

# Stella Mordant; The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."

CHAPTER XI.  
The crowd cheered, Lord Hatherley clapped his hands in genuine admiration of the speech; he had listened to many a worse one. The crowd cheered, every man of it excepting one.

He was a small, undersized man, who bore a strong resemblance to the Mr. Workley who had been introduced to Mr. Bannister at the Columbine in Drury Lane. He did not cheer, but, with a short pipe stuck in the corner of his mouth, eyed the new earl curiously and with a cynical expression in his keen and bird-like eyes.

CHAPTER XII.  
Lord Ratton did not notice among the crowd the little man who had been introduced to him at the Columbine; indeed, he had seen him, he would, in this moment of excitement, have failed to recognize him; and ten minutes afterwards Workley walked off with his brother-in-law, a boot-maker in Market Rotton, merely remarking to him:

"Lucky young beggar, that! Shouldn't wonder if he became popular. Rum word, this!" and his keen, bird-like eyes twinkled.

The earl watched the crowd streaming off to drink beer and dance in the marquee, with his heart swelling proudly, then he turned to receive the congratulations of his friends.

"A capital little speech; splendid!" said Lord Hatherley. "Just what was wanted! My dear Ratton, I prophesy that you will make your mark in the Lords."

"Very good, very suitable," said Mr. Bulpit, who was also pleased—and surprised.

But Ralph's eyes were fixed expectantly and anxiously on Lady Mary's face, and, feeling his gaze, she added her word of praise.

"I think you did it very well, Lord Ratton," she said, smilingly.

His face flushed with gratification. "Do you?" he responded. "Then I'm satisfied. It's the first speech I ever made"—he ought to have added, "off the stage"—and I was afraid that I should make a mess of it. But, then, you are all so kind, you see, that a fellow couldn't help doing his best. Shall we go back to the house?"

They went into the drawing-room—the magnificent room in which generations of stately Rotton ladies had held their social courts, and he would have had Lady Mary go to the piano and play; but Mary declined. She had been conscious all the evening

## Mother Is Child's Stomach Sour, Sick.

If tongue is coated or if cross, feverish, constipated give "California Syrup of Figs."

Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with "sour" waste.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach-ache, indigestion, diarrhoea, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul waste, the sour bile and fermenting food passes out of the bowels and you have a well and playful child again. Children love this harmless "fruit laxative," and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to make their little "insides" clean and sweet.

Keep it handy, Mother! A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Remember there are counterfeiters sold here, so surely look and see that yours is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup.

that she was the only lady present, and she felt, if not embarrassed, rather shy; so they sat and talked, and, naturally enough, they talked of the young man's future.

Leaning against the mantel-piece of carved white marble, his eyes shining with suppressed excitement and delight in his newly found possessions and position, Ralph expressed himself very well, with that specious kind of candour and mock humility which imposes upon so many persons, which impressed the honest, simple-minded Hatherley at any rate.

"Of course I want to do my duty," said Ralph. "I want to do the right thing by—the title and the place. The difficulty is that I don't know my part—er—I mean, what my duty is. You see, I haven't had the advantage of being brought up to—the business; and the life is all new to me."

"Judging by the admirable way in which you played your part this evening, I should say you will not find very great difficulty, Ratton," remarked Lord Hatherley, beamingly.

"Well, I mean to do my best; and I think I shall get through very well, if you will be kind enough to help me. It's very kind of you to be here to-night, very kind, and I can't tell you how thankful I am." He glanced at Lady Mary, who sat with her hands folded on her lap, her eyes downcast, trying at that very moment to think the best of this modest young man, and half angry with herself because, somehow or other, she could not.

"I should have felt fearfully lonely and—and out of it, if you had not come to my aid; and I'm hoping, Lord Hatherley—for the life of him he could not omit the "lord," and he wondered if he ever should be able to do so. How easily Lord Hatherley addressed him as "Ratton"—"that you will give me your advice, you and Mr. Bulpit, who has proved such a good friend."

Mr. Bulpit bowed and blew his nose in a grim kind of way.

"Of course, I know there is an immense amount of responsibility attaching to my—er—position, and I don't want to shirk it."

"Of course not—of course not," murmured Lord Hatherley, with a nod of approval at the others.

"I should like to do something for my—er—people—the people on the estate." He glanced at Lady Mary, whose downcast eyes rather discouraged him. "There must be some improvements to be made in the cottages and—er—schools, and that kind of thing—" He paused, as he tried to recollect some passages in some of the novels he had read, some of the "benevolent squire" business. "Perhaps the church wants rebuilding?"

Lord Hatherley laughed.

"The church is all right, Ratton," he said, "but we want some new schools, and some of the cottages might be rebuilt; but," he added, gravely, "I am poaching on Mr. Greyfold's preserves. He'll know what wants doing. And I daresay Lady Mary will not object to joining the committee; she's always making attacks on my purse for similar reforms."

Lady Mary glanced up quickly and

almost reproachfully at her father, but she said nothing.

"If Lady Mary would be so good and kind," murmured Ralph, with fervent gratitude. "And I should like to encourage—er—sport. I suppose there is something I could do in that direction?"

"Certainly—certainly," assented Hatherley. "There is the cricket club and the hounds," he added, eagerly. "By the way, you ride, or course?"

Ralph coloured and looked down.

"Er—not very well, I'm afraid," he said. "I have not had many opportunities. But, of course, I am fond of horses, and I—er—know a little about them." How often he had, hidden behind a bush, watched the horses making their secret trials on the Heath. "And I shall hunt."

"Of course—of course," said Lord Hatherley, a little less enthusiastically, for "I'm fond of horses," didn't sound very hopeful; a sportsman would have felt that such an assertion was superfluous. "Oh, rest assured that we shall find plenty for you to do. There's the cricket club, as I said—you play, of course?"

"I haven't played for years," said Ralph; which was true, as he had never had a bat or ball in his hand. "I shall be happy to subscribe."

"Ah, well, you will soon pick it up again; and the subscription will carry you until you do," laughed Lord Hatherley. "But you need not fear you will want occupation, my dear Ratton. You will have the whole county down upon you presently, and you'll be busy enough receiving and returning calls. I hope you mean to stay here—at the Hall—for a time at any rate?"

"Certainly!" said Ralph, emphatically.

"Quite so; well, you will be entertained and have to entertain, you know. It will be rather hard work for a bachelor; but you must make haste and present us with a lady chataleine."

The earl dropped his eyes, and the smile fled from his face for a moment as he laughed uneasily. It was a strange and unattractive remark for a man with a charming and marriageable daughter seated beside him; but Lord Hatherley made it in perfect innocence. In his eyes his beloved Mary was a child still, and he would have regarded as an enemy any man who proposed to rob him of her. Mr. Bulpit knew this; but Ralph glanced at Lady Mary out of the corner of his eyes.

"Perhaps I may, some day," he said. "In the meantime, I shall hope you will come to my assistance and help a poor bachelor over his trying duties."

"Delighted!" said Lord Hatherley. "Not that I think you will need much assistance. You will find us not at all difficult people to get on with, eh, Bulpit? And we shall all be very glad to welcome you amongst us."

Lady Mary rose.

"I think we should be going, father," she said, quietly.

Ralph saw that, for some reason

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she did not share her father's enthusiasm, and he was too clever to press them to remain. He went with them to their carriage, standing beside it with a grateful smile on his handsome face as he murmured again and again his thanks for their kindness.

"Well, I am agreeably surprised!" exclaimed Lord Hatherley, as they drove off. "From what I know of poor Ralph Percival, I certainly did not expect his son to turn out so good a specimen. A really nice, manly young fellow! And so modest and unassuming! That was a capital speech of his, wasn't it?"

"Very," said Mary, quietly.

"And we must help him, Molly, eh? Really, one can't help sympathizing with him in his novel and rather trying position. To come amongst us, quite a stranger, and with not the best of antecedents—trying, very trying; and I think he plays his part very well; don't you?"

"Yes, indeed," she responded, and truthfully; for she had a vague suspicion that the new earl had indeed been "playing a part."

Lord Hatherley looked at her with a kind of perplexity and doubt.

"I've got an idea that you don't—well, quite like the young man," he said.

She was silent for a moment, then she said:

"I neither like nor dislike Lord Ratton, father. You forget that I've seen so very little of him."

"You have seen as much of him as I have, dear," he said. "But there! I think I understand how it is. You see, I expected to find him so very different that I am agreeably surprised."

"And swing to the other extreme," she said, with the swift, sweet smile which was reserved for him alone.

"Dear, you must not expect me to feel as you feel towards him. I neither expected nor feared, and I must decline to fall down and worship the new Earl of Rotton."

Her father laughed.

"I can't imagine you falling down and worshipping anyone, Molly mine," he said.

Soon after the Hatherleys had gone, Mr. Bulpit took his departure, and the earl very graciously accompanied him to the hall door. He was very gracious indeed to the old lawyer, and shook hands with him with a mixture of condensation and familiarity which amused that gentleman.

"I'm very much obliged to you, Bulpit," said the earl, omitting the "Mr." where, of course, he ought to have used it. "You have done the right thing by me, and, by George! I thank you for it, as you'll find. You and Mr. Greyfold won't find me difficult to get on with—eh, Greyfold?" and he as graciously shook hands with the steward.

"Well!" said Mr. Greyfold, interrogatively, as they climbed into Mr. Bulpit's modest phaeton. "What do you think of him?"

Mr. Bulpit was silent for a moment or two, then she said:

"I don't fancy he is quite such a fool as I once thought him."

"Did you notice how cleverly he—well, played Lord Hatherley—and Lady Mary?" asked Greyfold.

(To be Continued.)

## 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.

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

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### Stores Close, Holiday's Chan

At yesterday afternoon's meeting of the Importers' Association, it was decided that the stores will close after 6 p.m. during the Spring term years, and the day of the whole holidays was fixed for Monday instead of Monday. In connection with the Spring closing, it was understood that some of the employees may be called upon to turn in the work of the wholesaler after the usual closing time. The work will be so arranged that some employees will not be on successive nights. The officers for the current year in the return of the same year last year, viz:

President—Hon. G. Knowles  
Vice-President—F. W. Ayer  
Secretary—R. A. Templeton

### Obituary.

SYDNEY RUTH WILLIAMS  
With regret we record the death of a bright young life in the person of Miss Sydney-Ruth Williams, daughter of E. H. Williams, of Gower Street, St. John's. She had been married six months past, and which came yesterday morning, after a happy release from a long and suffering. To the family, the Telegram extends sympathy in their bereavement.

### IMPORTERS

The following Resolutions for 1915-1916 were adopted at the Annual Meeting held at 6 p.m. from the 19th to the 23rd of March. The stores will close at 6 p.m. during the Spring term years, and the day of the whole holidays was fixed for Monday instead of Monday. In connection with the Spring closing, it was understood that some of the employees may be called upon to turn in the work of the wholesaler after the usual closing time. The work will be so arranged that some employees will not be on successive nights. The officers for the current year in the return of the same year last year, viz:

1st—Dry Goods stores close at 6 p.m. from the 19th to the 23rd of March.

2nd—To close at 6 p.m. from the 19th to the 23rd of March.

3rd—To close at 6 p.m. from the 19th to the 23rd of March.

4th—Holidays—To celebrate the July 7th (L. Day); August 24th (T. and March 17.

5th—Half-Holiday—30th; July 1; September 1; 23rd; March to close at 1 p.m.

6th—Any week day to be a general holiday, to be observed.

7th—Closing hours of stores to be the same as at present.

N. B.—The above regulations operate by making for closing the stores April 29th, 1915.