

## Plot That Failed;

OR  
Love That Would Not Be Denied.

### CHAPTER V.

Too delighted, perhaps, for my Lady Lackland, from her place of espionage in a corner, put up her eyes and scanned her daughter's rapt and sometimes smiling face with something that was not altogether a pleased expression.

"Who is that good-looking young fellow with whom Ethel's dancing?" she asked of the dowager Lady Barnwell, a noted scandalmonger, and an authority on every one's position and eligibilities.

"That is young Fairfax. Handsome, is he not? Pity he's so poor."

"Poor, is he?" said the countess, grimly.

"Oh, yes, dreadfully. Works for his living—a writer, artist, or something of that sort. Really, I don't know exactly. He is in the Temple. Very amusing companion, evidently. Lady Ethel looks charmed with her partner."

"Yes," said Lady Lackland, coldly, and in her heart of hearts she determined that her daughter should receive a lecture upon the imprudence of wasting a dance upon such doubtful and dangerous men as Bertie Fairfax.

Meanwhile, Ethel was enjoying herself, and when Bertie, whose handsome face was beaming with quiet satisfaction and pleasure, softly suggested that they should try the corridor, Lady Ethel, after a moment's hesitation on the score of prudence, replied with an affirmative, and they sought the lobby.

Here there was a seat for the lady and a leaning-post for Mr. Fairfax, and the conversation which had been interrupted was taken up again.

Bertie was in the midst of an eloquent defense of a favorite artist, of whom Lady Ethel did not quite approve, when Lord Fitz again appeared.

"What an eel you are, Bert! I've been everywhere for you. I say, we're going down to Coombe Lodge; it's so beastly hot up here in town, and we're going to make a little summer picnic party; you know, just a nice number. Cecil Carlton, Leonard Waltham and his sister, and two or three more. My sister is going, ain't you, Ethel? Will you come?"

"Thanks," said Bertie, with something like a flush, and certainly a sparkle in his light eyes. "But I am booked to Leicester Dodson."

"Oh, yes, the Cedars; what a bore for us. Never mind, the Lodge isn't far off, and, if you go down, we shall all be together."

"Yes," said Bertie, glancing at the fair face beneath him, which was turned, with a quiet look of interest, to her brother; "yes. When do you go?"

"Next week, if Ethel can get herself away from this sort of thing."

"I shall be very glad to go," said Ethel; "I am longing for the green trees and a little country air."

"It's done, then; all the odds taken," said simple Lord Fitz.

At that moment came up Ethel's next partner.

Bertie relinquished her, with a smothered sigh. He knew that he should not see her again that night, for her programme was full.

"We may meet in a country lane next week," he said, softly.

"We may," she said, with a smile that parted her lips bewitchingly, and she was called away.

Bertie looked after her, then slowly descended the broad stairs, got his crush hat and strolled into the open street.

"That's the most sensible thing you've done for the last two hours," said Leicester Dodson's voice, behind him. "I'll follow your example," and he took out his cigar case. "Here, my man," he added, as his neat brougham drove up.

"Let us walk," said Bertie. And they started slowly for the club.

It was very hot there, however, and the party were soon in Leicester's chambers, which were in the same inn and only one floor below Bertie's.

Leicester Dodson was a wealthy man, and quite able to afford luxurious apartments in the Albany, or at Meurice's, but he preferred a quiet set of chambers near those of his best friend, Bertie.

He did not work in them, but he read a great deal, and he enjoyed half an hour now and then spent in watching his hard-working friend.

He would sit in Bertie's armchair, with his legs extended before him, watching Bertie engaged on some article or poem or drawing, and, as he watched, would almost wish that he also had to work for his living.

So Mr. Leicester was somewhat of a philosopher and a cynic, as Bertie had said, and at times found life rather wearisome.

To-night he drew himself a chair—Bertie was extended upon an ancient, but comfortable, sofa, and lighting a fresh cigar, rang for claret and ice.

"Dreadfully hot, Bert. What on earth makes us hang about this horrible town, in this terrible weather? Fancy staying in London when all the green fields are holding out their hands and shouting, 'Come, and roll on us!' Fashion is a wonderful thing—so are you. Why on earth don't you speak? I never knew you so silent for so many minutes together, in my life. Are you asleep?"

"No," said Bertie. "Push the claret across the table with the poker, will you? When did you say you were going down to the Cedars, Les?"

"When you like," said Leicester Dodson, coloring slightly and turning his face away from his companion.

"To-morrow, if you like. I was going to say I wish I'd never left it, but I came up this week because—"

"Because what?" asked Bertie, as he stopped.

"Because," said Leicester Dodson, looking hard at the fire, in his grave, sedate way, "discretion is the better part of valor."

"What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed Bertie Fairfax. "You never mean to tell me you were afraid of a man?"

"No," said Leicester, with his cynical smile; "of a woman. There, don't ask me any more. I am not going to make a fool of myself, Bert, but, while we're on the subject, I'll say that it would never do for either of us to do that."

"No," said Bertie Fairfax, with an unusual bitterness. "We can never marry, Les. You, because you are too—"

"Selfish," interrupted Mr. Dodson, placidly.

"And I, because I am too poor—"

"You will be rich enough some day, you clever dog," said Mr. Dodson, sentimentally.

"Yes, when I'm an old man, gray-headed and bent double. Never mind."

"I won't. Don't you, either," said

## If Meals Hit Back And Stomach Sours.

"Pape's Diapepsin" ends indigestion, Gas, Dyspepsia and Stomach Misery in five minutes.

If what you just ate is souring on your stomach or lies like a lump of lead, refusing to digest, or you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food, or have a feeling of dizziness, heartburn, fullness, nausea, bad taste in mouth and stomach headache, you can get blessed relief in five minutes.

Ask your pharmacist to show you the formula, plainly printed on these fifty-cent cases of Pape's Diapepsin, then you will understand why dyspeptic troubles of all kinds must go, and why they relieve sour, out-of-order stomachs or indigestion in five minutes. "Pape's Diapepsin" is harmless; tastes like candy, though each dose will digest and prepare for assimilation into the blood all the food you eat; besides, it makes you go to the table with a healthy appetite; but, what will please you most, is that you will feel that your stomach and intestines are clean and fresh, and you will not need to resort to laxatives or liver pills for biliousness or constipation.

This city will have many "Pape's Diapepsin" cranks, as some people will call them, but you will be enthusiastic about this splendid stomach preparation, too, if you ever take it for indigestion, gases, heartburn, sourness, dyspepsia, or any stomach misery.

Get some now, this minute, and rid yourself of stomach trouble and indigestion in five minutes.

Leicester; "and now for the Cedars. Suppose we say the end of the week?"

"Yes, that will do," said Bertie. "The Lacklands—at least, some of them—are going down to Coombe Lodge next week."

"Oh," said Leicester, significantly, glancing at the frank, pleasant face of his friend.

"Yes," retorted Bertie, "and the Mildmays are still at the Park, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Leicester, shrugging his shoulders with an air of indifference he was far from feeling. "So that we shall all be together—like moths round a candle," he added, cynically, as Bertie rose, with a yawn to mount to his own chambers.

Yes, all together, and near the meshes of that web which a skillful, cunning spider was weaving for them.

Captain Murpoint had laid his delicate web ready for his flies.

CHAPTER VI.  
Captain Howard Murpoint had not exaggerated his powers of pleasing when making that important communication and revelation to his accomplice, Jem, under the Portland cliffs.

He had not been in possession of the marvelously comfortable suite of rooms at Mildmay Park many days before young and old, mistress and servants, were ready to pronounce the captain a most agreeable man, and his servant, Jem, a most amusing and obliging fellow.

The morning after his arrival, the captain went down to breakfast elegantly attired in a loose velvet shooting coat, which set off his strong, well-made figure to advantage.

His smooth face was set with a pleasant smile, and his voice was toned to a half-affectionate interest as he shook hands with Mrs. Mildmay.

"I hope you slept well, Captain Murpoint," she murmured.

The captain declared that he had never slept better, and that his quarters were all that could be wished.

"Violet is not down yet," said Mrs. Mildmay. "She is late, but we were rather later than usual last night, and, I dare say, the excitement of your arrival made her feel tired. Ah, there she is."

And Violet entered at that moment, and came up to give her aunt the morning kiss.

Then she turned to the captain, and once again his bold, watchful eyes shrank for a moment before the clear, calm gaze of her pure ones.

His salutation was a finished piece of acting, so reverential, so paternally affectionate, and so respectful.

Violet shook hands with him, and tripped to her seat.

"And did the ghosts annoy you?" she asked as the captain spoke of his night's rest.

"No; they were considerate to their guest. Perhaps when we are more familiar they may be more troublesome. You have had a good night's sleep, 'tis evident," he continued,

glancing admiringly at her fair, fresh, blooming face.

"I always sleep well," said Violet, simply. "Neither ghosts nor indigestion disturb me."

"I thought perhaps that our little party had tired you, my dear," said Mrs. Mildmay.

"No, aunt," replied Violet. "It was a very pleasant one," she added, musingly.

"Very, the pleasantest I have participated in for some time," said the captain, with some truth. "I must congratulate you upon having some really agreeable neighbors. The vicar was a most delightful man, and Mr. and Mrs. Giles are most amiable."

"And what did you think of the Dodsons?" asked Mrs. Mildmay, with a half sigh.

"Most agreeable people," replied the captain. "So original and unaffected. The young fellow pleased me exceedingly," and he glanced at Violet under his dark brows.

"They are quite new friends—acquaintances," said Mrs. Mildmay. "Last night was the first time we have had the pleasure of their company."

"Indeed!" said the captain, with interest. "Newcomers, I suppose?"

"No; they have been here for some time," answered Mrs. Mildmay. "They live in the large, red house, the Cedars; perhaps you did not notice it? You can see it from the dining room windows. They are friends of Violet's making, and—though very agreeable people, still—"

"Still, they are—tallow chandlers," put in Violet, wickedly, "and aunt cannot forgive them."

Captain Murpoint smiled a peculiar smile of conciliation for both the ladies.

"Tallow chandlers," he said, "can be very agreeable people; but I understand your aunt's prejudice, my dear Miss Mildmay—"

"And I cannot," said Violet, with quiet gravity. "My father, and her voice lowered softly, "must have bought tallow when he traded with Russia, as I have heard, and I cannot see much difference between buying it in the first instance and melting it in the second."

"There is a difference," said the captain, softly. "But putting the question aside, I thought the Dodsons extremely nice people, and Mr. Leicester Dodson a well-informed person."

Violet looked at her plate. She did not echo the captain's praise or qualify it, so one could not tell whether she thought Mr. Leicester clever or not.

"Violet made their acquaintance in quite a romantic fashion," said Mrs. Mildmay, harping upon the subject, and she proceeded to recount the adventure of the parasol upon the cliffs.

While they were talking, Violet, who was facing the window which overlooked the lawn, saw the tall, graceful figure of Leicester Dodson sauntering up the path toward the house, in the indolent way which distinguished him.

(To be Continued.)

1136—A SPLENDID COAT SUIT!

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

1136—1086—A SPLENDID COAT SUIT!



1086

Green serge with braid and bands of fur for trimming, is here shown. The suit is composed of Ladies' Coat Pattern, 1136, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern, 1086. The coat has the fronts cut in vest effect, and is dart fitted. It has added skirt sections over the hips. The low neck opening is finished with revers that meet a coat collar in notches. The skirt shows one of the now so popular tunic styles, with panel front and yoke top. The cut is cut in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, and 34 inches bust measure. The Skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 8 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The Skirt measures 2 yards at its lower edge.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

1139—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 back 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.

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## Channel Notes

The second series of concert of the Patriotic Fund, was held at the Parish Hall on the evenings 14th, 17th and 18th December. Unfortunately the weather was such that could be desired, and the attendances were small. Receipts suffered accordingly, but the performers hope for better next time.

The members of Channel Lodge 25, Society of United Fishermen, held their annual meeting on Monday last, 28th after the order of Morning. The elected their officers for the year which are as follows: W.M., T. James; C.O., Bro. Will J. H. Chaplain, Bro. (Rev.) H. J. Honorary Deputy, Chaplain, E. Pike; S.O., Bro. Alex. Q.M., Bro. Emil. Baistie; Sec. Wm. Blackmore; Purser, Bro. Evans; Lockout, Bro. A. Chairman of Committee, Bro. Baistie.

"Royal William" Loyal Lodge held its anniversary on New Year's Day, marked by a procession to the Church for Divine Service. The preacher was Rev. E. Taylor, who gave the brethren a very interesting discourse, the subject being appropriate at the present time. "Liberty." Officers governing Lodge for 1915 are: W.M., Bro. James; D.M., Bro. John Chaplain, Bro. Henry Bragg; Bro. George Poole; F.S., Bro. Evans; Treas., Bro. J. H. D. of C., Bro. Jas. M. Currier; Bro. Geo. Currie; Committee, Bro. A. Pullin, side Tyler, Bro. John Hardy; Bro. Geo. Musgrave.

Channel, Jan. 5, 1915.

## Sagona Got Jam

The S. S. Sagona, which was trying to clear several fish loads when she was jammed in the Bay, returned last evening on an unsuccessful mission. The ice was heavy that the Sagona was for several days and only got herself on Tuesday last when she loosened. When the Sagona was starting to pack tightly to the land again.

## Wedding Bells.

On the 7th inst., at the Presbyterian Church, Mr. Matthew J. Murphy, Miss Mary F. Dillon, were united in the holy bonds of wedlock by Rev. Monsignor Leonard Ash, Monsignor St. John, of Toronto, Very Rev. James Whelan, of St. Francis. The bride was exquisitely dressed in cream satin with three orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Bridesmaids were Miss Angela, her cousin, and Miss Belle and Murphy, daughters of the groom. Madge Kelley acted as flower girl. The groom was supported by Mr. Rick Bonita. The bride and groom were some years matron of St. Boniface and afterwards became a keeper at the Presbytery. The bride was the recipient of many rich presents from her hosts, friends and well-wishers.

After the ceremony a sumptuous lunch was served at the hotel and the bridal couple took the 4.30 train to St. John's.

## Mother Is Child's Stomach Sour, Sick

If tongue is coated or if cross, fish, constipated give "California Syrup of Figs."

Don't scold your fretful child. See if tongue is coated; a sure sign its little stomach, and bowels are clogged with waste.

When listless, pale, feverish, cold, breath bad, throat sore, eat, sleep or act naturally, has ach-ache, indigestion, diarrhoea, a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all foul waste, the sour bile and fermenting food passes out of the bowels; you have a well and playful child. Children love this "fruit laxative," and mothers can easily after giving it, because it fails to make their little "ins clean and sweet."

Keep it handy, Mother! A given to-day saves a sick child tomorrow, but get the genuine. Your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which directions for babies, children of ages and for grown-ups plainly state. Remember there counterfeits sold here, so surely and see that yours be made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contempt any cheap syrup.

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