

Love That Would Not Be Denied

CHAPTER III

Suddenly, as the vicar's heavily turned sentence came to a close, the captain's face turned and presented the left side, which was as white as the scar itself.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the butler, for the captain, in turning his head, had also moved his hand and spilled some of the wine.

"All right, my good fellow," he said, good-naturedly, and stooped to wipe the wine from his coat. Then, looking up as placid and smiling as before, he added, "Portland! Let me see, that is on the south coast, is it not? A—er—convict station?"

"Yes," said the vicar. "A most interesting place, and well worth a visit. If you think of making an English tour, you should by all means take it en route."

"Thanks," said the captain, with an air of gratitude. "It's a good suggestion." Then he rose to open the door for the ladies, his left side well to the front and the good-tempered, well-bred smile shining placidly upon it.

The vicar, being the oldest friend of Mrs. Mildmay, moved to the head of the table, and did the honors of the good old port and claret with formal exactness, but the gentlemen had evidently taken all the wine they cared for, and, with a nervous, "Er, shall we join the ladies?" the vicar pushed back his chair and led the way into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Giles was seated at the piano. Mrs. Tolson, the vicar's wife, was sitting tea with her sweet, little head on one side like a tomtit, listening to Mrs. Mildmay's explanation of the intricacies of some new needlework, and Violet and Mrs. Dodson were engaged in conversation, which had for its topic Mr. Leicester's various habits and idiosyncrasies, a topic the fond mother could expatiate upon ad infinitum.

The captain's quick glance flashed through the handsome room for a moment, then sank into a quiet gleam of pleasure as he walked to Violet's low chair, and, motioning with his eyes to a small, black-edged portrait of himself that hung in a recess, said:

"No wonder you recognized me so quickly, Miss Mildmay. I had forgotten the portrait."

Violet smiled.

"But for me, who see it so constantly, it seems as impossible for me to forget you, or rather fail to recognize you."

Mrs. Mildmay turned with a smile and a little nervous flush.

"You notice that it has a black frame, Captain Murpoint?"

The captain nodded, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Yes, and I can guess the reason. Oh, my dear madam, I must reserve the story of my repatriation for a more fitting opportunity. I am afraid you will find it tedious. Poor John! He would that he could have lived to learn that instead of being among the killed, I was only one of the unfortunate captives."

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Here the vicar, who had been vainly endeavoring to engage mild Mr. Dodson in a theological argument, turned, with very awkward interest.

"Ah, Captain Murpoint, that was a most extraordinary mistake. I am curious to hear how it occurred. My old friend mourned for you very deeply—er—er—and caused a tablet to be set upon the left side of the church aisle to your memory."

The captain smiled, then sighed.

"It was a mistake, and an extraordinary one. The facts are very simple, though. My corporal, a worthy man, poor fellow, had, the evening before the skirmish, fallen into a water tank and spoiled his uniform, the only one he had brought with him. He came to my tent at sunset, dripping wet, and I, on the impulse of the moment, lent him one of my spare suits. Poor fellow, he promised to return it before the following morning, but Providence so willed it that the loan should become a gift. Before sunrise the Sepoys were upon us. I was wounded and taken prisoner, the poor corporal was killed and mangled to such an extent as to render his identification by features impossible. The clothes by which they imagined they could ascertain his personality, were, of course, mine, and so Captain Howard Murpoint was returned as dead and buried, and Corporal Mundy was cited as captured."

Violet, who had been listening, with her dark eyes fixed upon the captain's face, drew a long breath.

"And what became of you?" she asked, with that absent, abrupt way peculiar to her.

The captain passed his hand down his thick, dark mustache, and looked at her.

"I will tell you some day," he said, "as I threatened. Suffice it for the present that I was held captive for two years far away beyond the hills—ay, outside the pale of civilization. It was a miserable time; to look back upon it even now, in this comfortable room and with your interested face, my dear young lady, before me, gives me an unpleasant sensation. The Hindus are the connecting link between the man and the monster!"

And, with this figurative conclusion, the captain rose and walked to

the bureau to turn over the leaves of the bustle of Prague, with which the vicar's wife was about to favor the company.

Leicester Dodson dropped into the vacant seat, Violet drawing her skirts out of the way of his long legs.

"And have you not played yet?" he asked.

Violet woke from her absent fit and shook her head.

"Not yet," she said. "I am not fond of my own music. You will play or sing, will you not?"

"I can do neither," he said. "I have a voice that would shame a crow."

Violet laughed her full, sweet, mirthful laugh.

"I am so sorry, because now you will have to play whist. Look, the vicar is shuffling the cards and looking round for the victims already."

"Shall I hide behind you?" said Leicester, in a low whisper.

"Indeed, no; you shall do your duty!" And catching the vicar's blinking eyes, she beckoned to him.

"Here is Mr. Leicester for one corner. He doesn't sing or play."

Leicester looked fierce and nodded at his father.

"You will have enough without me, I think," he said, and the vicar, more nervous than ever, but quite as anxious for his rubber, shuffled over to Mr. Dodson, who, with his benevolent, expressionless face well elevated, was beating time with his first finger to the "Battle."

So the vicar seized upon him, Mrs. Dodson and Mr. Giles, and was soon in his play.

"I've escaped, you see," said Leicester, with his grim smile.

"Only out of one danger into another," said Violet, maliciously. "The 'Battle of Prague' will be fought out directly, and then you will have to go over the large scrapbook of Swiss views and tell Miss Tolson which of the places you have seen."

"Thank you," said Leicester. "If that is a necessary part of the programme I am prepared to perform it without a change of audience. If you will allow me, Miss Mildmay, I'll go over the scrapbook with you."

With two long strides, he seized the book and opened it.

"I knew you would be very much bored," said Violet. "I told you so before you came."

"And I assure you that you were wrong, which you are. I was never further from being bored in my life. That's a fine view. I climbed that on the coldest day in winter and had to have my fingers thawed in the shed at the top."

"And you learned cliff climbing in Switzerland, of course?" said Violet, naively. "Do you know, you frightened me so this morning? I was afraid you would fall over and be killed?"

Leicester's eyes—were dark and deep and somewhat stern for so young a man—brightened.

"Should you have been so sorry?" he asked.

"Of course. How stupid a question!" laughed Violet, wickedly. "Cannot you surmise the consequences? I might have been accused of throwing you over, tried and condemned."

"But the motive," said Leicester, entering into the jest. "What motive could they have found?"

"Oh," said Violet, "people are always ready to find motives for other people; they would have said I resented your appearance as an interruption to a train of poetic thoughts; in fact, they would have been sure to find a motive."

"That is a pretty plain hint that I am to avoid that favorite walk of yours for the future, and beware how I interrupt your cliff reveries."

Violet flushed.

"Indeed, no. It is not a favorite walk—at least, not particularly so—and I am sure you are welcome to come. What nonsense. It is as much yours as mine, and I seem to be making you a present of it," and she laughed.

Then the "Battle of Prague" came to an end, and the captain led Mrs. Tolson to a table with profuse compliments upon her style and touch.

"Are you fond of music, Captain Murpoint?" asked Violet.

"I adore it," said the captain, seating himself by her side and looking, with a smile, at Leicester, who regarded him with his eyes sternly re-

serve. "Music is the language of women and angels. Are you going to sing?"

Violet shook her head at first.

"Will you not?" said Leicester, earnestly, bending the regard of his dark eyes on her.

Then she changed her mind, and, placing her hand upon the captain's arm, allowed him to take her to the piano.

Leicester remained where he was, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, stretched out his long legs, and watched her beneath his dark, heavy eyebrows.

He had seen beautiful women of all countries—Circassians with pearly skin and rosy lips, Spanish senoras with almond eyes and passionate, low-strung voices, Italians with fire-lit laughter and lithe grace—but none whose beauty touched and warmed him as the pure, sweet, loveliness of this willful English rose did.

Beautiful! The word was poor, tame, commonplace for such a face. Call it lovable, bewitching, which is far from a satisfactory adjective, Leicester thought; and as he sat and listened, his gaze alternating between the fair, young face and the dark, sinister one of the man by her side, he felt her heart slipping away from him.

The song finished, there arose a commotion at the whist table.

The vicar, in nervous, jerky sentences, was calling Mr. Dodson over the coals for bad play.

Mr. Dodson, with a bewildered air, was vainly endeavoring to explain, and at last managed to persuade the captain, who had stood smilingly listening to the dispute, to take his place.

The captain sat down, asserting, with a good-natured shrug of his shoulders, that he had not taken a hand at whist for a twelve month—which was indeed solemn truth—and the game commenced, the vicar and Mrs. Giles being partners against the captain and Mrs. Dodson.

"What are the stakes?" asked the captain.

"Er—er—," stammered the vicar, in his shrill falsetto, "what you please."

"Half-crown points?" said the captain, carelessly, and the rest agreed, the captain and Mrs. Dodson lost the first game.

Now the vicar was fond of cards, and was still more fond of winning a little money at them. The captain made one or two gross blunders, and clearly proved that he was out of practice. The vicar was but human and suggested that they should raise the stakes.

Alas, the next game was scored to the captain's side. So, also, was the next, and Mrs. Dodson, with many blushes and exclamations of comic alarm at the amount, shared ten pounds with her lucky partner.

Then the party broke up.

(To be continued.)

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JAS. R. KNIGHT

Prospero Reports 24 Below Zero.

The Bowring coaster Prospero, Capt. A. Kean, returned from the north yesterday forenoon, after a tedious and eventful trip, bringing one-half freight and the following passengers in saloon:—Dr. Allan, Dr. Johnson, J. G. Norris, A. Norris, W. B. Millson, C. P. Taylor, P. Newell, N. Kean, M. L. Farrell, F. Yetman, J. Hann, Tucker, H. Brown, W. Tiller, Ensign Wells, Rev. Wells, Head Constable Dawe, Coen, N. Lodge, A. Moore, J. Lockyer, T. Moore, M. J. O'Neill, J. F. O'Neill, S. Lockyer, Mesdames Collins, Fowling and son, Johnson; Misses Leslie, Linegar, Hammond, Burke, F. Field, Perry, Lloyd and 33 second class.

Capt. Kean reports the weather north very much like winter, the temperature experienced the last fortnight or so being from 12 to 24 below zero, and that the ice, especially in White Bay, was almost as heavy and thick as ever he saw it.

Going north the Prospero could not get beyond Griguet owing to ice, and freight, etc. were landed there for Quirpon. None of the ports in White Bay could be visited on account of the jam of ice. The ship landed freight and passengers for Westfield a half mile from the shore. Very keen frost was experienced during the trip. On Christmas Eve the weather glass registered 24 below zero.

Earl of Devon Back.

The S. S. Earl of Devon, Capt. Carter, arrived from the northward at 5 a.m. yesterday. The ship was unable to get further north than Cape Fogo, the whole coast being blocked with ice. The captain reports strong weather with intense frost during the whole trip. When the ship was crossing Bonavista Bay on the return trip a large quantity of heavy slob ice was drifting inland, and it is expected that the blockade has now reached Cape Bonavista.

Arrived on Monday by S. S. Stephano: Winter Keeping Apples—Kings, Baldwins, Wagners, Greenings, Ben Davis; California Fruits, Pears in boxes, Lemons, Cal. Oranges, Florida Oranges, large bunches Bananas, California Grapes, Blue and Red, in baskets and kegs; American Baldwins in bris. Special attention given to outport orders. Price list sent on request, at 108 Water Street East. P. O. Box 681. dec5, eod, fr

Sunday Services.

Cathedral of St. John the Baptist.—Sunday—Holy Communion at 8 a.m.; also on the first Sunday of the month at 7 and 12.15. Other services at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Thursdays—Holy Communion, 7.15 a.m. Other Days—Matins 8 a.m.; Evensong 5.30 p.m. Fridays—7.30, with sermon.

Public Catechizing—Every Sunday in the month at 3.30 p.m.

St. Michael's Mission Church, Casey Street.—Holy Communion at 8 and 11 on the 3rd Sunday of the month, and 8 on other Sundays. Other services, 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

Sunday Schools.—Cathedral at 2.45 p.m. Mission Church at 2.45 p.m. Cathedral Men's Bible Class, in the Synod Building every Sunday at 8 p.m. All men invited to attend.

St. Mary the Virgin.—Sunday—Holy Communion on the first and third Sundays in each month at noon; every other Sunday at 8 a.m. Other Services at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Fridays—Evensong at 7.30 p.m. Young Women's Bible Class—Every Sunday at 2.45 p.m. in the Parish Room.

Brownfield School-Chapel.—Evensong at 8 p.m. Sunday School at 4 p.m.

St. Thomas's—Holy Communion on the third Sunday in each month, at noon; every other Sunday at 8 a.m. Morning Prayer at 11 a.m. Evensong services at 3.45 and 6.30 p.m. Daily—Morning Prayer at 8 a.m.; every Friday evening at 7.30, prayer and sermon. Holy Baptism every Sunday at 8.45 p.m. Public catechizing third Sunday in each month at 3.30 p.m.

Christ Church (Quid Vid)—Holy Communion second Sunday, alternate months at 8 a.m. Evening Prayer third Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m.; other Sundays at 3.30 p.m.

Virginia School-Chapel.—Evensong every Sunday at 3.30 p.m. Public Catechizing third Sunday in each month.

Sunday Schools.—At Parish Church at 2.45 p.m.; at Christ Church, Quid Vid, at 2.30 p.m.; at Virginia School Chapel, 2.30 p.m.

Gower Street—11, Rev. H. Royle; 6, 20, Rev. D. B. Hemmison.

George Street—11, Rev. C. A. White-mars; 6, 30, Rev. N. M. Guy.

Cochrane Street (Methodist College Hall)—11, Rev. N. M. Guy; 6.30, Rev. Geo. Paine.

Wesley—11, Rev. D. B. Hemmison, 6.30, Rev. H. Royle.

Presbyterians—11 and 6.30, Rev. J. S. Sutherland.

Congregational—11 and 6.30, Rev. W. H. Thomas.

Salvation Army—S. A. Citadel, New Gower Street, 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.; S. A. Hall, Livingstone Street—7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.; S. A. Hall, George St.—7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.

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War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.

BATTLESHIP FORMIDABLE

The Governor, Newfoundland: LONDON, Jan. 1.—The battleship Formidable sank this morning in the Channel, either by a mine or a line. So far 71 survivors have been picked up by a British light cruiser. It is possible that others have been rescued by other vessels.

The French Government has captured trenches at the points. The village of Steinhilber, Upper Alsace, has been entered by French troops, who carried off a village in a house to house fight. Commander Hewlett, missing in the raid on Cuxhaven, safely in Holland.

SCANDINAVIA UNITED

PETROGRAD, Jan. 1.—Neval Vremnes, the Helmsing respondent at the recent conference at Malmo, between the Scandinavian Kings, says that they have decided to assign warships to convoy danavian merchantmen, in order to prevent their detention by the Germans.

CONSTANTINOPLE ANNEXED

ATHENS, Jan. 1.—According to advices received from the Austrian and German press in the Turkish capital are ringing their archives to Austria, fearing that action is imminent. British and French feet are at Dardanelles and the capitulations are also preparing to be revised for the interior.

DUNKIRK AIR BOMBS

PARIS, Jan. 1.—Dunkirk was again bombed four German aeroplanes were according to reports which were received during the night.

GREECE READY TO

PARIS, Jan. 1.—The Haves correspondent says that the Greek Premier, in discussion on the Budget in the Chamber of Deputies, said necessary measures to assure national defence have been taken, and the outbreak of the war; again assured the Chamber of Deputies that the Greek country (that at the present hour and on any point in all continents of her army.

THE MILITARY OF

LONDON, Jan. 1.—The King has instituted a decoration, which is called the Military Cross. The decoration bears the Imperial crest of each arm, and in the center is the "G.R.I." George Rex. Captains, Commissioned lower grade or Warrant officers, who distinguish themselves in time of war, are eligible for the Cross. It takes precedence of decorations and medals of the Victoria Cross. The Victoria Cross Gazette also announced that the King had appointed Grant and Commandant of the auxiliary cruiser "Hesperus" to be appointed Commander of the Bath for the services rendered in the sinking of the German Cap Trafalgar, off the coast of Canada; and that the

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