



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

CHAPTER VII.  
"I've remembered," he said, fixing his eyes upon him. "You're right; I've not met you before; but you remind me of a man, a pal of mine, who's gone under years ago. His name was Percival. Ever heard it?"

The young man's face flushed, but so slightly that the actor did not notice it; but Workley did, though his eyes made no sign.

"No," said Bannister; and he went out.

"Seems offended," remarked Jim. "What sort of a chap was the man he reminded you of?"

The little man shrugged his shoulders. "About as hot a member as they make 'em," he replied. "This chap that's gone out is the image of him—got the same look in his eyes, and the same nasty twist at the corners of his mouth. Do you know anything about him? Where does he live, for instance?"

The actor shook his head indifferently. "Don't know. Know nothing about him, excepting just meeting him at a pub. Now and again—generally here. Let's have another drink."

The young man went down Drury Lane into the Strand, and across Waterloo Bridge, frowning thoughtfully, and gnawing at the lip which, as Workley put it, "had the nasty twist" to it; for the little man had mentioned the young fellow's real name, and he knew that Workley had referred to his father. Of that father the son knew very little, and that little was of a kind which had prompted him to disown his parent and deny his own name.

Crossing Waterloo Bridge, he turned down one of the squalid and miserable streets on the right, and, opening a door of one of the dirty houses, he went up two flights of stairs, and into a small and poverty-stricken room.

A woman was bending over the fire, cooking a herring in a frying-pan; and the ill odour of the fish, mingled with the evil scent of the cheap lamp, filled the room with an atmosphere too thick and powerful for adequate description.

As he entered, the woman looked round. She was not very much more than a girl, and, seen in a more favorable light, would have been good-looking; and, indeed, even in the dismal gloom of the smoky lamp one could see that, with proper food and gentler circumstances, she would have developed into a beautiful woman. She was dark, and her large eyes, almost black, shone with a feverish lustre from the colourless face. Her lips, well formed, drooped at the corners, and the straight

lines of her forehead were furrowed with anxiety. But her voice was cheerful and affectionate as she turned and looked at him with a fond smile, which, brief as it was, had tenderness enough in it to transform the expression of the face from one of suffering and want to one of gentle welcome.

"Oh, you've come at last, Ralph! I've just cooked you—"  
"Pshaw!" he said, coldly, and with an air of disgust. "If that's for me, take it off the fire and pitch it out of the window if you like. I don't want it; the smell's enough for me. Put it away somewhere, or I'll go out again."

She took the pan from the fire and carried it outside the door, and opened the window.  
"I'm sorry, dear," she said, apologetically; "but—there was only enough for a herring—"  
"I thought you went for your money this afternoon," he put in, with an air of disappointment and anger. "You don't mean to say they didn't pay you?"

"Oh, yes, they did, dear," she made haste to reply; "but there was two weeks' rent—"  
"Which you could have left," he said.  
"They wouldn't wait, Ralph; they wouldn't, indeed! She told me so to-day. And I had to buy some oil, and I bought the tobacco for you. Then there was only enough for a loaf of bread and some butter."

"Oh, for God's sake, spare me the details!" he said, curtly. "I came home—perhaps missing a good thing—thinking you'd have a shilling or two."  
"I'm sorry, Ralph!" she said, going up to him and putting her arm round his shoulder. "And you're wet! Take off your coat and let me dry it."

"Oh, don't bother!" he said; but he sullenly permitted her to take the coat off. "Did they promise you a rise?" he asked, after a pause, during which he filled his pipe from the packet of expensive tobacco which she had laid on the table beside him. She shook her head.

"No, dear; and I didn't like to press it. You see, there's plenty hanging after my place in the ballet, poor as it is. Oh, there's hundreds that would be glad to snatch at it! But I've been to Mr. Abraham's, the agent's, again this afternoon, and he said that he thought he might get me something at the Halls; anyway, that he'd be sure to remember me."

"Yes; we know what that means!" he said, with a sullen sneer. "Look at me! I tell you what it is, Nita, I don't think I can stand this much longer. The life's pulling me down. I shall cut it. Don't be surprised if you find, some fine day, that I've gone off to—Klondike, or somewhere."

Her face, already of an ivory pallor, went whiter, and she stopped in the act of putting on her shawl and hat, and looked at him, holding her breath, as it were.  
"You—you wouldn't do that! No; you couldn't be so heartless!" she panted. Then she forced a smile, and bent over him. "I've been a good wife to you, Ralph."

He made a movement of impatience; and—how soon a wife learns to check all signs of unwelcome affection!—she drew away from him.  
"I must go. If I can borrow a shilling, I'll bring something home

for supper. Don't put your coat on again till it's dry."

She went out, and the man, when her footsteps had disappeared, brought in the herring and ate it. Then he lit his pipe again, yawned, and catching sight of the piece of newspaper in which the fish had been wrapped, took it up and began to read it.

Suddenly his hands clutched at the paper, his face flamed red, his eyes grew wide, and an exclamation broke from him. For this is what he read:

Did Child Wake Up  
Cross Or Feverish?  
Look, Mother! If tongue is coated  
give "California Syrup of Figs"  
to clean the bowels.

Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign its little stomach, liver and bowels need a cleansing at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold breath had, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, remember, a gentle liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs" for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the foul waste, sour bile and fermenting food which is clogged in the bowels passes out of the system, and you have a well and playful child again. All children love this harmless, delicious "fruit laxative," and it never fails to effect a good "inside" cleansing. Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are plainly on the bottle.

Keep it handy in your home. 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," then look and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."

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"The Rattan Romance.—Notwithstanding the unceasing efforts of the family solicitor, Mr. Bulpit, of Market Rattan, the heir to the title and vast estates of Rattan has not yet been discovered. The heir—indeed, the owner, for there now stands no one between him and the historic earldom and almost uncountable wealth of Rattan—is a son of the third brother, Ralph Percival. It is known that Ralph, the father, was—well, anything but a respectable man, and that, for reasons easily understood, he found it wise to conceal his name. He was in Australia, where he married, and Mr. Bulpit is assured that a son was born. This son, if he is alive, is the Earl of Rattan. The latest tidings of the father leave him playing small parts in a country theatre. Perhaps the son may be found following in his father's footsteps."

The young fellow stared at the paragraph as if he were in a dream; but his mind was awake. He could remember his father, raffish, respectable, stumbling half drunk across the stage of a country theatre, and remember the swagger with which, when quite drunk, he would boast that he was "a gentleman, sir—a gentleman born and bred!" Could remember other such incidents, seemingly insignificant at the time, but, heaven and earth! how significant! how pregnant with meaning now, when viewed in the light of this dazzling, electrifying paragraph!

He felt dizzy, overwhelmed, and he gazed round the room like the man half stupefied. Then suddenly he began to realize what it all meant.

His father's name was Ralph Percival—though he lived under an alias—his own name was Ralph Percival. He was the Earl of Rattan!

He fell into the chair, and instinctively looked round for something to drink. There was nothing.

"An earl—an earl! Untold gold, and not a drop of anything! And in this filthy den!" He laughed harshly, thickly, with bitter scorn of his circumstances. "An earl! My God! I shall go mad! Uncountable wealth! And it's waiting for me! I'm a gentleman—no, a nobleman!—and I live, here in this!"

He looked round and struck the table furiously; and then he caught sight of a skirt—a mud-stained skirt—hanging on a chair, and a strange look came into his face—a look of disgust, which slowly gave place to one of cunning; the nasty twist of the under-lip again came out.

"I've been a fool!" he muttered—"a cursed fool to marry. A pretty fool I shall look with a woman—a low-

## 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.

1247.—A Dainty Bouddoir Set.

For the sack and cap, lawn, dimity, embroidery or crepe would be pretty. The slipper may be of felt, elder down, flannel, blanketing, or silk. The sack would be lovely in dotted Swiss with edging and insertion of "Val" lace, and tiny bows of wash ribbon, or of velvet to hold the parts together. A cap of net or of Swiss with edging is nice and becoming. For the slipper light blue or pink quilted satin would be warm and comfortable. Any of the pretty flowered crepes or cretonnes would also be nice for the slippers with a soft lining of contrasting color. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 5/8 yards for the cap, 1 yard for the slippers, and 2 3/4 yards for the sack, of 27 inch material for a Medium size.

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

1254.—A Dainty Negligee.

Cotton crepe in a soft shade of pink or blue or in cream white, with a plaiting of self material or wash ribbon, would be very nice for this. A simpler finish would be to bind the edges with ribbon or satin, or to ornament with feather stitching. Dimity, lawn, organdie, batiste, cashmere, crepe de chine, silk or voile are also suitable for this style of garment. The model is pretty and comfortable and very easy to develop. The bell sleeve is cool and dainty, but for warmth the bishop style may be preferred. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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## Ladies' Dressing Sack, Bouddoir Cap and Slipper.

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## Show Room Departm't

—AT—  
Henry Blair's.

Spring Show of  
**LADIES' HATS,**

All the latest shapes, Black and Colored, in Chip, Tagel and new makes of Straw; extra good value and  
**Cheap Prices.**

New Ottoman and Satin Brilliant Ribbons, New Flowers, Wreaths, Foliage, Small Wings, Ostrich, Fancy and Brush Mounts.

**New Swiss Embroideries,**  
in Edgings, Insertions and Beadings.

**NEW VEIL NETS.**

# HENRY BLAIR

Within the next few weeks you are going to buy a new Spring Suit—that's certain. Perhaps to-day, perhaps to-morrow, perhaps in a month—but you're going to buy it.

We think you ought to know why it's wise to "Do it now." The best reason is that our stocks are complete—you're bound to get more style satisfaction out of a broad choice than a narrow one—you get the broad choice now—you may not get it later.

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## Chaplin,

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Lamb, Butter.  
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## PHO

## War

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100 half sack  
100 half sack  
30 hr

SEA DOG  
Purity  
Lima

Large Sack  
Cranhe  
3 lb. tin Cool  
Libby's Sale

GOLD  
NO ADVAN  
Buildog  
Dannawalla  
10 per

T. J.

## Strongest Liniment in 100 Years Best for Either Man or Beast

Nothing for Family Use Can Compare  
With It.

RUB ON NERVILINE.

When you have been exposed to wet and cold and your muscles are full of pain, nerves are jumping with neuralgia, then you should have ready at hand a bottle of Nerviline. It robs pain of its terrors, gives relief to all suffering, brings ease and comfort wherever used.

No care or expense has been spared to secure for Nerviline the purest and best materials. It is prepared with a single aim; to restore the sick to health. This cannot be said of the preparation that an unscrupulous dealer may ask you to accept instead of Nerviline, so we warn you it is the extra profit made on inferior goods that tempts the substitutor. Of him beware.

Get Nerviline when you ask for it, then you are sure of a remedy that will cure all aches, strains, swellings, and the pains of rheumatism, neuralgia and lumbago.

In the last hundred years no liniment has been produced that can compare with Nerviline in strength, in penetrating power, or in curative ability.

For nearly forty years it has been Canada's household remedy, and mothers will do well to follow the advice of Mrs. Jesse Begbins, of Stella P. O., Ont., who says:

"Very frequently there are ailments in the family that can be cut short if Nerviline is handy. When my children come in from play, with a cough or a bad cold, I rub them well with Nerviline, and they are well almost at once. Nerviline is fine for earache, toothache, chest colds, lumbago, stiffness, rheumatism or neuralgia. In fact there is scarcely a pain or ache in man or beast it won't cure quickly.

The large 50c. family size bottle is the most economical; trial size 25c., at all dealers.

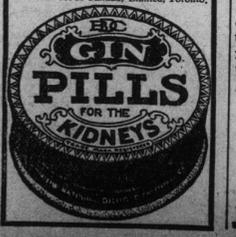
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You can readily tell if your kidneys or bladder is affected. You will have pains in the small of the back, groin or hips, your urine will be highly colored, brick dust or mucus deposits will show in the morning, your wrists or ankles may swell, all due to inactive kidneys which Gin Pills will soon put right.

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Ex Train Monday:  
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