

Plot That Failed;
OR
Love That Would Not Be Denied.

CHAPTER XXIII.

We must return for a while to the kidnapped Leicester.

Gagged and completely powerless, he was hurried along by his captors, through the ruins and down, by a circuitous path, terribly narrow and steep, to the beach.

Though his mouth was gagged, he could still see and hear, and when they had reached the beach he saw the starlike signal which had often puzzled him and heard the sound of muffled oars.

Presently, amidst a dead silence, he was lifted into a boat, which instantly put about toward the open sea.

After some little time he saw the spars of a small schooner looming in the distance.

The boat reached it.

He was lifted from the boat and carried on deck.

There he was instantly surrounded by a crew of desperate and ferocious-looking sailors, half of them Lascars a few Spanish, and one or two Englishmen.

Job, who had remained on deck, drew aside with the captain, and, after a few minutes' rapid conversation with him, returned to where Leicester lay.

"I am going, Master Leicester," he said, gravely, and almost sadly. "I be sorry to leave ye like this, but ye wouldn't come to terms and there was naught else to do. I'd advise ye to give in like a wise gentleman; no harm 'll come to yer if yer keeps quiet. Good-by, Master Leicester. I be sorry, mortal sorry, and I'd give a sight of money if it was any one else as we'd had to play the trick on."

So saying, he turned and dropped over into the boat, which instantly rowed away.

Immediately afterward the order was given to crowd all canvas and put the ship about.

While it was being executed the captain of the motley crew strode up to Leicester and unbound his hands and removed the gag.

Leicester sprang to his feet.

"Stranger," he said, with that nasal twang which proclaimed the Yankee, "I guess we'd better understand each other. I'm captain of this yere vessel, and what I say I mean; and no gentleman, whether he's an eternal Britisher or a free man born under the Stars and Stripes can mean more. You've been consigned to my charge under peculiar circumstances. I'm to take care of you, keep yer safe and sound, and drop you soft as a kitten at a sartin place. Them's my instructions, and them's my intentions."

"I will offer no resistance to this villainous oppression," said Leicester, "on the condition that I am not kept in confinement, and am allowed to mingle with and assist your crew."

The Yankee thought a moment and nodded.

Don't Merely "Stop" a Cough

Stop the Thing that Causes It and the Cough will Stop Itself

A cough is really one of our best friends. It warns us that there is inflammation or obstruction in a dangerous place. Therefore, when you get a bad cough don't proceed to dose yourself with a lot of drugs that merely "stop" the cough temporarily by deadening the throat nerves. Treat the cause—heat the inflamed membranes. Here is a home-made remedy that gets right at the cause and will make an obstinate cough vanish more quickly than you ever thought possible.

Put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) in a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. This gives you 18 ounces of the most pleasant and effective remedy you ever used, at a cost of only 54 cents. No bother to prepare. Full directions with Pinex.

It heals the inflamed membranes so gently and promptly that you wonder how it does it. Also loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough and stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent hoarse cough.

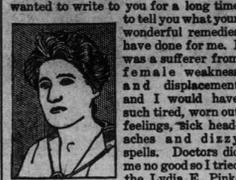
Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract, rich in pinic acid, and is famous the world over for its healing effect on the membranes.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex," and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

MRS. MABEN WAS MADE WELL

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Wants Other Suffering Women To Know It.

Murfreesboro, Tenn. — "I have wanted to write to you for a long time to tell you what your



wonderful remedies have done for me. I was a sufferer from female weakness and displacement and I would have such tired, worn out feelings, sick headaches and dizzy spells. Doctors did me no good so I tried the Lydia E. Pinkham Remedies—Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash. I am now well and strong and can do all my own work. I owe it all to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and want other suffering women to know about it."—Mrs. H. E. MABEN, 211 S. Spring St., Murfreesboro, Tenn.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for nearly forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Why Lose Hope. No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

"That's fair," he said. "And I agree, with this yere stipulation, that you comes no nonsense with my men none of yer pitching yarns or tempting to a mutiny."

Leicester smiled bitterly as he glanced at the villainous countenance of the crew.

"I give you that promise," he said. Leicester took off his coat, waistcoat, boots and stockings and quietly joined the crew at their task of setting the sails.

It was his wisest course of action, for had he been left idle and fettered with nothing to do but to think and dwell upon his position he must have gone mad.

It is a beautiful spring morning, and the London season is, like the time of year, just at its greenest and most verdant state.

This afternoon the Lady's Mile in the Park is tolerably full, and the loungers against the railings especially numerous.

At the corner, near the old elm, leans little Tommy Gossip; everybody knows Tommy, and, what is worse, Tommy knows everybody and everything.

"Who's that, my dear boy?" says Tommy, as a green chariot dashes by, in which are seated a stout elderly lady and a companion; "that's the Duchess of St. Clare, and he lifts his hat. 'She's the queen of fashion, my boy, and can make or mar a reputation with a word. Jingo! how she paints! Ha! And here Tommy Gossip brightens up into a state of mild excitement. 'Here she is!'"

"Who?" asked the lad at his side.

"Who? Why the beauty of the day, the new belle, the Ice Queen, as Madam White called her. By St. George, she grows more beautiful every day—and more pale."

And as he spoke he raised his hat, with an emphasis of reverence and eagerness, to an open carriage which slowly passed by.

In the carriage were seated three ladies.

Two of them were old, but one was superbly beautiful, with a beauty that was not only captivating but absorbing in its expression of pensive, resigned and dignified repose.

"There she goes! Look at the men. There's not a head covered, and there's not a heart, my boy, that would not jump out of its shoes at a smile from her. Who is she? Why she is the beauty and the belle and the mystery of London. Her name is Mildmay, Violet Mildmay, one of the old ladies with her is her aunt, Mrs. Mildmay, the other is a Mrs. Dodson—a relation of the family, some say, others a mother of that singular fellow, Leicester Dodson, Bertie Fairfax's sworn friend, who cut his throat down at some outlandish watering place. Look, you see those two gen-

lemen, those riding toward us on horseback? That is Howard Murpoint, Esq."

"Which," said the boy, "the old one?"

"No, the young one; the old gentleman is Mr. Dodson, poor Leicester's father. No, the young one; watch his face, my lad, for it is the face of a great man. That man can command millions. He is chairman of the great Confederated Credit Company, and director of half a hundred companies besides."

At that moment, while Mr. Gossip was running on to the delight of the lad, a tall, golden-haired man came slowly by.

Tommy Gossip caught his arm as he passed.

"Hello, Bert, back again! Dine with us at the Thebesus to-night?"

"I can't, I'm busy," said our old friend. "I'm very sorry. Ah, there is Miss Mildmay," and, dragging himself from the gossip he made his way to the carriage.

Barely two years had elapsed since the time of that tragedy in the little watering place of Penruddle, and wonderful changes had come about.

Captain Howard Murpoint, no longer known as captain, but as Howard Murpoint, Esq., M. P., is, or is supposed to be, one of the great capitalists of the day.

How he has made his money and found his position is a mystery and a marvel.

And what of Violet? Has she forgotten her love-passion? Has she forgotten her ill-fated lover?

Look at her face, and see if it is the face of a woman that forgets.

None know how much she remembers, how much of the past she still clings to.

To no one, not even to Mrs. Dodson, whom she loves as a daughter loves her mother, does she ever mention that familiar name.

"Leicester" may be graven on her heart, but it never passes her lips.

We shall see her to-night, for there is a ball, the first of the season, at the Duchess of St. Clare's, at which she will be present, in company with the elite, including Bertie Fairfax.

Bertie Fairfax, the favorite of the club and the drawing-room. Still the handsome Apollo Belvedere, but not quite the light-hearted, free, laughing fellow as of old.

He is a celebrated man, an author of great repute, whom men point out to their sons as a modern genius, and to procure whom at their balls and dinners women will do much.

Bertie was fond of a dinner once and loved a ball, but it seems now as if "mad delighted him not, nor woman either," at least not women.

He will always go to a ball or a dinner if he is sure that Lady Ethel Lackland will be present.

For the rest, he spends his life, writing hard, in those very set of chambers which his dear friend Leicester shared with him, and which his spirit still visits.

There is to be a crowd at Clare House to-night, and Bertie will see Ethel—perhaps speak to her.

As he leans against the Mildmay's carriage he tells Violet that he will be there, and he knows by the gentle smile with which she looks down at him that she knows why.

"I am so glad," she says. "Will you look out for me? Lady Boisdale will not be there till eleven."

There is indeed a crowd at Clare House. The huge staircases are one great crush, the saloons a scene of warfare.

To dance is almost impossible, save to those young and ardent votaries of Terpsichore who are willing to whirl in the mazy waltz reckless of their own distress and other people's toes.

Still, however, there is breathing and moving room in some of the corridors, and thither many have taken refuge.

Violet dances and she sings, and laughs sometimes, but not as she did of old.

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF

Get a 25-cent bottle of Danderine at any drug store, pour a little into your hand and rub well into the scalp with the finger tips. By morning most, if not all, of this awful scrub will have disappeared. Two or three applications will destroy every bit of dandruff; stop scalp itching and falling hair.

The earl and Howard Murpoint were alone in a corner.

"A great crush," said the earl, stroking his white mustache. "The young people seem to be enjoying themselves, which brings me to the remark that you ought to be classed with the juveniles, Mr. Murpoint."

And he looked at the capitalist with a cold smile.

"I am not very old, certainly," said Howard Murpoint. "Some would call me very young."

"For so successful a man," put in the earl, with another smile.

The successful man bowed.

"I have had my fair share of fortune," said Howard Murpoint, "but perhaps like Sempronius, I have done more than deserve success—worked for it. That reminds me, my lord, that you have not yet made up your mind to join us in the new Penwain mines."

He glanced at the earl as he spoke, then looked away to the ballroom with a careless air.

"Eh—hem!" said the earl, "you wish my name to appear on the list of directors."

"Exactly," said Mr. Howard Murpoint. "An earl pleases, and—pardon me, my lord—soothe the monetary public, as you are aware."

The earl frowned, if a slight contraction of the eyebrows can be called a frown.

"I am already on the board of several of your companies, Mr. Murpoint, at your request."

"Certainly at my request, my lord; but you have not undertaken any responsibility, and I trust, have found your reward."

"Eh? Yes," said the earl. "To put it plainly, I have received certain shares as an equivalent for the use of my name, and they have paid tolerably well."

"Very well, I think," said Howard Murpoint, with quiet and smiling emphasis.

"Tolerably well," resumed the earl, as if he had not been interrupted.

"But as you seem to attach so much importance to my—the fact of my name appearing on the list of the Penwain Mine Company, it has occurred to me that—ahem!—it may be worth more than I receive for it. I speak plainly."

"I am honored by your candor," said Howard Murpoint, with a crafty smile. "You have forgotten while enumerating the equivalents received some slight service which I have been enabled to render you."

"Loans, my dear sir," said the earl, "loans; which, of course, I shall pay. Merely loans."

It was Mr. Murpoint's turn to "ahem!"

(To be Continued.)

DON'T TAKE CALOMEL

Instead of dangerous, salivating Calomel to liven your liver when bilious, headache or constipated get a 19-cent box of Cascarets. They start the liver and bowels and straighten you up better than nasty Calomel, without griping or making you sick.

EUROPEAN AGENCY.

Wholesale Infants promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all British and Continental goods, including Books and Stationery, Boots, Shoes and Leather, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motor Cars and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Piece Goods, Fancy Goods and Perfumery, Hardware, Machinery and Metals, Jewellery, Plate and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Oilmen's Stores, etc., etc. Commission 2 1/2 p.c. to 5 p.c. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Sample Cases from \$50 upwards. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

WILLIAM WILSON & SONS

(Established 1814) 25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. Cable Address: "Annuaire, London"

Per S.S. "Stephano,"

January 23, 1915. California Oranges, New York Table Apples, Pears, Bananas, Parsnips, Carrots, Beetroot, Oysters and Haddies, N. Y. Chicken, N. Y. Celery, American Corned Beef.

JAMES STOTT.

AYRE & SONS, LTD., High Class Grocery Water Street.

Have you tried the great body builder yet? We have it—OVALTINE—a delicious beverage and an excellent health food, 1/4, 1/2 and 1 lb tins. Price 33c, 55c and \$1.00 per tin. Recommended by all doctors.

We have also in stock a large and varied stock of High-Class Groceries and Provisions, including—

HEINZ SPECIALTIES!

TOMATO CHUTNEY, CHILI SAUCE, INDIA RELISH, SWEET ONIONS SWEET PICKLES, MUSTARD DRESSING, Etc. HUNTLEY & PALMER'S BISCUITS AND SHORTBREAD. ROYAL SCARLET TINNED GOODS, including the following: Corn, Beet, Asparagus, Spinach, Pumpkin. BRITISH EMPIRE TEA, 1/2 and 1 lb. lead pkgs., 3, 6 and 10 lb tins. This Tea is the best on the market and for quality and flavor cannot be surpassed. Price 60c per lb.; 3 lbs. or over, 57c. Try it.

LEADING GROCERS. AYRE & SONS, LTD. LEADING GROCERS.

Bargain Counters!

Stock-taking over, we are placing on above Counters all broken lines, odds and ends and a special lot of BARGAINS purchased specially for this Sale. 25 cts. will buy many articles hitherto sold up to \$1.00. We are very emphatic regarding the rare economizing opportunities in this our Great 25 ct. Sale. \$1.00 will do the work of \$2.00. Let nothing keep you away and prevent you from sharing in this great outpouring of 25 ct. BARGAINS.

- We list a few of the many Bargains offered.
- | | | | |
|---|------|--|--------------|
| Dress Goods, per yard | 25c. | Ladies' Scarfs, each | 25c. |
| Towelling, 3 yards | 25c. | Ladies' Camisoles | 25c. |
| Lawn, 3 yards | 25c. | Ladies' & Children's Hose | 25c. |
| Curtainette, 3 yards | 25c. | 2 pairs Misses Gloves | 25c. |
| Embroidery, 3 yards | 25c. | Ladies' Aprons | 25c. |
| Cushion Tops | 25c. | Ladies' Suspenders | 25c. |
| Table Napkins | 25c. | Ladies' Purses | 25c. |
| Sideboard Cloths | 25c. | Ladies' Collars | 25c. |
| Tray Cloths | 25c. | Ladies' Leather Belts | 25c. |
| Pillow Slips | 25c. | Ladies' Velling | 25c. |
| Gen's Ties | 25c. | Ladies' Side Combs | 25c. |
| Men's Gloves | 25c. | Children's Wool Hoods | 25c. |
| Boys' Top Shirts | 25c. | Children's Knickers | 25c. |
| Men's Suspenders | 25c. | Children's Pinafore | 25c. |
| Men's & Boys' Caps | 25c. | And a Big Assortment of Ladies' Blouses from | 50c. each up |
| Men's Half Hose | 25c. | Also Matinee Waists, Half Price. | |
| Boys' Braces | 25c. | A few Silk Blouses, slightly soiled, Half Price | |
| A Big Job Lot of Embroideries from 5c. per yard up. | | Ladies' White Skirts | 50c. each up |
| Many other things too numerous to mention. | | Ladies' Colored Skirts from | 98c. ea. up |
| | | Ladies' Knickers. Reg. \$1.20. Now | 60c. |
| | | Ladies' Coats from | \$3.50 up |
| | | (Worth from \$5.50 up.) | |

The C. L. MARCH Co., Ltd.,
Cor. WATER & SPRINGDALE STREETS.

In a Few Weeks

from now we shall issue a new Catalogue, featuring a considerable number of premiums, including several entirely new ones, which can be redeemed not only for Premium Tags (the same as found on Mayo's Smoking and Chewing) but also for

Master Workman and Sickle

tags. The Cut Tobacco users will also find one of our regular Cigarette Coupons in each tin of

Tuxedo & Velvet

This will enable him to redeem any premium either in our new Catalogue or in the Free Gift Coupon Catalogue.

Save your Master Workman and Sickle Tags and watch for our new Premium Catalogue.

Imperial Tobacco Co.
(Newfoundland) Ltd.

Advertise in the Evening Telegram