

Plot That Failed; Love That Would Not Be Denied.

CHAPTER VIII. "I beg pardon," said Jem, humbly, "but I thought I was doing right. This ere inspector was a man from London, and he might have spotted either of us—"

"Enough," said the captain, with a displeased frown. "You were right to be cautious, and to give me warning, but you should have taken a better way in which to do it. Your grinning face and that stupid business of the letter were enough to arouse the suspicions of a child. Has the inspector gone?"

"Yes, captain," said Jem, "went last night. Found everything satisfactory; the force in fine condition, and the reserve able and active. He'll be!" "What are you laughing at?" said the captain.

"There's only one policeman—bar the coastguard, which don't count—in the place," grinned Jem. "Only one policeman—and the coastguard!" mused the captain. Then he muttered, "All the better," and dismissing his faithful servant, he prepared for his bath.

For a week Violet felt very dull, and the captain, who watched her closely behind his well-assumed simplicity and carelessness, found that all his amusing stories, songs and little pieces of acting failed to amuse her, and he was not surprised to hear Mrs. Mildmay say at breakfast one morning:

"My dear Violet, you want a change of scene. You look tired, my child. If we can persuade Captain Murpoint to accompany us, we will go up to town for a week or two."

"The captain bowed. "I must be taking my flight soon, my dear madam. I have made a long stay."

Violet looked up with one of her frank, open glances. "You will not go yet?" she said. "You will make this your home Captain Murpoint, as you would have done if my father were master here."

"The captain's eyes moistened, and his voice trembled with emotion as he bowed over to her in his courtly way.

"My dear Miss Mildmay," he said, in a low voice, "I express my gratitude for your generous, warm-hearted welcome, and though I cannot consent to make the Park my home, I will stay a little longer, for I must confess that I am loath to go—"

"Stay as long as you can—forever!" said Violet, in her impulsive way. "You are my father's best friend, and mine, therefore."

"Do not let me be a drag on any of your plans," said the captain, earnestly.

MRS. WILLIAMS' LONG SICKNESS Yields To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Elkhart, Ind.—"I suffered for fourteen years from organic inflammation, female weakness, pain and irregularities. The pains in my sides were increased by walking or standing on my feet and I had such awful bearing down feelings, I was depressed in spirits and became thin and pale with dull, heavy eyes. I had six doctors from whom I received only temporary relief. I decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial and also the Sanative Wash. I have now used the remedies for four months and cannot express my thanks for what they have done for me."

"If these lines will be of any benefit you have my permission to publish them."—Mrs. SADIE WILLIAMS, 465 James Street, Elkhart, Indiana. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

"I am an old campaigner, and can make myself comfortable anywhere. This is a charming place, but if Mrs. Mildmay would like a change pray, pray do not let me be a hindrance."

"There is plenty of room over and over again for you in Park Place," said Violet, smiling. "So you will be no hindrance, Captain Murpoint. But I do not know that auntie really means to go to town—do you, auntie?"

"Well, my dear—"

"At least," laughed Violet, "you will wait a week to think over it. You and Captain Murpoint can sit in council while I take a drive. I am going to try Dot and Spot in tandem, and she ran from the room."

"Be careful, my dear!" Mrs. Mildmay called after her, and the girl's light laugh rang back in loving mockery.

But something occurred in the next half hour which put the projected journey to London on the shelf for a while.

As Dot and Spot were trotting down the steep road, in very high spirits and showing signs of rebellion, Violet saw two gentlemen walking slowly up the hill.

Her attention was so much absorbed by the ponies that she did not bestow more than a glance upon them at first, and it was not until she had got considerably nearer to them that she recognized in one Mr. Leicester Dodson.

Impulsive, as usual, she on the instant determined to change places with that gentleman in the matter of pride, and show him that she also could be inconsistent, therefore, when she came on a level with the gentlemen, she merely responded to the up-lifting of Mr. Leicester's deer-stalker by a cool, little nod, and whipped up Dot into a sharper trot.

and, without a word, set off running across the road. "Keep tight hold of the reins!" he cried, in his deep, musical voice, as the two ponies came dashing along, with their wicked, little heads thrown back and the tiny, toy phaeton swinging and rocking behind them. "Keep a tight hand on the reins, and don't be frightened," he added, as he glanced at Violet's face, which was pale, but set fast and firm with determination and courage.

She nodded slightly to show him that she heard and would obey, and he saw the tiny, little hands close fast upon the reins.

The next instant he made a spring at the pony with such force that the little animal was nearly knocked over and dragged him to a standstill.

Snap went one of the traces, and up went Master Spot, but a round smack on the head from Leicester's hand quieted him, and then Leicester turned, with a smile, to Violet.

"You haven't acquired the art yet," he said, nodding laughingly. "I am afraid you do not use the whip enough."

Violet bit her lip with vexation for a moment in silence, then burst into a merry laugh, which had not a particle of fear in it.

"Tiresome little beast!" she said, "he would turn round! I did whip him, indeed, I did! But he was so obstinate, and so—and so—I thought I would let him go!"

Mr. Leicester smiled incredulously, and Violet, understanding the smile, laughed again.

"Well, I really do believe I could have pulled him in if I had tried a little harder!"

"Then you will not forgive me for interfering," he said.

Violet's smile changed immediately, and her beautiful eyes grew grave.

"I am only jesting," she said, in a low voice. "I know how kind you have been, and what you saved me from, and she glanced at the low wall, significantly.

"You must not try tandem alone, just yet," he said.

At that moment, which was rather an awkward one, Bertie Fairfax came up, and Leicester hastened to introduce him.

"I hope I shall get home before they have gone," said Violet. "At least, you will let me take one of you up?"

But they both declined, and Violet started, leaving Leicester and Bertie to follow with the rebellious Dot.

"Well," said Leicester, with his half cynical smile, as Bertie Fairfax looked after the disappearing phaeton. "I know you are dying to pronounce your opinion."

"I like her," said Bertie. "I think she's the most beautiful girl I've seen—bar one," he added, sotto voce, and I like the candid, fearless look of her face. Those violet, velvet eyes, too."

"Nonsense, they're brown," said Leicester, but, although his voice was mocking, Bertie knew that his praises had pleased his friend.

"You evidently think as much of her yourself, don't you?" he said, significantly, "or you wouldn't drag that little beggar a mile and a half in a midsummer sun! Leicester's reformed! The bear is tamed!"

"Pshaw!" said Leicester. "Can't a man do a civil thing once in a way but all you young puppies must yelp at him?"

"Young!" retorted Bertie. "I like that, old Methusalem! Why, hang it, I'm older than you, if I haven't such a grim mug."

Leicester laughed.

"Then you've more years than sense, Bertie; so hold your tongue, and come on. I'd give a shilling for a bottle of Bass. If this little beggar were a hand smaller we'd tie his legs sling him across your walking-stick and carry him home in triumph like a dead rabbit."

(To be Continued.)

Makes Hair Grow

The time to take care of your hair is when you have hair to take care of. If your hair is getting thin, gradually falling out, it cannot be long before the spot appears.

The greatest remedy to stop the hair from falling is SALVIA, first discovered in England. SALVIA furnishes nourishment to the hair roots, and acts so quickly that people are amazed.

Change Island Subscription to W. P. A.

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L. M. EARLE, Jan. 5, '15, Sec. Change Islds. Branch.

ROD AND GUN.

January Rod and Gun in Canada, published by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Publisher, Woodstock, Ont., is out and is a particularly attractive number.

The cover cut, which represents a beaver family, was specially designed to illustrate a story by H. Mortimer Batten entitled "Amisk the City Maker," descriptive of the every day life of a particular colony of beavers.

Frank Houghton contributes another Carl Erriesson story, "Ooming-munk," a dramatic account of the killing of a musk ox in the far North, which is characterized by the same quaint humor as was Houghton's story "His First Polar Bear" in the December issue.

R. J. Fraser writes of "Four Sailors on the Trail" which describes a winter trip by dog team from Cochrane to Rupert House.

Other stories and articles there are and the regular departments to interest the sportsman who must persevere during the winter months content himself, for the most part, by reading of the experiences of others while seated by his own fireside.

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Spare Ribs, Apples, etc.

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Henry Blair

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Massinger on War

If e'er my son follow the war, tell him it is a scheme where all the principles tending honor are taught, if truly followed; but such As repair thither, as a place in which they do presume they may with ease practice Their lusts and riots, they never merit The noble name of soldiers. In a fair cause, and for their country's safety, To run upon the cannon's mouth daunted; To obey their leaders, and shun stinities; To bear with patience the winter cold, And summer's scorching heat, not to faint, When plenty of provision fails, hunger; Are the essential points make a soldier Not swearing, dice or drinking. —Philip Massinger: "A New Way Pay Old Debts."

Count Buelow's Task Hopeless

Rome, Jan. 6.—The new German Ambassador to Italy, Prince Von Buelow, has it is reported, sent several despatches to Emperor Wilhelm declaring that any attempt to force Italy to join the central European Empires against France and England would be hopeless.

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Best Liver and Bowel Cleanser. Stomach Regulator in the world. Work while you sleep. Put a 10-cent box. Put aside—just once—the St. Pils, Castor Oil or Purgative War, which merely force a passage through the bowels, but do not thoroughly cleanse, freshen and purify these drainage organs, and have effect whatever upon the liver or stomach.

To Stimulate Recruiting. By this morning's train Messrs. E. Cowan, W. B. Grieve, W. J. Hies and Dr. V. P. Burke went to Carleton where a meeting will be held tonight with the object of stimulating recruiting. Mr. T. A. Macnab, who also went out by train, will open recruiting office after the meeting.

Fresh Turkeys

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T. J. EDENS,