

Plot That Failed;

Love That Would Not Be Denied.

CHAPTER XIX.

Now the captain did not want to see Mr. Leicester for at least an hour and a half.

He was also particularly anxious that the offended lovers should not meet in the meanwhile.

Therefore, he made a slight detour, and comfortably ensconced himself in the shrubbery, which commanded a view of the cliffs, the road, therefrom, and a part of the beach.

Leicester Dodson could not gain sight or speech of Violet without the captain's knowledge.

With an exercise of restraint and patience highly commendable, the schemer sat and smoked until the clock struck eleven.

Then he rose, and left his post of observation. It was almost dark, and the lights in the village twinkled in the valley like so many fireflies.

Very cautiously, after inspecting Violet's window, and satisfying himself by the light which burned in the window that Violet was still upstairs, he descended the hill, and, keeping close to the hedge, gained the village.

As it was positively necessary to the success of his plot that he should be seen by as few people as possible that evening, he diverged from the high street and approached the "Blue Lion" by a back way.

As he walked quickly thus far, he knew that Leicester could not have left the Cedars for his nightly promenade on the cliffs, or he, the captain, would have seen him.

The task before him, then, was to crouch behind the cluster of out-buildings behind the "Blue Lion," and wait for him.

By the noise and confusion inside the "Blue Lion," he could tell that Martha was preparing to turn "the boys" out, and he fancied that he could hear Jim's voice among the rest.

If it should be so, and the collision could be brought about between the drunken ruffian and Leicester Dodson, how much trouble would be spared him!

While he was listening and watching impatiently, he saw the star, which Jim had seen shoot up from the sea, and which the captain knew for the signal from the smugglers' vessel rise into the air.

"They'll come now," he muttered. "They'll come; and that young idiot not here yet!"

Even as he spoke, and raised his hand to wipe the perspiration which excitement had raised upon his forehead, Martha's shrill voice could be heard.

"Out with you! You've had enough to-night, and more than enough! As for you, Jim Starling, you're a disgrace to the house, and I wish that master of yours had hunted you out of the village."

"He's no master o' mine," hiccoughed Jim's voice, as the small crowd poured out. He's a nasty, mean sneak as used me when he wanted me, and then turned me off! But he can't give me the sack so easily! I'll be even with him! I know—I know—"

"Come on, and hold your tongue!" cried two or three voices, and the captain knew that there were several hands dragging the drunken man away.

And at that moment, Jim uttered a snarl, and the captain, peering out to ascertain the cause, saw that Leicester Dodson was striding down the path.

CHAPTER XX.

Leicester came striding down, apparently unconscious of the scene and the actors.

As he passed the group, who drew back to let him go by, he turned his head slightly, and frowned at Jim, who had suddenly become sober, and stood, with hangdog head, looking upward from the corners of his evil, little eyes.

"Seems cut up about summat," said one of the men.

"Crossed in love," said Job, with a



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laugh. "But that's no business o' yours, lads."

The men, with Job and Willie at their head, ran down to the beach, and again the captain saw the signal fly out into the night.

"No time to lose," he muttered. "Now, will this drunken fellow get out of the way and let me go to work?"

As if he had heard the unspoken question, Jim stopped suddenly, and, after looking round cunningly, turned off to the right and commenced ascending the steep path which led to the cliffs.

He was following in the immediate wake of Leicester Dodson.

The arch plotter, who had pulled all the wires which had moved the passions of both men, softly and swiftly followed up behind, to make the murderer's task easy and effective!

Fanting and breathless, the captain at last descried the thickest figure of Jim crouching on the path. With a stealthy caution, the captain crept up to him, and whispered his name.

With a guilty start, and a smothered oath, the ruffian turned.

"Hush!" said the captain. "I've followed you—"

Before he could proceed, the idea of treachery and capture had taken hold of Jim's mind, and, with a livid face, he sprang upon his late master.

In an instant they were locked in each other's arms, and struggling for dear life, afraid to speak for fear of alarming their joint victim, who stood or lay on the grass farther up the cliff, and out of sight.

With a fearful tenseness, they rocked to and fro, struggling each to get the upper hand of the other.

Nearer and nearer they approached the edge of the cliff.

The captain's brain grew dizzy—he felt himself falling, but by an effort gigantic and overwhelming, called up all his strength to play a feint.

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With a slight cry, he glared over Jim's shoulder, as if he saw some one or something.

The feint took effect. For half an instant Jim relaxed his hold, and turned his head.

In that stroke of time the captain had freed one arm.

A knife flashed through the night and buried itself in Jim's breast. With a muffled cry and a gasp, he threw up his arms, then fell like a log on the sward.

Instantly the captain bent down, and, opening one thick clammy hand, pressed into it the white, crushed lily which he wore in his buttonhole.

The dying man's hand closed on the flower, and his eyes opened, with a glare of hate and distrust. Then, as the light died out of them, the captain dragged the body of his accomplice and tool to the edge of the cliff and hurled it over.

So short, though deadly, had been the struggle for the mastery that nothing, not a coat, or collar, was torn, and, after passing his handkerchief over his brow, he was about to hurry on, when he remembered the knife, which, in the excitement, had slipped from his hand.

He went on his hands and knees and searched carefully, but could not find it.

"It must have gone over with him," he muttered, and he decided, after a still more careful examination of the ground, that it had.

All further search for it was rendered impossible by the sound of footsteps.

Looking up, he saw the stalwart figure of Leicester Dodson coming swiftly down toward him.

Instantly, he called out, and without anxiety:

"Is that you, Mr. Leicester?"

"It is," came back Leicester's deep, stern voice.

"I am so glad," replied the captain. "I have been looking for you everywhere!"

"Were you sent to find me?"

"I should not have come on my own account, much as I esteem our society," said the captain, with a grave laugh. "I have come from the woman to whom you have lost your heart, and whom you have lashed and tortured by your romantic upbraidings and reproaches. Don't be offended with me. I have had my days of romance and sentiment, though I am not much older than you. Why, how much older am I? A few years, only, if any."

Leicester moved impatiently.

"For Heaven's sake, do not keep me in suspense!" he cried. "You say that Violet—Miss Mildmay—sent for me? Where is she?"

"Where should she be but in her own house?" said the captain, banteringly. "Come, my dear fellow, you have made yourself and her quite miserable enough for one night, and I have come to make you both happy!"

"You came from her?" said Leicester.

"Yes, to tell you that you are mistaken, that your reproaches were groundless, that she is not heartless, and, as from herself, she bade me tell you that she required your forgiveness and good will. The word and the thing—needed between you is 'peace'—no more, mind!" he added, as Leicester wiped the perspiration from his brow. "No more! We do not say any warmer word! For the present, it is only peace!"

Leicester held out his hand.

"Captain—Murpoint," he said, and his voice struggled for calm. "I have wronged you. You are a good fellow, for no other than an honest, simple-hearted, good-natured gentleman would have taken so much trouble to bring happiness to an obstinate, wooden-headed, conceited young fool—"

"No, no," said the captain, disclaimingly, as he shook the hot hand cordially.

"And she sent for me!" continued Leicester, in a rhapsody of gratitude and love. "Bless her gentle heart! What a brute I must have seemed to her! I said more than I meant, captain. I swear I did; I was mad at the time, mad with jealousy and love and wounded vanity. But enough of that. Where is she?"

"I left Violet hiding snugly in the old chapel."

Leicester started, and a slight shadow of suspicion clouded his joy.

"Hiding in the old chapel? Why should she do that?" he asked.

"That she can best tell," said the captain. "Of course, she does not expect to see you, and you are not compelled to come. The fact is, we were out for a walk, and, finding her low-spirited, I drew from her the cause. I left her seated on the old tomb, and there she sits now, depend on it, or I am much out in my estimate of a lover's endurance."

Leicester paused a second.

"You need not come so far," said the captain; "she may have gone on."

"I would go to the end of the world on the chance of seeing her to-night," said Leicester.

"Come along, then!" exclaimed the captain. "Take my arm."

Leicester raised his arm; the captain at the same moment raised his, and, happening to stumble at the moment over a loose stone, his hand struck Leicester's hat off.

"Tut, tut!" he exclaimed, with annoyance. "How stupid and clumsy of me! I thought you were going to take my arm, and I tumbled over a stone. I wonder whether I can get it!" and he heaved the edge.

"No, no!" exclaimed Leicester, impatiently. "Confound the hat! What does it matter? Come away, or you'll stumble again, perhaps, and pop over. 'Tis death if you do."

"Ah, well, I am afraid it has gone over," said the captain, apparently much vexed at his own carelessness. "I wish it had been my hat instead of yours."

"No matter," said Leicester. "Come on; remember that she is waiting there all alone."

Arm in arm, Captain Howard Murpoint and Leicester Dodson descended the cliff.

The heart of the latter was beating fast with joy born of hope.

In a few minutes he should be near his sweet Violet; should, perhaps, clasp her in his arms—for might she not in the excitement of the moment be won to confess that she returned him love for love?

"Come along!" he said. "Every moment—"

"Gently!" replied the captain, cheerily. "Remember, this path is narrow and somewhat dangerous; a false step, and over we should be."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Leicester, who felt fit for any mad thing. "I could run down it blindfolded."

Thus exhorted, the captain quickened his pace.

While going through the village, Leicester nodded toward the "Blue Lion."

"All quiet now," he said. "As I passed this evening they were just coming out. By the way, your old servant still remains at Penruddle; he was drunk, as usual, to-night, and noisy."

"Oh, he is quiet now—I dare say asleep," said the captain, with a sardonic grin in the darkness.

(To be Continued.)

Not Worth While.

The night of death will soon descend; a few short years and then the end, and perfect rest is ours; forgotten by the busy throng, we'll sleep, while seasons roll along, beneath the grass and flowers. Our sojourn in this world is brief, so why go hunting care and grief, why have a troubled mind? And what's the use of getting mad, and making folks around us sad, by saying words unkindly? Why not abjure the base and mean, why not be sunny and serene, from spite and envy free? Why not be happy while we may, and make our little earthly stay a joyous jamboree? We're here for such a little while! And then we go and leave the pile for which we strive and strain; worn out and broken by the grind, we go, and leave our wads behind—such efforts all in vain. We break our hearts and twist our souls acquiring large and useless rolls of coins and kindred things, and when we reach St. Peter's Town, they will not buy a sheet-iron crown, or cast-off pair of wings. Why scheme and sweat and skimp and save? The money will not buy a grave much better than the one in which the village pauper lies; in this brief life that man is wise who has his share of fun.

KING'S LINIMENT CURE

WILLY MASON

THIS MORNING'S TEMPERATURES.—At 8 a.m. to-day the following were the principal temperatures along the line of railway:—Quarry, 5 below; Bishop's Falls, 3 above; Clarendville, 5 above; Humbermouth, 10 above; Port aux Basques, 5 above. In the city the thermometer registered 2 above at Signal Hill.

This Date in History.

FEBRUARY 5.

Days Past—35 To Come—239

THOMAS CARLYLE died 1881, aged 86. The Sage of Chelsea has produced some of the most memorable works of his century. His "French Revolution," "Past and Present," and "Frederick the Great" were works of noble conception, of undoubted brilliancy, and lofty aspiration.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, born 1788. English Statesman, whose name is associated with the re-organization of the London police, which explains the nickname of "peelers"; the "relief" of the Roman Catholics, and the repeal of the Corn Laws.

KING GEORGE V. and the QUEEN returned from India, 1912.

The end of a man is an action, and not a thought, though it were the noblest.

THE VALUE OF POTATOES. Potatoes are valuable raw material for the manufacture of potato flour, dextrine, dextrose, and potato starch, as well as potato spirit. But the Germans took the opportunity which we rejected, and their annual production has risen to about a quarter of the whole potato crop of Europe and the United States, and it is Germany which has monopolized the world's market in potato spirit, potato flakes (cattle food), sugar, cornflour, starch, macaroni, etc., and found for all her products a ready market in England. Now is the chance to recover something from her, and it may well be that a path towards that goal is by way of co-operation.—Agricultural Economist.

Nervous Dyspepsia, Gas or Indigestion

Each "Pape's Diapiesin" digests 3000 grains food, ending all stomach misery in five minutes.

Time it! Pape's Diapiesin will digest anything you eat and overcome a sour, gassy or out-of-order stomach surely within five minutes.

If your meals don't sit comfortably, or what you eat lies like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn, that is a sign of indigestion.

Get from your pharmacist a fifty-cent box of Pape's Diapiesin and take a dose just as soon as you can. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach, nausea, debilitating headaches, dizziness or intestinal griping. This will all go, and, besides, there will be no sour food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapiesin is certain cure for out-of-order stomachs, because it takes hold of your food and digests it just the same as if your stomach wasn't there.

Relief in five minutes from all stomach misery is waiting for you at any drug store.

These large fifty-cent boxes contain enough Pape's Diapiesin to keep the entire family free from stomach disorders and indigestion for many months. It belongs in your home.

S. U. F. Patriotic Meeting.

Under the auspices of the St. John's Lodge, S. U. F., the fourth of the series of Patriotic Lectures was given at the British Hall last night, J. A. CURR, Esq., M. H. A., W. G. M. occupied the chair, and amongst those present were Rt. Hon. Sir E. P. Morris, R. J. Devereaux, M. H. A., H. Earle, and many other prominent citizens. The speakers were Messrs. J. M. Kent, K.C., and H. E. Cowan both of whom dealt with the war in an interesting manner. The causes leading up to the struggle, the preparations of Germany since 1870, the violation of the neutrality of Belgium, the massacre of innocent women and children, and other unseemly outrages, were dealt with in a forceful manner. The cause of Britain is a righteous one, and the noble response of the Colonies has amply shown the solidity of the Empire. In his closing remarks Mr. Cowan paid a special tribute to the Newfoundlanders who have rallied to the defence of the Empire.

Dr. Rendell, at the request of the Chairman, also addressed the gathering. He emphasized the necessity of our assistance to the Motherland during the present crisis, and showed that with such patriotism, as has been manifested since the outbreak of hostilities, the result will be a lasting victory for the Allies.

At the close a hearty vote of thanks was accorded the speakers by acclamation.

During the evening songs and recitations were given by Miss Langmaid, Messrs. Watson and King while Miss Pippy acted as accompanist.

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Grove Hill Bulletin This Week!

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The Home Dressmaker should have a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

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Ladies' Negligee or Dressing Sack and Cap.

This attractive house sack may be developed in silk or cotton crepe, pique, lawn, flannel, cashmere or flannel. Feather stitching, lace, ribbon or braid binding or embroidery may be used as trimming. The sack is fitted with belt at the waistline. It has a simple, and the peplum is a good feature. The sleeve is finished with a neat cuff. The Pattern is cut in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust measure. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. For the cap, 1/2 yard of 27 inch material over embroidery, or lawn, pique, dimity, dotted Swiss and silk are suitable.

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

9821-A NEW CORSET COVER

Ladies' One Piece Corset Cover, Round, Square or "V" Neck Edges.

Suitable for all over embroidery, lawn, batiste, cambric, muslin, etc., or silk. Any desired trimming may be used. The design is very simple and easy to make. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 1 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. A pattern of this illustration made to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

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Per S.S. "Stephano."

January 23, 1915.

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JAMES STOTT. MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GRASS GET IN COWS.

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