

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

CHAPTER XVIII.
Then the captain fancied that he heard some sound, but before he could distinguish it there glided a dark object close by his side. It was a boat.
The next instant there was another, followed by another.
Then in the darkness and deep and impressive silence, lusty figures sprang into the water.
Round objects were handed from those in the boat to those wading to the cavern.
One was handed, or, rather flung in to the captain's arms, and with an excitement born of the scene, he fell to work with the others, William, Job, and twenty messmates, the work of unloading was soon done.
The men went back in their boats, and Job, the captain and Willie remained behind.
With muffled oars the boats glided off.
In the secure silence the two men groped their way to a smaller cavern farther from the sea, and out of sight of the cliffs.
Then Job turned on the light and glanced with flushed, sweat-beaded face from Willie to the captain, who had thrown himself upon a rock and stood watching keenly.
"Well," said Willie, with a grim smile upon his grimed and unburned face, "how do you like it, captain?"
"Very well," said the captain. "If it pays."
"Pays," chuckled the huge fisherman, drawing a small parcel from his breast. "Look at that!" and he unfurled the bundle and displayed a lightly-compressed heap of exquisite lace.
The captain's eyes glistened.
"Ah!" he said.
"Ah!" echoed Willie, while Job smiled with deep satisfaction. "Look at that," he continued, pointing to the barrels ranged along the side of the cavern.
"What is it?" asked the captain.
"Spirit," said Job, curtly. "Come, Willie, no time for talking. Bear a hand here, captain."
The captain arose with alacrity, and with quiet admiration at their sagacity, watched the two men scrape the sand away from the crevice of a rock, which, from its weed-grown and sand-filled chinks, looked as if it had stood unmoved or shaken since the time of its creation.
But Job and Willie applied their shoulders and rolled it away, discovering the mouth of a small cavern.
When they were all concealed, the stone was replaced.
Then Job, glancing at the tide, said:
"In half an hour the sea will fill this place. You wouldn't like to wait, captain? Come along then. Give up that bundle, Willie."



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And, with the precious bundle in his breast Job led the return journey. The three men, Job, Willie and the captain, traversed the subterranean passage as far as the cave.
Here Job paused and said:
"I'll let you into another secret, captain. From here there is another outlet, and a more comfortable one. We can't use it, not we rough men, because it's too near the house; but you can, because if you're found near the entrance, why, there'll be no questions asked."

"I see," said the captain. "I can say that I am taking a midnight stroll and a cigar."
"Will you have one?" asked Job, taking a bundle of cigars from a hole in the cave. "They're choice, they are; you can't buy 'em under five pounds a pound," and he paused.
"My share of the booty at present," said the captain. "I will light it when we get outside."

Job went to a corner and scraped some chalk from a small hole. He then inserted his hand in the hole and pulled out an iron rod like a bellpin. This opened a small door a few feet farther along the chalk road, and Job nodded to it.
"Here you are, captain. It's a better road than the other; not so back-breaking. You'll want a light," and he held out the lantern.
"Thanks," said the captain.
He took the lantern, trimmed it, and passed into the passage.
"Good-night," he said; "you may shut the door."

The door slammed to swiftly, cutting off the sound of the men's voices, and the captain proceeded on his weird and ghostly way.
The passage was wider and higher and the road not so painfully uncomfortable as that by which they had reached the cliffs.
He hurried on, and found himself more quickly than he had expected at the end of the long passage, which was terminated by a small door.
A bar of iron extending crossways protected it outside, and the long pin projecting inside fastened it.
The captain thrust the pin through and the door opened.

To his surprise, a gush of warm but pure air greeted him, and with a feeling of extreme satisfaction he knew that he was once more above ground.
Before the door was a large round bush, which effectually concealed it from observation.
Pushing the bush aside with some difficulty the captain looked out and saw that he was in a portion of the disused garden nearest the house.
With a thrill of delight he extinguished the flickering flame in the lantern and pushed his way through the bush, taking care to replace the disturbed branches.

Then he lit his cigar, and with his hands in his pockets, sauntered on, preoccupied, and was somewhat startled by a footstep and a sudden sensation of some one's hands at his throat.
Before he could realize the situation he was on his back.

With an exclamation deep and low, he threw up his arms and struggled with his assailant.
In a moment he had regained his feet and there the advantage was lost again, for the assailant pinned him to the wall of the house, and, in a stern voice, inquired:
"Who are you, fellow?"
"What?" exclaimed the captain, as the familiar tones smote his ear.
"What? Leicester Dodson?"
"Captain Howard Murpoint!" exclaimed Leicester, for it was he, dropping his grasp from the captain's arm and staring in the dim light.
The captain shook himself, and glanced with an evil hatred at the stalwart figure.
"You are late, Mr. Dodson, and pugilistic."
"You are late," said Leicester, utterly ignoring the latter part of the speech, and speaking in a stern and suspicious tone. "You are out late, and if there is any excuse for my attack, that and the fact of a man's figure prowling round the house at such an unwonted hour must supply it."

"Prowling!" said the captain.
"Prowling is a strong term to apply to the stroll a gentleman may take at any hour in the grounds of the house at which he is a guest. It is not so strange, or unwarrantable a term to apply to the uninvited and unwelcome presence of a comparative stranger."

There was reason in the retort, but Leicester disregarded it or willfully misunderstood it.
"I saw you come from behind that bush," he said, pointing to the bush which concealed the door and in vain striving to get a clear idea of the expression on the captain's face.
"Not that, but another," said the captain, readily. "I had been to light a cigar, the wind preventing it here in the open. I cannot recognize you right to put these questions, and I cannot understand your ground for doing so. May I ask, and I ask as the friend of Mrs. Mildmay, and as John Mildmay's friend, what business brought you here so late; here in the private grounds of the park, and so close to the house?"

Leicester remained silent for a moment.
"It is a fair question," he said, "last, and I will answer it. You need not be ignorant that an interest attaches to these premises," and he glanced at the ruins. "There is something there to excite the curiosity I may have come to see the ghost."

The captain smiled grimly.
"Have you seen it?" he asked.
"I have," said Leicester.
The captain was almost guilty of a start.
"You are more fortunate than I," he said. "I have not seen it. It is true that I have been walking on the wrong side of the house. I am particularly unfortunate party, for if I am not mistaken, your fingers have left their marks on my arms and chest."

"I am very sorry," said Leicester. "I beg you will impute all you have suffered to my excess of zeal for the protection of Mrs. Mildmay's property. To be candid, I took you for a burglar."
"Burglars do not go about their work with a cigar," said the captain, quietly.
"Or worse," said Leicester. "Either a burglar or one of the villains you are for some purpose of their own are playing the ghost trick."

The captain smiled and eyed Leicester keenly.
"You think, then," he said, "that the ghost is a trick of some of the village boys?"
"Or villains," said Leicester. "I am sure there is some trickery at the bottom of it, and I cannot conceive a man playing it for so long without an end in view. However, this is not the time for ventilation of the subject. I am sorry I made the mistake, and I apologize."

The captain bowed.
"I am not very much hurt," he said. "Another time, perhaps, when you take your stroll of investigation round the park you will please to give me warning, and I will keep to my room."
Leicester bowed, as if the words were meant seriously and had no covert sneer.
"By the way," he said, "are you aware that your window is wide open, and that there is a light burning in the room?"

"Perfectly," said the captain, who had quite forgotten the fact, "perfectly. I set it open to air the room, and the light was left to frighten the ghost."
"I will find some more effectual way of doing that," said Leicester, decisively. "Good-night."
"Good-night," said the captain, and Leicester, no nearer the truth as regarded the true character of the man he suspected, strode away.

The captain waited until his firm footstep had died out on the hard road, and then went softly to the back of the house.
With great care and circumspection, he drew his rope from the ivy and climbed to his room.
(To be continued.)

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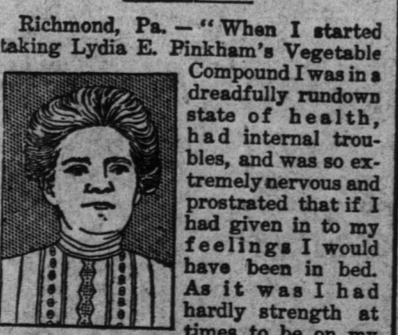
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(To be continued.)

WOMAN WOULD NOT GIVE UP

Though Sick and Suffering; At Last Found Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Richmond, Pa. — "When I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was in a dreadfully run-down state of health, had internal troubles, and was so extremely nervous and prostrated that if I had given in to my feelings I would have been in bed. As it was I had hardly strength at times to be on my feet and what I did do was by a great effort. I could not sleep at night and of course felt very bad in the morning, and had a steady headache.
"After taking the second bottle I noticed that the headache was not so bad, I rested better, and my nerves were stronger. I continued its use until it made a new woman of me, and now I can hardly realize that I am able to do so much as I do. Whenever I know any woman in need of a good medicine I highly praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." — Mrs. FRANK CLARK, 2146 N. Tulip St., Richmond, Pa.

Women Have Been Telling Women for forty years how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored their health when suffering with female ailments. This accounts for the enormous demand for it from coast to coast. If you are troubled with any ailment peculiar to women why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It will pay you to do so. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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King George L. C. Meeting.

The Literary Committee of the King George the Fifth Seamen's Institute held a meeting yesterday afternoon, at which Hon. W. C. Job, Hon. R. Watson, Messrs. H. W. LeMessurier, A. A. Parsons, W. H. Jones and several others were present. The proceeds of the concert recently held will be distributed equally between the Women's and General Patriotic Associations. It was also decided that the net proceeds of the lectures will be devoted to the Institute. Arrangements are now being made for a concert to be held on the 15th inst., as well as for a lecture on the 22nd. Throughout the approaching Lenten season a lecture will be given every Monday night.

Greatest Oriental Pantomime.

Sister Susie's Sewing Socks for Soldiers. Such Skill at Sewing Socks, our shy Young Sister Susie Shows. And Soldiers send Epistles saying: "They'd sooner sleep on Thistles Than the Saucy Soft Shifts for Soldiers Sister Susie Sews."

This is the chorus of one of the songs sung at this week's pantomime which simply had the house in hoots; Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp is one of the very best of all the shows ever put on at Rosset's. The Oriental costumes are beautiful, and there is one of the finest collections of songs ever heard at one time. The fun is also fast and furious. Jack Rossley and Joe Burkhardt running a Chinese laundry, was a scream and the make up of these two gentlemen was funny in the extreme. The Japanese song and dance was encored again and again. Adalain in the Cave was a very beautiful sight. It is impossible to pick out any one item as the whole production is elegant; the beautiful new pictures were well liked. The Vitagraph feature "A Spider's Web with Maurice Costello Esq." williams Brooks and other stars. A great feature showing methods used in escaping from burning buildings, was fine.

Fishery Impeded by Bad Weather.

Stormy weather has prevailed along the South West Coast within the past few days and in consequence operations on the western banking grounds has been greatly impeded. In and around Burgo there is a very small supply of bait, which banking vessels are now eagerly seeking.

Wedding Bells.

ALISON—MEANEY.
A very pretty wedding took place at St. Mary's on Jan. 23rd, when Miss Rose M. Meaney, of Riverhead was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. James W. Alison, of Salmonier. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father O'Driscoll. The bride looked charming in a sage blue dress with hat to match. The bridesmaids were Misses Rita Alison and Nellie Cochrane. The groom was supported by Messrs. Edward Meaney and Alex. Alison. After the ceremony amid volleys of musketry, the happy couple returned to the home of the bride's parents where a very enjoyable time was spent attended by seventy guests. Dancing was indulged in until the wee sma' hours of the morning. The following day the newly wedded couple drove to their future home New Bridge, Salmonier, where a sumptuous repast awaited them and another most enjoyable time was spent. To Mr. and Mrs. Alison we wish many years of happiness in their future home.—Com.

HAIR COMING OUT?

Dandruff causes a feverish irritation of the scalp, the hair roots shrink, loosen and then the hair comes out fast. To stop falling hair at once and rid the scalp of every particle of dandruff, get a 25-cent bottle of Danderrin at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it into the scalp. After a few applications the hair stops coming out and you can't find any dandruff.

OURS IN THE WEST END.

Last night the West End Rossley Theatre was well patronized and not a vacant chair all night. The new pictures were splendid, some of the finest vignettes ever seen, and all the favourite stars shown: Maurice Costello, Earl Williams, Edith Storey, Aneta Stewart and many others. The little vocalist last night made another big hit, with her song and she appeared in a very beautiful costume. The popularity of our Theatre is increasing all the time for the seats are taken up time after time by the same patrons. The most select audience to be found any where. Only the finest pictures and latest music for "OURS."

Cape Report

Special to Evening Telegram. CAPE RACE, To-day. Wind N.W. strong, snow showers preceded by a heavy snow blizzard raging all night; stop for making fast. No vessels in sight. Bar. 29.55; ther. 4 below; 9 below was the lowest for

McMurdo's Store News.

TUESDAY, Feb. 2, 1915.
Hot drinks are thoroughly in order to-day. We have them to suit all tastes: Hot Malted Milk (many flavors to choose from—all delicious); Hot Beef Tea; Beef and Tomato Soup; Hot Fruit Flavourings; Hot Coffee; Hot Chocolate. They will warm and gently stimulate you. Price: 5c, 7c and 15c each.
Keep the skin from being operated by the timely use of Cream of Lillies. You can easily prevent or neutralize the effects of the frost and wind of the epidemics by keeping a stock of this excellent emollient and using it judiciously. Price 25c a crock.
Remember we are headquarters for Williams' Forehead Chocolates; and there are no purer and more palatable sweets to be had. Price 10c to 25c a box.

RUDDER DAMAGED.

On her last trip across the Cabot Strait the S.S. Bruce got her rudder damaged, possibly by ice, and is coming to St. John's for repairs.

If Head Aches And Your Ears Buzz You Surely Have Catarrh

It doesn't matter how long you have suffered, or how often you have failed to get relief—even though Catarrh may affect every organ in your body, you can be permanently cured by inhaling the soothing vapor of Catarrh-ozone.

A few breaths through Catarrh-ozone inhaler clears the phlegm out of the throat and stops your cough. The nostrils are cleansed of offensive mucous discharge, and sneezing and sniffing stop at once. Partial loss of hearing and headaches (very common symptoms of catarrh) are quickly cured, and in a short time every trace of catarrh disappears.
Nothing can be simpler or more

Farewell Banquet.

The farewell service for the C. of E. members of the second contingent takes place at St. Thomas's Church this evening at 7.30. Visitors are cordially invited to the service and members will provide seats. After service the soldiers will be entertained at Cannon Wood Hall. The ladies of the church are providing tea, and the young ladies of the Sunday School Guild and others will preside at the tables. After tea there will be an entertainment which is being arranged by Mr. H. W. Sterling. Short addresses will be delivered by Sir Joseph Outerbridge, Mr. J. A. Clift, K. C. M.H. A. Mr. A. B. Morine, Hon. R. Watson, Rev. Canon Smith, Mr. Andrew Carnell, Lt.-Col. Rendell, Mr. H. W. LeMessurier, Mr. John Weir, Vice-Principal of the School for the Blind, Halifax, and others. The soldiers, particularly the outport lads who attend, are certain of having a good time.

Masons Forgather.

The Masonic Fraternity of the city assembled in large numbers at the hall in honor of the brethren of the Newfoundland Regiment who have enlisted with the Second Contingent. Twenty-eight members of the Fraternity are now in the city in training, while thirty-two have already gone to France, making a total of sixty men enrolled in defence of the Empire from the following Lodges:—
Tasker, 13, Whiteaway, 13, Avalon, 13, St. John's, 8, Northcliffe 5, Fielding, St. Andrew's 2, Clift, 2, Hiram's, 2, Wood 1.

The Volunteers at last night's meeting were introduced by W. Bro. L. W. Taylor, D. E. Master of Ceremonies, and received an enthusiastic welcome. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Bro. Canon Smith, Chaplain of St. John's Lodge, and after singing "God our help in ages past" a brief address was made by D. G. M. Duke, Bro. Capt. Cluny Macpherson who rendered "Drake Goes West," after which the address of the evening was given by the Rev. and W. Bro. Canon Bolt. Canon Bolt's address was a stirring and patriotic one. He discussed the purpose for which they were assembled, the righteousness of the cause, the question of sacrifice, Newfoundland's place in the struggle, and urged the confidence the brethren placed in those who have volunteered in the service of the Empire.

The rev. speaker then briefly outlined the nature and the objects of the planing at the same time that there was a general tendency to dwell on the horrors of war to the exclusion of the cause. The expansion of the present conflict may be traced to schools of Germany which taught a form of "culture" different entirely from that of the British. The very efficiency was enthroned as a supreme ideal, and very little humanity was known. Efficiency was commendable in a certain degree, but would not excuse the trampling and crushing of human rights. Many had become intoxicated with the successes of the war of 1870 and 1871, and since war had been followed by prosperity attributed to cause of prosperity to war, and a worship of the State had resulted. The individual counted for naught at the State conflicted with Christianity. It was the latter that had to give way. Corsica had usurped the place of the Alps. While existing in official Germany seemed to forget that humanity is greater than the State, and that God is greater than Humanity. The cause of the episode of the "Treaty of Versailles," which to England meant a solemn treaty. Following were articles, raids on defenceless towns, and other horrors which Christianity or civilization could not tolerate.

In conclusion Canon Bolt addressed himself to the Volunteers present, and after expressing the pride at which their brethren held them, wished them every happiness and success. Bro. F. J. King followed with a good address for naught at the State. D. G. Clift spoke in encouraging tones to the lads. A song "Hearts of Oak" by W. Bro. W. S. Cornick, presided over the addresses by Capt. Montgomery and Avre, after which prayer was offered by Rev. Canon Bolt. The National Anthem of Belgium, Russia, France and England with Lord Lang Syne brought the enjoyable evening to a close.

League Hockey.

The Terra Novas and Victorias will try conclusions at the Prince's Hall this evening. The fans will be delighted to see a meeting between these two teams. The probable line up will be:—
Terra Novas. Victorias.
Burnham goal. Field.
Tobin goalkeeper. McLeod.
M. Slick cover. Cronin.
Mews rover. Munn.
Trappell centre. Ford.
R. Slick l. wing. Long.
Gear r. wing. Lane.
Both teams are evenly balanced and a stiff fight should be the outcome.

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