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Stella Mordant: —OR— The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"Mary is ill, I am sorry to say," said Lord Hatherley, sadly. "I am afraid she caught a chill waiting for me at the station last night. I lost my train, and she came to meet me. But I can only think of this dreadful tragedy; and, Ralph, I—I hope you have not expressed your opinion before the servants. You are a magistrate, you know, and you and I, and our fellow-magistrates, will have to examine the accused."

"He'll get short shift from me," said Ralph, with a bravado which his white face and bloodshot eyes seriously discounted. "I've been told that he was found bending over the body, that he admitted that the knife—blood-stained—was his—"

"Yes—yes! But where is the motive? I'm informed that the young man only arrived in Raton with Edward Bryan last evening."

Ralph rose, dropping his serviette and nearly overturning his chair. "What's that got to do with it?" he demanded, impatiently. "The evidence—the evidence, points to his guilt, and it's the evidence you and I and the other magistrates have to consider. When does the examination take place?"

"To-morrow morning," replied Lord Hatherley, with a sigh. "It is the first case of murder I have had to consider, and—and I don't like it. As you say, the evidence is against the accused, and yet—How did he come to be in the wood, and why did he murder, in the cruellest of ways, a woman whom he could not have known?"

Ralph shrugged his shoulders. It seemed to him that luck was flowing his way. With Parkins to swear an alibi, with evidence to prove that this unknown man was not only found near the body, but had admitted the ownership of the knife, he—Ralph—was safe.

"That's for a jury to decide," he said, with an assumed indifference. "What you and I and the other magistrates have to do is our duty. Can I see Mary if I come over?"

He put the question as casually as he could, but his voice quavered somewhat.

Lord Hatherley shook his head. "She is keeping to her own room, Ralph, and I don't think she is well enough to see you."

Ralph nodded.

"Folks say I'm sad,
I'm really glad,"
Sad Iron cried with glee,
"Although I'm 'flat,'
I'm bright at that,
Old Dutch has polished me."
Old Dutch Cleanser
MADE IN CANADA

"All right," he said. "But just tell her that I am sure this fellow who has been arrested is guilty, and that I'll see justice is done."

CHAPTER XXXIX.
Stella eluded badly on the night of the murder. Her foot was less painful—thanks to poor Nita's care—but she was restless and feverish, and her snatches of sleep were disturbed by dreams. She dreamt of Rath and of Lord Lisle, fancied that she was once again drifting in the boat that was bearing her away from the island, and that she could see Rath standing on the shore with outstretched hands, and heard his voice calling to her in accents of despair.

She was awakened from one of these dreams by a knocking at the door, and thinking it was Nita, she called "Come in!" and, to her surprise, the landlady entered. The woman seemed in a great state of agitation, and stood beside the bed as if she were scarcely capable of speech. "What is the matter, Mrs. Sewell? Is it time to get up?" Stella asked, sitting up in bed and pushing the hair from her face, flushed with sleep.

"No, miss—that is—it's early; but— Oh, miss! I couldn't keep away from telling you any longer! Something dreadful has happened. Poor Madame Nita—"

Stella sprang out of bed, her injured foot quite forgotten.

"Oh, what is it? Is she ill? Let me go to her!" and she snatched at her clothes. The landlady fought with her agitation.

"Go to her, miss! Oh, dear, dear! Don't be frightened, miss. I meant to break it to you, but I don't know how!"

"What is it?" asked Stella, proceeding hurriedly with her dressing. "Is she ill—very ill? Whatever it is, I must go to her. Oh, I am so sorry. Oh, please tell me at once!"—for the landlady had burst into tears.

"She's—she's dead, miss!" she sobbed.

Stella went white, and staggered. "Dead! Oh, you cannot mean it! She was quite well last night when she went to the theatre. Dead!"

"Yes, miss. And that ain't the worst. The poor thing came by her death unfairly. She—she was murdered last night!"

Stella struggled against the shock and the deadly faintness it caused, and sank on to the bed, her hands clasped tightly. It was so hard to realize that the woman who had been so good to her; whom she had seen so only a few hours ago in full possession of health and strength, should be dead!

"Tell me—" she began, chokingly. "Oh, poor woman! Murdered! Oh, there must be some mistake—some cruel mistake! She cannot—cannot be dead!"

"It's true, miss. The police have seen her already."

"The police?"

"Yes, miss. They've searched the rooms, and one of 'em's in the sitting-room now; and I—I couldn't help coming to you."

"Help me—help me dress," said Stella, brokenly, for her hands shook so that she could not hold her clothes.

"When—where?"

"It was last night, in Raton Wood," said the landlady in a hushed voice. "Don't take on so, miss—for Stella was crying bitterly. 'The poor soul's at rest, anyway; and I don't think she was happy, for all her being so famous and celebrated. She's at rest!'"



Are you "Nervy"?

Do you "jump" at a sudden sound? Do you have headaches or neuralgia? Are you irritable? Are you depressed? Are you troubled with sleeplessness? If so, you need a short course of "Wingarnis" (the Wine of Life). There is nothing so good as "Wingarnis" for revitalising the nerves—nothing so prompt in giving them new life. "Wingarnis" possesses the great advantage of getting right to the root of nerve troubles, and by means of an enriched blood supply to give new vitality and new life to the whole nervous system. That is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend "Wingarnis."

Will you try just one bottle? Begin to get well FREE.



and out of her troubles, whatever they were. She was murdered in Raton Wood—stabbed to death. It was a man, and they've got him, the brute, thank God!"

"But—but who—why did he do it?" asked Stella, with horror in her face and voice.

The landlady shook her head. "The police wouldn't answer any questions; but I hear from the talk that's going round that he's a stranger. But, of course, he must have known Madame. You see, miss, ladies in her profession lead strange kind of lives, and you can't tell what mystery was connected with her."

Instantly there flashed across Stella's mind the story Nita had told her of her husband, the man who had deserted her, the man whom Nita had thought she had seen from the window two days ago; but Stella said nothing, and Mrs. Sewell went on:

"There's a policeman in plain clothes, a detective, miss, and another gentleman—a Mr. Workley—in the sitting-room, and they want to see you."

"To see me?" said Stella, shrinkingly; then she said, quietly: "I will come at once; please tell them where—where—"

She could not finish her sentence, but Mrs. Sewell understood, and replied in a hushed voice:

"At the inn, in Raton village. I'll go and tell them you're coming, miss."

Stella finished dressing and went into the sitting-room. Workley and the detective who had just arrived from the county town were standing by the table upon which were the contents of some of Nita's travelling-boxes and a small heap of letters and other belongings of hers. Workley's face was white to the lips, his eyes glistened with a fierce and dogged determination; and both men scanned her sharply and keenly.

"This is the young lady who has been lodging with Madame," said the landlady, nervously.

The detective bowed and drew a chair forward, but Stella stood, gripping the edge of the table with her hand.

"Sorry to disturb you so early, miss," said the detective. "You've heard the news—very dreadful news!—and I'm sure you will be ready to help us with any information regarding the deceased. Will you tell me your name?"

Stella told him.

"Will you tell what you know of the deceased? I ought to say that this gentleman, Mr. Workley, is deeply interested—"

Stella looked at Workley with pity and commiseration in her beautiful eyes, and Workley bowed his head for a moment.

"—And he will be grateful to you if you can help us clear up this mystery."

"I know—she told me," faltered Stella.

Workley made a gesture with his hand. "I—I loved her," he said, huskily. "She was married, I know, but her husband deserted her. I did not know whether he was alive or dead—I was trying to find out. If she had been free—I—we should have married—"

but—but she was not certain it was he."

Workley started and looked at the detective keenly.

"Did you see him, miss—the man she thought was her husband?"

"No," said Stella.

"It's plain enough," exclaimed Workley, hoarsely. "It was her husband. She must have found the villain and met him that night, and he enticed her into meeting him again, and—oh, it is plain enough, the scoundrel!"

Stella sank into the chair and covered her face with her hands.

"I think you're wrong in your surmise, Mr. Workley," said the detective. "The prisoner only arrived in Raton yesterday evening."

"So they say," said Workley, doggedly; "but it's her husband, right enough."

"Is that all you can tell us, miss?" asked the detective.

Stella inclined her head.

"Thank you. May I ask you to tell me one thing that you have told us, until the examination to-morrow. I am afraid we shall have to trouble you to attend. Will you remain here—in this house?"

"Yes," faltered Stella. Where else could she go?"

"Quite so. I think, if I might make a suggestion, that I wouldn't see anyone until after the examination. People are so curious, and will bother you with questions."

"I will see no one," said Stella. "But may I go to—to her?"

The detective shook his head. "I don't—think—I would, miss. She—she was badly hurt and—No, miss; I understand what you feel; but I think you'd like to remember her as you saw her last."

(To be Continued.)

THIS WEEK
Grove Hill Bulletin
VEGETABLE PLANTS:
Cucumbers, Vegetable Marrows, 25c. each.
Tomato Plants, 60c. a doz.
Celery, \$1 a hundred.
Also Cabbage Plants, 80c
Brussels Sprouts,
Cauliflower, \$1 a hun.
J. McNEIL,
Waterford Bridge Road,
Phone 247.

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of the insurance to-day and you'll sleep sounder to-night. The man who is insured isn't half as nervous about fire as the man who isn't. Why should he be?
FIRE INSURANCE PROTECTS him from all loss. He knows if his house or store burns down where he is going to get money to replace it without borrowing. Are you in that comfortable position? Why not put yourself in it by taking out a policy right now?
PERCIE JOHNSON,
Insurance Agent.

Perzell's MASSATTA
A NEW AND TOTALLY DIFFERENT TALCUM POWDER
Furn it Upside Down. "No Sediment." Apply any test to **CONVIDO PORT** and its generous body and full, rich flavor will never disappoint. Stands since 1670 "In the spotlight of honor." At all good dealers, cafes, etc.
D. O. ROBLIN,
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JOHN JACKSON,
Resident Agent, St. John's.
In addition to Massatta, we carry a complete line of Lasell's Famous Soaps, including the most exquisite Perfumes, delightful Toilet Waters and Creams, and Powders of unquestionable excellence.
At all Druggists, St. John's, Nfld.

Quick Help for Strains and Sprains Wonderful Relief in One Hour

Rare Herb and Root Extracts in this Liniment Give it Marvelous Power.

RUB ON NERVILINE.

You'll be astonished at the rapid pain relieving action of "Nerviline." Its effectiveness is due to its remarkable penetrating power—it strikes deep, sinks to the very core of the trouble.

Nerviline is stronger, many times stronger, than ordinary liniments, and it's not greasy, ill-smelling or disagreeable. Every drop rubs in, bringing comfort and healing wherever applied.

You would scarcely believe how it will relieve a sprain, how it takes out lameness, how it soothes and eases a bruise.

Thousands say no liniment is half so useful in the home. This must be so, because Nerviline is a safe remedy—you can rub it on even a child with fine results.

Just you keep Nerviline on hand—it's a panacea for the aches, pains and slight ills of the whole family. One bottle will keep the doctor's bill small, and can be depended on to cure rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sciatica, toothache, pleurisy strains or swelling. Wherever there is a pain rub on Nerviline; it will always cure.

The large 50c. family size bottle is the most economical; trial size 25c. Sold everywhere by dealers.

At the City Hall.

The Chairman, Messrs. Ayre, McNamara, Bradshaw, Mully, McGrath and Withers were present at last night's meeting of the Civic Commission.

The Minister of Marine and Fisheries replied to the Board's request concerning the dredging of the basin near the public wharf, Job's Bridge. The Minister explained that the work would occupy at least two months and the dredge cannot undertake the work. He further stated that the wharf was originally intended as landing places for small boats and not for schooners of heavy draught.

J. M. Kent, K.C., wrote again calling the Board's attention to the late at the rear of T. & M. Winter's premises. The Solicitor will be asked to report.

J. P. Blackwood wrote asking for definite information concerning Miss Knight's property on Leslie Street. The Engineer will report as early as possible.

Blackwood, for the Trustees of Cochrane St. Church, asked for the surrender of the property on Flavin Street, promised May 1st. The Solicitor will be instructed to have the tenant now on the property removed.

An application from Francis Woods was granted. Blackwood asked that the Council attend to the matter of the McLoughlin property. The Board will visit the place with the Premier next week.

The citizens of the north side of Quill Vidi presented a largely signed petition for extension of water and sewerage. The Engineer will report.

The Atlas Preservative Co., New York, wrote saying that a shipment of Tomato Paste made by the Florizel, the order having arrived too late to forward by the Stephano.

Ayre & Sons, Ltd., wrote the Board saying that a shipment of copper wire ordered some time ago was lost and that the order had been duplicated by cable.

Patrik J. Summers submitted plan of proposed dwelling on Signal Hill Road. Referred to the Engineer.

Mrs. Simmonds' application to erect a store on Pennywell-Road was also referred to the Engineer, who will examine the site.

The Standard Mfg. Co. submitted plans of proposed addition to their property. The plans were approved. Messrs. Callahan and Mills were awarded tenders for plumbing under the Small Homes Act.

Levi Froude, who had previously applied for permission to erect a dwelling on a site off Pleasant Street, wrote that he now intended to erect his building off Hamilton Avenue. The Engineer will enquire into the 'new site.'

With the passing of pay rolls, adoption of reports and other routine business, the meeting adjourned at 10 o'clock.

Our Volunteers.

The total number of volunteers enrolled to-date is 1992, the following having enlisted with the Reserve Force yesterday:

Silas Stuckless, Norris Arm. Thos. Higgins, Catalina. Wm. McKay, Glenwood. H. Hines, Glenwood. H. V. Gullige, St. John's. Jas. J. Murphy, St. John's. John J. Power, St. John's.

Yesterday morning was spent at Swedish drill and the afternoon was occupied at section drill, cleaning of rifles and other indoor work. A squad of men visited the South Side range in the afternoon and had rifle practice some good shots being made.

The whaler *Cachelot*, Capt. Amundsen, has arrived at Hawke's Harbor, all well, and begun whaling operations. It is ten days since she left here, having called at Trinity en route for crews for the whaling factory. In a message received yesterday Capt. Amundsen reports the ice to be 8 miles off the coast.

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Agent Canada, Toronto.
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Resident Agent, St. John's.

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THE THOUGHTS

MANNERS.

When you speak of a gentleman you naturally think first of his gentle ways and polite manners. You think of his courteous bearing to those whom he meets, and his graciousness to all. He may not be a great personage in mind or means; he may never have heard of Chesterfield or Dante or been able to buy a new suit every year, but the very pleasantness of him attracts you. Of course there are manners which are very much on the surface and plainly "put on." There are some that are sickly attentive. They are attentive for a purpose and of course generally overdo it. Your true gentleman is rather quiet than boisterous and forces his attentions on no one. He is above everything considerate for others.

A walk up and down Water Street and a visit to the many stores reveal a fact that a map's makers are no longer tested to the full behind the counter.

Generally speaking, it is impossible not to say that gentlemenly manners are in the majority. But that there are ungentlemanly and perhaps ungentlemanly is unfortunately true. The number of this class is small but it is quite enough to taint a certain dry goods shop where I have gone in and come out again without being served, yet I could see a small group discussing behind a pile of blankets.

It is very trying also to shop when the clerk who is serving you insists upon carrying on his conversation with a fellow-clerk at the same time. It is absolutely rude.

It costs little to be polite, even if it is only outwardly, and no matter how hard the conditions are under which clerks labour, the customer is grateful for any attention and has every right to expect it.

THE CLERK'S LOT.

And having said this I am all ready to sympathize with the lot of the clerk. I feel for him when a lady comes in and after insisting on seeing almost everything in the shop, buys a reel of cotton; I feel for him when one customer after another without stop; I feel for him when he has to try to keep up a certain stock of a miserable salary and is expected to render efficient service. It seems to me also too rigid a rule that clerks are not allowed to sit down in business hours. I dare say it makes the clerks steal away sometimes to get a rest somewhere.

And I dare say that perhaps one of the main causes of bad service is the pay. I know that the girls in some of the stores do not get enough to be independent, and if they were not so homes, could not exist at all. It is to see if girls are employed and on the face of it give as good service as men why they should not get as good a salary as a man. Surely if they did not give good service they would not be employed, and why then should such an advantage be taken of their sex and their honest labour be half paid for? By employing a girl, a man acknowledges her right to work, and she should be not acknowledge her right to be paid for it? Why should she be expected to live on half a man gets a salary or even less?

I confess that I cannot figure out in the majority of cases why a woman's work should be rated in money so much inferior to man's. It reacts too on the man's value. If a man employs a lot of girls at \$3.00 per week, these girls are really taking the place of men, and if men are taken on they are rated lower because it is possible to get girls so much cheaper.

I don't know that I advocate whole sale employment for girls, but I can't find any objection to their being independent especially in spheres for which they are best fitted. And that is the case with the girls in some of the stores.

CORNS Applied in 5 Seconds CURED QUICK

Sore, blistering feet from corn-pinchd toes can be cured by Putnam's Extractor in 24 hours. "Putnam's" soothes away that drawing pain, eases instantly, makes the feet feel good at once. Get a 25c. bottle of "Putnam's" to-day.

Football Fives.

The first of the football fives in connection with St. Bon's sports was run off last evening on the College Campus, the B. I. S. and St. Bon's contesting. The latter won by a corner. The exhibition was very exciting and the teams had to change four times before the winning point was secured. The remainder of the games will be played Monday evening next, the two winners playing off on Sports Day, Wednesday afternoon next.

DR. DEVAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable monthly medicine for all Female Complaints. \$5 a box, or three for \$10, at drug stores. Mailed to any address on receipt of price. THE SCOBELL DRUG CO., St. Catharines, Ontario.

PHOSPHORUS FOR MEN Restores Vim and Vitality; increases "grey matter"; 4 Tonic—will build you up. \$3 a box, or two for \$5, at drug stores, or by mail on receipt of price. THE SCOBELL DRUG CO., St. Catharines, Ontario.

Here and There.

"ABCOT" will remove stains from all fabrics.—fe17,tu,th,s,tf

ICE NORTH.—Ice has again made its appearance in the north bays interfering with the fishery and the operations of coastal steamers.

FLORIZEL AT CHARLOTTETOWN.—The S. Florizel has arrived at Charlottetown from New York and is expected to leave for here to-night and is due Monday.

GOOD PERCENTAGE.—Ten of the volunteers who recently enlisted with the Reserve Force underwent their medical examination last night, and eight of them were pronounced physically fit.

MUNICIPAL COLLECTIONS.—The Municipal collections from all sources for the week ending June 25, 1915, amounted to \$2,456.84 as compared with \$730.83 for the corresponding period last year.

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