

## Plot That Failed;

## Love That Would Not Be Denied.

CHAPTER V.

Perhaps such great personages as the Earl and Countess of Lackland were too exalted to possess those emotions of affection and tenderness which fall to the lot of commoner people.

If they did not possess them they managed to conceal them with infinite art, and no one could accuse them of the common folly of wearing their hearts upon their sleeves.

Assuredly Lady Ethel must have had a warm heart and a generous nature or the coldness of her exalted parents would have chilled her and rendered her cold likewise.

That she was not, the reader will soon perceive.

Thousands of persons envied my Lord and Lady Lackland. Never did their carriage roll through the streets, or their names appear in the paper among the fashionable intelligence, but hundreds exclaimed: "I wish I were a Lackland."

But not one of the envious many knew what they were really envying.

There is a skeleton in every house; there was one ever present in all the great and small houses of Lackland. Sometimes he kept discreetly to his cupboard; at others he stepped boldly out and rattled his bones, and grinned in a manner horrible to see.

Oh, yes, reader, other people besides yourself have a skeleton, and there are some persons unfortunate enough to have two.

If we entered the Grosvenor Square mansion, say on the morning after that memorable little dinner party at Midway Park, far away in Penruddie, we might perhaps have caught a glimpse of that skeleton starting out of the cupboard.

Lord Lackland was seated at the morocco-lined writing table in his own room, with a few newspapers, a decanter of light wine, and a box of biscuits before him.

The door opened, and a young man, no other than Lord Fitz Plantagenet Boisdale, entered.

There was a flush on his fair face, and a look of doubt and distrustful nervousness in his rather simple blue eyes.

"Good morning, sir," he said, holding out his hand.

"Good-morning, Fitz," said the Earl, extending two fingers and glancing coldly at a chair which stood near the table ready for any visitor on business. "You are ten minutes behind your time."

"I am very sorry, sir," said the boy, for he was little more in years or appearance, "but I'd promised to ride with Ethel this morning, and I forgot it until after I left you, so I went down to the stable to tell Markham to saddle the two bays, and he kept me to talk about that chestnut—"

The earl interrupted what promised to be a lengthy explanatory excuse with his cold, little bow, and glanced at the ormolu timepiece on the table. "It is of little consequence to me; I am obliged to leave at the half hour to meet an appointment, therefore I shall only be able to give you the time I promised to give you. You wished to speak to me."

"Yes, sir," said Lord Fitz, looking down at his boots nervously, and then up at the ceiling. "I wanted to ask you if you could let me have a couple of hundred pounds beyond my allowance—"

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The latest medicine on the market is the Great French Tonic VIGOROL. Every home should have it. VIGOROL tones the whole system. Runtown men and women can be made strong and healthy. It tones you at once. That tired, dragging, sleepy feeling is removed, and you become bright and cheerful. The blood is purified, pimples and blotches are removed and a clear skin is the result, and life becomes worth while. Do you need toning up? Well, then get a bottle of VIGOROL at all drug stores.

ance to—to pay a few debts, which—which, of course, I could not help running into while I was in Paris."

Lord Lackland walked to the bureau, and took out a bundle—a very small bundle—of banknotes; from this he counted out a hundred pounds worth, and, holding them in his hand, said:

"Here are a hundred pounds; I cannot give you any more, for a very good reason, I cannot afford to do so."

Lord Fitz looked up with a simple stare which extended his mouth as well as his eyes.

"I cannot afford to do so," said the metallic voice. "It is quite time that you should be placed in possession of the truth as regards my—I may say our—pecuniary position. I ought, perhaps, to have informed you of the condition of my affairs long earlier, but consideration for your feelings deterred me. Fitz, the estates in London, in Italy, in England, are mortgaged to their fullest extent. The revenue is nearly swallowed up by the interest, and there is so little ready money in the house that if the servants were to demand their wages I should not be in a position to pay them."

Lord Fitz stared, pale and aghast.

The skeleton was out grimly walking before him. For the first time Lord Boisdale learned that he was heir to a rich crop of embarrassments, and that the great Earl of Lackland, his father, was a poor man.

"Great Heaven!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean to say that, sir!" unlike his father, showing his emotion unmistakably.

"I have said it," replied the earl, "and now you know my—our—real position. Credit, Fitz, has kept our heads above water for a great many years—credit alone. How much longer it may do so I cannot say, but I can estimate if your bills for necessities amount to the sums which they here represent."

"What's—what's to be done?" asked Lord Fitz, staring at his calm parent with bewildered horror. "We must sell some of the places, the horses, the diamonds, by jingo!—the—the—everything!"

"We cannot sell what is sold or out of our hands already. You do not understand business matters, unfortunately, or you would at once comprehend that the houses, the land, being mortgaged, and the diamonds at the—ahem—pawnbroker's, it is simply impossible to make further money of them."

The young man jumped up and took three paces up and down.

"But," said he, suddenly, and with incredulity upon his face, "I saw my drawing-room."

"Not exactly," said the earl, "paste imitations only; the real are in the possession of a pawnbroker. But if you have any taste or inclination for an investigation or examination of our finances, you have my permission to examine the documents which you will find in this case—"

"Great Heaven, no!" said young

Fitz. "I don't doubt your word, my lord; I'm only stunned, knocked all of a heap as one may say. It seems so incredible! Why, by jingo, the fellows are always asking me to lend them money—and—and saying how rich we are; and you say that—"

"That I cannot afford to let you have the other hundred pounds," said the earl, replacing the bundle in the bureau. "While we are upon this subject, which is too painful to be renewed, I will remind you that you are heir to the estate, and that it is in your power to clear it of the encumbrances."

"In mine!" exclaimed Lord Fitz.

"Exactly," said the earl. "By a judicious marriage. You must marry an heiress, Fitz. There are a number of them to be met with; and a great many are extremely anxious to purchase position with their money. I speak plainly because the matter is too serious for mere insinuation. You must marry well, and—ahem—so, of course, I must your sister."

He glanced at the timepiece significantly.

The young lad rose at the hint and took up his hat.

"I won't detain you any longer, sir," he said. "I am very much obliged for—the money, and, of course, I'm very sorry to hear such a bad account of the estate."

"Exactly," said the earl, with a cold smile, looking out of the window. "You are riding that bay, I see, and I trust you will take care of it. I had to pay a heavy bill for the mare whose knees you cut last month. Let me beg of you to be careful with the bay."

"Certainly, sir," said Lord Boisdale, and with a very uncomfortable air he left the room.

As he passed into the corridor a sweet, clear voice rose from the hall.

"Fitz, are you coming?"

Fitz smothered a sigh, and as cheerfully as he could, replied:

"All right; here I am," and ran down the stairs.

In the hall stood Lady Ethel Boisdale.

"How long you have been!" she said, with a smile. "Are you not ashamed to keep a lady waiting? Well I think brothers imagine they are privileged to take advantage of a sister."

As she spoke her eyes noted the disappointment and embarrassment on his countenance, and when they were mounted and turning out of the square she said:

"What is the matter, Fitz? Will not papa give you the money?"

"No," said Fitz, with an uncomfortable laugh, "no; and supplies an excellent reason for not complying with my modest request. Oh, dear me, I'm very miserable. There! don't ask me what about, because I shan't tell you. It would only worry you, and you're too good a fellow—I mean girl—to be worried. Let's put these lazy animals into something sharper; I hate this square and these streets."

Lady Ethel touched her horse gently, and in silence they cantered into the park.

"Look," said Ethel, presently, "who is that lifting his hat?"

"Eh? where?" said Lord Fitz. "Oh, it's Bertie Fairfax and Leicester Dodson—capital fellow, Bertie. Let's pull up a minute, Ethel."

And with a smile of welcome he steered his horse near the rails, upon which the two gentlemen who had raised their hats were leaning.

One of them, Leicester Dodson, we know, the other was a tall, splendidly built fellow, with a frank, genial face, and a noble yet peculiarly free and graceful bearing.

"Hello, Bertie! Good-morning, Mr. Dodson. Delighted to see you, Ethel. You will let me introduce my friends, Mr. Dodson, Mr. Bertie Fairfax, Bertie, Mr. Dodson, this is my sister, Lady Ethel Boisdale."

Both the gentlemen raised their hats; Lady Ethel bent her beautiful head with her rare smile.

She always liked to know any friends of her brother whom he chose to introduce, for with all his simplicity he was too wise to fall into the mistake of showing her any but the most unexceptionable of them.

Bertie Fairfax looked up at the lady and then at the horse. He was a connoisseur of both.

"It is a beautiful day," he said, opening the conversation with the usual wetherwise remark. "Your

horse looks as if he enjoyed it." "Which he does," said Ethel. "I am sure I do. It is delightful—walking or riding."

"I should prefer the latter," said Bertie Fairfax, "but my horse is lamed temporarily and I am compelled to pedestrianize."

"What a pity," said Ethel, adding, with her sweet smile, "perhaps the change will be good for you."

Bertie Fairfax looked up at her with his frank eyes to see if she was quizzing him, then laughed musically.

"Perhaps he thought so and tumbled down on purpose. It doesn't much matter—I like walking, but not here; I like more room. My friend, Mr. Dodson, however, insisted upon this promenade. He is an observer of human nature—a cynic, I regret to say—and finds material for bitter and scornful reflection in the gay and thoughtless crowd. Are you going to Lady Darefield's ball to-night?"

"Yes," said Ethel. "I presume you, also, by your question, are going?"

"Yes," said Bertie Fairfax, "I am glad to say."

Five minutes before he had sworn to Mr. Leicester Dodson that he wouldn't go to my Lady Darefield's ball for five hundred pounds, and five hundred pounds were of some consequence to Mr. Bertie Fairfax.

"It is very hot for balls, but one must do his duty. I hope I may be able to persuade you to give me a dance?"

"I don't know," said Ethel, with a smile.

At that moment her horse walked on a little. Mr. Fairfax moved farther up the rail, and then conversation, no more confidential than that we have already given, continued until Lord Fitz was heard to exclaim "Good-by," and then joined his sister.

Both the gentlemen on foot raised their hats, Bertie Fairfax with his cordial, pleasant smile, Leicester Dodson with his grave and also pleasant grace, and after a return of the salutations the four young people parted.

"Well," said Lord Fitz, from whose mind the recent meeting had expunged the unpleasant remembrances of his morning interview, "what do you think of them?"

Ethel was silent for a moment.

"I don't know which was the handsomer," she said, thoughtfully.

"That's just like you women, Eth; you always think of the graces first."

"Well," said Ethel, "there was no time to know anything more about them. I think Mr. Fairfax is very pleasant—he has a nice voice and such frank eyes. There are some men with whom you feel friendly in the first ten minutes; he is one of them."

"You're right," said Lord Fitz. "Bertie's the jolliest and dearest old fellow going. Poor old Bert!"

"Why poor?" said Ethel.

"Because he is poor, deuced poor," said Lord Fitz, muttering under his breath, with a sigh, "like some more of us."

(To be Continued.)

## Mother! the Child Is Costive, Billious.

Don't Hesitate! A laxative is necessary if tongue is coated, breath bad or stomach sour.

No matter what ails your child, a gentle, thorough laxative should always be the first treatment given.

If your little one is out-of-sorts, half-sick, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look, Mother! see if tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with waste. When cross, irritable, feverish, stomach sour, breath bad or has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, sore throat, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated poison, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

Mothers can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit" laxative. Because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grownups printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."

It is an actual fact that the new skirts are having their hems stiffened. The smartest colors are the short, upstanding effects of pleated mull.

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Outs. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

1132—A VERY SIMPLE BUT PLEASING MODEL. Girl's Dress with Long or Short Sleeve.



This design will readily appeal to the busy thoughtful mother, who is mindful of her little girls' comfort. Dresses that "hang from the shoulders" as this one piece model are best for growing children, for they give freedom of movement and do not hamper or bind. The style in its simplicity, will be easy to develop. The front is shaped at the closing, and the sleeve in either length has a neat cuff. A simple round collar finishes the neck edge. Galatea, Devonshire cloth, gingham, chambray, seersucker, percale, cashmere or serge are good for this dress. It will be so charming in any pretty inexpensive wash materials, or in the novelty plaid or striped wool and cotton goods. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for an 8 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

1133—A SIMPLE FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL. Girl's Dress with Long or Short Sleeve and with Collar or In Round Neck Outline.



Blue cashmere with trimming of soutache braid is here shown. Brown or red serge with facings of striped or plaid woolen would also be effective. The waist portions are cut in one with the sleeves, and these may be in short or wrist length. The skirt is a three piece model with a lap tucked at the centre back. The Pattern is splendid for all wash materials, such as galatea, kindergarten, cloth, poplin, percale, gingham, seersucker and chambray. Also for velvet, silk, cloth or novelty woolsens. It is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for an 8 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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## FEBRUARY PATTERNS Now on Sale!

The Monthly Sheet will be sent free on application. Outposts please remember orders cannot be filled without the cash (17c.).

CHARLES HUTTON, FANCY DEPARTMENT.

## Telegram Ads. Pay

## A Narrow Escape

A little girl, who was down Carter's Hill last night, narrow escape from being crushed death by a street car. She fell from about midway up the hill on the slide, in which position she was unable to control the speed. The car came in sight. Fortunately, she shot across the street just between the car and fence, falling safely in a snow bank of Hon. M. Power's residence. She was coming down the hill at good speed at the time, and the man, on seeing the coaster, the brakes, but his action would have been too late, as the little girl came from death was nothing miraculous. A second later she would probably have been crushed.

The girl escaped without injury, was very frightened. She has a lesson that will also be of benefit to other youthful coasters, unconscious of the great risk continually sliding on the streets of the city.

## S. U. F. Installation

The officers of St. John's Lodge of the S. U. F., were installed in the British Hall last night by Grand Master Bro. J. A. Cliff, assisted by Brother J. C. Phillips, Secretary. The officers installed the ensuing year are:—

Worthy Master—Bro. W. M. Chief Officer—Bro. J. J. Coe. Second Officer—Bro. A. W. Quartermaster—Bro. J. Billar. Lookout—W. Duffett. Purser—J. Curnew. Sect'y—A. E. Withycombe. Chaplain—A. G. Johnson. Committee—Robt. LeDrew.

Long, J. Learning, W. Noseworthy, Summers, Jacob Bartlett. Six members of St. John's are serving with the First Newfoundland Contingent and one in the Reserve.

## "The Kiss" Song

Is Perfectly Rendered by Margaret Ayer.

Margaret Ayer, the Nickel is winning new friends at every appearance. Last night she sang beautiful waltz song "The Kiss" made a big hit. It is a charming number and Miss Ayer gave a rendition of it. She will repeat evening and those who have heard it should attend as it is worth hearing. There will be a programme of pictures to-day, featuring a Gaumont special in three entitled, "Who Killed George?" There is also a western drama, "A Decree of Justice," reel of Mutual Weekly. The is by the Keystone Company. "Yard Flirtation."

This is a classy programme will afford pleasure to all who have the leisure hour as it is always comfortable, and the pictures of the best.

## Marine Notes.

The Mongolian is supposed to have left Liverpool yesterday for here. The Queen Wilhelmina sailed Liverpool to-day for this port. The Tobasco leaves Liverpool on 16th. The barqt. Gaspe sailed yesterday for Pernambuco, fish laden by Baird, Ltd.

## At the Crescent.

J. O'Neil Farrell, the popular tone, is singing a first class ballad at the Crescent Picture Palace. Read down the list of pictures and find in another part of this issue then go to the Crescent and see show, you will certainly be glad that you went.

## THE WAR SURPRISES.

New York Herald:—At the beginning of the war it was said that one of the nations had surprise stores for their enemies and there were wonderful military inventions that had been infallibly secret and that were sprung on the foe when least expected. Five months of war have now passed and the one supreme surprise of the world is that highly civilized nations do not seem to have realized the losses of men that would be involved in the 42-centimeter gun that reforts thought almost impregnable few days is as nothing compared to the loss of more than 3,000,000 men in killed, wounded and missing, according to apparently conservative estimates, the German Austrians have suffered up to time.

STEPHAN'S PASSENGERS following passengers came by S. Stephens yesterday:—H. M. Pynn, E. Gosse, R. Baker, A. M. J. R. Off, E. Dickson, G. B. Hurst, C. O'Flaherty, J. C. Chas. J. Sinclair, A. Hollett and H. de

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