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Notes on  
Patrio  
Ramea and Ca

CHAPTER XII.

Among the smaller places along the coast there is much to interest the traveller, and each place abounds in local lore and history. In leaving Burgeo our first place of call was Ramea, where we spent a short time. Ramea is quite a centre of trade which is carried on by Messrs. John Penny & Sons; and the interests of the people and the firm appear to be conducted very mutually. Two nice churches adorn the settlement, and also a very fine school hall, and it is evident that the educational and spiritual wants of the place are amply provided for.

Passing on from Ramea the next place of importance is Cape LaHune. This place is now a regular port of call for the S.S. Partia, but it does not come much in the public eye. Our steamer anchored at the back of the harbour, and being unexpected, her arrival gave no small surprise to the people. The fibres in charge of one of our party landed by boat, and their military appearance created no little wonder as to who they really were, and what they represented; but the people's doubts were soon removed, and they felt that friends and not enemies had landed amongst them. The meeting was held in the open, and the importance and nature of the war was fully explained, and they all joined heartily in the singing of the National Anthem, and the visit to Cape LaHune was a thing of the past.

The bay in which the Fiona anchored, on the back of Cape LaHune, is known as Deadman's Bay, and it is settled by a few families only. From Captain English, of the Fiona, we learned the story of this place, and he was told it some ten years ago by a very old man, whose grandfather had told it to him; so the story, when dated back, would cover a period of about one hundred and fifty years. The place derives its name from a cave nearby, and which is known as Deadman's Cave, and it was so named because of the following incident: When the old gentleman's grandfather first went there to settle, he noticed this cave, and with others who were with him, they undertook to search it. In doing so they were surprised to find that within it lay the decomposed bodies and skeletons of some twenty-five or thirty persons, and hanging from some precipitous prominence of the cave was one human body. The decision which the settlers came to, and which they handed down to their sons and grandsons, and which was told to Captain English, was this: the dead bodies in the cave had been the victims of some shipwreck, probably some ten or fifteen years before that time; and that they took shelter in the cave, until finally they died of starvation. Perhaps the victims were the crew of some old-timed emigrant ship, or a contingent of passengers who had taken refuge and found shelter in this particular cave.

This story is similar to that which was published in our papers some ten or twelve years ago, and which was the account of a ship's large cargo which had been found near Cape LaHune, and which had been buried in the sands for years unknown, and was

When they got near the village he stopped the horse and unfastened Job's hands.

"Now you get home, Mr. Job," he said, quietly, and fixing a significant glance upon Job's face. "You go on as usual, and keep your eyes open and your mouth shut. See, I trust you, because I know you know me. I'm Detective Dockett, of her majesty's police, Scotland Yard, and when I trust a man and find him false, I go for him, and put my hand on him if he's at the other end of the world—I've such a long arm—and when I've got him I don't let him go till he's had a taste of her majesty's jail and what-ly. But there, I needn't tell you what I can do, for you know me."

Job nodded sullenly and looked up at Leicester.

"I don't want no threats," he said. "I'll do my duty by Master Leicester there if I swing for it."

And, with an affectionate glance, he hurried off.

To be continued.

Buttons are of stone and metal, colored bone, crochet and cloth.

At the City Hall.

Mr. W. G. Goelling presided at last night's meeting of the Civic Commission, at which the following members of the Board were present:—Messrs. Harris, Ayre, Jackman, Bradshaw, McGrath, Mullaly, Morris and Withers.

Harvey and Co. applied for permission to remove the western wall of one of their freight sheds to about 35 yards west of the present site, and erect an extension to their premises. Mr. Goelling being interested in the firm of Harvey and Co., vacated the chair and left the room while the discussion was on, Mr. Harris occupying the chair in the meantime.

Permission was granted, the work to be done in conformity with the Municipal Act.

The Colonial Secretary acknowledged receipt of correspondence dealing with the Council's financial affairs for 1914-1915, and stated that the same will be tabled at the next session of the Legislature.

D. R. Thistle and R. Dowden applied for permission to install machinery in the building at the corner of New Gower and Adelaide Streets. Permission was granted subject to the Engineer's approval.

Drs. M. C. and W. Roberts asked permission to erect a garage and stable at the rear of New Gower St., near Brail's Square. The matter was referred to the Health Officer.

J. Rossley informed the Board that his theatre would be run in the interests of charity during the Lenten season. Persons running theatres on these lines will be required to submit a full statement of proceeds and expenses to the Council. Last year the books of the city showed that the receipts for these theatres for the Lenten season amounted to about \$3,500.

J. M. Kent, K.C., solicitor for the Commercial Cable Company, wrote stating that if the Board would submit in writing a statement that they would request the Legislature to amend the Municipal Act, they would pay the \$400 tax under protest, to be refunded when the amendment became law. They would also pay the special tax of \$250, under protest, reserving the right to ask a Judiciary opinion on the matter at any time.

The Secretary was instructed to write Mr. Kent informing him that while the Board will recommend to the Legislature the waiving of the \$400 tax, they cannot accept the payment under protest of the special tax of \$250 which is imposed for rights granted by the city.

Morris and Carter reported that in the prosecutions instituted against certain truckmen residing outside the city, the cases had been dismissed and judgment entered for the defendant. The Magistrate held that they did not ply for hire within the meaning of the Act, as they did not put up at any recognized cab or truck stand in the city, and offer themselves for hire to the public at large.

The Board questioned the ruling of the Court and will recommend a change in the Act at the next session of the Legislature.

A further report from Inspector Bambrick on stone breaking was read. The Chairman suggested that the Board would take some steps to offset the labour stringency and thought that stone breaking might be continued.

Mr. Jackman was of the opinion that if the labour situation could be relieved for about five weeks, matters would by that time be normal. He felt that the Board should extend \$1,000 a week for that period for quarrying and breaking stone. No matter what quantity was quarried or broken the stone would be an asset to the city.

Mr. Bradshaw pointed out that if Mr. Jackman's suggestion were acted upon, the greater portion of the money would go to the truckmen for carting the stone, as the approximate figures would be \$1,600 for quarrying and \$3,400 for carting.

Mr. Mullaly thought that in a time like this the Board should be more considerate and give the labourer who is willing to work a chance to make a fair day's pay. In order to do this, he moved that 50 cents a ton be offered for stone broken. According to Mr. Bambrick's report the average man would be able to break about one ton and a half per day which would mean \$1.25. If he could break more, so much the better.

Mr. McGrath objected to giving the work on contract, and advocated the payment of \$1.40 a day, irrespective of the quantity broken. He suggested that the other plan was grinding down the workman.

The Chairman interposed at this juncture and stated that the Board instead of grinding the labourer by making work at a loss to the city, since the work could be done for half the amount by machinery. He also wished to remind Mr. McGrath that he and the other members of the Board had been appointed to conserve the interests of the taxpayers, and not to spend their money indiscriminately.

**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**  
CONTAINS NO ALUM

**E. W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED**  
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

Plot That Failed;

Love That Would Not Be Denied.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Not by me," said Leicester, in a low voice. "I love her still, but I will not interfere with the quiet happiness which she enjoys. Fitz is a better man than I—and—but, there, let us talk no more of it," and he jumped into the cart.

At that moment, while Mr. Thaxton was starting the horse, they heard the noise of wheels behind them, and before they were scarce aware of it a small, high gig was close behind them.

"Hello!" called out a voice, which Leicester seemed to recognize. "What is it vegetables? No, small party enjoying themselves. Oh! what's that? A man handcuffed!" And before any one could prevent him he had dropped from his own gig and jumped into the cart.

"I know your face, my man," he said to Job, "and yours too, sir, if I'm not mistaken. You are a lawyer, Mr. Thaxton—concerned in the little affair at Penruddie; may I ask where you are taking this man—Job is his name, I think?"

Mr. Thaxton glanced at Leicester, apprehensively.

"You are quite right," he said. "The man's name is Job, and I am a lawyer. I detected him robbing this gentleman—a Spaniard, and his servant, and I am assisting them to take him to the nearest station."

"Hem!" said the stranger.

"But you have the advantage of me," continued Mr. Thaxton. "For, although I seem to know your voice, I do not recognize you. May I ask upon what ground you thus exercise your curiosity?"

"Oh," said the stranger, with a laugh, putting off a large beard which had nearly concealed his face, "I'm

Detective Dockett! You know me now, I suppose."

"Oh, dear me, yes," said Mr. Thaxton, shooting another glance at Leicester more apprehensive than the last. "I am glad to see you. I suppose you are going on to Tenby; you will be there before I shall—I am surprised your horse doesn't run away—"

"He won't run away," said Mr. Dockett. "He'd follow me down a coal mine, or up in a balloon. Yes, I'm going on to Tenby, sir. I've had a little smuggling job on here. Perhaps I can do something for you in Tenby? I run case that Penruddie murder, wasn't it? I suppose nothing has ever turned up, sir?"

"You are the person to know best about that. You were engaged in the case. No, nothing more ever transpired. No doubt, Mr. Leicester Dodson committed the deed, and was killed himself in the struggle. But it is a painful case—and I don't like to talk about it."

"Just so," said Mr. Dockett. "Well, I think I'll get into my trap. Good-night, gentlemen. Good-night, senior."

Leicester, who had kept his face turned away as much as possible, bowed gravely, and muttered good-night in Spanish.

As he did so Mr. Dockett, who had risen, plumped down on the side of the cart again and looked at him out of the corner of his eyes.

"Been long in England, senior?" he asked.

"The gentleman doesn't speak English," said Mr. Thaxton.

"Just ask him, will you, sir?" said Mr. Dockett, with a pleasant smile.

Mr. Thaxton jabbered something meant to imitate Spanish, and Leicester, who, notwithstanding his perilous position, could scarcely restrain his laughter, answered him.

Again, at the sound of Leicester's voice, Mr. Dockett got a little closer and eyed him.

"And I suppose all this little story about the robbery was a cover. You meant to take Job here on to Tenby?"

"To make his statement and obtain a warrant for the real criminal," said Mr. Thaxton.

Mr. Dockett indulged in a quiet chuckle.

"That's good," he said. "Why, you would have played into Captain M's hands. Nothing would have been nearer for him."

"How so?" asked Mr. Thaxton.

"Why, thus," said Mr. Dockett. "You go, we'll say, to Tenby; you take this precious old rascal before a magistrate. What he does is to issue a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Leicester, and one for the captain. The captain surrenders, of course, and comes up for examination. He braves it out, declares the whole thing is a plant to get Mr. Leicester out of the scrape, says Job has been bribed, and defies you to produce a tittle of evidence against him. You can't, you know, not at present; the magistrate says he must discharge the captain, who leaves the cart without a stain upon his honor. Meanwhile Mr. Leicester comes up, all the evidence all ready against him is produced, the nasty impression of the attempt to incriminate the captain is brought to bear, and Mr. Leicester is committed for trial. All the while between the examination and the trial we rake up more evidence, and the whole thing is brought to a conclusion."

"As how?" said Mr. Thaxton, who was deeply impressed by the detective's argument.

"Mr. Leicester is hung for the murder of James Starling, and Captain Murpoint—or rather Sir Howard Murpoint, M.P.—marries the wealthy

"No; steal his portmanteau," said Mr. Thaxton.

"Good-night," said Mr. Dockett, and he made a step forward, but the cart seemed to jolt at that moment, for he missed his footing, staggered, and fell against Leicester, managing as he fell to drag off Leicester's hat, spectacles and false beard.

Then, before any one could utter a word, he leaped to his feet, laid his hand upon Leicester's shoulder, and, with a quiet grin, said:

"Mr. Leicester Dodson, I arrest you on a charge of willful murder! Here's the warrant—I've always carried it with me. No resistance, I hope?"

"None," said Leicester, with a dead calmness. "I surrender, Mr. Dockett."

"Now that's what I call right and proper and gentlemanly," said Mr. Dockett, admiringly. "But, bless my heart and soul! who'd ever have thought that I should have dropped upon you here and at this time, and like this?"

"Did you not know it was us?" said Mr. Thaxton, sadly. "Were you not following us?"

"No," said Mr. Dockett, with a quiet chuckle. "I was on quite a different job. Not that I thought you would never turn up. I wasn't taken in by that story of your falling over the cliff. It wasn't likely a gentleman with such muscle as you, would allow yourself to be pulled over by a half drunken, wounded man. No, I knew you'd turn up again some day, and I was waiting my time. And here you are!"

"Yes," said Leicester, "and you've earned your hundred pounds—so you think I committed the murder?"

"I think you'll be hung for it," said Mr. Dockett, after a minute's silence.

"Thank you," said Leicester, with a trim smile. "It is candid of you, Mr. Dockett."

"Well, sir, no offence. I'm certain that if you didn't do the trick you knew something about it."

"I did not do it, and I did not know anything about it. But there sits a man who does know something about it."

And he pointed to Job.

"Ah!" said Mr. Dockett.

"Yes," said Mr. Thaxton. And then, motioning to Leicester to be silent, he told Mr. Dockett all that had occurred and all that Job had confessed in the ruined chapel.

Mr. Dockett listened most attentively to the concise and exact statement made by the lawyer, scarcely taking his eyes from Job the while, and yet taking note of every movement made by the others.

Then he said, when Mr. Thaxton had finished:

OXO CUBES at the War

More Letters showing how OXO CUBES are valued



Diary of a Rifleman of the Queen's Westminsters with the British Expeditionary Force.

For City men we have shaken down wonderfully, and our health generally is very good. The only change we can get from cold food is tea, OXO, etc. We cook in fires and pails, etc. The Germans, from the smoke we see rising from their trenches, seem to do things more elaborately.

Reprinted from the London "Star," December 9th, 1914.

"FOUR MONTHS UNDER FIRE."  
A diary by Corporal A. J. Sproston, Motor Cyclist Despatch Rider, with the British Expeditionary Force.

Food has been for some days almost unobtainable in the villages, and shops and cottages have been cleared out by the enemy. We beg a little hot water at Serches and make OXO, the bread I had obtained the previous day at Neuilly, St. Front proving a boon.

Reprinted from the London "Daily Mail" December 15th, 1914.



The handiness of OXO CUBES is almost as great a recommendation as their food value. By simply adding an OXO CUBE to a cupful of hot water a delicious warming cupful of OXO can be made in a moment. OXO CUBES are prepared by intricate scientific processes: they provide in handy form the nourishing Beef-fibrine, which builds up the body and creates energy, combined with the valuable Beef-extractives which promote nutrition and ensure ready assimilation.

OXO CUBES

In 15c. and 35c. Tins. Also in tins of 50 and 100 Cubes.

Miss Mildmay, and lives happy ever afterward."

Leicester rose to his full height stern and threatening.

"One word more of such impertinence, sir, and I fling you out of the cart! How dare you make use of that lady's name, sir?"

"Whew!" exclaimed Mr. Dockett. "You haven't heard the news."

"News, what news?" asked Leicester, sternly.

"That the captain is to be made a baronet, and that he is to marry his ward, Miss Mildmay."

"It is false," said Leicester, grasping Mr. Thaxton's arm, madly.

"Very likely," said Mr. Dockett. "They say nothing's true as is in the papers. This was in all of 'em yesterday morning, and, with no offence, I'll bet there's something in it, gentlemen."

"It must not be," said Leicester, groaning. "I would rather see her in

her grave. She may marry Fitz, or any honest man, so that she is happy, but not that scoundrel, not that villain. Look you, sir," he said, turning suddenly to Mr. Dockett and laying a hand upon his arm to emphasize his words, "you will gain a hundred pounds by my arrest. Now, I say nothing about my own innocence or my guilt. I say no more on that score; but I say this, and this gentleman will bear me out, I will give you one thousand pounds if you will take the trouble to investigate the statement you heard from this man. One thousand pounds! It is a fair sum! You are not to prove my innocence—let that go, but to prove his guilt; any part will do, so that it prevents this marriage."

"Agreed on," said Mr. Dockett. "I'll take the contract on condition that everything is left in my hands."

Mr. Thaxton conferred with Leicester for a few minutes, and then Leicester answered:

"We agree to trust you; and if the reflection will have any weight in keeping you faithful and honest, unswerving in your task, I would have you remember that in trusting you I do so wholly, being tied hand and foot in jail."

"Exactly," said Mr. Dockett, with a queer twinkle of the eye. "Then, as we are agreed, I'll get you to allow me to drive."

And he took the reins from Mr. Thaxton's hands, calling to Stumpy: "Young man, just get into my gig, will you, and follow on after."

So saying he turned the cart round and drove back toward Penruddie.

When they got near the village he stopped the horse and unfastened Job's hands.

Will Ease Your Throbbing Head-- And Stop Droppings In The Throat

To Cure Sinuses and Clear Stuffed Nostrils Nothing Equals "Catarrhazone."

You can end a cold mighty quick—cure it completely—by Catarrhazone. Any sort of Catarrh, whether in nose, throat or bronchial tubes, can be driven forever out of the system by simply breathing in the healing vapor of Catarrhazone.

It's in the nostrils and air passages that Catarrh germs breed. The germ-killing vapor of Catarrhazone means instant death to these germs—means that a healing process is started throughout all the sore membranes, thereby effectually ridding the system of the real cause of the trouble. Catarrhazone promptly opens up

clogged nostrils, takes that irritating pain out of the nose, prevents the formation of hard painful crusts. If there is a nasty discharge it disappears with a few hours' use of Catarrhazone Inhaler. If a bad cold keeps you sneezing, if you have dull frontal pains over the eyes, you'll get the speediest cure possible with Catarrhazone.

Years of wonderful success in Europe and America have proven Catarrhazone a specific for all catarrhal, throat, bronchial and breathing-organ troubles. Simple, pleasant, safe and sure. Use the tried and proven remedy. Any dealer anywhere can supply Catarrhazone, large complete outfit \$1.00; small size 50c; trial size 25c.

You Can Easily Tell — If You Have Kidney Trouble

Watch the urine. If there is a deposit of brick dust matter in the morning urine, or after it has stood in a vessel over night—if there is any trace of mucus—it is a sure sign of Kidney Trouble and you need GIN PILLS.

If the urine is highly colored—a reddish or deep orange—it shows that the Kidneys are not doing their work properly, and need GIN PILLS to strengthen them.

If there is pain in the back, it means that you have strained the Kidneys or caught cold, and that these organs are inflamed or irritated. Gin Pills will soothe and heal the kidneys and give almost instant relief from the pain.



Watch your urine. If you have any signs of Kidney Trouble—if your bladder is irritated—get Gin Pills to-day and start to cure yourself. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50—and every box guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money back. Gin Pills are "Made in Canada". Sold in U.S. under the name "GINO" Pills. Trial treatment free if you write National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

The plans for the new sanitary stables were inspected, and the erection of the same will be further discussed at the next meeting.

The meeting adjourned at 10.40 p.m.