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Plot That Failed,

Love That Would Not Be Denied.

CHAPTER XVII.
How long he could have withstood the influence of that dreadful place and time it is impossible to say, but as the clock chimed the quarter to one his nerves, strung to their farthest, received a shock which dispelled all memories of the past, all hopes and guilty ambitions for the future.

Before him in the darkness and up in the deserted room was the blue light, dimly burning.

A shudder crept through his frame. His hand grasped the revolver, his gaze was chained to that window.

The light grew more intense, slowly was transformed as he had seen it before, and there, plain and distinct, at the window stood the horrible, fearful White Nun!

For a while the figure remained motionless at the window, then it turned and he knew instinctively that it was coming in the direction of the oriel window.

If so it would in a few minutes be above him. He waited, and his eyes turned to the window.

For a moment he lost consciousness, the next, by a strong effort, he regained something of his old daredevil courage, and he bit his lip to keep himself awake as the horrible figure approached with floating motion toward him.

His face was turned from him as it came, but a bird flew out of the ivy with a wild shriek of terror, and the skull face and gleaming eyes followed the bird's flight.

More horrible still, it welcomed it with a dry, hollow laugh, which chilled the watcher to the immortal soul.

Slowly it neared where he stood. It was opposite.

Then it turned its head, and at that moment, calling up all the courage which he possessed, the captain sprang, with a hoarse, guttural shriek in his dry, hot throat, upon the figure.

Instantly the light disappeared. He felt to his astonishment, even in his terror, his hands grasp something firm, and then he knew that the ghost's boney hands were round his neck.

But the reckless courage born from very despair filled him, and he exerted his tremendous strength as if he was using it against a human being.

He clasped the figure in his muscular arms and threw his whole weight upon it, forcing it gradually but surely.

Inch by inch, the figure gave way; the floor was reached, the captain with a cry of mad excitement forced it backward upon the stone, then raised his life-preserver and aimed a deadly blow at the skull face.

Then there arose a shout of warning and an oath from the white, skinless lips, and a man's voice came through them hoarsely and panting: "Hold hard, I give in!"

The captain staggered back with petrifying astonishment.

The next moment he had hurled the figure to the ground, had planted his knees upon its chest, and leveling his revolver at its head, hissed out: "Move an inch, speak a word, and I will shoot you like a dog."

Then with the other hand he tore off the skull mask, flung it aside and glared down with a smile of triumph and malice upon the weather-beaten face of Willie Sanderson!

CHAPTER XVIII.

The captain drew a long breath, shifted his knee a little on the chest of the prostrate man and smiled.

That smile was a study of malignant triumph and conscious power.

"Soh!" he said, between his teeth, and weighing the revolver in his hand with its barrel still pointed to the prostrate man, "soh, you are the ghost, my fine fellow? You are the White Nun who terrifies honest people out of their wits?"

Willie struggled for breath, and fought with daring audacity.

"I give in, captain. Give me a little more breathing room," and he groaned.

The captain smiled, released his prisoner, and seating himself comfortably, with the revolver still conveniently leveled, watched keenly the huge Willie rise, shake himself and

draw a long breath of relief.

"Whew!" he breathed, "that's better! You are uncommon strong, captain," he remarked, coolly eying the lithe figure of his conqueror with looks of admiration.

"I am," said the captain. "Stand there. No," he added, quickly, as Willie was about to slip off the white robe and paraphernalia which constituted his disguise. "No, don't take anything off. I may want to shoot you yet, and your costume would explain everything. Stand there—on second thoughts, you may sit down."

Willie Sanderson, with a shrug of his shoulders, threw himself down beside the captain and eyed the ground sullenly and expectantly.

"Now," said the captain, "I must know the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Answer my question straightforwardly and without prevarication, or I—"

"Stop," said Willie, driven to desperation by the captain's consummate coolness. "I'll tell ye; I suppose I must."

The captain nodded.

"I saw you the other night," he said; "I was walking in the garden and saw your light. My man and I climbed to the window and were looking for you. We should have caught you then, but were afraid of raising the house."

Willie Sanderson grinned.

"Begin'n' your pardon, captain, you didn't see me."

The captain scrutinized him.

"No," he said, "you are right; I was a smaller-made man."

Willie nodded.

"What was he—what were you doing in that room?" said the captain.

"Were you on the same errand?" Willie nodded.

"We was, captain. But we didn't want anything in that room, and more by token we wouldn't touch so much as a candle in it, for the sake of 'im as is dead, Master Midmay was a good friend to all of us boys, captain and we'd guard anything of 'is rather nor interfere w' it. The room and all as is in it will be all right for us."

"I understand," said the captain. "You pass through the room to some other part of the house."

"Wrong again, captain," returned Willie, laughing grimly. "The house and all in it is sacred for us. We don't touch aught as belongs to the Midmay; we'd go many a mile for the pretty miss."

"Then," said the captain, "there's a secret passage from that old room. Where does it lead?"

"To the cliffs," answered Willie, reluctantly.

A light broke upon the captain.

"To the cliffs," he returned, quietly, though his heart beat fast. "To the cliffs, and from the cliffs to the beach? What do you want there?"

Willie made a gesture of annoyance.

"What should we want there?" he asked, sulkily.

"I see," said the captain, composedly and slowly. "I see. You are a party of smugglers, my fine friend, and you run your cargo from the cliffs under Midmay House. Soh! soh!"

Willie nodded sullenly.

"And now, you've got it, captain, what are you going to do?"

"That depends," said the captain. "I must know more. Turn so that I may see you in the light. What is that on your arms and hands?"

Willie grinned.

"That's canvas," he said. "Job be clever at painting, so he rigged up a skeleton suit. Painted it all black, ye see, and marked out the bones in white paint. Clever, ain't it?"

"Very!" said the captain, sarcastically. "And how do you manage the ghostly light?"

"So," said Willie, pointing to a small lamp. "That be filled with some spirit as Job knows on, and when that be set light to, it sets a flame all round."

"I see," said the captain, smiling against his will, as he thought how easily the deception was worked.

"There be sulphur round my eyes and on my arms, and my feet wrapped in list," said Willie, holding up one huge foot so inclosed.

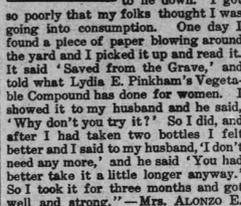
The captain started suddenly.

"But," he said, "how do you manage with the footmarks on the floor in the room? Do you leave them?"

COULD NOT STAND ON FEET

Mrs. Baker So Weak—Could Not Do Her Work—Found Relief In Novel Way.

Adrian, Mich.—"I suffered terribly with female weakness and backache and got so weak that I could hardly do my work. When I washed my dishes I had to sit down and when I would sweep the floor I would get so weak that I would have to get a drink every few minutes, and before I did my dusting I would have to lie down. I got going into consumption. One day I found a piece of paper blowing around the yard and I picked it up and read it. It said 'Saved from the Grave,' and told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for women. I should remember that there is one tried and true remedy for the ills to which all women are prone, and that is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It promotes that vigor which makes work easy. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass."



Willie shook his head.

"No," he said; "not we. That wouldn't be safe, captain. We shake some dust down from a sauceman w' holes in the bottom."

"There are clever people as well as myself," thought the captain. "One thing more," he added, rubbing his finger along the barrel of the revolver to remind his captive that he was still on guard. "I watched you come out of the ivy in the chapel, and descend from the roof. How did you manage that?"

"That's the easiest part, captain," he said. "I can walk along the ledge, as ain't very broad, 'tis true, but do look from down here narrower than it be—"

"I see," said the captain. "But the descent—how is that arranged?"

"By a wire and a spring," said Willie. "There's a big spring hid up in that ivy, and wher I swings off that ledge the spring lets the wire down; when I lets go, up goes the wire—not up the roof, you know, but just enough to keep it out of sight. Wire's a difficult thing to distinguish in the light of this place, and it ain't thick, like rope."

"I have it all," said the captain. "Clever, very clever. There are other heads behind yours, my friend," he muttered.

"And now what be you going to do, captain?" asked Willie, anxiously.

"I've behaved honorable and answered up true and straight, like an honest man. What be you going to do?"

"I will think," said the captain.

"I should think you'd never be so hard as to interfere with an honest man's living, captain?" pleaded Willie, gruffly. "It don't make no odds to you if we do give the customs a slip now and then and run a small cargo."

"A small cargo," said the captain significantly. "You have been rather busy lately, if I mistake not, my friend!"

"Well, we have so," admitted Willie, candidly, "we have so, and," he added, desperately, "there be a cargo waiting for us now, captain."

"Now?" asked the captain.

"Ay, this very minute," assented Willie. "I've been down to see if it be all clear, and was going down to fetch the boys when you caught me—may the devil take ye!—and if it's there long we'll lose it and get the ship owners into trouble most like."

"Give the signal," said the captain.

"I have a proposal to make."

"Stand behind that pillar, then," said Willie. "If the boys was to come up suddenly and see us like this they might think as I played them false, and drop us both without so much as a 'did' or 'didn't' ye!"

(To be Continued.)

Sealing Commission.

(Friday, Jan. 28th.)
WILLIAM J. BARTLETT, sworn to Dr. Lloyd—Belongs to Brigus, and is master of the sealer Terra Nova. Has been prosecuting the seal fishery sixteen years as master, and thirty-one as master. Has been about twenty years at the Gulf fishery. Remember 31st of March last and the 30th. The show began falling and the weather commenced on Monday midnight. Witness read extracts taken from notes at the time as to weather conditions in the vicinity of St. Paul's, and other particulars of the voyage. On Tuesday the ship was in a pan of ice all day, snowing hard with strong wind, unfit for men to be on the ice. On Wednesday it was much colder. Was in company with the Southern Cross most of the voyage. Witness was not on board but some of his crew were. Two were on board March 23rd when she was fairly well fished, but had not all her seals aboard. Does not know how many were fished, when she left the ice. Witness always thought the Southern Cross a fine ship, but did not know much of her last season. The only mistake made by the Southern Cross was that he did not harbour, instead of continuing the voyage on the morning of her loss. The barometer on the Terra Nova did not indicate bad weather on the 30th, in opinion of witness, was that he did not harbour, instead of continuing the voyage, though seals are invariably based on the ice all night. Men can supply themselves with a sufficiency of food going on the ice, and no man ever complained of the quality or quantity of food to witness in all his experience.

To Judge Johnson.—Witness did not think the high bulwarks of the Southern Cross was a cause of great danger. Witness did not mean that the Southern Cross was lost because the Capt. did not harbour, but rather that the chances of the crew were better, when it was just an opinion, however. Seals on deck are not a danger, but rather the reverse. Witness prefers dorries to other boats for seal fishery and they are more useful in a heavy sea. In the matter of food, witness thought there was not much cause for complaint. As to clothing, witness might be room for improvement, but a solution of the difficulty is not easy. Most of the trouble as to accommodation of the crew is with the crew themselves, owing to carelessness and uncleanly habits.

To the Chief Justice.—It is usual for the men to come on board at sunset or soon after.

MOSES BARTLETT, sworn to Dr. Lloyd.—Belongs to Brigus. Has been going to the ice about 28 years, five springs as master. Was on the Terra Nova last spring as second hand. Remember the 31st March last, when it was snowing in the morning, growing worse during the day, until night when it was quite cold and stormy. The men were on board all day, except about 25, for a short time in the morning. Was master of the Southern Cross in 1909, the only year. She was a good sea boat in strong breeze. She was as good as any of the wooden ships, as far as witness knew.

To Judge Johnson.—A load line might be all right for greater safety, though it was not often the ships get such large cargoes. Witness thinks a thorough inspection of all ships in the holds, the engine room, the timbers, should be made every year by an independent inspector. The dory is the best boat for the seal fishery and would live where punts would swamp. Four miles is a reasonable distance for men to be away from their ships, and captains should not be allowed to send them further, unless arrangements were made for their protection on another ship. A law regulating clothing for sealers would not be practical, as the men would evade it. Witness is of opinion that something gave out in connection with the engines. There was difficulty in connection with the rose pipe when he was master, owing to choking near the rose, else she would have weathered the storm. The master should be alone responsible for shipping the crew, as he will then select good men, who will be amenable to his orders. Witness does not know how the disasters of last spring could have been averted. If a ship is fully loaded before she has enough, though if near port, seals on deck would not be dangerous. At times seals are put on deck for trimming purposes.

The Commission meets again this afternoon.



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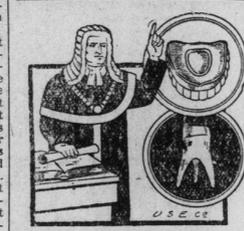
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Phone 768.

At the City Hall.

The Chairman and all the members of the Board, except Mr. I. C. Morris, were present at last night's meeting of the Civic Commission.

E. English wrote re concrete sidewalk on Queen's Road, and asked that the city put curbs around it. The Engineer will report.

Tenders for quarry spawls were opened. Nineteen tenders were offered quoting prices from 55 cents to 70 cents per ton. The contract will be apportioned to the lowest tenderers.

It was decided on motion of Mr. McGrath seconded by Mr. Anderson that only licensed truckmen be permitted to cart the stone to the city.

Mr. Withers dissented and an interesting discussion followed.

J. M. Devine, Gear & Co., W. Campbell and Woods Candy Stores made a joint complaint as to the inconvenience caused them by the cab stand in front of their premises. On motion of Mr. Ayre, the matter was deferred until the report of the Committee on cab stands is submitted.

The Office Committee recommended bonuses of \$35 and \$25, respectively, for two of the clerks for extra services—paying the labourers after hours on Saturdays.

Mr. Mullaly opposed the granting of the bonuses on principle, and furthermore was of the opinion that it was unfair to have matters of this kind sprung on the Board. He felt that due notice should be given. Another of the clerks had volunteered to do similar work without payment.

Mr. Harris agreed with Mr. Mullaly that due notice should be given before the Board was asked to vote on such matters, and wished to know why volunteer service was given by another clerk.

Mr. McNamara as chairman of the office Committee, explained the position as far as they were concerned, stating that previously one of the clerks was given \$25 a year for this work, and for three years the two clerks had done it without remuneration. As a compromise the sum of \$40 was now offered for past services, that would have cost \$75 at the previous rate.

Mr. Mullaly contended that the clerks had done it without remuneration. As a compromise the sum of \$40 was now offered for past services, that would have cost \$75 at the previous rate.

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Some Patriotic Women.

Some remarkable replies have been made by women to the recruiting circular which has been sent to their homes in Scotland.

"The patriotic devotion of the women is apparent in the vast majority of the papers they have returned," says the Scotsman. "Loyalty to their King, love for their country, and anger at the outrages perpetrated

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