

# THE MASTER OF MAN:--By Sir Hall Caine

An Outspoken and Moving Study of a Deep Sex Problem by the Noted Author of "The Manxman," "The Deemster," "The Eternal City," "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," Etc.

**Man's Law Too Hard for the Woman in the Case? Is Conscience Enough Punishment for Him, While She Pays the Legal Penalty?**

**This Frank and Gripping Story the Man, as Judge, Sits in Sentence on the Girl Tried for Their Sin.**

**THIS BEGINS THE STORY**  
 Victor Stowell, son of the Deemster, Chief Judge of the Isle of Man, is handsome and of fine nature. To save space, Alice Gell, son of the Deemster of the Manx Parliament, from whom Victor takes the blame of being with Bessie Collier, a pretty young girl, outside school bounds, and went home. Gell follows and admits the blame. The girl is dismissed from position as maid and shipped home to her hard stepfather, who is a tenant of the Speaker. The two boys decide to have a good time until Victor falls in love with beautiful and great-grand Fenella Stanley, daughter of the Governor. This excites his ambition and he studies hard for the law, and Alice Gell, Fenella, after graduation from college, where she imbibes advanced ideas on the rights of women, takes a post for seven years as a lady warder of a London institution, as she is not sure of her feeling for Victor. Victor and Alice go to Douglas, a town on the coast. Bessie meets Victor and Dan Baldromma late one night and Dan Baldromma tells her out. Going back to town, she meets Victor, who takes her to his room. In the morning, conscience-stricken, he wonders how he is to get the girl into which passion has plunged her. He decides to marry her, after taking some education as a secretary in a school. Fenella comes home and his love for her is profoundly renewed. She leads in the woman's movement on the Isle and returns to Douglas to defend a woman who murdered her husband. By an eloquent speech on the rights of wronged women Victor, as her lawyer, wins a case of "not guilty." The Deemster dies, leaving Victor the sole heir. He had not paid more attention to the man.

**AND HERE IT CONTINUES**

**ON THE morning** of the burial, Stowell received a letter from Bessie Collier:

"Dear Victor—"I am sorry to hear from Alice about the death of the Deemster. You must feel very much the loss of such a good kind father. Everybody is talking about the Deemster and saying he was the best gentleman that ever was a thank you for the nice letter Mrs. Quayle bought me. Alice is very kind—Bessie.

The poor, illiterate, ill-spent message made Stowell's heart grow cold, and he read it by stealth and then smugly it away.

The news of the Deemster's death had fallen on the Manx people like a thunderbolt. The one great man of Man had gone, and almost as if the island had lost its soul.

No work was done on the day of the funeral. At 10 o'clock in the morning the whole population seemed to be moving to the church to the Ballamoars. By 11 the broad lanes were covered with a vast company of all classes, from the officials to the crofters. A long line of carriages, cars and stiff chairs lined the roads that surrounded the house.

The day had broken fair, with a steady mild brightness, but out on the sandy headland the wind had risen and white-breasted gulls were flying over the land. It was late September and the leaves were falling rapidly.

Nobody entered the house. According to Manx custom all stood outside. At half-past eleven the front door was opened and the body was brought out, under a pall, and laid on four chairs in front of it. A moment later Victor Stowell came behind, bareheaded and very pale. A wide space was left for him by the bearers. A creeper that covered the house was blood-red at his feet.

Somebody started a hymn—"Abide With Me"—and it was taken up by the vast company in front. The rocks whistled and screamed over the heads of the singers. The bald head of old Banfall looked down through the trees.

Then the procession was formed. It took the grassy lane at the back by which the Deemster had always gone to church. Everybody walked, and six rows of bearers claimed the right "to carry the old man home."

They sang two hymns on the way: "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Rock of Ages." Between the verses the wind whistled through the gorse bushes on either side. Sometimes it raised the skirts of the pall and showed the bare feet beneath.

When they reached the cross roads in front of the church the bell began to toll. At that moment a white mist was driving across the church tower and obscuring it.

The bishop of the island was at the gate, waiting for the procession. Parson Cowley, pale and trembling, was also there, and he would have fought the death for his right to bury the Deemster.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life," he began in his quivering voice, as the procession came up, and at the moment the mists vanished. The little churchyard with its weather-beaten stones, seemed to look up at the wonderful sky and out on the sightless sea. The bearers had to bend their heads as they passed through the low

Every seat in the body of the church was occupied, and great numbers had come also outside. But Victor Stowell sat alone in the pew of the Ballamoars with the marble tablet on the wall behind him—four hundred years of his family and he the last of them. During the reading of the Epistle the bishop almost drowned the wind outside. The service ended with the singing of another hymn, "O God our help in ages past."

Everybody knew the words, and they were taken up by the people outside. Like an ever-rolling stream, it bears all its sons away.

Thus far Victor Stowell had gone through everything in a kind of stupor. He was conscious that the island was doing him honor to her greatest son, but there was nothing to him now. He came to himself when he was standing on the steps of the Stowells, and he looked over the closed



She held it in her fingers, turned it over and looked at it and said, "How lovely! How good of him!"

been provided in the barn—a kind of robustness afterwards for the Deemster, presided over by the elder and younger Robbie Crears.

Alick Gell returned with Stowell to the house. In his black frock coat and tall alk hat he had walked back from the church by Stowell's side, snuffing audibly but saying nothing. To Stowell's relief he was still silent through luncheon and for several hours afterward. It was not until they were in the porch, and Gell was on the point of going, that anything of consequence was said.

"What about Bessie?" asked Stowell. "Oh, Bessie?" said Gell (he looked a little confused). "Bessie's all right, I think. But there's a trouble coming in that quarter, I'm afraid."

"What trouble?" "You know—father of the young scoundrel who got us into the scrape at King William's."

"Remember." "He's a friend of Dan Baldromma's, and Dan is a tenant of my father's and a good Lord, what matter! I've worse things than that to worry about."

As Gell was going out of the gate the night was falling and the stars were out, and he was saying to himself, "Does he really care for the girl, or is it only a sense of duty?" And Stowell, as he closed the door and went back into the house (empty and vault-like now, as a house on the first night after the being who has been the soul of it has been left outside) was thinking, "I can't allow Alick to be my scapegoat any longer."

But at the next moment he was thinking of Fenella. With mingled shame and joy he was asking himself what was being thought of the incident in the churchyard—by Fenella herself, by the Governor, by everybody.

Next day the Attorney General came with the will. Except for a few legacies to servants, the Deemster had left everything to his son.

"So, with your mother's fortune, you are one of the rich men of the island, now, Victor. A great responsibility, my boy. I pray God you may choose the right partner. But" (with a meaning smile), "that will be all right, I think."

During the next days Stowell occupied himself with Joshua Scarf, the Deemster's clerk (a tall, thin, elderly man wearing dark spectacles), in paying off the legacies. Only one of these gave him any anxiety. This was Janet's, and it was accompanied by a pension, in case Victor should decide to superannuate her. Against doing so all his heart cried out, but something whispered that if Janet were gone it might be the easier for Bessie.

Janet was in floods of tears at the possibility. "I couldn't have believed it of the

Deemster!" she said. "I really wouldn't! You can keep the legacy, dear. I have no use for it except to give it back to you. But I won't leave Ballamoars... 'Deed, I won't! Not until another young man comes to be mistress in it, and wants me to go. And she never will, the darling—I'll trust her for that, anyway."

A day or two later Stowell was in his father's room, when he came upon an envelope inscribed: "To be opened by my son." It contained a ring, a beautiful and valuable gem, with a note saying: "This was your mother's engagement ring. I wish you to give it to Fenella Stanley. Take it yourself."

Stowell was surprised and straggling with a sense of his duty to the girl whom he had sent to Derby Haven, he had been telling himself that he must never see Fenella again. But here was a sacred command from the dead.

For three days he thought he could not possibly go to Government House. On the fourth day he went.

The beauty and charm of the atmosphere of Fenella's home was heart-breaking. And Fenella herself, in a soft tea-gown, was almost more than he could bear to look upon.

She, too, seemed embarrassed, and when Miss Green (an English country-party) was present, she was heart-breaking. And Fenella herself, in a soft tea-gown, was almost more than he could bear to look upon.

Suddenly a thought flashed upon him. Why had his father told him to take the ring to her himself? The answer was speaking in Fenella's eyes—that, at the topmost moment of their love, he should put it on her.

At the next instant the Governor entered the drawing-room and Fenella, holding up her hand (she had put the ring on herself by this time) cried: "See what the Deemster has left to me!"

"Beautiful!" said the Governor, and then he looked from Stowell to his daughter.

Stowell rose to go. He had the sense of flying from the house. Fenella must have thought him a fool. The Governor must have thought him a fool. But better be a fool than a traitor!

A week passed and then an idea came to him. He would tell the truth to Bessie's people—the whole truth if necessary. That would commit him once for all to the line of honor. Having taken that public plunge there could be no looking back, and the bitter struggle between his passion and his duty would then be over.

With a certain pride at the thought of being about to do a heroic thing he set out one day for Ramsey, intending to return by Baldromma. As he entered his outer office his young clerk told him that Mr. Daniel Collier was in his private room, that he had been waiting there for two hours, and refusing to go away.

Dan, with his short, gross figure, was standing aside on the hearthrug, and without so much as a bow he plunged into his business.

A respectable man's house was in disgrace. His step-daughter had run

and with the lettering almost obliterated.

But a cross of white marble, which had been dislodged from its place, lay at his feet, and it bore the words: "To the dear memory of Isobel, the beloved wife of Douglas Stowell, Deemster of this Isle."

Victor's throat was throbbing. He was losing (what no man can lose twice) his father and greatest friend, whose slightest word and wish should be as sacred to him as his soul.

He heard the words "dust to dust" and they were like the reverberation of eternity. Then came a dead void, after Parson Cowley's voice had ceased, and it was just as if the pulse of the world had stopped.

And then, at that last moment as he stepped forward and looked down, and everybody fell back for him, and only the sea's boom was audible as it beat on the cliffs below, somebody (he did

not turn to look, for he knew who it was) coming up to his side, and putting her arm through his, said in a tremulous voice:

"He is better there. In their death they are not divided. It was Fenella."

At the next moment something he could not resist, something unconquerable and overwhelming, made him put his arms about her and kiss her.

**CHAPTER XIII**  
 The Saving of Kate Kinrade

The Governor was waiting for Stowell at the side gate to Ballamoars. "You look ill, my boy, and no wonder," he said. "Fenella and I are to take a short cruise in the yacht before the autumn ends. You must come along with us."

For the farmers and fishermen who had traveled long distances a meal had



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away. Been carried off by a woman—there couldn't be a doubt of it. A month gone and not the whisper of a word from her. The mother was heart-broken, so he had been traipsing the island over to find the girl. Collier?" "And whom do you say it is, Mr. Collier?" "Somebody that's muddling close to you, sir—Mr. Alick Gell, of the Deemster's."

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