Plot That Failed;

—OR,—

Love That Would Not Be Denied.

CHAPTER XX.

Leicester made some rejoinder, and he walked on until the chapel came in sight.

"Strange," mused Leicester; "an hour ago I was longing for Africa; now I would not exchange England for ten undiscovered worlds."

"The wind shifts rapidly," said the captain, with his soft, treacherous laugh, "and the weathercock obeys it with all cheerfulness."

Leicester was too happy to resent the sneer, and the next moment they entered the chapel.

"Dark as pitch," he said. "Here is the torch. I do not see—where are you?" he broke off to ask, for the captain had suddenly left his side.

"Here," said the captain.

Leicester turned, but before he could utter another word he felt his arms pinned to his sides, and a bandage thrown over his mouth.

He struggled hard and furiously to free his arms and mouth, but his unseen assailants were four to one, and, after a few moments, he gave up the ineffectual resistance, and knelt, for he had been forced on to his knees at last, nevertheless glaring impotently round him.

He could see dark figures flitting about, but a dead silence reigned.

It was broken at last by a voice, which he knew well.

It was Job's.

"Master Leicester, it be of no use to struggle agen too many. Do you give in quietly?"

Leicester thought a moment, then nodded, pointing to the gag.

"If we take it off, will 'e promise not to shout?" asked Job.

Again Leicester hesitated, and again made a motion in the affirmative.

"Take it off; he'll not break his word," said Job, and some one from behind slipped off the gag.

"Now, Master Leicester," said Job, "we've got your word. Mind ye you're not to speak till ye get permission."

Leicester nodded.

"Do you know me?" asked Job.

"I do," said Leicester. "You are Job, the carrier, and a scoundrel! Why am I decoyed here and treated thus?"

"For a good reason, to be sure," said Job. "Master Leicester, you've been prying about too much lately, prying into what don't concern you, and you've discovered summut as you shouldn't a knowed anything of. Don't I speak the truth?"

"I have discovered nothing," said Leicester. "But, trust me, I will unmask the villain who lured me here and the scoundrels in his pay!"

There was a threatening movement behind him, but Leicester's courage did not flinch.

Job shook his head.

"D'ye mean to threaten us, Master Leicester?" he said. "I'm sorry for it. I'd hoped we'd come to some terms. Suppose you discovered this little game—and you've done it, for a certainty—I puts it to you as a gentleman, what harm can it do to you and yours? Do it matter to you gentlefolk if a cask o' wine and a bundle o' cigars is run in now and then without the customs knowing it?"

"Ah!" said Leicester, the whole secret breaking in upon him. "That's the villainy, is it? So you honest fishermen are a parcel of thieves, with a scoundrel at your head! That's the key to the mystery, is it? What! and you dare to ask me to connive at your rascality? Job, you know me better! You waste time and words; you should know me better. If there are any others round me who can hear me, they, too, should know me better than to hope I would make a paltry villain of myself, even to save myself from their trickery. I repeat it, if I live through to-night, I will bring you to justice, Job, and all your gang."

"Bah! Waste of time," indeed!" said a smooth voice behind Job.

"You still here!" said Leicester. "I knew you for a villain when I first saw your vile face and heard your false voice. You triumph to-night, to-night, Captain Murpoint, if that is your name; but have a care! A rogue's day is a short one! The gallows lies in your path, and every such paltry triumph as this draws you more swiftly down to it!"

"Bah!" said the soft voice, contemptuously. "Fine words, boys. Better waste no more time. The fool is raving mad with fear, and doesn't know what he says."

Two or three hands slipped the gag over the captive's mouth, and he was raised on two pairs of stout shoulders.

"Good-night," said the captain. "I leave you in good hands, Mr. Leicester Dodson. They'll take care of you. Good-night. I will make your excuse to the person whom you should have met," and, with another mocking grin, the captain, having waited until the crowd of figures were lost in the gloom, turned on his heel and walked rapidly away.

So quietly had the capture and removal of Leicester Dodson been effected that not a dog about the Park had been roused, and the captain, standing on the lawn, waited until he saw the signal which announced the success of the undertaking, then entered the house, and stepped quietly upstairs.

Not so quietly but that a pair of ears heard him.

As he passed Violet's door, it opened, and Violet stepped across the threshold.

"I had hoped that you would not have waited," he said.

Violet knew by his words that he had been unsuccessful in his mission of peace, and a grayer tint came over her face.

"You have seen him?" she said, in a low, strained voice.

The captain inclined his head.

"Yes," he said, "I have seen Mr. Leicester."

"And you gave him the message? Oh, tell me, please!" and she clasped her hands, with a gesture of despair.

"I know not how to tell you," said the captain, brokenly. "At least, I can assure you this, that Mr. Dodson is not worth another thought of yours. You—and I, also—are utterly mistaken in him. He is neither generous, noble, nor forgiving."

Violet interrupted by a gesture.

"Will you tell me what he said?"

"When I left you," said the captain, "I walked up to the Cedars, hoping to find him at home, but a servant told me he had gone for his walk. I went down to the village ,and waited there for some time, and at last looked for him on the beach. I could not find him there, and, as I was determined not to return to you until I had seen him, I made my way back to the village, and waited by the cliff road."

He paused a moment to snuff the candle and to glance at her face.

He could see she was listening attentively, and he wished her to do so.

"I waited some time, and then walked up the hill. There I met him, and—and—oh, that I could spare you the indignity of this moment!—and gave him your message. At first he treated me with a specimen of his incredulity. He was suspicious of I know not what, and it was not until I took your flower and put it in his, and that he considered I had my authority to speak to him concerning you."

"He took the flower?" said Violet, faintly.

"Yes; he thrust it in his coat, with a cynical, mocking laugh. 'Tell her,' said he, 'that I will keep her flower, but will have none of her love.' You would have me tell you," he added, hurriedly as Violet staggered slightly and flushed a hot crimson of shame and indignation.

"I did not give you any such message!" she burst forth, with a wail of wounded pride.

"Nor did I say a word which should call forth such an insult," said the captain. "Do not think of it. He was mad at the time, I fully believe, mad, raving mad! What could I say or do when he uttered that insult? I turned and left him. I could have felled him to the ground, but my mission was one of peace."

"And he said no more?" asked Violet, huskily.

"No more," said the captain. "I watched him as he went down the street and past the inn. The men were coming out, and I feared that, perhaps, in his mad, ill-tempered state, he should be so indiscreet as to run against my man, Starling, for he was among the group. But Mr. Dodson passed on, and the men dispersed, Starling alone going in the direction of the cliff."

He paused, to let his words, slowly spoken, carry their full weight, and make their due impression, then continued:

"Then I came on home, but I could not find heart to see you. I determined to wait until you had gone to bed; you would be stronger in the morning to bear the insult."

He paused again.

"With that resolve, I paced up and down the lane, I must confess, with the hope that Mr. Dodson would return, and, his ill-temper vented, give me a more satisfactory answer to your gentle, noble message. But he has not returned—at least, by that road; he may have ascended to the Cedars by the lower road—and, at last, thinking you must by this time have retired to rest, I ventured to come in."

There was a silence, unnatural and ghostly in its intensity, then Violet spoke.

"I thank you," she said. "I thank you from my heart. I did what I thought right, and, though it has won me nothing but insult, I think it right still. Mr. Leicester Dodson misunderstood and misjudged me. He said that I had wronged and injured him. I sent to say that, neither in thought nor deed, had I intended him harm. So far, I am right; the rest let him be answerable for."

"Nobly spoken!" exclaimed the captain, in a voice apparently choked with emotion. "Nobly spoken! Yours is a proud nature, worthy the daughter of my old friend, John Mildmay. Good-night! You are wearied to death. Good-night!"

He took her hand, and bowed over it, and, with a gesture as if he were swallowing tears, hurriedly walked away toward his own room.

CHAPTER XXI.

The captain slept the sleep of the innocent and just.

He did not even dream of a white, mangled face lying on the jagged rocks.

In the morning he came down, dressed with his usual care, smiling and serene.

The breakfast threatened to go off as quietly and uneventfully as usual.

But suddenly the sound of many voices broke the monotony, and the captain, looking through the window, saw a small crowd approaching up the lane.

Presently, after the lapse of a few moments, the footman entered.

"You are wanted, sir," he said, addressing the captain.

"Very well," said the captain, airily. "I will come out."

After a few minutes the captain reentered.

His face was very grave, almost solemn.

Mrs. Mildmay, looking at it, felt a vague alarm.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Oh—not much," hesitated the captain, glancing at Violet. "An accident has happened."

"An accident?" repeated Violet, looking up with her white face. "To whom?"

"To my man, Starling," he said, gravely. "He has fallen over the cliffs."

"Fallen over the cliffs!" echoed Mrs. Mildmay. "How dreadful!"

"Is it not?" he exclaimed. "Terrible! Poor fellow! I saw him last night," and here he glanced at Violet.

"And he has fallen over!" exclaimed Mrs. Mildmay. "And where did they find him?"

"That I have scarcely learned," said the captain. "It seems that they have taken the body to the coastguard station, and that they require me to identify it."

"You will go at once?" said Mrs. Mildmay.

"At once," he said, and rang the bell for his hat.

Violet sat quite alone, her head leaning upon her hand.

The captain gravely sipped his coffee until his hat came; then he put it on, and prepared to accompany the men.

"There is great excitement," he said. "This sort of men rush to a conclusion directly."

"What conclusion have they rushed to?" ased Mrs. Mildmay.

"They think he met his death by foul play," replied the captain. "But," he added, quickly, "that is only ignorant fishermen's supposition. I will go down to the coastguard station and see him," and he left the room.

(To be Continued.)

"I HAD ECZEMA BUT-

Mrs. Elgin Cossett, Joggin Bridge, N.S., says:—"When my little daughter was five months old a rash broke out on her face and body. I called in a doctor, who stated that it was eczema, and treated her for it. His treatment, however, did not bring any relief, and the child got worse. I then tried a great many salves and so-called eczema cures, but nothing proved of any benefit. The sores continued to spread, and became one large mass. One day a friend advised me to try Zam-Buk.

"At that time the disease had defied all remedies for over a year. By the time I had used one box of Zam-Buk there was a marked improvement. I continued the Zam-Buk treatment and day by day the sores showed signs of improvement. Finally Zam-Buk banished every trace of the disease."

For the tender delicate skin of babies, nothing equals Zam-Buk. Unlike other ointments, it is purely herbal.

Use Zam-Buk for cuts, burns, bruises, eczema, piles, cold sores, chapped hands, and all skin diseases and injuries. At all druggists and stores, 50c box.

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ZAM-BUK CURED ME!"

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Winter quickly makes you realize that there is something radically wrong with the Kidneys. There can be no doubt as to just what is making your back ache all the time—what causes you to urinate so often—what makes the urine so highly colored and so painful to void.

The trouble is with the Kidneys. They are weak or strained, or you may have taken cold and the cold has settled in the Kidneys. The inflammation has also extended to the bladder, which is irritated also by the excess of uric acid.

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

are a perfect protection against winter Kidney and Bladder Troubles, as Mr. Dunn will testify.

L'Anse a Louise, Dec. 13th.

"For four years, I suffered from Kidney Trouble and tried four different doctors, all failing to do me any good. I was all but discouraged when I saw your GIN PILLS advertised and after taking three boxes, I was entirely relieved. It is now a year since then and I have had no return of the trouble".

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50c. a box, 6 for $2.50. Gin Pills are "Made in Canada". Sold in U.S. under the name "GINO" Pills. Trial treatment if you write

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When Rheumatism Strikes the Heart It Kills---"Nerviline" the Cure.

Effect of Nerviline on Chronic Cases Is Almost Magical.

Exposure to wet or cold is apt to bring on an attack.

The muscles stiffen, the joints swell, and exertion brings on excrutiating twinges.

Often the pain shifts from one part to another, and this is dangerous, as the heart is apt to be attacked. Death as a rule follows a heart attack.

The pain of rheumatism is quickly rubbed away with Nerviline.

This is a swift, lasting and safe way to cure rheumatism. You can depend on Nerviline. It has the power, the penetrating force, the control over pain that is so essential to a rheumatic remedy.

Lots of testimony to prove Nerviline's certainty to cure.

The following letter is from Mr. E. G. Sautter, Port of Spain, Trinidad: "Last year I was severely troubled with rheumatism. I had it in my arms, shoulders and knees. The pain was at times excrutiating, and laid me up so that I couldn't work. I went to Smith Brothers' Drug Store and was advised by the manager to use 'Nerviline.' That was excellent advice. I used Nerviline as directed and was cured, completely cured of ever trace of my old enemy."

Once you use Nerviline you'll realize it's different from all the others—that it contains something that gets right "at" the pain the minute you rub it on. The large 50 cent family size is the most economical—get it today, or else the 25 cent trial size. Sold by dealers everywhere.

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Lodz is the Manchester of Poland, and in population it equals the Lancashire city. The textile industry is the most important, and as in the English Manchester, Germans bulk largely in the population. They also own a large portion of the capital employed in the industries of the place, so that if Lodz be destroyed in the course of the present conflict the greater share of the loss will fall on Germans.

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Send for Free Book giving full particulars of Trench's Remedy, the world-famous cure for Epilepsy and Fits —Simple home treatment. 25 years' success. Testimonials from all parts of the world; over 1,000 in one year.

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It is announced that the War Office in England has under consideration a dog gun carriage and ammunition wagon invented by Capt. H. Furber, of the 3rd Battalion Welsh Regiment. This carriage is much lighter than the Belgian dog gun-carriage, and can be drawn either by dogs or by infantry. Each dog outfit costs $500.

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INSIST ON HAVING THERAPION.

TWO CANADIAN CONTINGENTS.

"The Second will be the last contingent of Canadian soldiers to go to the front," said a Montreal officer who returned from Ottawa recently, after a consultation with the Adjutant-General's department. Additional troops will be sent over, but not as a division as was the case with the First Contingent, and will be with the Second. They will go merely as reinforcements for the 50,000 Canadians going forward with the First and Second Contingents, as has already been done in the case of the Princess Patricia's Regiment. "The method of recruiting in Canada would continue the same." He also said that it had been plainly intimated that fewer officers and men of the permanent staff were to be allowed to go forward from now on, because their services are needed in Canada.

The Annual Meeting of friends and supporters of the Church of England Asylum for Orphans will be held at the Orphanage on Tuesday, Feb. 9th, at 3.30 p.m. His Excellency the Governor will preside. All friends of the institution are cordially invited to be present.—feb2,2i,tu,s

FADS AND FASHIONS.

Small military capes will be worn in the spring and summer.

Organdies are the high fashion note in cotton dress goods.

Russian violet is the name given to six new shades of purple.

Children's fashions are simple in construction and roomy in cut.

Very smart are fruit ornaments worn on garments and millinery.

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Well screened. From the old mines.

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Good Household Coal.

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Icing Sugar .. ..9c. lb.
Evaporated Apricots ....20c. lb.
Fresh Eggs .. ..40c. doz.
Pink, White & Chocolate Icings.
Moir's Chocolates, Cake and Candies.
Dessert Raisins, 25c. and 30c. lb.
Large assortment of
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Large bottles of Syrup .. ..22c.
3 GREAT LEADERS:
Our Eclipse Tea at .. ..40c. lb.
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Our Sloan's Liniment..25c. bil.
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Our Free Silver will be ready for delivery on and after Monday, 28th inst.

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'Phone 768.

Wounded British Officer

REFUSED TO BE MOVED UNTIL HIS INJURED MEN WERE FIRST TAKEN AWAY.

(London Mail.)

A Sergeant-Major of the 2nd Royal Munster Fusiliers writes home from the front:

The battalion had a very narrow knock on Christmas Eve. I had some narrow escapes myself; however, I got through all right with the exception of a slight wound on the knuckle of the forefinger, right hand, hardly worth speaking about.

At present we do 48 hours in the trenches and 48 hours rest. The weather is very wet and the trenches are in a terrible state with water. Still one never hears a grumble. The cooking is kept away with a good issue of rum and a change of clothing. Everything imaginable is done to keep us fit—no lack of anything. The officers share the same hardships as the men, and, in fact, a little more. They are absolutely splendid, every one of them. This will just tell you the class they are.

Colonel Bent got wounded trying to save a wounded private who lay in front of his trench, and when the stretcher-bearers went for him he refused to be removed till all the wounded men were taken first. It was the same with Major Thompson. He lay outside his trench all day wounded, and still issued orders to his men till he died from exposure. Major Day's last words were: "Write to my wife and let her know I died a happy death." Captain O'Brien lent his bit of cover and gave it to a private and was killed a few minutes afterwards.

Other officers were killed and wounded during the advance; still the men went forward and took the trenches at the point of the bayonet, thanks to our brave colonel, one of the best officers living; he is small but good. The regiment was specially mentioned for their work and they deserve every credit. It was a splendid bit of work; even the German machine guns did not make us stop.

The order rang out: "Advance at the double, men." You should see how the order was obeyed. I could not find words to express how every thing was carried out. We may have suffered a bit, but the Germans suffered a lot more. When you have officers like those I have mentioned you fear nothing. A man was killed—Monday who volunteered to take a corporal's body out of the firing line.

We have a priest attached to the battalion—Father Gleeson, a Thurles man. He said Mass for us on Christmas Day, actually in the firing line. Where he had his little altar, which was peppered with bullets. He is a grand priest and knows no fear. He is never finished doing all in his power for everyone, even those who are not of the same religion. It is only natural that a Tipperary man should be brave. He is here now, only fifty yards from the trenches, with some neat cross which he made himself, to place over a few of our brave Fusiliers who died last night.

Nothing gives him greater pleasure than saying a Mass in the open, in cold wet, or hearing confessions in some old barn that has been half blown away by German shell fire. Even went to the little church near the village where we are and took two statues out of it. Everything but it was blown to atoms except the altar.

A sergeant-major gave him a "t

Winter

There is but one wo
fully describes our s
COMPLETE.

Pric

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P. O. Box 701.