



Plot That Failed;

Love That Would Not Be Denied.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Mrs. Mildmay had shaken hands with Mr. Thaxton, and invited them to be seated.

"Miss Mildmay," said Mr. Thaxton, "did I not feel sure that you are as strong of heart as you are true, I should approach the task before me with dread. As it is, I do so with reluctance."

"Stay!" said Violet, growing pale. "Answer me one question, and answer it truly. Is the business you have come about in any way connected with my marriage?"

"It is," said Mr. Thaxton, "and with something which I know weighs heavily on you, though the reality has passed long since."

Violet grew paler still. "Mr. Thaxton," she said, "I am no weak-minded schoolgirl. I have suffered much, and still live, and can bear more than you think. Be plain with me, I entreat you. You have come to speak to me of that dreadful time long past but ever present in my mind."

"I have come to speak to you of Penruddie," said Mr. Thaxton.

Violet repressed a shudder, and closed her eyes for a moment.

The three watchers knew that she was putting up a prayer for strength.

"You have come to tell me that you have discovered something in connection with that terrible, cruel time. Have you found the—the—"

"We have found the man who was guilty of that crime," said Mr. Thaxton.

Violet shuddered, but sighed.

"It is dreadful," she said, faintly.

"And I had hoped—forgive me—"

"Speak plainly on your part," said the lawyer.

"I had hoped that you might have found some trace of him who was wrongfully, cruelly accused of that crime. The noble soul whom I loved and helped to slay!"

And she clasped her hands.

"I have found more than that," said Mr. Thaxton.

Violet rose with wild eyes.

"Tell me!" she cried. "You have found him?"

"Hush!" said Mr. Thaxton. "You promised to be strong."

Violet sank back and covered her face with her hands.

Mr. Thaxton bent over to her and took her hand.

"A great part of my task is done," he said. "I come to prepare you for a great and terrible trial, perhaps of sorrow, perhaps of joy. Tell me, are you strong enough to bear it? Are you strong enough to see the guilty

punished, though that guilty were one whom you held dear? Are you strong enough to witness what in your eyes, unprepared, might seem a miracle? Are you strong enough for a great and fearful, a sudden and tremendous joy?"

There was a moment's pause. "I am!" said Violet, and once more she looked up with her deep, beautiful eyes.

"Then," said Mr. Thaxton, pulling out his watch, "your trial is near at hand. To-night and within ten minutes you expect Mr. and Mrs. Dodson and Mr. Howard Murpoint?"

Violet inclined her head.

"You may also expect Mr. and Mrs. Lennox Fairfax."

"Bertie and Ethel?" said Violet.

Mr. Thaxton nodded.

"They have returned at my wish and suddenly," he said.

At that moment there was a loud knock at the door.

"There are some of the guests," he said, rising. "My friend and I will conceal ourselves behind that curtain recess. You trust all to me; and you promise to be strong?"

"I trust all to you, and I will be strong!" said Violet.

The two men quickly drew the curtain aside and concealed themselves in the recess.

Scarcely had they done so when Howard Murpoint and the Dodsons entered.

He came up to Violet and kissed her hand with his subtle courtliness and murmured some soft greeting, then, as he shook hands with Mrs. Mildmay, he said:

"I met our dear friends and managed that we should all come together."

Mrs. Mildmay was about to touch

the bell, when at a gesture from Violet she paused and said:

"Shall we have a cup of tea by moonlight? See, it is rising rapidly."

"Delightful!" said the captain. "A charming idea. I can unfold our delicious plans in a congenial light. My dear Violet, I think I have sketched out a really agreeable tour. We shall run through Italy, see everything of any importance, and then come back by—"

At that moment, and as he rose to cross over to Violet, who sat pale and silent, nerving herself for she knew not what catastrophe, the curtain drew aside and Mr. Dockett stepped out.

Howard Murpoint turned with his teacup in his hand, and frowned. The sudden entrance had startled him.

Mr. Dockett came across the room softly and, with a slight bow to the rest, touched the captain on the shoulder.

"Captain Howard Murpoint, I arrest you upon a charge of conspiracy."

The captain turned pale for a moment, then looked round with a rather displeased laugh.

"Is this a piece of premeditated fun?" he said. "If so, don't let me spoil it. What shall I say? Make a confession!"

"Ay, make a confession," said Mr. Dockett. "Here's a man who will help you."

And as he said the words Mr. Giles stepped from behind the curtain.

(To be Continued.)

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If some one in your family has an obstinate cough or a bad throat or chest cold that has been hanging on and refuses to yield to treatment, get from any drug store 2½ ounces of Pinex and make it into 16 ounces of cough syrup, and watch that cough vanish.

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Aubrey's Revenge.

CHAPTER II.

A sudden sound, faintly heard above the clamor of the storm, brought this pleasant pastime to an end.

Boom! boom! boom!

The old lighthouse keeper dropped his fiddle and leaped to his feet. At the same moment one of the men rushed in with an excited face, crying:

"Good land, cap'n! there's a wreck out beyond the breakwater, and it's going to pieces!"

"Run out the boats, and tell the men to get ready," commanded the captain, "and be quick about it, my good fellow."

"Get a move on you! Storm's a-brewin'!" screamed Pete the Prophet, ruffling up his green feathers.

A great bustle followed. The boats from the life-saving station were got out, life preservers collected, life lines thrown out, and then the men set out to execute their perilous task.

Kelpie pulled an oilskin cap on her head and followed in their wake.

It was Tom Holland who discovered her crouching down in the bottom of the boat, concealed under a lot of canvas, after they had left the shore.

"Heavens above, Kelpie! you here?" he cried. "We must put about and take you back."

"If you do, I'll never speak to you again as long as I live!" she answered, facing him with glowing eyes.

"Oh, Tom," she added, with her next breath, clasping his arm with both hands, "please, please let me go and see the fun."

The touch of her soft hands conquered poor Tom, and reaching forth his strong right arm, he drew the wayward girl down beside him.

Out beyond the breakwater, on the dreadful shoals, there was terrible work. The Ocean Queen was already going down, and the tossing sea was dotted in all directions with human beings—men, women and even helpless little children struggling for life against fearful odds.

The rescuers worked with a will, and many were saved; but alas a number went down to darkness and death before helping hands could reach them.

Tom Holland made a fine record that night, and so did his pretty companion. No persuasions on his part could induce the daring little lighthouse girl to keep out of danger, and, at the risk of her own life, she lent a helping hand in the rescue of more than one perishing soul.

Once, while Tom was doing all he could to save the half-crazed victims who were going down with the sinking wreck, taking her life in her hands, she plunged headlong into the seething sea, and swimming far out, brought in a little infant, bound by its frantic mother to a life preserver, and left to the mercy of the storm-swept sea.

But the work of mercy was done, the wreck had gone down, and the life-saving boats had made their last trip when the events upon which our story hinges took place.

Tom Holland, spent and pallid, with

(To be Continued.)

Kelpie safely ensconced at his feet, was beating his way through the breakers, when a piteous cry was heard above the commotion of the storm.

"Help! Help, for God's sake!"

It was a man's voice, and, almost in the same breath, a man's head and shoulders shot up above the seething foam—a shapely blond head clearly defined in the strong glow of the New Castle Light, and at the same moment there was seen a beseeching hand, on which a diamond solitaire blazed like a fallen star.

Kelpie heard the cry and caught a glimpse of the agonized face.

"Stop, Tom," she entreated, "we can't leave the poor fellow to perish."

"Of course we can't," he answered simply.

Tom Holland's heart was the kindest that ever beat in a man's breast; but more than once, in the days that followed, he said to himself, in the bitterness of his pain and heartache:

"Why didn't I let him go down that night?"

It was the work of a moment, however, to put the boat about and rescue the drowning man.

A little later they had him in comfortable quarters at the lighthouse, and, before the week ended, although his left arm was broken and there was an ugly wound on his head, he was so far recovered that the captain sent him over to the cottage on Thatcher's Rock, and consigned him to his old housekeeper's care.

How it came about nobody seemed to quite understand, but it turned out that Kelpie followed the very next day. She was tired of the old tower, and, besides, the poor young man wanted some one to read to him, and to write letters to his mother. So Kelpie insisted upon going over to Thatcher's Rock, and, as usual, she had her way about it. This was the beginning of her romance; but, alas! poor, inexperienced, foolish little girl, she had not the faintest foreshadowing of what the end would be.

A fortnight went by—two short little weeks, and then, on a capricious April day, when the sky was bathed in tears one moment and bright with sunshine the next, an extremely high-bred old lady, wrapped in sables and wearing costly gems on her fair old hands, came down from New York, accompanied by a manservant, and took her only and dearly beloved son home.

She was all sweetness and gratitude to Kelpie when she had heard her son's story.

"My dear child," she said, patting the girl's flushed cheek with her soft hand, "Carroll says he owes his life to you, and I am sure it is true. We shall not forget you, my dear, and if we should ever have a chance to serve you in any way, we shall be only too delighted to do so."

And then, patting Kelpie's shoulder caressingly, she slipped a well-filled purse in her hand, begging her to accept it as a slight token of gratitude from herself and her son.

Kelpie flushed with anger, and, rudely tossing the purse at the grand old lady's feet, hurried away choking with indignation.

The young man followed her, however, and they had a few parting words together.

"Don't mind my mother, sweetheart," he said, getting possession of her hands and looking down at her flushed face with tender, dark-bite half-smiling eyes. "She means well, but she doesn't understand. But you and I understand each other, don't we, sweet? You saved my life, and it belongs to you. You won't refuse the poor gift, will you, dear?"

Kelpie blushed and was silent, and the handsome young stranger put his arm about her and drew her close to his breast.

"Good-by," he whispered, and would have kissed her on the lips, but Kelpie drew herself away.

"What you refuse to kiss me, my shy little mermaid," he said, with a gay laugh. "Well, I shall come back before long, all the same. You'll suffer me to kiss your hand? Adieu, little sweetheart, until we meet again."

A moment later he had joined his mother and the smart manservant, and Kelpie stood alone amid the desolate rocks, pressing the hand on which his kisses still burned against her heart.

(To be Continued.)

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Notes on Patrol The Meeting at

CHAPTER XV.

On arriving at Harbour Breton, the Magistrate found that arrangements completed for our meeting, and that he had selected Parish Hall for the purpose, and spread the news far and near in favour. This proved a great benefit, and when the meeting was called, every seat was filled and many people were standing in the aisles. The Magistrate acted as Chairman and spoke very highly of the personal loyalty, and of the support of the people of Harbour Breton.

All the speaking at this meeting was very good, and the music of the pipers, as usual, was highly enjoyed, and though there was but one speaker there were impressions which cannot be easily forgotten. Men, women, and children, were earnest to hear something new. The war, and while they had been instructed by the leaders of the meeting, there was still plenty of room for what our meeting accomplished. The local Patriotic Association, and especially the ladies' branch of it, did excellent work, and too many praises cannot be given the good work of our country in general for splendid service which they have rendered.

At many homes along our town, the women and girls busily engaged as they piled their knitted needles, and checked off how many they had done towards the comfort of our boys at the front. At Harbour Breton the good work of the ladies seemed to have come more prominently before us, and their zeal was unflinching indeed. To make the most of the occasion these good ladies had arranged a supper to be held at the close of the meeting, and we are pleased to say that the tables were liberally furnished, and that the good ladies carried out victorious in their enterprise.

When our meeting was over, the work at Harbour Breton was done, and our good captain made preparations for getting under weigh. A signal for help was heard, and our good captain readily responded to the call. It was from a banking schooner which had grounded, making port at midnight. In a short time lines and cables were sent out, and every preparation to float the vessel was provided. The first attempt proved fruitless as the cables snapped when the strain increased, but in short time a new cable was borrowed from a sister ship nearby, and the meantime seven dory-loads of sand had been removed from the strand.

ANOTHER DEFEAT FOR THE TURKS.

Petrograd, Feb. 23.—The reinforced Turkish army that is renewing its offensive against the Russians has met with another reverse, according to official advices received from Tiflis today. The commander of the Russian army in the Caucasus reported to the War Office that the Ottoman troops had been repulsed in the Transilichorokh region on Sunday, being thrown back across the Olty-Tchal.

CONTROLLING LOANS.

London Daily Mail.—The annual savings of the British public in normal times may reach 300 million sterling. But these times are not normal, and some diminution in the total available for investment is to be

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