company.

The Eastern Trust Company directs attention to the public to the advantages offered by its Safety Deposit system of boxes.

In the vault in its office there is installed a nest of deposit boxes of the latest design and of the greatest strength. These boxes can be opened only by the customer. A room is attached where the customer may examine his securities at leisure. The price of these boxes vary according to size. The smallest box in the nest is capable of holding conveniently the papers of the ordinary investor. The larger sizes are suitable for professional men who hold documents in trust for clients.

The prices are—

Size No. 1	\$4.00 per year
Size No. 2	5.00 per year
Size No. 3	10.00 per year
Size No. 4	20.00 per year

This system is capable of supplying the needs of every class of person desirous of ensuring the safe deposit of securities.

Further particulars can be obtained by applying to the Manager. Address: Pitts Building, Water Street.

HERBERT KNIGHT,

oct5, m, ff
Manager.

Telegram Ads. Pay

Made in Canada

Develop your home market buy Windor Table Salt

Anikamma Tablets

For Head-ache, Neuralgia, La Grippe, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Migraine, All Nerve Pain.

ASK FOR A.K. TABLETS

Mazetta TALCUM POWDER

A NEW AND TOTALLY DIFFERENT

Not only softer, smoother, more satisfying than any other, but distinguished by the "True Oriental Odor," a fragrance invaluable in its subtlety and charm.

In addition to Mazetta, we carry a complete line of Lescage's Famous Soaps, including the most exquisite Perfumes, delightful Toilet Waters, superb Creams, and Powders of unsurpassable excellence.

At all Drugists, St. John's, Nfld.

A charming house dress in a knee-length smock of mauve velvet, round-necked and without sleeves. It is worn over a princess slip cream satin with lace sleeves.

War

Messages Re Previous

BATTLE FAVORABLE TO RUSSIA

LOS

To the Governor, N

Following from P

the whole front bet

and the Wartha, the

favorable to the Ru

prisoners have been

the number of pris

acely ascertained.

The Germans are

trenches in the dire

On the Czechoche

more than 4,000 pris

on Nov. 26.

Biehni has been

sault. Over 2,000 p

and machine guns

(Bochnia is in Aus

important railway

between Turnow an

town has a populat

On the right bank

and in the Cracow

is in disorderly re

In France and R

nothing to report.

REINFORCEMENT

FRAN

For three days

ments have been p

There has been a s

transports into the

Dieppe and Boulog

that the arrival of

ments will be the s

offensive movement

number of men of

unknown, but it is

than a million fr

reached French soil

STORIES FROM

Three-German are

practically surround

Strykoff region is

corps has been cap

rounded, according

to spatch to the Mat

been learned on

the despatch stati

losses are consider

one army corps of

whn constan

most people l

ache, or some

It's the

1 1/2 to

If tea or coffe

free from the

ful substance.

Nothing but

of wholesome

lightful taste

Postum com

Regular Pos

Instant Post

50c tin.

Cost per cup

Grocer

Canada