

GILLET'S LYE

FOR MAKING SOAP, SOFTENING WATER, CLEANING AND DISINFECTING SINKS, CLOSETS, DRAINS, AND FOR MANY OTHER PURPOSES.

THE STANDARD ARTICLE SOLD EVERYWHERE. RETUSE SUBSTITUTES.



Stella Mordant

OR

The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."

CHAPTER IV.

"A gentleman! Impossible! How do you know?"

"How does one know? Oh, yes, he is! I could tell by his way of speaking, and by his face; besides, he ate his breakfast like—oh, well! like anyone else. But he is very strange. But don't be cast down, mother. He may, he must come back to us; and meanwhile, we ought to be thankful that we are spared. I can scarcely realize that we are not tossing about in that dreadful boat, with the waves howling to devour us, and those cruel rocks threatening to crush us. Yes, we must be thankful, mother. We are alive, and you are better—and warm, are you not? And see, I will make you some hot milk. You will be stronger presently; this air will do you good, 'tis so soft and bracing."

The woman sighed with a fretful refusal to be comforted.

"What use to live?" she asked. "Better to have made an end of it out there last night. Life is over for me and cast upon a desert island—"

"Not a desert island, mother. See, there is a hut—why, it is quite comfortable!—and enough to eat and drink! Ah! do not let us despair! Presently some ship will pass, or some civilized people will come and find us."

While she had been speaking, she had been warming some milk, of which her mother drank a small quantity, closing her eyes immediately afterwards, and either falling asleep or into a kind of stupor.

The girl stood before the fire in deep thought—deep and disturbing thought, to judge by the varied expressions which it called up on her face. At one moment her eyes shone as if with anger and resentment, the next they became dewy, as if with the unshed tears of vexation and shame. Presently she glanced down at her clothes—at the loose shirt, the nether garments. Her face burnt, and she flung up her hands before it as if to shut out the sight of the masculine garb. Then she started and looked round eagerly. Lying on the floor beside the bed was a small bundle wrapped in a covering of tarpaulin. She remembered that one of the officers of the ship had, with a man's thoughtfulness even in the hour of his death, thrown it into the boat after them, together with some biscuits and water.

She sprang to the bundle and tore it open. It contained a few articles of woman's attire—just such things as a man would snatch up from a

Various Forms Of Headache

"It is necessary in order to treat headaches properly to understand the causes which produce the affection," says Dr. J. W. Ray of Houston, Ala. Continuing, he says: "Physicians cannot begin to treat cases of a disease without knowing what the headache is to be treated according to the same rule. We must not only be particular to give a remedy intended to counteract the cause which produces the headache, but we must also give a remedy to relieve the pain until the cause of the trouble has been removed. To answer this purpose Anti-kamnia Tablets will be found a most convenient and satisfactory remedy. One tablet every one to three hours gives comfort and relief in the most severe cases of headache, neuralgia and particularly the headache of women."

When we have a patient subject to regular attacks of sick headache, we should caution him to keep his bowels regular, for which nothing is better than 'Aristol', and when he feels the least sign of an approaching attack, he should take two A-K Tablets, to carry a few Anti-kamnia Tablets, so as to have them ready for instant use. These tablets are produced in action, and can be dissolved in a few minutes, and can be taken in a very few minutes. Anti-kamnia Tablets can be obtained at all druggists.

cabin before the ship went down. She opened them, and as she unrolled a blue serge skirt a small tin box fell out. She looked at it rather indifferently. She had seen it once before, under her mother's pillow in the berth.

As she picked it up, her mother, awakened by the noise of its striking against the floor, opened her eyes and saw it.

She leant forward eagerly, almost fiercely.

"Stella! What are you doing with that? Why did you take it? Answer me! Why did you steal it?"

The voice, the tone, were in their strange eagerness so suddenly a contrast to the woman's lassitude, so unexpected, that the girl stared at her, as if discovered in some underhand action.

"Mother!" she remonstrated, in wonder. "This box, do you mean? I found it here, in this bundle—"

"Give it to me—give it to me at once!" said the woman, stretching out her hand.

The girl brought it to her, and the woman clutched it, and, as if endeavoring to conceal it, covered it with both hands.

"Never take it again! It is mine—mine!" she said, swiftly, defiantly; then, as if afraid or ashamed of her vehemence, she went on, more quietly: "It belongs to me—to me alone—alone. It is of no consequence—only some trifles, some mementoes; but I value them. How—how did it come to be saved?"

"I found it in this bundle," replied the girl. "It must have been found under your pillow, and the first mate, thinking it of importance, put it with the other things. See, mother, here is a skirt and blouse for you, and—I scarcely know what else; and there is this skirt of mine. I—I am glad."

She withdrew to the back of the room, and presently came back slowly to the fire, with a sigh of relief.

The mother scarcely seemed to notice the change the girl had made in her attire, but while her back had been turned, the elder woman had hidden the small tin box.

Stella made the beds and "tidied up" the hut; she was still very thoughtful; but she glanced at the short rough blue skirt again and again, and each time seemed more comforted and, so to speak, encouraged.

The mother fell into her half-sleeping state again, and Stella examined the contents of the hut; though "examined" suggests a closer inspection than she made of it, for she looked round rather shyly, feeling as a guest might do in a room in which she is waiting for the host.

She noticed the guns and knives well cleaned and glistening in the rack over the fireplace; the neat book-case, with its few books; the cupboards with bottles and phials of spirit and oil and medicines; the cooking utensils scrupulously clean; the bundles of dried herbs; the fishing rods and tackle; the powder and cartridge boxes. A magnificent coat of sealskin which hung beside the bed proved so fascinating and irresistible that she went up to it and passed her hand over the rich, soft fur, and stroked it lovingly, as a woman would.

Then she deemed it wise to take something of a survey of the surroundings of the hut. She went to the door slowly and looked round cautiously before going out; but there was no one in sight. The young man who had rescued them, the lad with the musical name—Rath Rayne—had not returned.

The hut stood on a little clearing from which a path led to a kind of plantation. Here she found a cow-house, but the cow was out at pasture; some pigs, and some fowls. The former squeaked a welcome, and the latter ran to the netting which enclosed them, as if expecting to be fed. She got some bread from the house and shared it between pigs and fowls, then, afraid to penetrate through the plantation, went back to the bank overlooking the sea where she and Rath had sat, so contentedly that morning. She took the tea things in and washed them, aired and mended the things of her mother's which she had found in the bundle—a tidy "housewife" with needles and thread, hung over the fireplace—and then looked round for something else to do. It was a too early to prepare dinner, which she

Indigestion, Gas or Sick, Sour Stomach.

No Indigestion, Gas, Sourness or Upset Stomach if you'll take "Pape's Diapepsin"—Try This!

Do some foods you eat hit back—taste good, but work badly; ferment into stubborn lumps and cause a sick, sour, gassy stomach? Now, Mr. or Mrs. Diapepsin, get this down: Pape's Diapepsin digests everything, leaving nothing to sour and upset you. There never was anything so safely quick so certainly effective. No difference how badly your stomach is disordered you will get happy relief in five minutes, but what pleases you most is that it strengthens and regulates your stomach so that you can eat your favorite foods without fear.

Most remedies give you relief sometimes—they are slow, but not sure. "Pape's Diapepsin" is quick, positive and puts your stomach in a healthy condition so the misery won't come back.

You feel different as soon as "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach—distress just vanishes—your stomach gets sweet, no gases, no belching, no eructations of undigested food, your head clears and you feel fine.

Go now, make the best investment you ever made, by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or any stomach disorder.

had decided should consist of boiled eggs; and she ventured timidly to take a book from the shelves.

It was a treatise on farm work, and she noticed that the front leaf had been neatly and carefully removed, and that a couple of inches at the top of the title page had also been cut away; she examined the rest of the books, and found that in every case the fly leaf, upon which the name is generally written, was missing. They were nearly all books of a practical character; but there was one on heraldry, with, as in the case of the other, the blank leaf removed.

She pondered over the fact with the natural curiosity of her sex, but could make nothing of it, and had to pass her time looking at the coats of arms and the crests in the heraldry. But how slowly lagged the hours! She spun out the cooking and eating of the dinner as long as she could, but the hours that followed, though broken by the tea and supper, dragged so heavily that she found herself watching the clock and listening as if for the occurrence of some expected event.

Day glided, dragged, into night. She went to the door and looked out before she closed it, and listened. But there was no sound of footsteps; only the dull boom of the sea, the shrill of a sea-gull. If only the dog would come! But of course, he had deserted them with his master.

They were going to spend the night alone; two helpless women, unprotected in this strange, wild place, surrounded by who knew what perils! Her eyes filled with tears, and her hand shook as she slowly shut the door, as if she were shutting Fear in instead of out.

She lay awake listening for Rath, but she fell asleep at last; and when she woke, refreshed and courageous—oh, youth! youth! sleep to you is indeed Nature's sweet restorer!—the sun was high in the heavens. She had not undressed, and she leapt from the bed and cautiously opened the door. And her eyes fell upon a can of foaming milk, a basket of eggs, and a chicken ready dressed for cooking!

The blood rushed to her face, and she drew back for an instant; then before she stopped to take up the things, she looked round with a sudden hope springing up in her bosom, but no human being was in sight.

CHAPTER V.

She felt inclined to pitch the milk-can and the fowl into the bush, but very wisely resisted the temptation. It was evident that the strange being who inhabited this solitary island did not intend to starve them, and for that she supposed she must be grateful; but it must be confessed that there was not much gratitude in her bosom. She would have infinitely preferred that he should have come and apologized, and that they should have gone in search of provisions together. It was so terribly lonely! And she looked forward to another such day as that of yesterday with absolute dread. She found it impossible to remain in the hut, for the bright sunshine, the warm atmosphere, rare, though warm, seemed to woo her.

"I will go and get some flowers, mother," she said in the afternoon. "You will not mind being left? I shall not be long, and I will keep within call."

"No," replied her mother. "Why should I mind? There is nothing could happen to me that I should fear. Stella"—she paused a moment—"you will say nothing—tell no one about—the box?"

"No, mother. But you forget there is no one to tell, excepting a boy—young man—who carefully avoids us!" she added, a trifle bitterly.

As she went out, she drew a long breath. The place was an earthly paradise; never in all her girlish dreams had she imagined a place more beautiful. If only there were some other persons on the island, 'tut one family!

She began to gather some of the flowers which grew in profusion beyond the sand line, and presently, as was natural, forgot her promise to remain within call, and wandered into the wood nearest the hut.

The firs were like the columns of a vast cathedral, and the moss was studded with anemones and a blue and red flower whose name she did not know; the air, too, was fragrant with the scent of the terebene from her firs. Such a delicious air that she began to feel happy in spite of herself. Then suddenly she realized that she was wandering, and began to trace her steps; but she lost her way amongst the trees, and presently found herself in a spot quite new to her.

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

1249.—A SIMPLE, COMFORTABLE DRESS FOR HOUSE OR PORCH WEAR.



As here shown, dotted portals in blue and white, was used with collar, pockets and cuffs of blue linen. The waist is made in blouse style and with coat closing. The skirt has a wide lap tuck and is gathered at the top. It is cut with ample fulness, and on new lines. The back of the waist is combined with the sleeve, which may be finished in wrist length with a hand cut, or short with a neat turn back cuff. Chambray, gingham, ratine, linen or flannel, crepe, poplin or cashmere may be used for this style. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 2-1/3 at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

1238.—A PRACTICAL SERVICEABLE COMBINATION.



Ladies' Apron, With Sleeve Protector and Cap.

As here shown white drill was used for this set of serviceable garments. The models are also suitable for gingham, chambray, saten, percale, lawn or seersucker. The apron is on good comfortable lines, and affords ample protection for the dress beneath. The sleeve protectors are a popular accessory, and the cap is good to hold off the dust at the same time it imparts a neat, trim appearance. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It embraces all styles illustrated, and requires 5-8 yards of 36 inch material for the apron, 3/4 yard for the cap and 1/2 yard for one pair of sleeve protectors. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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CHILDREN'S HATS Specially Attractive

Owing to hard times we have marked our Goods Very Low.



The coming of Spring means the shedding of the old coat and the putting on of the new. We are showing something neat and dressy in Spring Coatings. Have you seen our Greys with silk facings? Topnotchers, aren't they? Also something good in Scotch suitings, Glenris and Wha-haes; all hand made.

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PURE IRISH BUTTER is another leader; in fact we can't keep enough stocked, as ours is the only real Irish in the market. Price now 45c. per lb.

BEANS, 5c. lb. PEARL BARLEY, 7c. lb.

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(To be Continued.)

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House Cleaning.

The annual return of this distressing and most contagious condition is now near at hand. What can be done towards reducing its horrors to suffering manhood? One thing should occur to you, that is to see that those books that are piled up in back rooms, on tables and mantels and spotted by exposure should be housed in dustless, elastic, sectional, economical book-cases of the famous

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