



ROYAL YEAST CAKES
MAKES PERFECT BREAD

Enables housekeepers and others to produce the finest quality of Home-made Bread without trouble. Bred made with Royal Yeast will keep fresh and moist longer than that made with any other.

MADE IN CANADA
EWINGLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

Stella Mordaunt; The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."

CHAPTER XXI

"That's right enough, my lord," he said. "It wouldn't, as you very properly say; but I happen to have known your father; he met out in Australia. We weren't exact pals, but—well, I knew him."

He kept his keen eyes on Ralph as he spoke, and he had the satisfaction of seeing Ralph's face grow paler and his frown darker. Ralph looked fixedly at his horse's ears, and faced the situation as quietly as he could.

It would be decidedly unpleasant to have this man telling the story of their meeting. What a piquant little recital could be made of it; the Earl of Ratton lounging over a glass of gin in the dingy bar of a London pub! Had Workley already amused the smoking-room of the Bull with an account of the meeting?

As if he had read the question in Ralph's mind, Mr. Workley, still with the pipe in his mouth, said:

"I'm afraid you're not too well pleased to be reminded of our introduction, my lord. Of course, I can understand that it can't be agreeable for a young nobleman to meet with a man who knew him when he was down on his luck, before he came into his property; naturally you like to keep the old times dark. Quite so. And I assure your lordship that I haven't informed anyone of our meeting in the Columbine."

Ralph turned with a look of relief on his face.

"Or that I had the honour of knowing your lordship's father when he was down on his luck," added Mr. Workley, quietly, and with a keen and curious glance at Ralph.

Ralph nodded.

"That—that was very considerate of you, Mr. Workley," he said, with the twist of the under-lip which Mr. Workley had noticed at their first meeting. "Of course a man in my position does not like to have the—er—past—"

The little man nodded as if he understood, and it was not necessary for his lordship to continue.

"Having known your father, and made your acquaintance, my lord, I thought I'd like to have a look at the place you've come into, and I just

strolled in and had a quiet pipe. No offense, I hope, my lord?"

"Oh, no, not at all," replied Ralph, still with the uncertain frown and the twist of the lip. "Are you staying here—near here?"

"Yes. I've got a relative in the town," replied Mr. Workley, "and I run down now and again to see him. Oh! you can depend on me, my lord," he said, parenthetically, as Ralph's frown grew darker; "I haven't mentioned it to him."

Ralph nodded.

"I'm sure you will understand—be discreet, Mr.—er—Mr. Workley," he said, trying to speak with easy dignity. "And I'm very much obliged to you. If I can be of any—er—service to you now—"

Mr. Workley took his pipe from his mouth, and seemed to be regarding it reflectively; but he was still watching Ralph's face.

"Thank you, my lord," he said. "I shouldn't have mentioned the matter if you had not been so kind as to offer. I am a little short just now, if the truth must be told."

Ralph put his hand in his pocket and drew out some gold. He liked carrying plenty of money about with him; it was a reminder, an evidence of his newly acquired wealth.

"It that is of any use to you—" he said.

Mr. Workley took the money without any display of eagerness; and, without any effusiveness, thanked his lordship.

"Are you—er—staying long in these parts?" enquired Ralph, as casually as he could.

Mr. Workley looked before him contemplatively.

"I really can't say, my lord," he replied; "but if I do, your lordship can rely upon me. I'm one of the best men in the world at holding my tongue. Good-evening, my lord."

He did not touch his hat, but raised it, and calmly climbed the fence and walked off. But, as Ralph, after a moment or two, rode on, Mr. Workley stopped and looked after him.

"Does he know?" he muttered.

"One minute I thought he did, and the next I was sure he didn't. And yet he gave me the coin readily enough. Now, does he know, or doesn't he? Anyway, I've got a soft thing, a remarkably soft thing!"

CHAPTER XXII

Stella's cry, "I must go back to the island; indeed, indeed I must!" went straight to Lady Cecilia's heart—a very tender and compassionate one. She put one arm round Stella, and soothed her.

"You shall, you shall, dear!" she assured her. "My brother will take you back at once; we will take you anywhere, if you will promise not to fret and make yourself ill again. But you must tell us where the island is. You know we found you in the open sea. There, I don't want to recall it," for Stella had shuddered. "Suppose you try and sleep for a little while, then when you wake, my brother will talk to you; but, indeed, I don't think you ought to talk to anyone, or think of anything just yet."

Stella murmuring, "How good you are to me, how good!" lay back and closed her eyes.

But she did not sleep, and she

did think. And she reflected that she would find Lady Cecilia's question hard to answer. Where was the island? That it was part of Vancouver, of course Stella knew; but Vancouver is somewhat large, and that portion of it on which she and Rath had lived so happily—oh, how happily!—would be hard to find with only her description of it as a guide. Then, again, would Rath be pleased with her, if, some day, she sailed into the bay with these kind people?

"The island" belonged to him; he would not be likely to welcome strangers, intruders. Besides, there was the gold! These people might discover the presence of the treasure. She had read of the strange way in which gold revealed itself. And that gold belonged to Rath, and Rath only. What right had she to lead strangers to his island, to endanger his possession of the gold?

Then, on the other hand, perhaps he was mourning for her as one dead, and she ought to go back to him as soon as possible. But she comforted herself with the reflection that Rath did not love her as she now knew that she loved him.

Why should he? He would miss her—surely he would miss her, and mourn for her for a few days; but after then he would grow used to her absence, and be resigned. That she loved him with a love that throbbled through every vein and filled her heart to overflowing, was no reason that he should love her. No; the island and the gold within it was his secret, and she had no right to betray it.

So, when Lady Cecilia came into the state-room some hours later, she found Stella calmer, and less set upon going back to her "island."

"Are you rested, are you better, dear?" asked Lady Cecilia. "I have been talking to my brother Cecil, and he is quite willing to go back to the island—if you can tell us where it is."

But Stella said, truthfully, that she could not.

"I will go to England with you, if you will take me," she said, with a sigh.

Lady Cecilia smiled.

"Why, of course, my dear child," she responded. "You don't think we are going to throw you overboard? Cecil will do anything, everything you wish; and, of course, so will I. I say 'of course,' because he and I always think and act alike. We are twins. That is why we were christened Cecil and Cecilia. He has only just come into his title and the family estate; and he ought to be at home looking after his land and his people; but I'm supposed to be delicate—indeed, I am afraid I am!—and I was ordered a sea voyage; and Cecil left everything to take me on a voyage in the 'Kingfisher.' It is such a beautiful yacht, as you will see when you are able to come on deck,

"TIZ" FIXES ACHING, SWOLLEN, SORE FEET

How "TIZ" comforts tired, sweaty, calloused feet and burning corns—Can't beat "TIZ."



People who are forced to stand on their feet all day know what sore, tender, sweaty, burning feet mean. They use "TIZ," and "TIZ" cures their feet right up. It keeps feet in perfect condition. "TIZ" is the only remedy in the world that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet and cause tender, sore, tired, aching feet. It instantly stops the pain in corns, callouses and bunions. It's simply glorious. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel after using "TIZ." You'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't tighten and hurt your feet.

Get a 25 cent box of "TIZ" now from your druggist, department or general store. Just think! a whole year's foot comfort for only 25 cents.

and that will be very soon, for you are ever so much better."

Lady Cecilia proved a true prophet, for, two days later, Stella came on deck leading on Lady Cecilia's arm. One of those admirable inventions, a deck-chair, had been arranged for her in the sunlight by Lord Cecil; and he himself wrapped her round with rugs and set a foot-stool for her. Then he withdrew to a little distance with his sister, so that Stella should be alone on this, her reintroduction to the world of life and motion; and Stella could let the tears roll down her cheeks unchecked.

She looked like some tropical flower struck down by a storm as she lay back in her chair, and presently Lord Lisle's eyes wandered to her wistfully.

"How beautiful she is, Cis!" he said. "I wish to Heaven she wouldn't cry! She is crying, I know she is! Has she told you anything of her history—how she came to be in that boat on the open sea?"

His sister shook her head.

"No; she has told me nothing, and she has not asked again to be taken back to the island. She is very quiet, and when she is not asleep she seems lost in thought, absorbed as if in a dream. I'm afraid I'm terribly curious, Cecil."

He laughed, but in a preoccupied manner.

"The boat in which we found her had the name 'Andromeda' cut in her stern," he said. "Now, the 'Andromeda' was lost some months ago. I forget the date, but I remember reading of it. It must have gone down somewhere off Vancouver. Ask her. No, don't ask her anything. Poor girl! My heart bleeds for her! I'd put the 'Kingfisher' back in a moment if I knew where to put her back for!"

In his way, in his man's way, Lord Lisle was as tender-hearted as his sister—were they not twins?—and his interest in the castaway whom they had rescued grew daily.

For some days, Stella lay back in her deck-chair with closed eyes and, seemingly unconscious of all that was going on around her. The swish of the water as the magnificent yacht cut through the waves, the rattle of the lines, the subdued sound of the men singing, to the accompaniment of a concertina, in the forecastle, came to her as if in a dream.

All her thoughts were of Rath; Rath alone and solitary on his island; Rath thinking her lost and dead; Rath for whom her heart ached with a longing too keen and painful for words. Oh! if she were back with him, if she could see him, hear his voice, feel his strong arms round her! If she were by any chance restored to him how she would cling to him! There should be no false shame, no reticence. She would not shrink from the touch of his hand as she had done when she had been teaching him to write. No. She would wind her arms round his neck and whisper, "I love you, Rath—I love you!"

After a day or two had passed, Lord Lisle ventured to approach her, and leaning over her chair, talked in the low, subdued voice appropriate to the invalid, of the yacht and the knots she was making, the weather, and so on. And Stella would look up at him with her lovely eyes and pensive smile, as if her mind, and her heart, were miles away, and answer in monosyllables just a few words. But they were very precious ones to Lord Lisle.

He looked forward to their little, broken converse; he watched her face recovering—not its colour—for it was pale still—but something of the hue of health and strength; he found himself listening and hoping for a lessening of the sadness in the sweet voice. And it was inexpressibly sweet to him.

And Stella always greeted his approach with a smile—a little wan and melancholy, but still a smile. He was so boyish, so ingenious, so like a young sailor without a care or anxiety, that his very presence was like sunshine. She listened to his voice—he went about the snow-white deck singing—with a kind of pleasure. Her heart was full of gratitude to these twins, these kind friends who had rescued her from a terrible death; but she thought of Rath every hour of the day.

One evening, as the 'Kingfisher' was sailing before the wind, Lisle leant over her chair—he would lean over her chair by the hours together—and said:

"We ought to make the English coast the day after to-morrow. Do you feel anything of the patriotic thrill, Miss Mordaunt?"

Stella shook her head. Her heart was behind her, on Rath's island.

"No," she said. "I'm sorry, but—"

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "That's only natural. You—you have no friends waiting for you. I beg your pardon, Miss Mordaunt."

She looked up at him with her sad, dreamy eyes.

"It is quite true," she said. "I have no one, nowhere to go. I only want to go—"back to the island," she might have ended.

"Oh, as to no place to go," he said. "Of course you'll go to Lisle Abbey with Cecilia and me—with Cecilia," he said.

She looked at him gravely.

"Oh, no. I could not! Here, on the 'Kingfisher,' it—it is different—you cannot help having me, cannot get rid of me; but when we land—"

He kept his countenance wonderfully well, considering.

"I hope you will consider that it is the same when we reach land," he said. "Seriously, Cecilia would be heart-broken if you deserted her. You will have to come to the Abbey. That is, if—you haven't anywhere else to go."

Stella shook her head, and her eyes filled with tears.

"No. I have nowhere to go; no one I know."

"That's all right, then," he said, cheerfully, and with a thrill of delight.

(To be continued.)

A New Straw Hat for 25 Cts.

WITH

DIY-O-LA
Straw Hat Color

DIY-O-LA STRAW HAT COLOR is an ideal Straw Hat Color in every way—Not too glossy and still fast and water-proof. It makes old hats look just like new; not like old hats painted over. It also works well on Satin Slippers and Basket Work.

25¢ A BOTTLE WITH BRUSH
Ask your Druggist or Dealer.
Mfd. by The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal, Can.

Just arrived a large shipment of

S. W. PAINTS, VARNISHES, etc.

AND

BEFORE YOU BEGIN

to paint your house, be sure that the paint you use will do the job for the least money, and at the same time give greatest satisfaction and longest wear.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT

gives these results every time. It's a pure lead, zinc, and linseed oil paint. It's mixed thoroughly and ground very fine by powerful machinery. It covers most surface to gallon and wears for the longest time. It's a paint you can depend on. Use it and you'll be satisfied.

COLOR CARDS FOR ALL KINDS OF GOOD PAINTING AT

MARTIN HARDWARE CO., Ltd.
may 11, tu, th, s Agents.

STOCKED BY

Ayre & Sons, Ltd.
Gas. Baird, Ltd.
G. Knowling.
Marshall Bros.
Parker & Monroe.
Royal Stores, Ltd.
Steer Bros.
F. Smallwood.
R. Templeton.

Each day you lift a load like this

In a short walk you lift 33 tons, the weight of a loaded freight car. Every ounce of this great weight comes down on your heels. Don't pound along on hard leather. Save the shock and strain by using

O'SULLIVAN'S RUBBER GEMENT
the Strongest and Best.

S. O. STEELE, Agent
may 11, 3m, eod

Inefficient eyesight means inefficient work and

INEFFICIENT PAIR.
Don't allow defective vision to interfere with your work and play. See to it now.

R. H. TRAPNELL,
Eye Specialist. Water Street

Most People Are now Economizing in the matter of Dress.

WE ARE HELPING the average man to dress as well as ever by placing on the market stylish, well-made Suits at a saving of at least ONE-THIRD.

If you are pessimistic, ask any reliable dealer for any of the following brands:
FITREFORM, TRUEFIT, AMERICUS, STILENFIT, PROGRESS.

MADE ONLY BY

The Mld. Clothing Company, Ltd.

Advertise in The Evening Telegram

Are you Anaemic?

Our blood is composed of red and white corpuscles—the red to nourish the body, the white to fight disease. In Anæmia, the red corpuscles are more or less deficient. Thus the blood cannot properly sustain and nourish the body. The eyes become dull, the face white, and a feeling of intense weariness pervades the whole system. There is nothing so effective in Anæmia as 'Wingarnis.' Because 'Wingarnis' floods the body with new, rich, red blood, which gives a sparkle to the eyes, brings the roses into the cheeks, and gives new vigour, new vitality and new life to the whole body.

Begin to get well FREE.

'Wingarnis' is made in England and you can obtain a liberal free trial bottle—no more issue, but enough to do you good by sending 6 cents stamps (no pay postage) to COLLEMAN & CO., Ltd., Wingarnis Works, Newington, England. Receipt supplies can be obtained from all leading Stores, Chemists, and Wine Merchants.

WINGARNIS

Agents for Newfoundland—
Messrs. MARSHALL BROS., Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Says Polly Pan, "I always can be bright, with due reflection, because I choose To always use Old Dutch for my complexion."

Old Dutch Cleanser

MADE IN CANADA

THE L... is recognized as the King of Laundry rule of the Lion... the animal world... SUNLIGHT extends to wherever... It is without a rival household linen... of the finest texture Soap that skill and money can produce. Give it a trial and you will be convinced of its value.

LONDON

LONDON, April 27th, 1915.

PRINCESS MARY'S BIRTHDAY.

The fact that the Prince of Wales is still on leave, is taken to indicate that His Royal Highness intends to remain over Princess Mary's birthday when she will complete her eighteenth year. The Prince arrived in town from the front nearly a fortnight ago with Sir John French's Neuve Chapelle despatch. There will be but little commemoration of the "coming of age" of their Majesties' only daughter. Although no announcement is likely to be made, it has been rumoured that the young Princess will give a small party at Buckingham Palace to a few of her close friends to mark the anniversary, and Her Royal Highness is known to be anxious that both the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert should be present at this function, if they can secure leave. Princess Mary will make two semi-public appearances within the next few days. She will accompany the Queen to the patriotic concert at the Albert Hall in aid of the recruiting bands, and will be with the Queen and Queen Alexandra at Drury Lane Theatre on the occasion of the matinee, which has been organized by Lady Paget to help the American Women's War Hospital.

PROHIBITION AND THE KING'S HOUSEHOLD.

Some question having been raised in the House of Commons on April 21st, respecting how far the members of the King's Household were following the Royal example by forgoing the use of alcohol in their homes, it is possible to state that this being done very generally, not only by prominent members of the entourage, but by the more humble of His Majesty's servants who do not live within the precincts of the Palace, while the same is stated to have taken place at Windsor, Sandringham and other Royal residences. This general movement has not been in any way dictated by the King, who has not sought to intervene in any way in the private affairs of those

HERE COMES PROFESSOR THE VERSATILE MUSICIAN REPUTATION OF HAVING MARVELOUSLY

BUT THIS IS HOW

