



**Stella Mordant;**  
—OR—  
**The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."**

CHAPTER III.

"Why?" asked Rath, with a stare. The boy seemed to hesitate.

"Oh—why, I thought perhaps you had gone quite away. But you have not, so I'm glad. See? Come in—I've got the breakfast—but come quietly. My mother is still asleep."

Rath entered. The iron kettle was bubbling on the fire. The boy had found the tea-pot, the bread, the butter; had toasted some meat; in short, had prepared the breakfast.

"I should have done this," said Rath. "You are very clever."

The boy laughed softly, then checked himself, and glancing at the sleeping woman, said:

"Let us come outside; it is so warm and beautiful in the sun. I was out quite early this morning. I—I wanted to see whether you had gone away. Help me carry some of the things."

Rath obeyed silently. It seemed to him that though this boy was smaller and younger than himself, that he was—well, taking the leading part in this game.

"Put them down here," said the boy. "Now let us sit down. I have found some sugar. Do you take any?"

Rath nodded. The young visitor poured out tea and handed the cup to Rath, then watched him covertly as he ate his breakfast, and presently drew a very faint little sigh of relief. Why? Because Rath, though apparently the only human being on a savage island, ate and drank like a gentleman.

Presently the boy, whose appetite appeared to be quickly appeased, lay on his side, and looking up to Rath, said in a half-lazy, half-commanding tone:

"What is the name of this island? It is an island, I suppose?"

Rath nodded.

"Yes. It is called the Isle of Refuge."

The other stared.

"I never heard of it. It sounds strange—as if there was a story attached to it. Is there?"

Rath shook his head.

"I don't know."

"Who called it that?"

"My father; it belonged to him."

The castaway glanced round half curiously, half apprehensively.

"He is dead," said Rath, gravely. "It belongs to me, now."

The boy stared thoughtfully.

"How—how romantic! Is it a big island?"

"You can walk round it," said

Rath. "At least," with a glance at the slight figure beside him, "I can."

"Oh, I'm not so weak as—as I look," said the other, with a little elevation of the chin. "And is there anyone else living here? But, of course, there must be!"

Rath shook his head.

"There is no one else."

The castaway raised himself on his elbow and stared at the bronzed, handsome face.

"What!" he muttered, aghast. "You—you have lived here alone! Oh, surely not alone?"

"Yes; since my father died," said Rath, with some surprise. "Why not? There was never more than us two."

The castaway boy had grey eyes—eyes that changed to violet sometimes—and they were violet now with the pity and the wonder that swam in them.

"Oh!" he breathed, softly. "How—how dreadful! I can't realize—And what did you do—all day, I mean—with your time?"

"There was, there is, plenty to do," said Rath, quietly. "To live, one must eat; to eat, one must work. We both worked at our own work. Now I do all."

His head sank. Strangely enough, he had never missed his father so much as he did at this moment.

"And in the evening, in the long winter nights, when it was too dark to work, what did you do? Read and write, I suppose?"

Rath shook his head.

"I cannot read or write," he said, calmly.

The castaway stared.

"What! Can't—Oh, I beg your pardon. And yet—But you are a gentleman."

"Yes, I know," said Rath, with a sublime placidity. "But my father said that one could be a gentleman, and yet be ignorant of reading and writing."

The deep grey eyes rested on him as if his owner was too puzzled for words.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Rath Rayne," replied Rath.

The castaway repeated it.

"Rath Rayne. I like it."

"What is yours?" asked Rath, but with no great display of curiosity.

The boy did not appear to hear. He was dreamily plucking at the grass which cropped up through the sun-warmed sand.

"And how long have you been here?"

"Ever since I can remember," replied Rath.

"Born here?"

"I don't know. Perhaps." He looked thoughtfully seaward. "No; I don't think so."

The other eyed him curiously.

"There's one other question I should like to ask, but—but—well, I don't know whether you'd like it."

"Ask it. I won't answer if I don't like."

"Well, then, why didn't you want to save my mother yesterday?"

Rath thought a moment.

"I won't answer," he said.

The boy pouted and coloured.

"I think you're very rude," he said. "I thought you were mad."

Rath smiled grimly.

"Because I left you? I daresay. But think what you like. I didn't want the woman; but I'm glad to have you, though you are very small and weak. I should think."

"Oh, really!"

The castaway's eyes opened widely.

Rath bent towards him and took the hand that had been plucking the grass and held it, examining it with

**How Sickly Women May Get Health.**

If they could only be made to see that half their ills are caused by impure blood, it wouldn't take long to cure them with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Truly a wonderful medicine that invigorates, strengthens, renews. Every tired, worn out, woman that tries Dr. Hamilton's Pills will improve rapidly, will have better color, increased appetite and better digestion.

No better rebuilding tonic can be found than Dr. Hamilton's Pills which are safe, mild and health giving. For forty years Dr. Hamilton's Pills have been America's most valued family medicine, 25c. per box at all dealers.

a half-contemptuous, half-wondering smile.

"Yes, you are very small, and your hand is ridiculously soft. Look at the nails—small and pink!"

The castaway's eyes flashed, and he snatched it away.

"And your face is small, too, and pale, and—strange in some way. It's not a bit like mine."

"I should hope not," retorted the other, spitefully.

"And your hair is soft and silky, and all in little waves and curls—quite unlike mine or my father's; and your voice is like a bird's. You're different in every way, somehow. But still, I'm glad you've come. I don't mind you, a boy."

The castaway grew crimson, and the lids of the deep grey fell, then rose, then fell slowly again. Looking through the long, dark lashes, as through a veil, he said, with amazement:

"But—but I'm not a boy. I'm a girl!"

Rath had reached forward to grasp and examine his companion's shoulder; but at the words he drew his hand away as if from a snake; his mouth opened, then set sternly, and slowly he rose and backed away from the prone figure; backed for a couple of yards; then turned, and strode rapidly out of sight into the wood.

CHAPTER IV.

The girl—for such she had now declared herself—raised herself on her elbow, and stared after the retreating figure of the lad with an amazement which gradually changed to something like shame and indignation; the colour deepened in her pale face until it burned a hot crimson, her breath came painfully, and her bosom rose and fell.

The young man's reception of her piece of information was nothing more nor less than an insult to her sex, and her blood was all a-tingle under it. That a man should fly her presence because he had discovered that she was a girl and not a boy—should fly from her as if she were something poisonous or pestilential—was not only surprising, but absolutely outrageous. The tears of vexation rose to her clear eyes, and the delicately cut lips quivered; but she dashed the tears away with an angry gesture, and set her mouth firmly and tightly.

"Very well! Let him go! He is mad; yes, that is what it is! He is mad! Living all alone here has turned his brain. Didn't Robinson Crusoe go mad because of the solitude? I think so; I don't quite recollect, but I think so. Anyhow, there is no other way of explaining such insulting conduct; but he need not be afraid. I shan't call after him. I don't care if I never see him again!"

She sat up and encircled her knees with her bare arms, and stared straight in front of her.

It is scarcely necessary to say that she expected Rath to come back, to creep back shyly, awkwardly, with an apology, or, at any rate, an explanation; and the delicate shell-like ears were, so to speak, pricked up, and the grey eyes began to waver in their direct gaze seaward, and to glance sideways. But as time passed and the insulting young man did not return, as there was no sight nor sound of him, she began to grow less indelible; the curves of the sweet lips deepened, the eyelids quivered, and something very much like tears began to gather in the now violet eyes.

She was beginning to feel lonely. The terrible solitude, which was but to Rath the natural condition of things, commenced to tell upon her. The very tea-pot and plates reminded her of her lonely condition, and she turned away a little so that she might not see them; for they spoke

all too plainly of the lad who had apparently left her helpless on the savage island.

Presently the silence, the solitude, which the very beauty of the scene only accentuated, became intolerable. She rose, and still glancing out of the corner of her eyes for him, went to the hut.

The woman, whom Rath had so reluctantly rescued, was lying back in the rough chair, her hands resting limply in her lap, her hair only partially gathered up.

She was still young, but a wreck. The once beautiful face was thin and worn into lines and hollows, the dark eyes sunken, apathetic, and spiritless; and the delicately cut lips—glancing at them one could see where the girl's came from—drooped despondently. She raised the dark eyes as if with an effort as the girl entered the hut, but uttered no word of love or thanksgiving for their rescued lives.

"Where have you been, Stella?" she asked, not only faintly, but in the dull tones of one almost too weary and apathetic to care whether she was alive or dead.

Stella went to her and stroked one of the thin but exquisitely shaped hands.

"You were asleep, mother, and I went outside lest we should awaken you."

"We? Ah! I remember—or was it a dream? How did we come here? I cannot remember anything since the vessel went down and we floated away."

The girl explained in short sentences; but gently, smoothly, as if to give the woman time to grasp the situation.

"We were saved by a young man, mother. He rowed us ashore—you remember! But, ah! no, you had fainted. Poor mother! It is a desolate island—no, not desolate, for there is someone living here. See, mother, we are in a hut."

The woman looked round as if she saw it for the first time.

"Where are the people who brought us here, to whom it belongs?" she asked.

"There is no people. There is only a lad."

Her mother looked at her vaguely.

"Only a lad—the young man who came out to us in a canoe. He is all alone—his father died not long ago. I think—this is his hut."

The woman regarded her dully, with scarcely a sign of surprise or interest.

"Bring him to me, Stella," she said, speaking in the tone of one accustomed to issuing a command and having it obeyed.

The crimson rose to Stella's face.

"I—I can't, mother. He has gone."

"Gone? Where? To obtain help, assistance for us?"

The girl hung her head, and her brows came together.

"N-u. He—he was offended, angry. We were talking together, and he got up and left me suddenly, without any reason. Yes, there was a reason. He—he thought I was a boy, and he was kind and friendly enough first, until—I told him that I was a girl!—the blush stained her face again, and then left it pale—then he went off as if—as if he were angry, disgusted."

"Is he mad?" asked her mother; but with only a mild wonder.

Stella looked up as if she would have been glad to accept the explanation; but her eyes fell again, and she shook her head.

"No, he is not mad; he is as sane as we are. For some reason he does not—does not like girls—women."

She did not tell her mother that Rath had wanted to abandon her last night.

"I don't understand you; you are talking nonsense, Stella," said the woman, wearily; and she closed her eyes.

"It sounds like it, I admit," assented Stella, with a rueful little smile. "But it's true enough. He has gone, and we are left here alone."

She looked round with a sigh.

"Go in search of him at once," said her mother in a hoarse whisper.

The girl's eyes grew dark.

"I can't do that," she said in a low voice. "Perhaps he will come back. He can't mean to desert us! He is a gentleman."

The mother sighed.

(To be Continued.)

**Newfoundland POULTRY ASSOCIATION**

With a view to encouraging the breeding of pure-bred poultry in Newfoundland, the following gentlemen—members of the above Association—have consented to offer for sale stock, baby chicks, and eggs for hatching from thoroughbred stock at reasonable prices. Intending purchasers are requested to apply to any of the following for prices, when a pamphlet containing information as to housing, feeding, etc., will be supplied free of charge:—

**White Leghorns.**  
G. R. Williams, Florence Grove, St. John's.  
John Black Orpingtons.  
Howard Parsons, care Royal Stores, St. John's.  
H. McNeil, McNeil Street, St. John's.  
R. F. Goodridge, care Alan Goodridge & Sons.  
P. J. O'Reilly, Long Pond Road.  
F. Perry, 258 Hamilton Avenue.

**Buff Leghorns.**  
S. Emberley, 14 Wood Street, St. John's.

**Silver Campines.**  
G. W. Gushue, 215 LeMarchant Road.

**White Orpingtons.**  
John Duff, care Steer Bros., St. John's.  
G. R. Williams, Florence Grove, St. John's.  
J. J. Kelleher, 49 Monkstown Road.  
S. White, 3 Freshwater Road.

**Black Orpingtons.**  
R. F. Goodridge, care Alan Goodridge & Sons.  
P. J. O'Reilly, Long Pond Road.

**Pekin Ducks.**  
S. White, 3 Freshwater Road.

**White Wyandottes.**  
M. McLeod, Allendale Rd., St. John's.  
John Duff, care Steer Bros.

**Rhode Island Reds.**  
S. Emberley, 14 Wood St., St. John's.  
H. W. LeMessurier, Winter Avenue, St. John's.

**Barred Plymouth Rocks.**  
R. F. Goodridge, care Alan Goodridge & Sons.  
G. W. Gushue, 215 LeMarchant Road, St. John's.

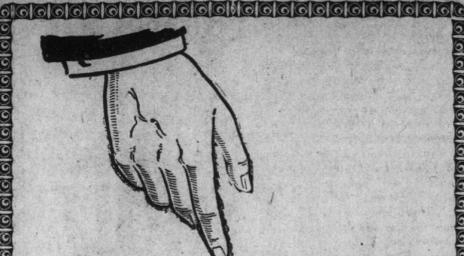
**White Rocks.**  
R. F. Goodridge, care Alan Goodridge & Sons.  
S. M. Walsh, P. O. Box 471.

**Muscovy Ducks.**  
G. R. Williams, Florence Grove.  
H. Macpherson, Westerland, St. John's.

**Indian Runner Ducks.**  
G. W. Gushue, 215 LeMarchant Road.

**Bronze Turkeys.**  
John Duff, care Steer Bros.

**Belgian Carneau Pigeons.**  
G. R. Williams, Florence Grove.  
Apr. 8, 10, 13, 15, 17, May 4, 6, 8, 11, 13, 15  
June 1, 3, 5, 8, 10, 12.



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.

This is why we invite your inspection of the stylish patterns now on hand.

**Chaplin,**  
THE STORE THAT PLEASES.

**J. J. St. John.**

Our TEAS have nearly doubled their sales the past few months. We are not surprised as we are selling at old prices, notwithstanding three advances the past few months. Our ECLIPSE and TIP-TOP are our two leaders, 40c. and 55c. lb. We find buyers for these from Petty Harbor to Bauline and from Freshwater to Signal Hill.

PURE IRISH BUTTER is another leader; in fact we can't keep enough stocked, as ours is the only real Irish in the market. Price now 45c. per lb.

BEANS, 5c. lb. PEARL BARLEY, 7c. lb.

Make your purchases from us, get your free Coupons and see how pleased you will be at Xmas.

**J. J. ST. JOHN,**  
DUCKWORTH ST. & LEMARCHANT ROAD.

**SLATTERY'S**  
**Wholesale Dry Goods House**

Being in close touch with the American Markets, can quote the finest wholesale prices on all classes of POUND REMNANTS and REGULAR PIECE GOODS, FLEECE LINED UNDERWEAR, MATS, RUGS and CARPETS, etc.

Before placing your Spring order, we would appreciate an opportunity to quote our prices.

SOLE AGENT for the Leader Overall Co. (Local manufacture).

**Slattery Building, Duckworth and George's Streets,**  
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.  
P. O. Box 236. Phone 522.

**Cabbage, Onions, Oranges and Apples.**  
To Arrive Monday.

**BURT & LAWRENCE, 14 New Gower Street, St. John's.**  
Box 245. Tel. 750.

By S. S. Carthaginian:  
**"Camp" Coffee.**  
Per S. S. Florizel:  
**WINDSOR SALT.**  
**T. A. MACNAB & Co.**  
Selling Agents for Newfoundland.  
Telephone 444. Cabot Bldg., St. John's.  
4c. lb. w. f. m. t.

**Will Ease Your Throbbing Head-- And Stop Droppings In The Throat**

To Cure Snuffles and Clear Stuffed Nostrils Nothing Equals "Catarrhose."

You can cure a cold mighty quick—cure it completely—by Catarrhose. Any sort of Catarrh, whether in nose, throat or bronchial tubes, can be driven forever out of the system by simply breathing in the healing vapor of Catarrhose.

Years of wonderful success in Europe and America have proven Catarrhose a specific for all catarrhal, throat, bronchial and breathing-organ troubles. Simple, pleasant, safe and sure. Use the tried and proven remedy. Any dealer anywhere can supply Catarrhose, large complete outfit \$1.00; small size 50c.; trial size 25c.

clogged nostrils, takes that irritating pain out of the nose, prevents the formation of hard painful crusts. If there is a nasty discharge it disappears with a few hours' use of Catarrhose Inhaler. If a bad cold keeps you sneezing, if you have dull frontal pains over the eyes, you'll get the speediest cure possible with Catarrhose.

**PERCIE JOHNSON,**  
Insurance Agent.  
**Southworth Library!**  
10c.; Post 2c. at BRYNE'S BOOKSTORE.  
Retribution, Ishmael, Self-raised, The Missing Bride, The Curse of Clifton, The Lost Heiress, The Deserted Wife, The Disgraced Daughter, The Wife's Victory, The Family Doom, The Bride's Dowry, The Bridal Eve, Love's Labor Won, Fair Play, How He Won Her, The Broken Engagement, The Bride's Fate, The Rejected Bride, A Beautiful Friend, Victor's Triumph, Cruel as the Grave, Tried for Her Life, Unknown, The Mystery of Raven Rocks, The Artist's Love, Nearest and Dearest, Little Nea's Engagement, Only a Girl's Heart, Gertrude's Sacrifice, The Reflected Bride, A Husband's Devotion, Gertrude Haddon, Em. Em's Husband, The Unloved Wife, Lillith, The Bride's Obedience, Gloria, The Trail of the Serpent, A Tortured Heart, A Skeleton in the Closet, Brandon Coyle's Wife.

**Garrett Byrne,**  
BOOKSELLER and STATIONER.  
**Beef, Butter, etc.**  
Ex Train Monday:  
**Beef, Hogs, Mutton, Lamb, Butter.**  
**JAS. R. KNIGHT**

**The Trouble on the Terra Nova**

At the request of Capt. Bart the Terra Nova, who feared from the Terra Nova, owing to the refusal to leave the ship on the voyage, a body of police was dispatched by the six o'clock train to arrive this midnight. The crew who went out are Head Porter and Constables O'Keefe, O'Keefe, Power, Forsey, Russell, Day, Murphy, Doody, Meenan, Woodford. This posse which was strengthened by the addition of Crane and Constable Squibb, until the strike is settled.

**Nickel's Show**  
Delights Its Patrons.  
There were large attendances at the Nickel Theatre yesterday afternoon and last evening to witness a splendid programme which was arranged. There were two new films: "The Wheat and the Tares" and "The Pendulum of Fate." The rink among the best ever seen in St. John's.

The comedy "A Fatal Sweet" was by the Keystone Company and was very funny. This evening's pictures will be repeated, and will give all our readers a chance to see Cameron will be heard in a new show this evening.

Nickel patrons are now looking forward with interest to the coming Harry C. Stanley, the wonderful personator of rag-time songs. He is big features at the Nickel day, so don't miss a show.

**Lest Night's Social**

Under the auspices of League I son, L. O. B. A., a very enjoyable entertainment was given at the Fellows Hall last night. The programme consisted of vocal and instrumental selections and recitals all of which were pleasingly rendered. During the interval an address given by Hon. D. Morrison. Following the address teas were served, an evening closed with the singing of National Anthem.

**Lieut. Cameron Killed**

Another young man has died duty's post for the King and Country. It is Lieutenant Donald H. Cameron, of Princess Patricia's Regiment, who was killed in a recent engagement. The late Lieutenant Cameron was born in St. John's, Newfoundland, and was a member of the Bank of Montreal and left here four or five years ago.

**From Reservist War**

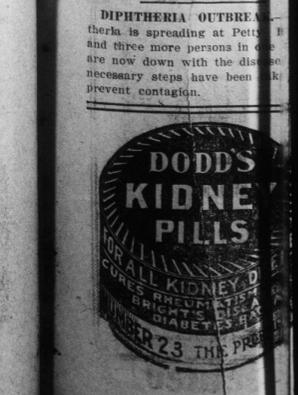
My Dear Mother—Just a few lines to let you know how I am getting on in the best of health and that you and all the family are the same. I am not allowed to write where we are, but we are in a place just like home. We last month nearly four weeks ago, as have had nothing but gales and ever since; but I am in hopes it is a little better soon. One can't tell you, and that is the longer, but I wish the war was as it is a very cruel one, but comparatively out of danger, not think any of the German around here. I am in hopes it will be over soon.

I saw Tom Morry to-day here in another ship. I have from St. John's, shipmates and we are enjoying ourselves as we can. We can't go anywhere there are only one or two places, so there is not much pleasure. Now, mother, I have much more to tell you, but I cannot to all enquiring friends, especially all the girls. You may tell I should like to hear from you. I now draw to a close.

From your loving and affectionate son,  
A. WHALEN,  
H.M.S. "C" Care G.P.O. 115.  
March 14th, 1915.

**DIPHTHERIA OUTBREAK**

Therapy is spreading at Petty Harbour and three more persons in the area are now down with the disease. Necessary steps have been taken to prevent contagion.



Job Printing Executed.