

**Plot That Failed;**  
—OR—  
**Love That Would Not Be Denied.**

CHAPTER XV.

"One cannot suppose for one minute," continued the captain, "that a man of the world like Leicester Dodson can entertain any serious intention of making a proposal to Violet. No, my dear lady; men of his class strike at higher game." He paused, and did not fail to notice the sudden drooping of the wily countess' eyelids. "They, or their fathers, have made money by trade, and with that money they desire—say, they look to purchase rank. It is their ambition. They have it instilled into them with the food of their infancy; they look forward to it as the final goal of their endeavors. Yes, Leicester Dodson intends to marry rank, and," he continued, in a lower voice and with a subtle significance, "and will do so if some foolish flirtation does not act as a stumbling-block."

The countess raised her face languidly.

She understood the captain, and she began to see that he was on her side.

He meant by his delicate confidence to warn her that if the flirtation between Leicester Dodson, the millionaire's son, and Violet Mildmay, the merchant's daughter, were not stopped, the countess would lose the aforesaid Leicester and his money bags for her daughter, Lady Ethel.

The captain continued:

"I may describe the position of Violet as very similar, yet with a difference. She, my dear lady, though I, so biased and partial, should not give it utterance perhaps, is a most charming and lovable girl; but she is simple—simple in the extreme, unsophisticated. She would be the first to be led away and deceived into thinking a foolish flirtation, a midsummer day's flirtation, a serious love affair and a binding engagement. Now I am sure that must not be. No, she is reserved and intended for a different and may I say a happier and more suitable fate?" By the way, did you say that Mr. Leicester Dodson came over himself this morning?"

"Yes," said the countess.

The captain smoothed his hat.

"I hope you will not think the less of him for what I have said, my dear lady."

"Oh, no," said Lady Lackland, "not in any way. Besides, you have not said much," she added, "only that he is somewhat of a flirt."

"And that you have noticed yourself," said the captain, with ill-concealed eagerness—"you who have so many better opportunities of observing him in the society which you so much adorn."

"Yes," said Lady Lackland, "I think perhaps that he is a flirt. He would be a very eligible young man if he were a little more steadfast; but one cannot put old heads on young shoulders, Captain Murpoint."

"No, no," said the captain. And with a delicate emphasis he shook hands and took his leave, repeating to himself Lady Lackland's reply as he went. It was not a very important one; but we shall see how by deftly twisting and turning it Captain Murpoint effected a great deal with it.



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As the captain rode home the storm gathered and broke upon him.

The wind nearly blew him from his horse and the rain saturated him.

At the Park he found the servants in a state of confusion and alarm, and learned that the ladies had not yet come home.

Without dismounting he galloped down the steep hill to the beach, which presented a picturesque scene enough, but a sufficiently significant one.

Just within reach of the spray stood a small crowd composed of the fishermen and their wives and children and the principal part of the village.

Lower down, and seemingly in the foremost waves themselves, were Willie Sanderson and two or three of his mates, vainly endeavoring to launch one of the boats.

By their side, in close and agitated conversation with Mr. Starling, was Jemmie, Sanderson's lame brother.

The captain spurred his horse across the stones and shouted, loud enough to be heard above the roar of the waves:

"Has the yacht come in?"

Willie Sanderson shook his head, and significantly pointed seaward.

Jem Starling came up and touched his hat and, bellowing hoarsely in the captain's ear, said:

"No, she ain't come in, sir," and these chaps be all in a regular state about her. "They say—"

But the captain was too anxious as to the situation to receive anything second-hand, and beckoned imperiously to Willie Sanderson, who came up to him.

"Do you think there is any danger?" asked the captain, in a voice slightly tremulous.

Willie Sanderson shook his head gravely.

"Can't say exactly, sir. All depends upon where she be. I knows as the skipper said they were to sail south and tack round. If so be they have, why then they're close agin' the North Reef by now, and—"

"Well, well," asked the captain, with feverish eagerness.

"Well, then, may Heaven help 'em!" said Willie, solemnly.

The captain's white, strong hand clutched the reins tightly, and his thin lips compressed with restrained emotion.

If the yacht were on the North Reef she would be wrecked, and in all probability Violet, her aunt, and Leicester Dodson, Fitz and Lady Ethel would be drowned.

All the eventualities, the results, and the personal consequences of such a fatality rushed through the captain's brain, and Jim, who was standing by the horse's head, watching his master, saw a gleam of fateful joy flash across the pale, masterful face. Perhaps the captain knew that he had seen it, for the next instant his face had assumed a look of alarm and anxiety, and with a burst of excitement not altogether feigned, he flung himself from the saddle, shouting:

"Launch the boat! We must go to her. Who volunteers?"

The men looked out to sea, then shook their heads.

"Launch the boat! We must go to her. Who volunteers?"

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"No boat could live in this, sir," shouted Willie Sanderson, "and if she could, by the time we'd get to the North Reef, the storm would be over. Look now, it's clearing off a bit to northward."

The storm abated and passed off as rapidly as it had gathered and broken, and the wet crowd, about an hour afterward, had the extreme pleasure of describing a white speck on the horizon, which soon grew to be the familiar form of the Petrel.

She sailed in, with all her canvas crowded, looking as unconcerned as a swan on a lake after an April shower, and the crowd burst into a cheer of mingled excitement and admiration.

But the captain had determined that there should be a little display of emotion, and therefore when the Petrel ran into the little rude harbor he hurried forward and sprang on to her deck, his two hands outstretched to grasp Violet and Mrs. Mildmay with his face pale and grateful.

With soft but emphatic gratitude and anxiety he went from one to the other of the ladies, while Leicester, in command of the vessel, was seeing that all was made secure.

When he was free he turned to where Fitz and Bertie were assisting the ladies to alight and eyed the captain with a calm, keen scrutiny.

"Alarmed, were you, Captain Murpoint?" he said, in his grand, clear voice. "What would you have been if you had been fated to be with us?"

"Not so much alarmed or so anxious," said the captain, with a smile that was a finished piece of calm reproach. "For I should at least have had the satisfaction of sharing in the danger of my friends."

Leicester smiled grimly and stooped to lend Violet his hand over the gangway.

"A poor satisfaction, captain. There was not much danger, or if there was it did not last long. The Petrel will see out many a worse summer gale than this. But I am sorry," he added, addressing Mrs. Mildmay, with a much more eager tone in his voice, "I am so sorry you should have been so alarmed and made so uncomfortable! And—oh, here is the carriage," he said. And he ran up the beach as the carriage Jem had ordered drove up to the parade.

He held the door as Mrs. Mildmay and Violet entered, but though his dark eyes sought hers Violet's made him no return, and her "good-by" was as dreamy and indistinct as her gaze.

Leicester returned to the Petrel to assist Lady Ethel, in a state of mind not enviable.

"I drive you home, Lady Ethel, if you are too tired," he said, "but if you are not my mother will be delighted beyond measure to make you comfortable. What do you say, Fitz? Will you take refuge with us for to-night? I'll ride over to Coombe Lodge and set Lady Lackland's fears at rest."

Now Fitz was very willing to stay so near Violet Mildmay, and Ethel was not unwilling, though she demurred.

But Leicester's strong will decided for them, and it followed that they were on their way to the Cedars while he was galloping toward Coombe Lodge to apprise Lady Lackland of her children's safety and their

whereabouts, also to order a box of clothes, which Ethel declared was positively necessary.

The captain's attention continued during the journey home and even to the door of the ladies' rooms, for he insisted that they should take precautions against colds, and in his quiet, unassuming way saw that their comforts were attended to.

So it followed that Violet's maid was waiting with hot water, a fire fit to roast an ox, and an amount of commiseration altogether too much for Violet's patience.

The first thing she did was to throw up the window and lean out upon her white, well-rounded arms, the next, after inhaling a long breath of the storm-freshened air, was to request Marie to suppress the fire as quickly as possible and throw out the hot water.

Marie picked off the coals daintily and walked away. Directly she had gone Violet slipped the bolt on the door and dropped down upon the bed with a long-drawn sigh.

"My darling! my darling! Did he say that to me or was I dreaming? Oh, no, he never could have said it; I must have been dreaming, I did nearly faint, and so I must have fancied that he said so. He could not; it is not possible. He has never been anything else but grave and courteous, he would not forget himself in a moment; his is not the kind of nature—no, no, it is absurd!" And she sighed and smiled.

"I cannot think what is coming to me lately. I am all fancies and dreams and nonsensical imaginings. First I fancy I see a villain in my father's oldest friend, then I fancy I see a ghost in the old tower, and now, the maddest thing of all, I fancy I hear a grave, well-bred gentleman like Leicester Dodson address me as 'his darling.' Oh, it is absurd!"

A dinner—partly froth and partly a rechauffe of the ruined one—was served up, and the captain did his best to raise the spirits of the ladies.

Mrs. Mildmay, whose very ignorance of nautical matters had preserved her from alarm, was very cheerful and praised the yacht and all pertaining to it with liberal amiability, and, as for the storm, why, if Violet did not take cold, which after her warm bath she would not be likely to, it only added a zest to the trip.

Violet smiled with grave amusement, and did not think fit to enlighten her aunt as to the fate of the hot water, and the captain chimed in as usual from his leaning post outside the veranda, where he smoked a cigar of an evening within speaking distance of the ladies inside.

"I called at Coombe Lodge this morning," he said, with a pause which he filled up with his cigar.

Violet, who lay on a couch, had closed her eyes, but the captain saw that she was not asleep.

(To be Continued.)

**See If The Child's Tongue Is Coated**

Mother! Don't hesitate! If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without rapping, and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative"; they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeiters sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.

Beginning with January 1st, the German administration in Belgium closed the Belgian borders against all-comers. No more passports will be issued or recognized except the military pass. The cause for this unusual precaution is not known, but it is believed to have been ordered to prevent espionage.

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**M. C. L. I. Debate.**

The weekly session of the Methodist College Literary Institute was held last night and was largely attended. The subject for debate was: "Is it in the opinion of this Institute that the people of this country are now prepared for Confederation with Canada?" The leaders for the affirmative were Messrs. G. Peters, E. V. Wylie and Curtis, while the negative was supported by Messrs. W. White, R. P. Holloway and P. H. Cowan. The affirmatives contended that, while a direct answer to the question would be negative, still the advantages of Confederation once appreciated, would find immediate support. Such advantages as reduction of the cost of living, a bounty on fish, better rail and steamship communication, opportunities for the development of our industries, preferential tariff, etc., would, they held, accrue from union with Canada. The negative in support of their position, proceeded to show why Confederation would be disadvantageous to Newfoundland, illustrating their remarks by references to the lower provinces, which had been slow in development. The matter of taxation, reduction of the cost of living, industries, were interestingly dealt with by all the speakers, after which a general discussion followed which brought forth intelligent opinions from all who took part. Upon the vote being taken, the decision was in favor of the negatives. Amongst the visitors were Capt. Ell Dawe and A. B. Morine, both of whom spoke, and expressed their pleasure on being present at such an interesting debate.

**Volunteers Re-Union and Presentation.**

Last night at Wood's West End Restaurant an enjoyable re-union was held by the members of the Second Contingent who were examined for non-commissioned officers. An appetizing menu was disposed of after which the appended toast list was taken up:—

The King—Prop. the Chairman, "God Save the King."

Our Guests—Prop. K. Keegan; Resp. W. J. Higgins, M. H. A.

The Ladies—Prop. W. D. Edwards; Resp. W. L. Woods.

Our Regiment—Prop. J. J. O'Grady; Resp. S. R. Smith.

The Chairman—Prop. K. Hickey; Resp. V. Warren.

The speeches, though brief, were humorous and interesting, interspersed with excellent and instrumental selections rendered by Messrs. Woods, Edwards, Fox, Walsh, E. Higgins, Hickey, De Lige, Selars, Burnham, Martin and Rowe.

The principal part of the program and that which prompted the re-union was the presentation of a splendid case of pipes and tobacco pouch to Battalion Sergeant-Major Moore, accompanied by the following address: Dear Sir,—

We, the undersigned members of the Reserve Force for the First Newfoundland Regiment who have been candidates at the examinations for non-commissioned officers recently held, desire to express our sincere thanks to you for the very great interest taken in us during our course of instruction from you.

We recognize that we have been particularly privileged in being trained by you, as we are aware that your wide range of military knowledge is the result of very many years of active service in that army which has been such a factor in upsetting the plans of the mad War Lord whose anticipated triumphal march has been so effectually arrested.

We have not yet been informed if we have all succeeded in qualifying for the "stripe" which marks our first step on the road which you have so well travelled, but we all feel that any individual disappointments that may come in this direction are not due to any lack of care and painstaking on your part.

We would ask your acceptance of the accompanying little souvenir of our appreciation of your work, and would express the hope that before it has outlived its usefulness we shall again meet after our having done credit to the instruction you have imparted to us, honour to the country we shall represent, and brought perpetual peace and glory to the Empire at whose call we go to do our small share in the fight for freedom and right.

Chairman V. Warren made the presentation in a neat and happy speech. The recipient responded fittingly, thanking the donors for their generous gift. The affair terminated with the singing of Tipperary and the National Anthem.

**EARLSHALL DUE.**—The bark EarlsHall is now due here from Brazil. It is thought that she is one of the vessels reported off Cape Race on Sunday last, and have been detained by ice since.

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**LATEST From the Front**

11.00 A.M.

**JOFFRE CONTINUES NIBBLING.**

Official.—From the sea to Lys there were yesterday artillery exchanges from Lys to Somme, on the plateau of Notre Dame d' Lorette there occurred on the night of Jan. 19th an engagement reported as follows: To the south of the Somme on the Aisne, there were some artillery engagements, in the course of which we silenced the batteries of the enemy. In the Champagne and Rhems, in the region of Proans Le Marquises Morenvillers, we demolished certain German field works and forced the enemy to evacuate his trenches and brought about an explosion of a depot of ammunition. There has been no change in the Argentine. To the southeast of St. Mihiel in the forest of Apremont, we occupied 150 yards of German trenches and repulsed counter attacks. To the northwest of Pont a Mousson, Forest of Laprette, the enemy succeeded in violent counter attacks in reoccupying about twenty of five hundred yards of trenches taken by us in recent days. Generally speaking we are holding ourselves securely in this position. In the region of Silberbach and Hartman there has been intense fighting. Since the night of Jan. 19th and 20th, we are progressing slowly over territory presenting great difficulties.

**BERLIN CLAIMS GAINS AND ADMITS LOSSES.**

BERLIN, To-day.—(Official.) In the western theatre of war only artillery duels took place yesterday between east and Place Lys. The trenches of Notre Dame de Lorette which we occupied on the day before yesterday were lost again today. Northeast of Arras the French repeatedly attacked both sides of the high road from Arras to Lille, but were repulsed. Southwest of Arras on Bac we took two trenches from the French and kept them, notwithstanding their heroic counter attacks. The French attacks on our positions southwest of St. Mihiel were repulsed. Northwest of Pont a Mousson we succeeded in reoccupying positions evacuated three days ago. In that vicinity our troops captured four cannon and several prisoners. Fighting still continues for the remainder of the trenches. In the Vosges, northwest of Sionning, the battle still proceeds. The situation in West Prussia remains the same. Uninterrupted engagements east of Lipnow ended favorable for us; a hundred prisoners remained in our hands.

**RUSSIANS HOLDING CLOSE.**

PETROGRAD, To-day.—(Official.) There has been no change in Oriental Prussia. In the vicinity of Miawa we are holding close contact with the enemy, every effort on the part of the German to penetrate our lines has failed.

**GERMAN CLAIM ON RIGHT IN AIR RAID.**

LONDON, To-day.—Reuter's Amsterdam correspondent sends the following despatch from Berlin, giving the German official version of the airship raid on the English coast. Our airships in order to attack the fortified town of Great Yarmouth, were obliged to fly over other towns from which it is stated they were fired at. These attacks were answered by throwing bombs. England has not right to be indignant as her flying machines and ships, and in broad daylight have attacked open towns such as Freiburg, Dares, Salem and Swakopmund. The air craft is acknowledged to be a legitimate weapon for carrying on modern warfare as long as their operations are conducted in accordance with the rules of International Law. This has been done by our dirigibles. The German nation is forced by England to fight for its existence and cannot be compelled to forego the employment of legitimate means of self-defence and will not do it relying upon her good rights.

**THE PAST TWO MONTHS WAS FAVORABLE TO ALLIES, CLAIMS THE FRENCH OFFICIAL REPORT.**

LONDON, To-day.—The battle of the trenches in Flanders and France continues almost without cessation from the sea to the Swiss border. In the mud of Flanders, the floods of the Aisne Valley and the snows of Argonne and Vosges, the soldiers of Germany and allied nations keep up a continual fight to hold what they possess and take something from that held by the enemy. According to a long official report of fighting during the past two months, issued by the French War Staff today, this method of siege operations largely favored the Allies, who while they have gained ground on almost every part of the front have been forced to give way only one or two times of Soissons. They are being put

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