

**NO LUM**  
 THE PUREST AND MOST ECONOMICAL  
 BAKING POWDER  
 CONTAINS NO ALUM

**Plot That Failed,  
 OR,  
 Love That Would  
 Not Be Denied.**

CHAPTER XXXI.  
 "It's the general! Stumpy was right! Here's the mark upon his arm! No. 108! He's done us after all! Stand back! Give him air! Ah! he's dead—poisoned!"

And as he spoke he wiped the remains of the broken phial from the bleeding lips.

Winter has passed and summer has come again.

Winter has passed and taken with it forever and ever the last traces of that wicked spirit which plotted so much harm for Violet Mildmay and worked so much for those she loved.

All the winter through, each week, each month, justice, which will have nothing hidden or put away, went through the deed of that dark life and made things clear.

The world soon learned how deeply it had been deceived, soon learned that Leicester Dodson was a martyr to circumstances, and that he almost deserved the reward which Violet, beautiful Violet, was going to bestow on him. Almost, we say, for no one could quite deserve that sweet boon, for that boon was herself. It soon found that the great man whom the world had delighted to honor had delighted to swindle it! That he was a murderer, rogue, a forger, and the plunderer of widows and orphans.

For months curses followed him to that bourne whence none return, and Mr. Dockett has often been heard to regret that he did not stop the villain's hand when it carried the phial to his lips.

"I knew what he was going to do," Mr. Dockett would say, with a sigh; "and I thought I'd let him, because you see, it was much quieter than having him hung! But I didn't know it was the general until Stumpy ran in and ripped up his sleeve. When I saw the 108 stamped on his arm it quite gave me a turn. For there was a reward of five hundred pounds, to say nothing of the honor of catching an 'escaped,' who was thought to be at the bottom of the sea. However, I'm very well satisfied, for Mr. Leicester's a perfect gentleman, and as for the young lady, all I say is may Heaven bless her and make her happy."

Mr. Dockett is often asked how much he pocketed by the affair, but he always declines to state. He says he does not wish to make the rest of

his professional brethren dissatisfied and envious.

The winter brought trouble down to Penruddie, for the smuggling secret was out, and many a fisherman had to fly.

Job stayed and gave evidence on the inquest of the captain, but Leicester paid the fine which was inflicted, and Job is comfortable and happy.

One by one his old companions are creeping back, and, strange to say, the coastguards don't recognize them. Stumpy has turned queen's evidence and obtained a pardon, and is to be found the heart and soul of the "Blue Lion," which is still in the hands of Martha, who has abandoned smuggling and finds her temper is much improved.

Polly is Mrs. Willie Sanderson, and keeps her husband in very good order.

So Penruddie is very much as it was, and the Cedars and the Park are being done up. Some one is expected to occupy them, but at present the somebodies are elsewhere.

For it is now summer, and the evening sun is turning the rippled sea to gold.

A yacht comes dancing across the golden light into the sunset.

It is a very beautiful little vessel, and, light-hearted, from its deck come ever and anon ripples of laughter that rival the ripples of the sea.

Let us hover, like Puck, upon the sail, and look down.

There, on the deck, is a little party.

First Mr. and Mrs. Dodson, and Mrs. Mildmay and Mr. Thaxton, seated in comfortable armchairs conveniently near a small table, upon which stand champagne and fruit.

Scattered near them on rugs and furs are some more friends.

It is from them that the laughter most heartily proceeds; near them are Violet and Leicester, she seated, and leaning against the mast, he lying full length and cutting the portrait of Mr. Thaxton out of orange peel.

Near him recline Bertie and Ethel—Bertie puffing a cigar with mild enjoyment, and Ethel teasing him with the end of a rope.

Swinging in a hammock up above their heads is Fitz, looking as happy as the day is long, and not at all the disappointed man. He loves Violet still, and she calls him Fitz; but it is a brotherly affection between them, and Fitz is satisfied. He will never marry, he says, but he insists upon it that if there should ever be any children round Violet's knee, that they should call him "Uncle."

Near them sits Jamie Sanderson—near, but far away, for he has a book in his hand, and he is in dreamland. He will never leave Leicester while they both live.

Mr. Thaxton, smoking his cigar, drops comfortably off to sleep, lulled by the heat and the soft laughter.

The other elderly parties are about to follow his example, when Fitz sings out:

"Pass that champagne up, will you, ladies and gentlemen? Because I'm up here, it doesn't follow that I'm above the weaknesses of other mortals. George! How happy I am! You all of you look that way inclined; and so you ought to be. Ladies and gentlemen, if there's any one of you unhappy on this happy vessel, you shouldn't be here; it isn't the place for you, and, by George! if you'll have the honesty to admit it, I'll pitch you overboard."

There is no answer, save a peal of laughter—and a piece of orange peel, thrown by Leicester, and alighting on

**FLOORS**  
 Clean Enough to Eat From  
 Made so by  
**Old Dutch Cleanser**  
 Chases Dirt  
 Large Size, 10c. Small Size, 5c.  
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Fitz's nose—and as that must mean that they are perfectly happy there and now we will leave them.

Long may they glide through life as they glide now, this summer's eve, doing good, loving much, and trusting to the beneficence of that Heaven, whence all happiness and good things flow!

**Aubrey's Revenge.**

CHAPTER III.

Tulliver was watching his opportunity with the cunning of a maniac, and, with lightning swiftness, he threw himself upon the young man, and forced him backward over the parapet, before he had time to utter a cry for help.

Meanwhile high up in the old watch room, Kelpie sat watching the light, and singing softly to herself:

"Gray rocks and grayer sea,  
 And surf along the shore,  
 And in my heart a name  
 My lips shall speak no more."

"Across the tide a sail  
 That tosses and is gone,  
 And in my heart the kiss  
 That longing dreams upon."

"Gray rocks and grayer sea,  
 And surf along the shore,  
 And in my heart the voice  
 That I may hear no more."

The door opened stealthily and the sudden appearance of Tulliver's dark face silenced the sad little song on the girl's lips.

"What do you want, Tulliver?" she demanded, rising to her feet, "the next watch is Tom Holland's."

"There was a chair near the door, and Tulliver sat down suddenly, as if his limbs refused to support him. He was silent a moment, a curious twitching tremor about his lips, his hands shaking visibly as he clutched them together across his knees.

"Tulliver, what's the matter with you? Are you ill?" asked Kelpie, when she had watched him a moment, and with a thrill of awful terror at her heart.

The man looked up with a desperate laugh.

"I'm in love with you," he said hoarsely. "I've been madly in love with you ever since the day I first came to New Castle Light, that's what the matter. Will you consent to be my wife?"

If the fellow had struck the girl a blow she would not have been more shocked.

"Your wife," she repeated, "you are out of your senses. Go downstairs instantly; my grandfather shall hear of this the moment he gets home."

"He mayn't get home for weeks," said Tulliver, with an ugly chuckle, "and there isn't a human creature in the tower butus two."

Kelpie was no coward, but it was all she could do to control her voice as she said:

"You forget Tom Holland. I'll touch the button of the electric bell, it is time for his watch."

Tulliver laughed again, and the sound was blood-curdling.

"You might as well let the button alone," he said, with fiendish exultation; "Tom Holland will never come at its call again. He was in my way, and I threw him over the parapet in-

to the sea before I came up."

Kelpie could have shrieked aloud in her terror. The man was a maniac, and she was in his power. But she did not lose her presence of mind.

"I don't care to hear any of your long-winded stories, Tulliver," she said, with a fine show of indifference; "get up this instant and go down-stairs."

She touched the button as she spoke and the relief bell rang far below, but the strident voice of Pete, the Prophet, was the only sound she heard.

"Get a move on," he shrieked; "watch is out, there goes the bell."

Tulliver laughed with diabolical delight.

"Do you intend to leave the room?"

**Instant Relief.**

**CORNS DROP OUT**  
 Paint on Putnam's Corn Extractor tonight, and corns feel better in the morning. Magical the way 'Putnam's' eases the pain, destroys the roots, kills a corn for all time. No pain. Cure guaranteed. Get a 25c. bottle of "Putnam's" Extractor to-day.

demanding Kelpie, her temper getting the better of her terror.

"Not till you answer my question," he replied promptly. "You haven't consented to marry me yet. Will you promise to be my wife?"

"How dare you insult me, you bully, your contemptible coward!" cried the indignant girl. "You shall pay dearly for this. No, I won't marry you; a thousand times no. I'll die first."

"Do you know what I intend to do unless you promise to marry me?" continued Tulliver, with a look of devilish determination on his dark face. "Listen and I'll tell you: Unless you put your hand on the Bible and take a solemn oath that you'll marry me whenever I say so, I'll climb up the stairs yonder, and put out the light."

CHAPTER IV.

Kelpie's heart ceased to beat as Tulliver made his diabolical threat, and for a moment she stood speechless, breathless, unable to move.

If the desperate fellow had threatened to take her life, to toss her over into the black depths of the raging sea, she would have laughed him to scorn, but the bare suggestion of putting out the light filled her with unspeakable horror.

"What would daddy say?" was her first thought. He may be on his way home, somewhere out at sea, battling with waves and winds in a desperate effort to reach New Castle Light, or watching from the cottage windows at Thatcher's Rock, as he had done many a stormy night before. What would he think? What would he say to see the "good light," which had never failed in twenty years, go out in sudden darkness?

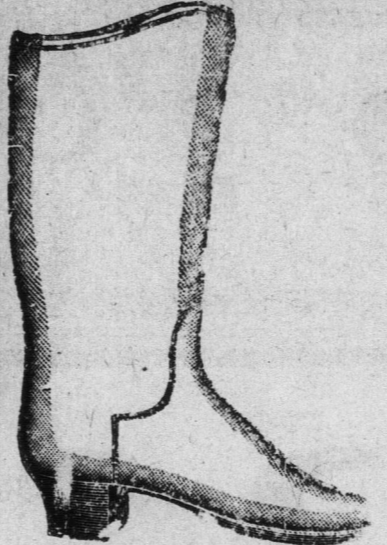
The simple thought of such a thing drove Kelpie frantic.

"Hush!" she cried, recovering her voice. "Hush! You wouldn't dare to do such a thing!"

(To be continued.)

**THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY.**  
**THE RAPION No. 1**  
 CURES BLOOD POISON, RASH, LEUC, SEEB, ERUPTIONS.  
**THE RAPION No. 2**  
 CURES BRUISES, WOUNDS, BURNS, LAST WOUND, SCALDS, STAFFS, SORES, ETC.  
**THE RAPION No. 3**  
 CURES ALL SKIN AFFECTIONS, PRITCH, ECZEMA, ITCHING, ETC.  
 FREE TRIAL BOTTLE SENT FREE FOR THE NAME OF THE RAPION.  
**THE RAPION**  
 CURE FOR ALL SKIN AFFECTIONS.  
 SEE THAT TRADE MARKED WORD "RAPION" IS ON THE LABEL. HAVE A PATENT TO ALL DRUGGISTS. INSIST ON HAVING THE RAPION.

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 We have on hand 500 pairs of the very best SKIN BOOTS.



This Tongue Boot is custom made, hand-made and hand-pegged; made of the best Water-proof leather.

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Fishermen! When buying Boots beware of imitations. See that the name Fred Smallwood is on the heel plate.

P.S.—All our custom made Boots have this plate with our name on it.

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The Home of Good Shoes.

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**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
 CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.  
 RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BACKACHE, GRAVEL, ETC.  
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- 10c., Postage 2c.  
 "The Degraded Daughter."  
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 "The Three Beauties."  
 "Only a Girl's Heart."  
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 "Retribution," "A Husband's Devotion"  
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 "Victor's Triumph," "A Noble Lord."  
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 "Love's Labor Won."  
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 "For Woman's Love," "To His Fate."  
 "Nearest and Dearest."  
 "The Lost Heir of Llanthegow."  
 "Little Ned's Engagement."  
 "The Rejected Bride."  
 "A Beautiful Friend."  
 "The Mystery of Raven Rocks."  
 "The Unloved Wife."  
 "The Struggle of a Soul."  
 "For Woman's Love," "Ishmael."  
 "India or the Pearl of Pearl River."  
 "Gertrude's Sacrifice."  
 "A Tortured Heart."  
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**GARRETT BYRNE,**

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Give him something to remind him of home and mother. Daily Text Books. R. C. Devotional Books. Small Prayer Books. Prayer Book Cases. Scapulars, Crucifixes.

These little things don't cost much, is suitable for the pocket, and would be the means whereby many a happy hour would be spent which otherwise might be dull and lonely.

**GARLAND'S Bookstore.**

**Here and There**

**FOGOTA.**—The s.s. Fogota left Westville at 4 p.m. yesterday, coming south.

**NO EXPRESS.**—There will be no foreign express due in the city until Monday next.

**REACHED HALIFAX.**—The s.s. Stephano arrived at Halifax at 6 o'clock this morning.

**LOCAL ARRIVES.**—The local from Carbonear via Brigus, arrived in the city at noon to-day.

**SAGONA.**—The s.s. Sagona, Capt. Kennedy left Louisburg yesterday with a cargo of coal for this port.

**PERSONAL.**—Mrs. Richard Power, of Bannerman Street, who has been ill for some time past is much improved to-day.

**SUPREME COURT.**—Court met at 11 a.m. to-day, pursuant to adjournment. Present the Chief Justice, Bishop, Sons & Co. vs. Joseph Bouling. On motion this case was set down for Friday next the 12th inst., at 11 a.m. Court adjourned until 11 a.m. Monday next.

**REIDS' BOATS.**—The Bruce, Glencoe and Home are still at Trepasser; the Ethie sailed from Placentia at 11 a.m. to-day on the Red Island route; the Kyle left Louisburg at 11.30 p.m. yesterday and is due at Port aux Basques this afternoon; the Meigie passed Grand Bank at 1.30 p.m. yesterday coming east.

**DEATH OF MR. G. P. TWADDLE.**—The death occurred of George Patterson Twaddle, of Glasgow, Marysville, Glasgow, Scotland, on Feb 10th, the sad intelligence having reached the city by last English mail. For several years deceased resided in the States but owing to ill health recently went to his native land. He is survived by a widow nee Miss Fannie Dowden, daughter of Mr. John Dowden, of Virginia.

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 RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BACKACHE, GRAVEL, ETC.  
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**Telegram Fashion Plates.**

1220.—A DAINY LOUNGING SACK OR NEGLIGEE.



**Ladies' Dressing Sack.**

This pretty style was made of white lawn figured in pink. The edges were bound with pink wash ribbon, and the closing affected at the side. A fancy button ornamented the front. The style is unique, simple, and the model will make a comfortable sack, easy of adjustment and becoming. It could be developed in any pretty shade of French or Scotch fannel, or in pretty novelty crepes. Embroidered scalloping or feather stitching would be a pretty finish. The sleeves may be in either length illustrated. The pattern is cut in three sizes: Small, Medium, and Large. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a Medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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**Size . . . . .**

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**Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern can not reach you in less than 15 days. Price 10c. each, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address: Telegram Pattern Department.**



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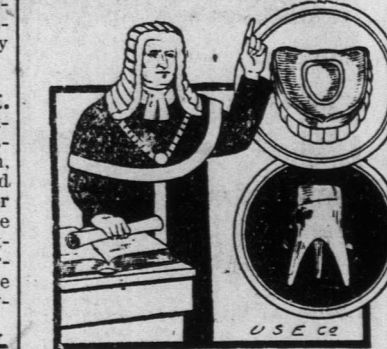
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 THE HOME OF GOOD DENTISTRY.

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**Teeth Extracted free of Pain.**

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Windows Cleaned and Polished in Hotels, Club Rooms, Schools and Factories. Private Residences a specialty, at shortest notice. Carpets Cleaned and all orders attended to. P. O. Box 1127.

N.B.—Orders can be left to Janitor Board of Trade Bldg. dec7, 8m, eod

**Grove Hill Bulletin This Week!**

**IN POTS: Primulas, Radishes, Lettuce, Parsley, Wreaths, Crosses & Floral Decorations at shortest notice.**

Terms: CASH.

**J. McNEIL,**

Waterford Bridge Road.

**MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES NEURALGIA.**

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 We have an In  
 Phone 763.

**Butter!**

All we ask is a trial order for our Canadian Butter; we are satisfied that you will get your repeat orders.

5 boxes 2 lb. Slabs.  
 10 tubs, 19-20 lbs. each.

Also  
 10 28-lb. boxes Australian Butter.

2 boxes 1 lb. Bricks Irish Butter.

Just to hand this week  
**Oranges.**

95 cases Sound Fruit

**Soper & Moore.**

Phone 480.

**Our Volunteers**

Seven volunteers enlisted yesterday, making a total of 1,244 available to date. The names of those who enlisted yesterday were:

- Sam. W. Manuel, Exploits, N.D.B.
- Fred C. Roper, Bonavista.
- Fred C. Roper, Bonavista.
- Art S. Lush, St. John's.
- Dugald Reid, St. John's.
- Jas. Gulliver, St. John's.
- Ernest May, Bell Island.

Yesterday morning the men were put through the usual drill and afternoon was taken up with the making of kit bags and distribution of clothing. This afternoon the outfit volunteers will be given four days leave to visit their homes.

**Economy**

**GAS COKE** yields 44 per cent radiant heat, whereas coal gives only 19 per cent under the same conditions.

**GAS COKE** is clean to handle. **GAS COKE** is smokeless. **GAS COKE** gives a clear red glow. **GAS COKE** lasts longer than coal. Light the fire with paper and a little coal. When once it burns make it up with Coke, the change is solid fuel.

For a limited time only, the St. John's Gas Light Company will deliver in any part of the town at \$6.00 per ton, or \$3.25 per half ton.

feblit

**BELGIUM.**—Hon. J. A. Roemer will address the members of the Adult Bible Class and their friends, their rooms, to-morrow afternoon, 2.45. Subject: "Belgium."



**Open Every Night**

Stafford's Drug Store (The Hill) will be open every night from 10 to 10.

Hundreds of people are suffering from Coughs and Colds at the present time.

If you intend to allow your cold to slip into the Cough or Cold the easy way to throw off?

We can cure you of this dangerous trouble by calling at our Drug Store for **Stafford's Cough Care** will do the trick. Try a bottle and be assured for yourself. Price 25c.; postage 5c. extra.

Prepared only by **DR. F. STAFFORD & SONS**, St. John's, Nfld. Manufacturers of **STAFFORD'S LINIMENT**, **STAFFORD'S PRESERVATION**, **STAFFORD'S THORATONE COUGH CURE**.