

ALLOW ME TO PRESENT  
MY BEST FRIEND  
**ROYAL**  
YEAST  
CAKES



IN BUYING  
YEAST CAKES  
BE CAREFUL TO  
SPECIFY  
ROYAL YEAST  
CAKES  
DECLINE SUBSTITUTES.

E. W. GILLET CO. LTD.  
TORONTO.  
WINNIPEG. MONTREAL.

## Stella Mordant.

### The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."

#### CHAPTER XXVIII

The girl, confused and delighted by the kiss, ran out of the room half laughing, half crying, and Stella locked the door and completed her preparations; and they were few and simple. She had only to put on her hat and jacket, and wait until the Lises went in to dinner, and, so to speak, the coast was clear.

The dressing-bell had gone some time ago, and presently she heard the dinner-bell. She waited for five or ten minutes, then she opened the door softly and stole out on to the corridor, like, as she told herself, somewhat bitterly, a thief in the night. And was she not a thief? Had she not stolen, though all innocently, the heart of the man who had saved her from death and offered to share his rank and fortune with her, to make her his wife?

She watched the servants cross and enter the dining-room, then she cautiously descended to the landing below the corridor. From here a passage and stairs led to the small hall which opened on to the garden. It was only used by the servants, and they were all, as she knew, engaged in the kitchen or the dining-room. Quite unobserved she gained the small hall and let herself into the garden, closing the door softly after her.

It was dark now, but she kept in the shadow of the shrubbery, and avoiding the avenue and the main lodge, where she might have been seen by the lodge-keeper, she crossed the park and got on to the road through one of the smaller gates. Instinctively she took the direction opposite to Market Ration, and she walked on quickly and with a throbbing heart. The darkness, the loneliness of the road began to tell upon her in a few minutes, and once she paused and stretched out her hands, murmuring:

"Oh, Rath! Rath! if I could only go to you!" Then she set her teeth hard and fought against the sudden weakness. "I must not give way!" she said to herself, resolutely. "I must prove myself worthy of Rath's teaching. He used to laugh at me and call me a girl when I cried because I failed in something he did so easily. Oh! if he were only here now to laugh at me! But he would not laugh," she thought, as she remembered how tenderly he had taken her to his breast, when she was overwhelmed by her mother's death, how gentle and patient he was with her when she was ill or in pain.

So she strove to keep up her heart,

### Days of Rheumatism Now Over! Wonderful Miracles Worked by "Nerviline"

Its Strange Power is the Marvel of Thousands it Has Cured.

You will welcome the good news that "Nerviline" rapidly relieves the most excruciating pains.

Nerviline penetrates deeply into the tissue, and possesses pain-subduing power at least five times greater than anything heretofore discovered. Its curative influence upon rheumatic pains is really wonderful.

Nerviline is offered to the people of this community under a positive guarantee of its reliability.

As a curative agent of rheumatic pain, every rheumatic should test this great remedy.

Rheumatism is the greatest test Nerviline has to meet. It cures pain, big and little, but to rheumatism especially it is a great blessing, just as it is to those who suffer from neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, stiffness or enlarged joints.

Remember this: There is nothing harmful in Nerviline.

You can use it freely on your children for their aches and pains. It is dependable, reliable, safe. Nothing to equal good old Nerviline as a general family remedy.

Get the large 50 cent family bottle; it is far more economical than the 25 cent trial size. Sold by dealers everywhere.

staggered as she gratefully caught at the proffered arm.

The woman knocked at the door, and when it was opened by a maid-servant of the lodging-house type, she said:

"Give me some matches, and send us up the supper; I've got a friend with me."

The girl nodded apathetically, and the woman having helped Stella up the narrow stairs, took her into a small sitting-room and led her to a sofa.

"Don't move till I light the lamp," she said.

Stella obeyed helplessly; and when the lamp was lit, her benefactor knelt down and, with a table knife, cut the laces.

"I shall have to cut the boot away, your foot is swollen so," she said. "It will give you some pain, I'm afraid."

"No, no; I don't mind!" said Stella, trying to smile.

As the operation was performed, with calm but gentle deftness, Stella notwithstanding her pain, regarded the operator curiously.

She was a tall and well-made woman, with well-formed features belonging to a face which had been beautiful and was still handsome. It was as pale as Stella's own, but with a different pallor, and the contrast afforded by the dark eyes and hair made the whiteness of her face all the more striking.

As she looked up, Stella saw that she was not as old as she had at first thought, and guessed that privation or grief had given the face its expression of premature age.

"It is as I thought," said the woman. "You have sprained your ankle. How did you do it?"

"I met with an accident," said Stella.

"An accident? How long ago?"

"How long?" said Stella, putting her hand to her head confusedly. "I don't remember—yes, this afternoon evening—some hours ago."

The woman looked at her with a kind of dull surprise and pity.

"You must have suffered agonies," she remarked.

"No," said Stella, "only the last few minutes. I did not know that there was anything the matter."

The woman looked at her steadily. "You are a woman," she said. "A man would have fainted with the pain; but, as it was, you were nearly fainting. Drink that."

She gave her a glass of water, and Stella drank it eagerly.

"I am better now," she said. "I can't tell you how grateful I am to you for your kindness! I will go on my way now; my foot is much easier."

The woman smiled in a sadly wise way.

"You could not walk across this room," she said; "put your foot down and try."

Stella proved the truth of the assertion, and sank down again, looking up with dismay at the Good Samaritan.

"Oh! what shall I do?" she exclaimed. "I must go."

"Where are you going?"

"To London," said Stella, in too much pain and distress to hesitate to want to go by the night train.

The woman shook her head.

"Is it so important?" she asked.

"Will your friends expect you? It is too late to telegraph."

Stella coloured.

"I have no friends to expect—there is no one to meet me," she said. Then, after a pause, she went on: "I'm going in search of a situation. I—I have just left one. I'm afraid I can't tell you."

The woman made a significant gesture with her thin but well-formed hand.

"I don't want to know, don't intend to ask any questions," she said, quietly. "I can see you are young and inexperienced, and in trouble. I'm not too old to feel for you—I'm younger than I look—and I've been in trouble; worse trouble than yours, I'll be bound. If you like to stay here until you are quite well, you are welcome. But perhaps you have somewhere else to go?"

Stella tried to express her gratitude.

"No, I've nowhere else to go, and I will stay thankfully," she said, fighting with her tears. "But—but I do not wish anyone to know where I am," she added, colouring painfully.

### "TIZ" PUTS JOY IN SORE, ACHING FEET

Use "TIZ" for tired, tender, swollen, sweaty, calloused feet and corns—It's grand!

"Happy! Happy! Use 'TIZ'!"



"TIZ" makes sore, burning, tired feet fairly dance with delight. Away go the aches and pains, the corns, callouses, blisters, bunions and chilblains.

"TIZ" draws out the acids and poisons that puff up your feet. No matter how hard you work, how long you dance, how far you walk, or how long you remain on your feet, "TIZ" brings restful foot comfort. "TIZ" is magical, grand, wonderful for tired, aching, swollen, smarting feet. Ah! how comfortable, how happy you feel. Your feet just tingle for joy; shoes never hurt or seem tight.

Get a 25 cent box of "TIZ" now from any druggist or department store. End foot torture forever—wear smaller shoes, keep your feet fresh, sweet and happy. Just think! A whole year's foot comfort for only 25 cents.

The woman nodded. "I understand—at least I understand you want to keep quiet; and I don't want to know the reason."

"I have done nothing wrong," said poor Stella, shamefacedly.

The woman smiled with a mixture of sadness and bitterness.

"I don't know that it would make any difference to me if you had," she said, with real or affected indifference. "My experience is that the ones who do wrong are the ones that don't suffer. Take off your hat and acket and lie down and rest; I'll bring you something. Tell the landlady I shall want that other bedroom," she said to the servant-girl.

Now, here's some tea and an egg. Oh, I don't suppose you're hungry, you're in too much pain; but you'd better try and eat something, if it's ever so little."

When she had brought the things, Stella took off her own hat and jacket, and Stella saw that the woman was indeed quite young.

"You are very good to me," she said. "I want to tell you my name; it is Stella Mordant—but I hope you will not—I beg you not to tell anyone. I—I—"

The woman laughed a short, weary kind of laugh.

"My dear girl, I'm not in the least curious, and I'll promise you to keep my mouth shut. My name's Nita—but

(To be Continued.)

### WOMAN WOULD NOT GIVE UP

Though Sick and Suffering; At Last Found Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Richmond, Pa.—"When I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was in a dreadfully rundown state of health, had internal troubles, and was so extremely nervous and prostrated that if I had given in to my feelings I would have been in bed. As it was I had hardly strength at times to be on my feet and what I did do was by a great effort. I could not sleep at night and of course felt very bad in the morning, and had a steady headache."

"After taking the second bottle I noticed that the headache was not so bad, I rested better, and my nerves were stronger. I continued its use until it made a new woman of me, and now I can hardly realize that I am able to do so much as I do. Whenever I know any woman in need of a good medicine I highly praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. FRANK CLARK, 3146 N. Tulip St., Richmond, Pa.

Women Have Been Telling Women for forty years how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored their health when suffering with female ills. This accounts for the enormous demand for it from coast to coast. If you are troubled with any ailment peculiar to women why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It will pay you to do so. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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I daresay you've heard it; it's well—I was going to say too well known."

"No, I've not heard it before," said Stella.

"No? Oh, well, you'll see it on the posters large enough—or you would have done if you'd got as far as the station. I am the great Nita, the serio-comic artist; I've come down here with a music-hall company; they've gone to the hotel, but I always take lodgings; I like to be alone. It's a queer fancy, but I can afford it. There, you needn't look so unhappy; when I said 'alone' I meant away from the rest of the crew. I'm glad enough of your company."

#### CHAPTER XXIX

Nita waited until Stella had, with difficulty, managed to eat some food, then she cut away the stocking from the injured foot and applied a wet compress.

"I'm afraid I hurt you, but I can't very well help it," she remarked.

"I was marvelling at the skilful and gentle way you have done it," said Stella, who had grown white under the operation, but had succeeded in repressing any other sign of pain.

"Were you ever a hospital nurse?"

Nita laughed shortly and shook her head.

"No," she replied. "I've been a great many things, but not that; but I'm used to accidents of this sort. Some of us are always slipping on the stage or getting a strain through overexertion, and we learn what to do; for a doctor isn't always at hand, and if he is there isn't always time to wait for him."

Stella, while looking on, had noticed a wedding-ring on Nita's thin hand, and she looked down anxiously and gratefully into the face which wore that saddest of all expressions, the hopeless resignation which is next door to callousness. One sees it in the eyes of those who have lost the joy of living, who have suffered from the hope deferred which makes the heart sick.

"You will feel easier in the morning; and if the sprain is all that's the matter with you, you'll soon be all right," said Nita. "Put—and she glanced at Stella with a mixture of shrewdness and pity—"you look as if you had had some trouble."

Stella's eyes grew moist; physical pain had made her weak and very susceptible to sympathy.

"Yes," she said, trying to speak quite steadily; "I—I have had some trouble, a very great trouble. I—I have lost, been parted from, a friend, the best friend in the world."

"Then it must be a woman," said Nita, as she rose and took up a stage dress, and began to mend or alter it.

Stella shook her head.

"No; it was a man," she said in a low voice.

Nita raised her handsome, careworn face for a moment.

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### Ready to Serve Mustard,

Such as your great-grandmother alone knew how to prepare is worth trying. We have just one case (a sample lot) which we are selling at

25 cents per bottle.

This Mustard is recommended to be the nicest Mustard ever sold in Newfoundland. Please try it.

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### Catarrhal Forehead Sniffing

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

Quick relief for that headachy, just one breath through Catarrh Sniffing.

The soothing, piney vapor of Catarrh Sniffing clears the head instantly; the healing balsamic fumes taken by the sniffing 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—drives death to the germs that cause the trouble.

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

### THE THOUGHTS

CLEAN-UP DAY.