



Stella Mordaunt;

The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."

CHAPTER V.

She had emerged from the edge of the wood, and stood on a slight elevation looking over the plain of "burrow" to the sea.

As she stood there, not knowing what to do of which way to take, she heard footsteps, and instantly she took alarm. It might be the young man Rath, or it might—well, be something in the shape of one of the wild beasts with which her imagination peopled the island.

Mechanically she threw herself down behind a bush, and waited.

The steps came nearer, and she saw Rath coming across the open space. Her heart beat fast, as she watched him approach. He had a rifle over his shoulder, and was walking slowly, with his eyes cast down, as if he were deep in thought.

Girl-like, she could not help noticing the strength and grace of his supple form, the almost classic beauty of his face, and its absorbed, self-contained expression, which is only to be found on the face of the solitary.

That he should find her hiding from him, crouching as if with fear, was intolerable to her, and she rose slowly and stood erect, an exquisite picture against the background of firs.

Rath heard her, and looked up, and in an instant brought his Winchester to position, and aimed at her.

Stella went white, and she quivered like an aspen leaf; she could already feel the bullet striking her heart; but she did not scream or cry for mercy.

Slowly she stretched out her arms, and looking straight along the barrel of the rifle, said in a low voice:

"Fire; but let me speak first!"

Rath hesitated, and lowered the Winchester; but held it as if ready to shoot at any moment.

"What do you want to say?" he said, not angrily, but with the calmness of the judge demanding of the prisoner why the sentence of death should not be passed.

The girl's breath came a little more easily.

"Come up here," she said; then, as Rath hesitated, she could not withhold the taunt. "Oh, you need not be afraid, I shan't hurt you—though I am a girl. Besides, you can shoot me just as easily up here as down there."

This argument being quite inconclusive, Rath, after a moment's hesitation, ascended the rise and stood within a few yards of her, leaning on his rifle, his eyes regarding her steadfastly.

Catarrhal Forehead Pains Go Quick! Sniffling, Clogged Nostrils Cured

Not a Sign of Cold, Catarrh, or Throat Trouble Will Remain!

Quick relief for that headache—just one breath through Catarrhose Inhaler and you feel better.

The soothing, piney vapor of Catarrhose clears the head instantly; its healing balsamic fumes takes the sting out of the nose, stop sniffles, ease the throat, cure the cough and destroy all the violence of catarrh.

No other remedy treats Catarrh so directly, so quickly; every breath you draw through the Inhaler carries a marvelous lot of healing virtue—carries death to the germs that cause the trouble.

You can't keep Catarrh—nor can you hang to a cold, or have any chest

Her heart was beating fast, but she managed to conceal her agitation, and actually looked out to sea, as if something had attracted her attention, and she had, for the moment, forgotten him; then she turned her gaze upon him, and enquired, with the calmness of the girl who addresses a man who is about the same age as herself, and therefore of course, only a boy in her sight:

"Will you please tell me why you were going to shoot me?"

Rath did not reply. Though this was the first woman he had seen, his man's instinct told him that it was safer not to reply to some of their questions.

"Oh, I suppose because you were afraid of me. How very strange that a big boy—man like you should be afraid of a girl; and I'm not a very big one, either. But I assure you there is no need for alarm. I shall not hurt you."

A civilized being would have flushed with shame under this sweetly uttered taunt; but Rath heard it unmoved.

"I am not afraid," he said in a matter-of-fact way.

"Oh! then it is because you don't like me—my sex—and want to get rid of me," she said. "I'm very sorry to have intruded; but you'll do me the justice to admit that I'm not here by my own choice; and I assure you that I—well, my mother and I—would be as pleased to get away as you would be to get rid of us. Can you help us to escape?"

Rath shook his head.

"Not yet," he said, quietly. "It is far from the town where men and women live. I do not know the way by land—you would be lost; and there is only the boat and my canoe, which would not live in the sea outside the bay. The Indians do not come again for eight months."

"A ship might see us and take us away," she suggested, eagerly.

He shook his head again.

"No ships pass within sight of this part of the island."

Stella sighed, and slid slowly to the ground.

"So we must stay prisoners until when—for months? Oh, it is dreadful! dreadful for us and you, but worse for us. I think, perhaps, after all, you had better shoot us."

He looked down at her thoughtfully.

"I suppose that you would kill us quickly; we should not have much pain," she remarked.

He frowned.

"I am not going to kill you. I will do you no harm—if you will keep out of my way."

She looked up at him with innocent—or mock innocent—widely opened eyes.

"Thank you—thank you very much. I am grateful. I have also to thank you for your kindness in putting the milk and things outside the door last night."

"You must eat," said Rath.

"Yes," she admitted, repressing a smile; "but I don't like being beholden to a person who hates me so much that he wants to shoot me every time he sees me."

"Why did you deceive me?" he said, rather sternly. "You pretended to be a boy."

"I didn't," she retorted, indignantly; then she blushed furiously. "Oh! you mean because I was dressed like one. It was not my fault. I was asleep when the ship was sinking, and I took the first clothes the man flung to us. I didn't suppose you would take me for a boy, that it was necessary to inform you that I wasn't."

"You must eat," said Rath.

"Yes," she admitted, repressing a smile; "but I don't like being beholden to a person who hates me so much that he wants to shoot me every time he sees me."

"Why did you deceive me?" he said, rather sternly. "You pretended to be a boy."

"I didn't," she retorted, indignantly; then she blushed furiously. "Oh! you mean because I was dressed like one. It was not my fault. I was asleep when the ship was sinking, and I took the first clothes the man flung to us. I didn't suppose you would take me for a boy, that it was necessary to inform you that I wasn't."

"You must eat," said Rath.

"Yes," she admitted, repressing a smile; "but I don't like being beholden to a person who hates me so much that he wants to shoot me every time he sees me."

"Why did you deceive me?" he said, rather sternly. "You pretended to be a boy."

"I didn't," she retorted, indignantly; then she blushed furiously. "Oh! you mean because I was dressed like one. It was not my fault. I was asleep when the ship was sinking, and I took the first clothes the man flung to us. I didn't suppose you would take me for a boy, that it was necessary to inform you that I wasn't."

Do you suffer from

Indigestion

Indigestion is largely due to a debilitated condition of the stomach. In this condition the stomach is unable to digest food—this is, extract the nutriment from it. Therefore, the food lays in the stomach and ferments, causing pains, fullness and heartburn. You almost dread mealtimes because of those terrible indigestion pains afterwards.

But—try taking a wineglassful of 'Wingarnis' a quarter of an hour before meals. You will find that 'Wingarnis' will give a 'tone' and a vigour to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions in a natural manner. Don't continue to suffer needlessly. Take 'Wingarnis' to-day. Will you try just one bottle?

Begin to get well FREE.

'Wingarnis' is made in England, and you can obtain a liberal free trial bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good by sending 6 cents stamps (to pay postage) to COLEMAN & CO., Ltd., Wingarnis Works, Norwich. Regular supplies can be obtained from all leading Grocers, Chemists, and Wine Merchants.

WINGARNIS

Agents for Newfoundland—
Messrs. MARSHALL BROS., Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Yesterday you refused to tell me why you disliked women and feared them. Won't you tell me now?"

"They are dangerous things," he said. "I promised my father—"

He stopped, and she regarded him with keen interest and curiosity.

"Yes; I know there is such a place. I have heard my father speak of it." She stared at him. That a man who spoke as he did, like a gentleman, should know no more than this was little short of incredible.

"Where is your father?" he asked.

"My father is dead, I think."

She added the last words pensively, doubtfully.

It was Rath's turn to look surprised.

"Don't you know?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"I can just remember him; a tall man, with a pale, stern face—like yours when you stood down there just now with the gun raised. We were living then in the country; I can only just remember that, too. It was at a big house, with great rooms and a big garden. I used to play; there were two huge stone lions with snarling faces—"

—they used to frighten me when I was a very small child—that crouched at the side of the stone steps. And there was an old gardener who used to pick flowers for me; he was very kind. Then we left the big house, mother and I, and went to live in a street in London. It was a quiet street, out of the crowd and noise, but it seemed dreadfully narrow and poor and miserable after the big house with the large gardens and green fields."

"Why did you go?" Rath asked.

"What became of the rest of the people on the big ship?" Rath asked.

Stella shook her head sadly.

"I don't know. There were not many boats; it was not a regular passenger ship. I heard one of the men say that nothing could live in such a storm, and I suppose it was only by a miracle that we escaped. Perhaps we were the only two."

"It is very likely," he assented, calmly; he had witnessed the fury of the waves too often to be smitten with the awe which one unaccustomed to the sea would have felt at this reflection. "So that your friends will not search for you? They will think you are lost."

"We have no friends," said the girl. "It will not matter to anyone if we are dead or alive—except to you, who, of course, must wish that we were dead."

"No," he said, judicially; "I do not wish that, though I am sorry you came here."

"The girl bit her lip.

"It is a pity I am not a boy," she said, ironically.

"It is," he assented, with something like a sigh. "I should like you, if you were not—yes, there is something about you I like; you have a pleasant face—different to the Indians; and your voice—Are all women's faces and voices like yours?"

The girl stared at him.

"Oh, no," she said, simply. "They are much better, prettier, and sweeter."

"Are they?" he said, reflectively. "I wonder why they are so wicked, so dangerous?"

Stella shook her head.

"They are not all," she said.

There was silence for a moment, then she turned to him, as if suddenly smitten with an idea.

(To be continued.)

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURE

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURE

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURE

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURE

Unconsciously, he drew a little nearer to her, and stretched himself at full length, leaning his head on his hand, his dark, earnest eyes fixed on her face.

"I don't know," replied the girl. She was almost speaking to herself, or as one might speak who was talking to someone who would not fully understand, so that it did not matter very much if she were too confidential. After the loneliness, the mere act of talking was grateful and pleasant. "My mother cried when we left the big house, and, of course, I cried, too; and my mother was ill and unhappy—always unhappy."

"Why did you leave the town, the big city, and come to sea?" he asked, presently.

"My mother got worse, and the doctor said she would die if she remained in England. It is nearly always cold and wet and damp there, and in London—the big city—there are fogs that stifle you."

"Then why does any one live there?" he exclaimed, wonderingly. "why not come to an island like this?"

She looked at him, as if any attempt at explanation would be hopeless.

"So we had to come abroad. I was glad to leave London, but sorry to leave England. Ah! you don't understand!" Her voice fell. "But my mother did not care; she was, she is, too ill to care for anything. Oh! I have forgotten her! Is it far from the hut?"

She sprang to her feet.

"No; it is just round the bend. You can almost see it; you can hear if any one calls."

She hesitated a moment, then sank down again, and Carl snuggled up beside her and stretched his paws on her dress, and rested his head on them, and gazed from one to the other, no doubt rather relieved to find that the shooting was over for the present. Stella stroked his rough head as she went on:

"Then the vessel sprang a leak—is that right? I think it struck a rock

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, THERAPION No. 1

THERAPION No. 2

THERAPION No. 3

THERAPION No. 4

THERAPION No. 5

THERAPION No. 6

THERAPION No. 7

THERAPION No. 8

THERAPION No. 9

THERAPION No. 10

THERAPION No. 11

THERAPION No. 12

THERAPION No. 13

THERAPION No. 14

THERAPION No. 15

THERAPION No. 16

THERAPION No. 17

THERAPION No. 18

THERAPION No. 19

THERAPION No. 20

THERAPION No. 21

THERAPION No. 22

THERAPION No. 23

THERAPION No. 24

THERAPION No. 25

Got His Man at 700 Yards.

AMAZING SHOTS. — MARKSMEN WHO WON VICTORIES.

Private Fulton, of the Queen's Westminster, the crack shot who tied for the King's Prize last year at Bisley, recently shot from a range of 700 yards a German officer who was signalling to gun batteries from a wind-dow. He thus saved the lives of many of his comrades. It has been asserted that in warfare an expert marksman is little better than the ordinary soldier, but, although this may be true in the heat of battle, there are occasions when the coolness and nerve of an expert rifleman may not only save his own life, but the lives of a hundred others. During the Indian Mutiny, Edward Ross, a Queen's Prize winner, utilized his skill as a marksman to save a military station full of women and wounded soldiers from being sacked by natives. A strong body of rebels attempted to cross the River Gogra to attack the station, which had few un wounded men to defend it. Ross, who had only just arrived at the station after a ride of eighty miles, on hearing of the threatened danger, hurried to the river bank, and with the aid of four sepoy dug a trench close to the only fordable spot. When the enemy appeared and manned a large flat boat in which to cross, Ross, with unerring aim, picked off the rowers, and forced the vessel to return to the other side. Again and again the natives made the attempt, but Ross, with a dozen rifles expeditiously loaded by his attendants, kept the enemy from crossing for three hours, when a body of British troops with big guns arrived on the scene.

At the siege of Lucknow, Sergeant Halliwell won the Victoria Cross for saving countless lives by picking off the natives who endeavoured to man big guns which were placed in such a position that they could have poured a pitiless hail of lead into the town. The guns were placed on a roof close to the city, but Sergeant Halliwell determined that they should be silenced. Procuring the best rifle obtainable, he took cover behind a pile of debris, and with uncanny aim picked off the enemy clustered round the guns one by one. Hour after hour he continued his vigil, his only change of position being to turn over now and again upon his back to relieve his cramped limbs. At nightfall his comrades, crawling upon hands and knees, brought him food and drink. Eventually the battery was raided and blown up, much to the relief of the gallant sergeant.

During the Boer an Irish private on one occasion had a bet with his comrades that he could hit a tin mug from which a Boer in a distant encampment was drinking. The soldier won his wager, for from a range of 600 yards he knocked the tin from the Boer's hand. Later on the incident had an astonishing sequel. The shock of the bullet hitting the Boer's tin caused a crust to slip down his throat, which actually suffocated him.

DR. DE VAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. 25¢ a box, three for \$1.00, at drug stores. Mailed loans on receipt of price. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

HOSPITAL FOR MEN Rescues Victims of Nerve and Brain Disorders. "Grey matter" tonic will build you up. 25¢ a box, or five for \$1.00, at drug stores. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

DR. DE VAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. 25¢ a box, three for \$1.00, at drug stores. Mailed loans on receipt of price. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

HOSPITAL FOR MEN Rescues Victims of Nerve and Brain Disorders. "Grey matter" tonic will build you up. 25¢ a box, or five for \$1.00, at drug stores. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

DR. DE VAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. 25¢ a box, three for \$1.00, at drug stores. Mailed loans on receipt of price. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

HOSPITAL FOR MEN Rescues Victims of Nerve and Brain Disorders. "Grey matter" tonic will build you up. 25¢ a box, or five for \$1.00, at drug stores. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

DR. DE VAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. 25¢ a box, three for \$1.00, at drug stores. Mailed loans on receipt of price. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

HOSPITAL FOR MEN Rescues Victims of Nerve and Brain Disorders. "Grey matter" tonic will build you up. 25¢ a box, or five for \$1.00, at drug stores. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

DR. DE VAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. 25¢ a box, three for \$1.00, at drug stores. Mailed loans on receipt of price. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

HOSPITAL FOR MEN Rescues Victims of Nerve and Brain Disorders. "Grey matter" tonic will build you up. 25¢ a box, or five for \$1.00, at drug stores. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

DR. DE VAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. 25¢ a box, three for \$1.00, at drug stores. Mailed loans on receipt of price. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

HOSPITAL FOR MEN Rescues Victims of Nerve and Brain Disorders. "Grey matter" tonic will build you up. 25¢ a box, or five for \$1.00, at drug stores. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

DR. DE VAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. 25¢ a box, three for \$1.00, at drug stores. Mailed loans on receipt of price. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

HOSPITAL FOR MEN Rescues Victims of Nerve and Brain Disorders. "Grey matter" tonic will build you up. 25¢ a box, or five for \$1.00, at drug stores. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

DR. DE VAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. 25¢ a box, three for \$1.00, at drug stores. Mailed loans on receipt of price. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

HOSPITAL FOR MEN Rescues Victims of Nerve and Brain Disorders. "Grey matter" tonic will build you up. 25¢ a box, or five for \$1.00, at drug stores. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

DR. DE VAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. 25¢ a box, three for \$1.00, at drug stores. Mailed loans on receipt of price. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

HOSPITAL FOR MEN Rescues Victims of Nerve and Brain Disorders. "Grey matter" tonic will build you up. 25¢ a box, or five for \$1.00, at drug stores. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

DR. DE VAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. 25¢ a box, three for \$1.00, at drug stores. Mailed loans on receipt of price. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

HOSPITAL FOR MEN Rescues Victims of Nerve and Brain Disorders. "Grey matter" tonic will build you up. 25¢ a box, or five for \$1.00, at drug stores. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

DR. DE VAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. 25¢ a box, three for \$1.00, at drug stores. Mailed loans on receipt of price. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

HOSPITAL FOR MEN Rescues Victims of Nerve and Brain Disorders. "Grey matter" tonic will build you up. 25¢ a box, or five for \$1.00, at drug stores. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

DR. DE VAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. 25¢ a box, three for \$1.00, at drug stores. Mailed loans on receipt of price. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

HOSPITAL FOR MEN Rescues Victims of Nerve and Brain Disorders. "Grey matter" tonic will build you up. 25¢ a box, or five for \$1.00, at drug stores. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

DR. DE VAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. 25¢ a box, three for \$1.00, at drug stores. Mailed loans on receipt of price. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

HOSPITAL FOR MEN Rescues Victims of Nerve and Brain Disorders. "Grey matter" tonic will build you up. 25¢ a box, or five for \$1.00, at drug stores. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

DR. DE VAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. 25¢ a box, three for \$1.00, at drug stores. Mailed loans on receipt of price. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

HOSPITAL FOR MEN Rescues Victims of Nerve and Brain Disorders. "Grey matter" tonic will build you up. 25¢ a box, or five for \$1.00, at drug stores. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

DR. DE VAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. 25¢ a box, three for \$1.00, at drug stores. Mailed loans on receipt of price. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

HOSPITAL FOR MEN Rescues Victims of Nerve and Brain Disorders. "Grey matter" tonic will build you up. 25¢ a box, or five for \$1.00, at drug stores. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

DR. DE VAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. 25¢ a box, three for \$1.00, at drug stores. Mailed loans on receipt of price. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

HOSPITAL FOR MEN Rescues Victims of Nerve and Brain Disorders. "Grey matter" tonic will build you up. 25¢ a box, or five for \$1.00, at drug stores. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

DR. DE VAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. 25¢ a box, three for \$1.00, at drug stores. Mailed loans on receipt of price. T. J. DE VAN, Druggist, 25 St. Catharines, Ontario.

Something