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WINNIPEG MONTREAL

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

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Will you come into the smoking-room?" he said, huskily.

Ralph shook his head.

"Better go home, I think," he said, with preternatural gravity. "That—that port is rather heavy; isn't so old as it pretends to be, I desay. I feel sleepy, and will toddle off to bed."

Lord Hatherley accompanied him to the hall and helped him on with his coat, and Ralph, with a meaningless laugh and a thick "Good-night!" went out.

Lord Hatherley saw him stop to light his cigar; but as Ralph appeared to be able to do so, and Lord Hatherley disliked the idea of "watching" a departing guest, he closed the door and went to the library with a heart heavy with foreboding.

Ralph made his way up the avenue fairly steadily. The cold air made him feel giddy and confused, but it helped to sober him, and with an oath at his lack of prudence and the quality of the port, he pulled himself together as he passed the lodge gate.

But he had no sooner got into the road, and was making his way towards his own gate, when he saw something that sent the blood from his heart, and caused him to stop short as if he had been shot. Across his own park fence, standing out clearly in the moonlight, in huge, blood-red letters, the one word, "Nita!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

He stood and stared, and the perspiration broke out from every pore.

"Good God! I must be drunk!" he muttered—"mad drunk! Nita—Nita! It's—it's fancy!"

He shuddered and shook himself, then went up to the word and touched it.

It was a poster of the most glaring kind, and had only recently been posted up, for it was still damp to his touch. By a mere chance he had failed, in his ride through the town, to notice the ordinary bills, and this one glaring at him suddenly from his own park fence almost stunned him.

He looked round covertly, then leant against the fence, and taking off his hat, wiped the sweat from his face. Nita! It was of no use trying to persuade himself that there were probably half a score of Nitas. He knew that this was the announcement

of his deserted wife's presence in the town. What should he do? There was only one possible answer to the question. He must leave Raton for a time, until she had gone. But Lady Mary? He must think it out—he must get home, away from these blood-red letters which seemed to denounce and mock and jeer at him.

He passed through the gates almost stealthily, and keeping in the shadow of the great elms, made his way up the avenue with quick, uncertain steps. Suddenly he stopped snort with a cry of alarm, for something had stepped out from amongst the trees and stood confronting him. It was a woman, tall, commanding, with a white face from which the dark eyes blazed scornfully. It looked so weird, so motionless in the moonlight, that Ralph was half persuaded that it was a vision called up by his overwrought nerves, but he could not prevent the cry, "Nita!" rising from his hot, parched lips.

"Yes, it's me!" she said; and at the sound of his wife's voice Ralph staggered back and leant against one of the elms, his arms hanging at his sides, his eyes distended with terror.

"Nita!" he gasped at last, as she stood looking at him with scorn and suppressed rage. "Nita!" His cunning came to his aid even at that supreme moment. "I—I thought you—you were dead!"

"You lie, Ralph!" she retorted, with a short gasp, as if she were struggling for calm. "You lie, and you know that I know it!"

"I swear—I!" he began, eagerly; but she stopped him with a gesture.

"Spare yourself the trouble of further falsehoods," she said; "spare yourself the trouble of making excuses. You knew I was alive; you deserted me like a hound, a cur; you have been hiding from me—you left me to die or live, to struggle or starve; you did not care which. No; you hoped that it would be the last—"

"Nita, I never—you wrong me!" he broke in, hurriedly, gesticulating with his hands and trying, but vainly, to meet the fire of her eyes. "I heard you were abroad—and died. I searched for you."

"Where? At the old lodgings, the place you left me? You lie again! You could not have gone there, enquired there, without my knowing it. You left me, intending to desert me, never to come back, and but for this chance, this accident, of seeing you, you would have gone on deserting me. Ralph, I know you now for the mean and cowardly cur you are. No matter what you swear, I should not believe you; you could not deceive me. Not again! I believed in you once, I blinded myself to your faults, I—Oh! She put her hand to her throat as if she were choking. "It drives me mad to think of the past, of the way I trusted and slaved for you—for you!" she laughed, with bitter self-contempt.

He looked round apprehensively.

"Hush—hush!" he muttered, hoarsely. "Someone—someone may hear you!"

"And if they do?" she retorted, fiercely—so fiercely that he could scarcely believe her to be the same Nita, the woman who had in the old times borne his selfishness, his tyranny, so patiently, so meekly. The wonder at the change in her almost overwhelmed his terror. "What if they do?" she demanded. "I am your wife—a wife may talk to her husband—in his own grounds. This is your house, isn't it? They tell me that you are a

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nobleman—the Earl of Raton! Is it true?"

He nodded and wiped the sweat from his face.

"Yes," he admitted, sullenly, absently. How could he persuade her to keep quiet? "I'll—I'll tell you all about it. Let us walk under the trees—there's a seat just behind here."

He led the way amongst the elms, and after a moment of defiant hesitation, she followed him. He had sunk on to the seat, his head resting on his hands, his whole frame shaking, and she stood and looked down at him, her lips tightly set, her eyes gloomy with contempt and anger.

"Well?" she demanded, impatiently. "I am waiting; is it true? If so, how has it happened? Have you robbed someone of his title and estate? How have you got it?"

"What do you mean?" he said, confusedly. "It's mine. I came by it rightly. My—my right name is Raton; I'm the earl, the owner of this place. I—I discovered who I was after—after I left you."

She saw in a moment that he was lying.

"Before you left me; the same day," she said. "I understand. It was like you—like you! Oh, I see it all! I was not fit to be a countess, the wife of a great swell; I was fit to toil and starve for Ralph Bannister, the strolling actor, but not worthy of being the wife of a nobleman—" She broke off with a laugh. "But we'll see! we'll see, my Lord Raton! I'll have my rights. Yes, though I have to go back to you, to take you back! And that's paying pretty dear for them!"

He winced under her scorn.

"I tell you I thought you were dead!" he said, sullenly. "Believe it or not as you like; I'm not going to say it again. I'm willing to let bygones be bygones, to—to—to forget the past."

She laughed.

"And I'm not. I'll never forget it. Who was that lady I saw you riding with?"

He pretended not to understand for a moment, then he said, casually: "Only a friend—a neighbour."

"Only the poor girl you were going to marry, going to trap into a marriage that would have been no marriage. I know; they told me; all the town knows it, you cur!"

He half rose, distracted with fear and impotent rage.

"People—people will talk," he stammered. "Nothing was settled. I thought that I was free. But now you've turned up—of course—" He wiped his face again, and, unable to meet her gaze, stared at the ground.

"Of course everything is altered."

"Yes," she said. "To-night everybody in your house, our house, shall know I am your wife; and to-morrow you shall take me to her and tell her with your own lips."

He went white, and his under lip twisted. He was silent for a moment or two, then he looked up at her with an expression of sullen resignation.

"All right," he said, with a shrug of the shoulders. "You mean having your revenge, I see. Well, have it; it will ruin me, but it will ruin you also."

"Let it!" she retorted, sharply. "Yes I want my revenge, and I'll take it. All the world shall know the kind of man you are. Your friends—I suppose you have made friends with the people here—the people who don't know you—shall learn what you were, and how you deserted the poor woman who was unlucky enough to

money, with every luxury and no end of friends; with travelling and—shopping?"

Her lip curled.

"You know it isn't possible," she said. "I'm Nita, a music-hall artiste, and everybody will know it; and worse, everybody will know that I am the wife you deserted."

"But why should they?" he broke in, eagerly. "Why, where's your old sharpness gone, Nita?"

"With my youth, and my trust in God and man!" she retorted, bitterly. "Don't you see?" he went on, untouched by the terrible arraignment of her response. "We'll go abroad, separately, of course, and I'll be supposed to meet you there for the first time and marry you. There'll be a little excitement and talk, of course; an earl and a music-hall girl, you know; but the world's used to that kind of marriage by this time, or ought to be, seeing how common it is; and when we come back, they'll receive us; all the country people, just as if you were a lady; you'll see if they don't. And what a fine time we'll have! By George! I'm looking forward to it. I've—I've not treated you well—there! I admit it; but I'll make it up to you, by God, I will! I'll be as good a husband as they make 'em! Come, Nita, be reasonable!"

In his eagerness, he ventured to stretch out his hand and take hold of the edge of her jacket; but she jerked it out of his uncertain fingers.

But her eyes wavered, and she bent them on the ground as if half reluctantly pondering his offer.

(To Be Continued.)

be your wife; and I'll stand by and see them turn from you with loathing and scorn! I'm told you're popular! They'll hiss you in the streets as you go by!"

The blood surged to his head and almost blinded him.

"All right!" he said. "Yes, you can do it; you can ruin me, you can drive me out of the place and make it se hot for me that I can never come back. Perhaps I deserve it; but you'll be a fool if you punish me in that way; you'll enjoy your revenge for a week or two, but you'll have chuckled away your future as well as mine."

"Put me out of the question—as you have always done," she said. "I am indifferent as to what comes of me; nothing can happen to me that I should care about."

"But why should you carry on like that?" he said, insensibly falling into the tone of the old days of poverty and squalor. "You can pay too dearly even for revenge. Listen to me, Nita. Yes, listen. You can do as you like after you've heard me; you can go up to the house and ring the bell, and say, 'I am Lord Raton's wife!' if you like; I won't prevent you."

"You could not," she said, calmly. "It is probably what I shall do."

"Just so! And you'd only be claiming your rights. I shouldn't oppose you."

"You could not—dare not! I have my marriage lines. I have proofs."

"Yes, yes; I know," he assented, looking up and fighting with the desire to spring upon her and silence the scornful voice, quench the fire of the dark, accusing eyes. "You can do what you like; I'm helpless. Don't it, don't I say so? But look here, Nita; if you mean to come back to live with me, wouldn't it be better if we made friends and—lived together happily?"

"Happily!"

She laughed with bitter scorn.

"Yes," he said, doggedly. "Why not? It wasn't so easy in the old time, when we had to struggle for bread; but we managed it. We were fond of each other, Nita; and it's different now. I am a nobleman—ou're a countess—and we're rich; remendously rich. This place, all his land, is mine. We are young, quite young, and have got a long life before us. Why shouldn't we spend it properly, enjoying the title and the

Just take your shoes off and then put those weary, shoe-crinkled, aching, burning, corn-festered, bunion-tortured feet of yours in a "TIZ" bath. Your toes will wriggle with joy; they'll look up at you and almost talk and then they'll take another dive in that "TIZ" bath.

When your feet feel like lumps of lead—all tired out—just try "TIZ." Its grand—it's glorious. Your feet will dance with joy; also you will find all pain gone from corns, callouses and bunions.

There's nothing like "TIZ." It's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause foot torture. Get a 25 cent box of "TIZ" at any drug or department store—don't wait. Ah! how glad your feet get; how comfortable your shoes feel. You can wear shoes a size smaller if you desire.

In a gown of black Georgette crepe the necessary color is given by colored beads beneath the drapery.

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Mrs. E. W. Hazlett, 163 Wynandotte Street, Windsor, Ont., says there is only one Kidney Remedy in the world for her—GIN PILLS.

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cure because they act directly on the Kidneys and Bladder—soothing and healing the inflamed tissues, and neutralizing uric acid.

Trial treatment free—regular size, 50c. a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50 and every box sold with our spot cash guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Sold in the United States under the name "GINO" Pills.

Canadian Drug and Chemical Co., Toronto

War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 a.m.

OFFICIAL.

LONDON, June 11.

The Governor, Newfoundland:

The French Government report heavy losses at Neuville; the enemy left about a thousand dead.

The Russian Government report a German attack on the Russian trenches at Mocoeka in Galicia, thrown back with very heavy loss. On the right bank of the Dneister, pressure of the enemy resulted in the capture of two thousand prisoners and eight machine guns. A later report says important enemy forces which had crossed to the left bank of the Dneister were driven back with heavy losses. The Russians capturing seventeen guns, forty-nine machine guns and about 6,700 prisoners.

The Italian Government report the occupation of the citadel and heights dominating Montefalcone.

BONAR LAW.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

PARIS, June 11.

The French War Office issued the following to-day: There is nothing of importance to add to the announcement given out last night, with the exception of further success in the Labyrinth, where we have continued to force the enemy back, and some progress to the east of the Labyrinth.

FRENCH REPORTS.

PARIS, via St. Pierre, June 11.

Nothing further of importance to add to yesterday's report except (1) new progress in the Labyrinth, where we have continued to throw back the enemy; (2) small advances to the east of Labyrinth, where we have taken a German position near the big road of Aras to Lille; (3) in Hebuterne region, the widening of our gains north and south of our front, and the taking of several trenches with about 100 prisoners and machine guns.

In the Dardanelles we have strengthened our gains obtained in the fighting of the 4th of June. At the extreme right in Kereve Dere region, we have further progressed, and from inquiries to prisoners these show that the enemy's losses have been very heavy.

GERMANS REINFORCE THE WEST.

LONDON, June 11.

An Amsterdam despatch states that the German general staff is moving a new army of 500,000 men to the western front.

THE RUSSIAN OFFENSIVE.

PETROGRAD, June 11.

Suddenly assuming the offensive the Russian forces in Galicia, south of Lemberg, have defeated the Austro-German forces upon the Dniester River, capturing 6,500 men, 188 officers, 17 cannon, and 49 machine-guns.

GERMANS WELL SUPPLIED WITH MEN AND AMMUNITION.

LONDON, June 11.

The Daily Mail's correspondent at Petrograd telegraphs that in addition to one million German troops pressing towards Lemberg, from the west there are 300,000 moving against the Dneister line in the hope of attacking the city simultaneously from the south. He calls attention to the

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