



**Stella Mordaunt;**  
—OR—  
**The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."**

CHAPTER XVIII.

Rath was silent a moment. "No, I was wrong. It was not I who discovered it, but one who was here."

He turned his head away from the other man's sparkling, flashing, and eager eyes.

"No matter who discovered it, there's enough for both of us—enough for half a dozen men—enough to make millionaires of us! Oh, Rath!"

He gasped, and laughed almost hysterically; then he controlled himself, and stammered, apologetically: "Look here, old fellow; I'm afraid you'll think I've taken leave of my senses, and am behaving like—like a school-girl; but—but, Rath, you don't know what this"—he touched the nugget—"means to me!"

Rath dished up the stew as carefully as usual, and looked at him gravely. Edward Bryan fondled the nugget in his hand, and glanced from it to Rath, and then back again, as if he could not keep his eyes from the precious lump.

Rath regarded him enquiringly. "It—it means money, wealth," Edward went on, with terrible earnestness; "it means more than that; it means happiness! Rath, do you know why I left England—why I came out here to seek my fortune? It was not so much because I wanted money for myself—for myself, I could have found some work, however poorly paid, in England; but I wanted money—a lot of it, because—because I love a girl there, and—and I can't have her because I'm poor. I've never spoken of it to you; it was too—too sacred to speak of, even to you. Ah, Rath, you—you don't know what love is. You have lived here all alone, without a woman near you."

Rath did not start, but stood with the tin dish of stew in his hand, his eyes fixed, with a strange expression in them, upon Bryan's working face. "You don't know—understand—realize—what a thing this love is! To long for, and—and want her—the girl you love—every hour and day and week of your life! To feel that if you don't get her, life isn't worth living! To think and dream and dwell upon her night and day—Oh, my God! Rath, it drives me mad not to be able to make you understand! You don't know—you have never loved—you don't know what it means!"

Rath set down the dish on the table and stood with knit brows, a strange look on his face as he listened. "See here!" Edward went on. "This girl I love, she has been beyond my reach, just because I was poor. She—she—might have been forced—induced—to marry another man! Oh, my God! if I should be too late—too late! A man unworthy of her, a man my better in rank and wealth—No; he's not my better in wealth now, for there's enough of

this to buy him ten times over! Oh, Rath! don't you understand that this gold means happiness to me; that, with it, I shall be able to marry the girl I love! Love!" he repeated, with frenzied emphasis. "Oh! I despair of making you, who have never loved, understand what I mean! See here, Rath, suppose—easy now, let me try hard to explain!—suppose there was a being in the world—a woman—one of the opposite sex, who was so dear to you that you couldn't bear to have her out of your sight; so dear and precious to you that every time she spoke or touched you—just in shaking hands, old chap!—you thrilled all through you—oh! how can I explain?—and that you could get her to live with you always, to be by your side all through life till death, to be your companion, chum, day and night—Oh! it's no use; you can't understand!" he broke off, in despair.

But Rath was quicker than Bryan thought him. His face had grown white, his lips were twitching. "I—I know!" he said, hoarsely. "Yes—that is how I felt!"

Bryan stared at him. "What do you say? What are you talking about? I say, you can't understand. You have never been in love!"

Rath strode forward and laid his hand on Edward Bryan's shoulder in a grip like that of a steel vise.

"Silence!" he said; "I do understand. I—I—know now! Take the gold—go back to her—this girl you love. The gold will give her to you—while I—"

His hand relaxed its grip and fell limply to his side. "Take it all," he said. "It is of no use to me!"

CHAPTER XIX.

"Take it all; it's of no use to me!" said Rath.

Edward regarded him earnestly and eagerly. He saw that there was something behind Rath's words—some mystery. Rath had sunk into his seat, his head leaning on his hand, his now favourite attitude; and his face was cold and almost stern.

Edward leant forward. "Look here, Rath," he said, more calmly, "don't you be offended at what I'm going to say. The man who says that gold—money—is of no use to him, talks the most awful rot; there's not a man in the world to whom gold is not useful, indispensable."

"This is not the world," said Rath, quietly; "this is out of the world."

"True! But there's no reason for you to remain here, no reason why you shouldn't go into the world and mix with your fellows," argued Edward. "If you were—well, a savage, nothing better than the ordinary backwoodsman, lumberman, trapper, there might be some reason for your being satisfied with the island, for not caring to leave it or change your mode of life; but you are not a savage or ordinary trapper! Dash it all! my dear Rath, you are a gentleman, and you are out of your proper place here!"

Rath shook his head, unmoved, and served out a portion of the stew; but Edward would not be silenced.

"In addition to being a gentleman, you are young and strong, and—and have all your life before you. Rath, you don't know how good that life can be! You have lived here all your time, wrestling from Nature your daily bread, fighting with her for dear life; you know nothing—forgive me, old man!—of the delights of civilization, of the joys which the world can give; the friendship of other men—the healthy amusements, the recreations of life! I grant you that in the world from which I come a poor man has a bad time of it, that he has to work as hard as we do here, and under less favourable circumstances; but you—we—should not be poor! Wealth beyond the dreams of avarice! Is a favourite expression in England; they use it there without understanding its full significance;



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

In addition to Massatta, we carry a complete line of Lazzell's Famous Specialties, including the most exquisite Perfumes, delightful Toilet Waters, superb Creams, and Powders of unquestionable excellence.

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

but, by George! that's just what we should own! There's nothing we couldn't buy, nothing too high for us to aim at! We might be great, famous—oh! it's difficult to make you understand!"

Rath frowned thoughtfully. "You said you wanted the gold because—because you could get the girl you loved," he remarked.

"Yes!" assented Edward, eagerly. "God knows that that is the only desire of my life, and the only thing I want the money for; but, Rath, forgive me!—you are young, as I said just now, and—well, they don't make many chaps of your stamp and with your phiz in England. Don't you think that you, too, would meet with some woman you could love, someone you would want for your own—your very own?"

Rath's face grew white and haggard, but he bent his head over his untouched plate and said nothing; and Edward went on, so absorbed in his argument that he did not notice these storm signs in the face of his chum.

"You don't know what love is, Rath! It's—it's the first, the greatest thing in life—it is, indeed! All things come second to it. It's the one thing which makes life worth living. To have someone to love, to worship, some woman who is the companion and the delight of one's life!—Ah, well—there! But, Rath, why shouldn't this happiness fall to your lot as well as to others—to mine? You can't tell! Come with me to England, and you will meet with some girl who will make you as happy as I shall be—if I get the woman I love, Come, Rath."

Rath rose, his worn face working. "Be silent!" he said, almost inaudibly, so great was the emotion with which he was battling. "I don't want to hear and more. I—I—"

He stopped suddenly, sank into his chair again, and covered his face with his hands.

Edward aghast and wondering, went round to him, and laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"What have I said—done?" he asked, remorsefully. "Forgive me, Rath! My dear old man, I didn't mean to pain you, to hurt your feelings in any way. I won't say another word. And, look here!" he added, almost solemnly, "I've been forgetting all this time that the gold is yours and not mine! That I've no right to an ounce of it. You discovered it before I did, and it's on your land. Say no more, Rath. I'll give it up. I'm not the man to desert a friend, and I'll stay on here with you and say no more about the gold. Indeed, I'll try and forget it, though that will be precious hard; at any rate, I'll say no more about it unless you do."

This offer of renunciation and all it meant touched Rath to the heart. He held out his hand to Edward, and the two men exchanged a grasp in silence; then Rath raised his head.

"No," he said, quietly, but firmly. "You shall take the gold and go back to England, Edward; but I will stop

here. I'll tell you—yes, I'll tell you why."

He drew a long breath, and stared straight before him. "I shouldn't be happy in this world of yours. I don't want to go there. There is nothing that I should care for. There is no woman I could love—"

He paused a moment. It cost him a great deal to speak of Stella, to tear his wound open; but after a moment or two of inward struggle, he went on:

"Before you came I had another friend—companion. It was a young girl. She drifted to the island with her mother. I didn't want them. I was sorry they had come, for my father had warned me against women—"

Edward murmured an exclamation of surprise; but Rath went on:

"But I could not help myself, though I tried; they had to stay. We made a bargain—she and I—that we would be friends—boy-friends; and—she lived here in this hut, alone with her mother, and helped me with my work—"

He paused for a moment; for as he spoke, the vision of Stella stood before him, the sweetness of the old life and companionship with her came back upon him and tortured him.

"We were together all day, friends, chums, as you and I are. And life seemed different to what it had been before she came. I was happier, though I didn't know it. I liked to have her with me, to hear her sing while I was at work, to hear her laugh. We were together all the time, for her mother was ill and did not leave the hut. Then her mother died, and we were together alone."

Edward had returned to his chair and was listening breathlessly. No novel he had ever read was more extraordinary than this story which was being told him by this haggard, despairing man, whom he had until this moment regarded as one absolutely without romance in his solitary life.

"Alone!" he echoed, half unconsciously. Rath inclined his head.

"Yes; we only had each other. But it was enough for me. I think it was enough for her," he added, simply. "We were still happy. I don't think she even wanted to leave the island to go back to the world. We were happy. Then—then one day—"

He stopped and rose from his seat and went to the door, gazed out vacantly, and then came back.

"One day she left me to get some sea trout. A storm arose—the boat was blown out to sea, and—and I lost her."

"Lost her!" echoed Edward in a whisper. "Good God! She was drowned?"

Rath shook his head and shaded his eyes with his hand. "I don't know," he said, hoarsely. "I fear so. It was a hurricane. I went after her. I searched the bays along the coast. I lost her."

"There was something so moving in the repetition of the simple, tragic words that the tears sprang to Edward Bryan's eyes. He rose and put his arm round Rath's shoulder, but wisely did not speak for a moment or two. At last he murmured huskily:

"My poor Rath! How you must have suffered! I know now why you are so pulled down, so gaunt and worn. Yes, you must have suffered! I think I should have gone mad, if I had been in your place."

"Perhaps I was mad," said Rath, simply. "I—I—scarcely remember the days that followed after—after she had gone. I did not sleep, I could not eat. I did not know what was the matter, why I was so unhappy. I only knew that I wanted to die."

(To be Continued.)

**EVERYDAY ETIQUETTE**

"Please tell me what is the correct visiting card for a married woman, a wife, and a divorcee?" asked Jane. "Mrs. Leo James in the first two cases and in the last, Mrs. Howe James. Howe being her name before her marriage, she keeps it after her divorce, with her married name," advised her mother.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

**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.

1294.—A Dainty Pleasing NEGLIGEE.



Ladies' Dressing or House Sack.

Embroidered crepe in cream and pink is here shown, with collar and cuffs of pink crepe, edged with frills of chiffon. For an inexpensive sack one could have a pretty lawn, or organdie, in soft tones, with collar of white or soft colored material. The design shows a sleeve in wrist length with a hand cuff, and one in elbow length, having a turn back cuff. The design is easy to develop, and may be finished without the shirring, having the fullness unconfined or held in place with a ribbon or belt. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 3 1/4 yards of 42 inch material for a Medium size.

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

1287.—A NEAT ATTRACTIVE HOUSE DRESS IN PLEASING SIMPLICITY.



Ladies' House Dress with Sleeve in Effect of Two Lengths.

Dotted black and white percale is here shown, with trimming of white pique. This model will make a very desirable morning dress, and is equally attractive for business or "porch" wear. The skirt has new lines, and the waist has such a comfortable "long" shoulder, and neat closing. The pretty collar and smart cuff are also good features. The sleeve in wrist length is very fashionable. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/4 yards of 44 inch material for a 38 inch size. The skirt measures 2 1/2 yards at its lower edge.

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

No. . . . .

Size . . . . .

Address in full—

Name . . . . .

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

**W. B. Nuform Corsets**  
AT  
**HENRY BLAIR'S.**

AMERICA'S LEADING CORSET,  
16 New Styles to Select From.



Sitting or standing W. B. Nuform Corsets give Comfort and Easy Grace. Gives the figure symmetry and suppleness; that slight incurve at waist, higher bust, requisite length, boneless hip and shorter skirt; admirably realize Fashion's requirements.

**\$1.15 to \$3.25.**

**HENRY BLAIR**  
Sole Agent for Newfoundland.

**Most People Are now Economizing in the matter of Dress.**

WE ARE HELPING the average man to dress as well as ever by placing on the market stylish, well-made Suits at a saving of at least ONE-THIRD. If you are pessimistic, ask any reliable dealer for any of the following brands: FITREFORM, TRUETIT, AMERICUS, STILENFIT, PROGRESS.

**The Nfld. Clothing Company, Ltd.**

**June Patterns & Summer Fashion Book.**

NOW ON SALE. Patterns 17c., postage included. Fashion Books with free pattern your choice, 27c., postage included. Cash must accompany order.

**CHARLES HUTTON,**  
Fancy Department.

**To Consumers of High-Grade Tobacco!**

We desire to call your special attention to

**OUR Master Workman TOBACCO.**

Famous the world over for its rare delicacy and flavor. You can get the Genuine **MASTER WORKMAN**

**CASH'S Tobacco Store, Water St.**

**Men's Negligee Shirts!**

A special bargain offering of Men's Negligee Shirts, all neat light patterns and just the thing for present wear.

**Special To-Day . . . . . 69c. each.**

Also a great variety of Ties, Collars, Boots, etc.

**WILLIAM FREW.**

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

**PHOTOGRAPH**

PHONE 78

**NEW**

*Quintessence*

**PARLOR**

**War News**

Messages Received Previous to 9

OFFICIAL

LONDON, May 17.—The Governor, Newfoundland, the French Government, that the rain made fighting difficult, the offensive continues. Some of Angers, near the Saunier, a strong German trench, a line of trench were captured, houses were stormed at Neu-Saint Vaast. A hundred officers and mortars have been captured since Sunday.

The Russian Government 1,000 prisoners and 9 machines taken in the Baltic Province. Russian Army in Western Galicia and Bukovina, the train Army evacuated a fortification extending 88 miles, and back precipitately beyond the front. The enemy cavalry was perished by Russian fire. The cavalry broke through the front at various points, and the suit continues.

HARCO

OFFICIAL BRITISH STATE LONDON, May 17.—The following official statement was issued by the British War Office to-night: "The first army has a successful attack between

**Will Opp**

That's the idea And it's largely a includes the right k

**Grap**

is not only good taste ment of wheat and elements so vital for and nerves.

Grape-Nuts is so digestion and assimiling, economical food ready for opportunity

"There's a Re

MADE IN CANADA  
Canadian Postum C