

Stella Mordant:

The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."

CHAPTER XLV.

Ralph shrank back behind the curtain and waited, his breath coming in sharp gasps, his hand feeling for his revolver.

He heard Workley come panting up the steps and across the terrace; then the window was burst open and the man sprang into the room.

In a moment he had seen Ralph, and, with a hoarse cry, extended his arm as if denouncing him; but for a time no words would come, and the cry was faint and almost inaudible from the stress of his emotion.

"Scoundrel!" he gasped at last. "Murderer! It was you—you who killed her; and you shall hang for it! Put down that revolver! You're run to earth, you brute!—there are more in the front—the house is surrounded—there is no chance!"

Ralph lowered the revolver; he realized, even at that moment, that the sound of firing would bring the other pursuers upon him.

"Give me—give me a chance!" he gasped, the sweat running down his face, his bloodshot eyes distended. "I swear it—it was an accident! Give me a chance and I'll make it worth your while."

He snatched the notes from his pocket. "Take—take half of these—just to let me pass—to keep quiet for five—ten minutes! For God's sake, give me a chance. Don't hunt a fellow-creature to death!"

Workley's white face went purple. "Not if you offered me a million—not if my own life depended on it!" he cried, hoarsely; and, with a shout for help, he lunged himself on Ralph.

Ralph raised the revolver by the barrel and struck down at him with lightning rapidity. The blows fell like iron rain upon Workley's forehead, his grasp on Ralph relaxed, and he fell at his feet.

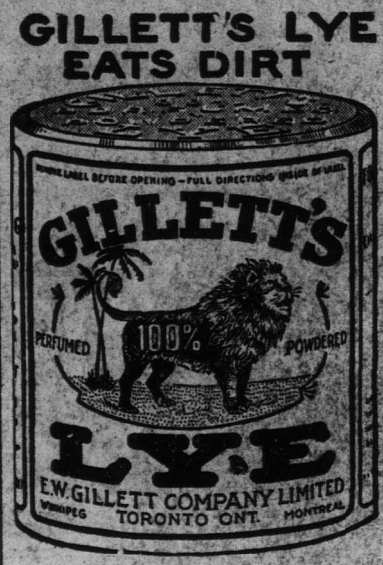
With savage fury Ralph kicked at the unconscious man as he sprang over him to the window. But there he stopped, for he could hear the sound of footsteps in the hall, and knew that his pursuers would see him flying across the lawn.

He turned back and stood beside the door. For a moment he thought of locking it, but before he could do so, it was burst open and a detective sprang into the room. At sight of Workley lying on the floor he hesitated, and, blowing a whistle, went to him.

Ralph seized the chance offered by the man's momentary hesitation, and noiselessly stepping round the door, gained the hall. It was empty, though the butler and a footman were hurrying up, alarmed by the noise and the whistle, and Ralph sprang up the stairs. At the head of them he stopped. Parkins was in his room; there was no outlet there; he would be caught like a rat in a trap! With no definite plan, but impelled by despair, he ran down the corridor through a doorway at the end, and found himself in one of the passages which connected the old part of the ancient house with the more modern portion.

He had never been there before, and he looked round him confusedly. As he did so, he caught sight of the detective running across the lawn, evidently under the impression that his prey had made his escape by the window.

Ralph hurried along the passage and reached a low door, which, on opening, he found communicated with a large lumber-room. The furniture was old and thick with dust, and from several trunks came the musty smell arising from long stored-away and neglected clothes; at the end of the room was another door, and opening it with some difficulty, he found that he was in a disused dressing-room. Dust and cobwebs were thick over everything, and, as he went about on tip-toe, with hurried—one might say



purposeless—movements, the rats darted across the room and disappeared in the broken wainscot. Breathing hard, shaking in every limb, with the blood-stained revolver still grasped in his hands, he sank on to a box and waited, resolved that he would not be taken alive.

He did not know whether it was an hour or a minute before he heard footsteps coming along the passage and the voice of Green the detective. Ralph sprang to his feet and waited, revolver raised; but, to his amazement, the footsteps and the voices passed, as if seemed to him, within a few feet of the left wall, and so closely that he heard Green say:

"Not here; try that door!"

A moment after a breathless voice said:

"The horse has gone, Mr. Green! He's got away!"

And Ralph heard the men rapidly descending the stairs. He drew a long breath as he guessed what had happened. The horse has broken loose and led them on the wrong scent. Was there still a chance for him?

He flung himself down on the floor and fought against the sick tremor which possessed him; if he was to escape he would need all his cunning, all his presence of mind, and all the courage which he could wrest from despair.

He lay there, panting, in a cold sweat, for hours, afraid to move, almost afraid to breathe. The day waned, and the room grew dark with a darkness which was almost a relief to his racked nerves; for he could think now with something like acuteness.

He rose at last, and with cautious steps felt his way to the larger room, through the dirty windows of which the moon—the moon that had looked down upon the murdered woman's uplifted face—shone brightly. His eye fell upon one of the open trunks, and the sight of the clothes within it gave him an idea. From the dusty, moth-eaten heap he drew out a gown and a shawl and with feverish haste slipped them on. In a cracked mirror he arranged the shawl over his head, and with no more definite purpose than that of escaping from the house, slowly and cautiously opened the door and gained the passage.

(To be Continued.)

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In reply to a question in the House of Commons, Mr. Tennant, Under Secretary of War, said that Britain is now building a fleet of giant zeppelins which will carry crews of five men and five times as much explosive as an ordinary biplane.

A traveller arriving in Amsterdam from Ghent, Belgium, claims that a revolt took place on June 15th in the part of the inhabitants of Malines. German soldiers fired into the crowd and the traveller says seven hundred civilians were killed. Since this occurrence, according to the traveller, Malines have been isolated by means of electrically charged wire fences.

THE HEIR OF Lancewood

CHAPTER I.

"You must not look on the very darkest side, Miss Neslie," counselled the young secretary. "Sir Arthur says that Lady Neslie is young and beautiful."

She interrupted him with a gesture of supreme contempt.

"One must be as weak as a man," she said, "to care much for youth and beauty."

"Pardon me," he continued, gently; "I was about to say that, being beautiful, she is almost sure to be kind of heart. Minds and faces are in harmony."

She interrupted him again.

"How little you know of the matter, Mr. Dorman! As though beautiful women ever cared for anything except themselves!"

"Being young," he pursued, "she will be timid, and will not venture to take any leading part in the management of the household."

She laughed bitterly.

"Did you ever see a timid French woman, Mr. Dorman? I never did. What can have possessed my father to marry—above all, to marry a French girl?"

"Perhaps," said the young secretary, with a meaning look that any one less proud would have understood, "Sir Arthur may have fallen in love, as others do."

"Love!" she repeated, scornfully. "Pray, pardon me, Mr. Dorman, but the notion of my own father's falling in love is too absurd."

There was an interval of uncomfortable silence; it was broken by the young secretary, who said:

"I am sorry, Miss Neslie, to bring a disagreeable matter before you, but Sir Arthur says he wishes arches of evergreens erected in the drive. I am to consult you about them."

"You may spare me the insult, sir, if I erected an arch at all, it would be one of yew and cypress."

He bowed, being quite at a loss for words.

"Sir Arthur has also directed that the pictures in the Blue Room shall be placed in the apartment in the western wing known as 'my lady's boudoir.'"

"That was my mother's room!" cried the girl, with flashing eyes. "It shall not be touched."

"Dear Miss Neslie," pleaded the secretary, "do believe me; opposition is all in vain. Let me counsel you to comply with Sir Arthur's wishes."

"I do not need your counsel, Mr. Dorman; and please do not call me 'dear' Miss Neslie. I am not so desolate yet as to require that."

He drew back with such an expression of intense pain that her proud heart was touched.

"Forgive me," she said. "I need not speak so unkindly to you—you have not displeased me. But I am so hurt, so grieved, so wounded, I do not know what to say."

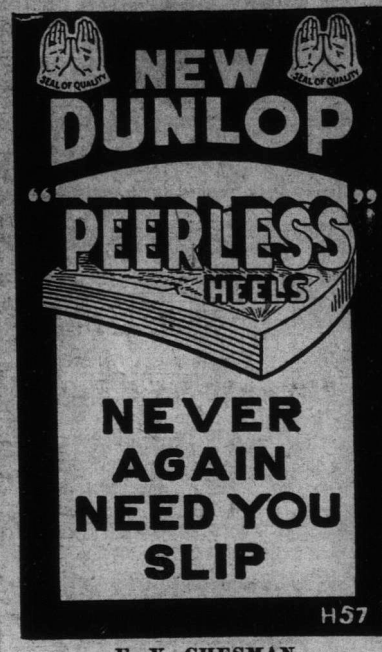
"If speaking harshly to me could lessen your pain, I would submit to it forever," he replied.

She did not seem to hear him—and he was quite accustomed to have the passionate utterances of his great love treated with silent indifference.

"Tell me, Mr. Dorman," she said, after a pause, "all that Sir Arthur requires to be done."

"Sir Arthur wishes to have triumphal arches erected all along the drive. They are to be surmounted by the word 'Welcome.' He wishes also that every servant belonging to the household should be in the great hall to bid Lady Neslie welcome home. He wishes the rooms in the western wing to be prepared, all the pictures of the Blue Room to be placed in the boudoir, dinner to be ready at eight instead of seven—he invites me to dine—and, lastly, I am to say to you that he hopes neither expense nor trouble will be spared in welcoming Lady Neslie home."

Lace gowns are worn to some extent. There is a fad for sports hats in color. Sleeveless bodices are still in favor.



F. V. CHESMAN, 178 Water Street, Telephone 495.

She turned her proud face to him. "Do you know, sir, that that is the very welcome my mother received when she came, a bride, to Lancewood Abbey twenty years ago?"

"I can imagine it," was the cautious reply.

"And do you think the same welcome given to her will be given to this French girl—this girl of nineteen? I tell you 'No!' I would rather cut off my hands than use even one finger in such sacrifice. Let those who will erect triumphal arches—I shall not!"

The young secretary looked terribly perplexed.

"I can understand your feelings," he began.

She turned again with her queenly gesture of impatient scorn.

"You understand nothing. Be silent; you must not presume to pity me. I repeat to you that I will not aid in the carrying out of these directions."

"Yet it must all be done, Miss Neslie; unless it is the blame will all fall upon innocent servants. You know Sir Arthur's quiet, cool way; he will ignore all idea of your having failed, and dismiss the whole household."

"Why do you say that?" she asked quickly.

"I know it, Miss Neslie, Sir Arthur is very good, but there is a will of iron under his gentle manner. For my own part, I would submit cheerfully to the dismissal, but I should like to remain that I might—"

He hesitated.

"That you might take my part, you mean," she said, with a bitter laugh. "Well, I, who thought myself supreme one short hour since, may want a friend. My father would not dismiss you."

"I should like to be the first," he declared. He began to perceive that he might touch her through her generosity, influence her through her kindness of heart. "Pray do not consider me," he added; "I would sacrifice myself most cheerfully. But, Miss Neslie—do not be angry with me—is it of any use to begin a course of opposition that you cannot keep up? Sir Arthur is sole master; his will sole law. Is it of any use opposing it?"

He saw that she was listening with more attention.

"It seems to me," he continued, "that the more dignified course would be to carry out Sir Arthur's directions. Then there is another thing to be considered. I am quite certain that Sir Arthur would dismiss the whole household for disobedience. The servants are, most of them, old family retainers; as such, they will naturally—no matter who comes—look upon you as their true mistress. A new set of domestics would just as naturally consider Lady Neslie first."

"That is true," she said, "but I cannot do it, Mr. Dorman. I will be passive. I will give no orders."

(To be Continued.)

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List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to June 30th, 1915.

- A. Alsop, Harry Ashman, Miss Alice M. Andrews, C. R. Hutchings St. Andrews, Samuel Bennett, G. C. Cabot St. Atkinson, Mr., care General Post Office Astor, Max Alcock, Wm., Notre Dame St.
- B. Bradbury, Mrs. Jas., Military Road Barrett, Geo. J., Cabot St. Baldwin, Miss Minnie, care General Delivery Barnes, Miss Annie M. Bearn, Samuel, Pennywell Road Bennett, G. C., Cabot St. Bennis, Tom, Newtown Road Berrington, Clement J. Byrne, Jas., Railway Customs Dept. Blewett, Geo. H., Flavin's St. Brinston, Miss Emily, Carter's Hill Bailey, James, card Bishop, Mrs. Samuel, Lime St. Bolman, F. E. Brothers, Miss Fanny, Gen. Hospital Boyle, V., retd. Blundon, Mrs. Robert, Lime St. Burt, Mrs. H., Gilbert St. Bulger, James, Newtown Road Butcher, Miss E., care Post Office Budden, George, late Port au Port Burns, James Butler, Miss Bessie, care Mrs. Malone, Duckworth St. Boone, Mrs. Samuel
- C. Caron, Joe C. K., care General Post Office Callahan, Katie Clark, L. B., card Carey, Miss Stella, Prescott St. Clements, Wm. Coleman, Mrs. Walter, Hutchings St. Crocker, Miss Marion, Rosseter's Lane Collins, Dianah, Queen's Road Connors, J. W. Churchill, Matthew, card Curran, Miss Annie, Leslie St. Curran, Mrs. Elizabeth, Cuddihy St. Curran, Annie, card, Leslie St. Lamb, Mrs. Mary, Spencer's St. Clouston, Miss Ethel, Hayward's Ave.
- D. Davey, Wm., late s.s. Clyde Daly, John, Water Street Driscoll, Edward, Lime Street Dudgeon, Joseph, Gower St. Dunn, Thomas Dwyer, M. Dewley, Annie M., Gen. Hospital Dewley, Miss Annie M. Dwyer, E. J., card Dyke, J. W. Duff, Miss Mary, Water St.
- E. Edwards, Mrs. Evans, Percy B. Edwards, Thomas Edmondson, E., General Hospital Evans, P. B., card Earle, Miss E., Queen's Road Fleming, Miss Alice, Garrison Hill Froy, T., late s.s. Meigle Fitzpatrick, W., card Froshama, John Forward, Ronald, Pleasant St.
- G. Grant, James E. Grant, Mrs. Jas. W. Gear, South Side Green, George, care General Post Office Green, Archibald Gibson, S., New Gower Street Gill, Stewart, card, Methodist College Godley, Mrs. Selma, care General Post Office Goss, Miss Eliza, care Arthur Walsh, Livingstone St. Goodwin, Nellie, care King, Queen's Road
- H. Hamlin, Miss, St. John Road Hann, Jacob Haines, Eleazer, Pleasant St. Hanlin, J., Water St. Halliday, Mrs. D., Queen's St. Hickey, Miss Mary, slip Henderson, Mrs. D. Hickey, W. J., Lime St. Higdon, Sarah B., Cook St. Hickey, Miss Mary, slip Hefford, Mrs. Hepditch, Otho, Fort Amherst Hill, Miss Fannie, care General Post Office Higgins, Mrs., Water St. Hoddnote, Miss M., Freshwater Rd. Holland, Miss Maud, British W. Co. Holman, F. E. Howe, John, Patrick St. Hunt, Joe, care General Delivery Hustin, Kenneth, retd. Hayward, Allan, Power St. Hallett and Hiscoc
- I. Irvine, Miss Mary
- J. Jackson, H., P. O. Box 803 Johnson, Mrs. M. G. Jones, H.
- K. Kennedy, Willie Kennell, John Kelly, Miss Gertrude, Patrick St. Keough, Miss Agnes Bond St. Keane, Mrs. Stanley Kennedy, Captain W. J., care General Post Office Keefe, Miss M., Madeline Knight, Mariel, card Keels, Miss Mary, Signal Hill Road
- L. Laiton, Miss Jessie, Lime St. Laracy, Mrs. Thomas, Carter's Hill Lamb, Mrs. Mary, Spencer's St. Levitz, S., P. O. Box 185. Lynch, Mrs. A. D., Leslie Street
- M. Marshall, Ensign, card, Quidi Vidi Martin, Miss Annie, Pennywell Road Martin, Mrs. Stanley March, A. March, Ebenezer, care Gen. Post Office Maynard, Francis Ma—, John, Signal Hill Road Martin, C., P. O. Box 295 Merry, D. Mercer, Mark, card Miller, Mrs. Eliza, Carter's Hill Miller, E. J. Mitchell, Mrs. H. G., Gower St. Moores, Miss Annie, Maxse St. Moore, Christy, card, 21 St. Mitchell, Miss Sarah, Military Rd. Moores, Mrs. F., 33 — St. Murray, David, Water St. Moorey, Mrs. J. Miller, Miss A., Patrick's St. Martin, Mrs. Arthur, 47 — Rd.
- McKellop, Mrs., retd., Signal Hill Rd. McCarthy, Mrs. Edward, care Mrs. Kelly McCarthy, Miss Martha, care Mrs. Ed. Ryan, Water St. McGillivray, J. M. McDonald, Mary E., Power St. McKellop, Susie, 16 — Street. McCarthy, Miss C., Carter's Hill McGillivray, J. M.
- N. Nelson, O. K. Neville, Miss Bridget, care Arthur Walsh, Livingstone St. Nicholl, Mrs. Sarah, Pleasant St.

In Milady's Boudoir.

TRAINING THE KEYNOTE OF SUCCESS.

The amount of training depends largely upon oneself and the desire to receive it and to take advantage of every situation to gain a clearer insight into the business methods that will help. Specialization is a necessity to successful work. The saleswoman may be so well trained in the selling of goods that her sales may amount to a high figure, but she may not have had training and experience in making change and would be a failure as a cashier; the stenographer may be able to take dictation and transcribe a letter without an error, but she might not be able to sell goods or keep a set of books for the lack of training. Most of this training is received after one has become connected with a position, and most women find it better to begin on a low rung of the ladder so that the training may come gradually, than to fall by beginning too high. The so-called big women, those of whom the business world is proud, are those who have once been the small ones, and who have gradually climbed, training themselves well for every step before them. Training is so necessary, but with some so little understood, that some women with a small amount of money to invest have been led to put it into a business for which they have had no training, and the result has been failure. Whatever one goes into should be well investigated and if there is a good opening it is almost always possible to secure training some way in a similar line of work.



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Ex S. S. "STEPHANO," JULY 9, 1915.

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JAMES STOTT

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343rd Day of the...

LATE

From the P...

Messages Rece... Previous t...

OFFICIAL LONDON

The Governor, Newfound... The French Governm... unsuccessful enemy att...

On the 10th, the Brit... pulsed German attacks... first secured footing in... line elements.

North of Arras the ene... lodged by the French... maining trenches on the... ed on the 8th July. Late... last night the German... the Souchez cemetery, a... mediately adjoining tre...

The Russian Govern... that the enemy retreat... ter the Russian counte... the village of Bystrzyca... lin front.

Satisfactory Italian p... tinues.

ACTIVITY ON WES... PARIS, via St. Pier...

It was a very active... eral points of the front... sector the enemy, a... thrown a big number of... shells, tried, about mid... tack south of Souchez,...

A second German attack... gave them possession of... and several adjoining... very sharp struggle to... means of grenades in t... east of Neuville St. Va... ally respective gain. O... north of the Oise a viol... ment on both sides occ... Argonne there were m... tions. In Woevre the l... ly bombarded Fresnes... all sizes, and attempte... tacks, one near Vanux... others in Apremont for... attacks were repulsed,...

ges the Germans explo...

T. J. ED... Duckworth S... Military R...

By ss. Stephano, 7... July 8, 15... N. Y. Turke... N. Y. Chick... N. Y. Corned... Grape Fru... Bananas, California Ora... Table Appl... Plums—Blue &... Cane Tompe... 10 bunches Ban... Celery, Tomatoes, Cucumbers, New Potatoes, 10 lbs. New Ca... New Turnip, Bermuda Onio...

Boned H... 20c. lb...

10 lbs. Loin Pork, Irish Hams and Fidelity Hams and Bologna Sausa... Fresh Sausages,

By Rail To-D... 6 cases Fresh... 200 lbs. Fresh...

T. J. ED... Duckworth S... Military R...

10 lbs. Loin Pork, Irish Hams and Fidelity Hams and Bologna Sausa... Fresh Sausages,

By Rail To-D... 6 cases Fresh... 200 lbs. Fresh...

T. J. ED... Duckworth S... Military R...

10 lbs. Loin Pork, Irish Hams and Fidelity Hams and Bologna Sausa... Fresh Sausages,

By Rail To-D... 6 cases Fresh... 200 lbs. Fresh...

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"