



## Stella Mordant.

### The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."

#### CHAPTER XXX.

Ralph remained to lunch. Mary sat at the head of the table, trying to smile, trying to look at peace and contented; but every now and then, as she glanced at her future husband as he looked back in his chair and drank glass after glass of wine with a self-satisfied air, every time she met his bold, triumphant eyes fixed upon her, her heart quailed with an anguish indescribable. For she thought of the man she loved, the man who was absent, fighting fortune in the now vain hope of winning her.

But women instinctively learn to suffer in silence, to mask the pain that racks them, to smile while their hearts are breaking; and her father never guessed at the storm of emotion which lay behind her outward calm. Ralph remained the day, and came the next morning.

"I have to drive into Ration, father," she said, after luncheon; "is there anything I can get for you?" "No, Molly, dear, nothing. There is nothing I want—now!" he replied, with a significant emphasis on the now.

Ralph rose and lit one of his big black cigars.

"I'll go with you—Mary!" he said. She coloured at his use of her Christian name, at his offer of accompanying her, and with a slight inclination of her head left the room.

"She had ordered the victoria, and Ralph seated himself beside her with an air of proprietorship which hurt her almost as much as if he had struck her.

"You don't mind my smoking—open carriage, you know?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said.

And she did not. What did it matter whether he smoked or not?

"Jolly, isn't it?" he said, with a fatuous laugh. He had drunk the best part of a bottle of Burgundy at lunch. "I'm deuced glad we've settled matters. The gov'nor was precious glad, wasn't he? Poor old chap, our engagement's taken a big load off his shoulders! Why, where are you going; right into the slums, isn't it?"

"I have to leave some wine and things for a sick woman in one of these streets," said Mary, in a dull heavy voice.

"Oh, 'Lady Bountiful,' eh? I know it. I've given away any amount of money since I came into the title; but I shall shut down now. A married man isn't like a bachelor; he's got to be careful. Provide for the

rising generation, you know!"

Mary felt faint, almost to sickness, and the colour came and went.

"Not that I'm obliged to," he continued. "There's any amount of money, any amount. Oh, we'll enjoy ourselves—Lady—I mean Mary, my dear!"

As they drove down one of the outlying streets of the town, the street in which Nita had played the Good Samaritan to Stella, it chanced that Nita went to the window of the sitting-room and looked out.

Stella, lost in thought, was lying on the sofa, but a sudden cry from Nita roused her.

It was a strange cry, an exclamation of amazement emerging into one of rage and indignation.

Stella looked round and saw Nita leaning against the corner of the window. She was clutching the cheap muslin curtain and, apparently, nearly fainting.

Stella rose and limped to her side. "What is it, Nita; are you ill?" she asked, with alarm.

Nita tore at her collar as if she were choking, and struggling for breath.

"It's him—him—him!" she panted, in a suffocating voice.

"Him! Who?" asked Stella, terribly alarmed.

"He's just gone by, in a carriage, with—a lady beside him!" cried Nita, hoarsely.

"My—my husband!" gasped Nita. Stella took the agitated woman's arm and drew her from the window.

"What do you say?" she said. "Your—your husband?"

Nita sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands, and remained motionless for a moment; then she raised her head and looked, not at Stella, but beyond her.

"It was only my fancy!" she said, as if to herself. "I've—I've been mistaken so many times. It was like him; but—how could it be? In a carriage and alone with a lady; No; it was only my fancy!"

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

All Market Ration saw Ralph the earl lounging beside Lady Mary in the open carriage, and all Market Ration jumped to the conclusion that they were engaged. The local paper, anxious to get ahead of its county rivals, boldly announced the engagement in its issue of the next morning, and spread itself on "the event of the happiest union" for the district and the county generally. In its opinion, and, indeed, most of its readers, no more fitting union could be imagined. Ralph was one of the most popular, if not the most popular, nobleman in the neighbourhood, and it was eminently suitable that he should wed the daughter of another local peer who was respected as much as he was liked.

Ralph read the paragraph and leaderette with a glow of pride and satisfaction unalloyed with a single quail. When once a man has actually set forth on the path of a particular crime, he is seldom visited by qualms of conscience or fear. It is while he is hesitating, listening half-heartedly to the voice of the tempter, or when he is in danger of detection that he shrinks and shivers; but once the border line is passed, he is usually callous or reckless; and Ralph had so ardently desired the death or complete disappearance of Nita that he had almost grown to regard her as dead, or, at any rate, not likely to cross his path. Besides, it is just possible that he had a kind of idea that a man of his rank, position, and wealth could commit almost any

### Advice to Dyspeptics Well Worth Following

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Sufferers find marked benefit in a day, and as time goes on improvement continues. No other medicine will strengthen the stomach and digestive organs like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They supply the materials and assistance necessary to convert everything eaten into nourishment, into muscle, fibre, and energy with which to build up the run-down system.

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crime, short of murder, with impunity, or could, at any rate, get off "by paying."

He rode over to Hatherley after breakfast with the paper in his pocket.

"The news has soon leaked out," he said to Lord Hatherley. "I see you are reading the announcement," nodding at the paper open beside Lord Hatherley's plate.

Lord Hatherley nodded a gesture of assent. The fulsome leaderette, written in the latest newspapers, jarred upon him.

"Yes," he said. "They might have waited for an authorisation; but nothing is sacred to a journalist. Mary has not seen this, and I will keep it from her."

"There's nothing to be ashamed of," said Ralph, with a flush of resentment.

"No, most certainly not; but—well, you see, she is not used to seeing her name in the paper, and would naturally shrink from such publicity."

"I expect she'll have to get used to it when she's married," said Ralph, with complacent vanity. "They're fond of sticking in paragraphs about me; and I can't have a run with the hounds, or have a few fellows to a lunch or dinner, without its getting into the gazette. And speaking of marriage," he went on, with an air of bravado, "I should think the sooner it came off the better. We both know our own minds, and—and I don't see the use of waiting."

Lord Hatherley looked up nervously.

"It rests with Mary," he said in a low voice, and with the feeling of uneasiness and apprehension which had lately assailed him at the prospect of his child's marriage with this man whom he had only a short time ago so ardently desired for a son-in-law.

"I'll go and ask her. Where is she?" asked Ralph, rather awkwardly; for, though he was no longer afraid of Lord Hatherley, he was conscious of a certain embarrassment under the calm, sad eyes of Mary.

"She is in the garden; she has a headache this morning," said Lord Hatherley, with a sigh. "She ate no breakfast."

"Wants a change," put in Ralph. "I'll take her on the Continent, down south, or to Egypt for the honeymoon. She'll soon pull through there. I'll go and find her. Those shares are still dropping down, I see."

Lord Hatherley winced and hung his head, and Ralph, with a cruel smile of triumph, went out to the garden.

Mary had seen him ride up the drive, and, obeying an uncontrollable impulse to avoid him, had slipped into the summer-house—the summer-house in which she had sat with Edward Bryan. She shuddered at the recollection of that morning swept over her, and she came out and met Ralph as he sauntered, with the air of a conqueror, down the path.

He meant to put his arm round her and kiss her, but Mary stood off from him and extended her hand with that indefinable air which a woman keeps a man at arm's length.

"Sorry you've got a headache," he said, biting his lip at what he mentally called her "cursed coldness." "I've just been telling your father that you want a change. What do you say to our marrying at once and going south?"

The blood left Mary's face, and left it cold as well as white.

"So—soon!" she faltered.

"Why not?" he asked, rather sullenly. "What's the use of waiting? I spoke to your father, and he's quite willing; in fact, between you and me,

our marriage would lift a heavy load from his mind."

She leant her hand on the rail near which they stood, to steady herself, and looked up at him with clear, cold eyes, in which shone the resignation of the martyr who bears her pain uncomplainingly.

"It shall be as you and he wish," she said in a low, still voice.

The blood rushed to his face and his eyes glowed.

"You are a dear, good girl!" he said. "We'll say this day month, then?"

Mary inclined her head, and as she did so, he took a step nearer and put his arm round her.

"Let's ratify that!" he said, rather hoarsely.

She raised her head, and stood passive and holding her breath as he kissed her.

"Why, you are trembling like a leaf!" he said, half angrily, nettled by the coldness of her surrender. "Do most girls take a kiss so seriously from their future husbands?"

She blushed from neck to face.

"Perhaps I am not like most girls," she said, desperately.

"No, you're not. You're miles better than the best!" he rejoined, spurred by the exquisite beauty of the blushing face and lovely eyes. "By George! I'm a lucky man to have won you; and so they'll all say. I'm the happiest man in England, Mary!"

"Are you sure?" she said, with a drawing together of her brows. It seemed impossible to her that a man should be rendered happy by such a conquest. He looked at her with a shade of suspicion in his eyes.

"Am I sure? How do you mean?" he asked.

"Count no man happy until he is dead," you know," she answered.

He bit at his lip, and looked at her from under his lowered lids.

"That's not a very cheerful way of regarding things," he said. "You're out of spirits and want a tonic, a change, I'm sure of it. I'll go and tell old Bulpit to draw up the marriage settlements, and we'll give notice to the parson, and order the cake. And you can amuse yourself by ordering your trousseau and chifons."

Mary winced at his indelicate way of alluding to the marriage preparations, those preparations which are regarded by the young girl as a matter of such solemn, almost sacred importance; but he was too self-satisfied that morning to notice the pain he had given, and he rode off with his head high and his hat a little on one side. On his way to Market Ration he met several friends, and they one and all congratulated him heartily.

"The fairy godmother seems to have been all there at your birth, Ration," said Lord Parodel, with a shrug of his shoulders. He was just coming from Mr. Bulpit, of whom he had been trying to raise a fresh loan on his already heavily encumbered estates. "Not content with giving you Ration and a million of money, she presents you with the loveliest and most charming girl in the county. Yes, by George, you are a lucky beggar!"

Ralph laughed triumphantly, and entered Mr. Bulpit's office with a face flushed with success. As he strode in and walked straight to Mr. Bulpit's private room, and nodded to the old clerk, he could not help remembering the morning he had entered that same office, dust and travel-stained, parched with thirst, and in a flutter of anxiety and suspense. What a change in his circumstances!

Mr. Bulpit received him with the mixture of respect and the calm, almost cynical, regard of the keen eyes which always annoyed Ralph and made him vaguely uneasy.

(To be Continued.)

Bolt a pork roast until party done; then finish by roasting in the usual way.

When scalding peaches for preserving remember to slip them into a wire basket.

No sugar is required for canned buckberries, but a little salt helps the flavor.

**DR. DOVAN'S FEMALE PILLS** Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. 25c a box, or three for 75c at drug stores. Mailed to any address on receipt of price. THE SCORRELL DRUG CO., St. Catharines, Ontario.

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### Grove Hill Bulletin

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Parity—a representative selection.

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Annals, Roots, etc., ready for planting.

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Howard Parsons, care Royal Stores, St. John's.

R. F. Goodridge, care Alan Goodridge & Sons.

P. J. O'Reilly, Long Pond Road.

F. Perry, 258 Hamilton Avenue.

**Buff Leghorns.**

S. Emberley, 14 Wood Street, St. John's.

**Silver Campbells.**

G. W. Gushue, 216 LeMarchant Road.

**White Orpingtons.**

John Duff, care Steer Bros., St. John's.

G. R. Williams, Florence Grove, St. John's.

J. J. Killeen, 49 Monkstown Road.

S. White, 8 Freshwater Road.

**Black Orpingtons.**

R. F. Goodridge, care Alan Goodridge & Sons.

P. J. O'Reilly, Long Pond Road.

**Black Orpingtons.**

S. White, 8 Freshwater Road.

W. McLeod, Allendale Rd., St. John's.

John Duff, care Steer Bros.

H. Macpherson, Westerland, St. John's.

**Rhode Island Reds.**

S. Emberley, 14 Wood St., St. John's.

H. W. LeMessurier, Winter Avenue, St. John's.

R. F. Goodridge, care Alan Goodridge & Sons, St. John's.

G. W. Gushue, 216 LeMarchant Road, St. John's.

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R. F. Goodridge, care Alan Goodridge & Sons.

**White Rocks.**

R. F. Goodridge, care Alan Goodridge & Sons.

S. M. Walsh, P. O. Box 471.

**Pekin Ducks.**

G. R. Williams, Florence Grove.

H. Macpherson, Westerland, St. John's.

**Muscovy Ducks.**

A. E. Pavn, 4 Cabot Street.

**Indian Runner Ducks.**

G. W. Gushue, 216 LeMarchant Road.

**Bronze Turkeys.**

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**Belgian Carneau Pigeons.**

G. R. Williams, Florence Grove.

June 1, 3, 5, 8, 10, 12.

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In one of our East End store windows we have placed a glass jar filled with white balls, numbered 1 to 100. At either store of War Papers or Books to the value of 15c. up will have the privilege of guessing how many balls the jar contains, and the two nearest guessing its contents will receive a prize of \$5.00 and \$2.00 respectively. Competition will close on the fifteenth day of July next. See that you get a check when you purchase, mark your guessing figure, name and address thereon and send it to us before that date.

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Extra Tops, suitable for all our rods.

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Hunting Knives, Knife, Fork & Spoon Sets,

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### TROUT RODS,

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Baskets, etc., etc.

Special Fly Hooks, 10c. dozen.

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## War News

### Messages Received

Previous to 9 a.m.

#### OFFICIAL.

LONDON, June 9.

The Admiralty announces that the German submarine has been seen and that six officers and twenty men are prisoners.

General French reports the situation unchanged. On one point German trenches were successfully captured. Two German aeroplanes have been brought down.

The French Government report the advances in Notre Dame de Luce and Neuville, and gains made near Hebuterne, also further advances made. The enemy violently bombarded the trenches captured north of the Aisne, but made no counter-attack.