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A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. James B. Peterson, of Lennox.

Mr. Sabin found himself late on the afternoon of the following day alone on the platform of a little wooden station, watching the train which had dropped him there a few minutes ago snorting away round a distant curve. It was only a little clearing which had been made for the depot, a few yards down, the line seemed to vanish into a tunnel of black foliage, from amongst which the red-barbed tree trunks stood out with the regularity of a regiment of soldiers. The clear air was fragrant with a peculiar and aromatic perfume, so sweet and wholesome that Mr. Sabin held the cigarette which he had lighted at arm's length, that he might inhale this, the most fascinating odor in the world. He was at all times sensitive to the influence of scenery and natural perfumes, and the possibility of spending the rest of his days in this country had never seemed so little objectionable as during these few moments when his eyes suddenly fell upon a large, white, horse-magnificent, but evidently newly finished, gleaming forth from an opening in the woods, and his brows contracted. His former moodiness returned.

"It is not the country," he muttered to himself. "It is the people."

His attendant called presently with explanations for his prolonged absence.

"I am sorry, sir," he said, "but I made a mistake in taking the tickets. Mr. Sabin merely nodded. A little time ago a mistake on the part of a servant was a thing which he would have tolerated. But those were days which seemed to him to be very far back in the past.

"You ought to have alighted at the last station, sir," the man continued. "Stockbridge is eleven miles from here."

"What are we going to do?" Mr. Sabin asked.

"We must drive, sir. I have hired a conveyance, but the luggage will have to come later in the day by the cars. There will only be room for your dressing-bag in the buggy."

"The drive will be pleasant," he said, "especially if I am not sure that I regret my leaving the city. You had better remain and bring the baggage on, I suppose?"

"It will be best, sir," the man agreed. "There is a train in about an hour."

They walked out on to the road where a one-horse buggy was waiting. The driver took no more notice of them than to terminate in a leisurely way, his conversation with a railway porter, and unhitch the horse.

Mr. Sabin took the seat by his side, and the driver called back to him, "The drive will be pleasant, sir."

It was a very beautiful road, and Mr. Sabin was quite content to lean back in his not uncomfortable seat, and admire the scenery. For the most part it was of a luxuriant and broken character. There were very few signs of agriculture, save in the immediate vicinity of the large, newly built houses which they passed every now and then. At times they skirted the side of a mountain, and far below them in the valley the broad river wound its way along like a broad silver band. Here and there the road passed through a thick forest of closely-growing pines, and Mr. Sabin, holding his cigarette away from him, leaned back and took long draughts of the rosinous, piney odor. It was soon after emerging from the last of these that they suddenly came upon a house which moved Mr. Sabin almost to enthusiasm. It lay not far back from the road, a very long, two-story white building, free from the over-ornamentation which disfigured most of the houses in this section. The pillars in front, after the colonial fashion, supported a long sloping veranda roof, and the smooth, trimly kept lawn stretched back to the terrace which bordered the piazza. There were sun blinds of striped holland to the southern windows, and about the whole place there was an air of simple and elegant refinement, which Mr. Sabin found curiously attractive. He broke for the first time the silence which had reigned between him and the driver.

"Do you know," he inquired, "whose house that is?"

"The man flipped his horse's ears with the whip. "I guess so," he answered. "That is the old Peterson house. Mrs. James B. Peterson lives there now."

Mr. Sabin felt in his breast pocket, and extracted from a letter. It was a coincidence undoubtedly, but the fact was indisputable. The address scrawled thereon in Felix's sprawling hand was "Mrs. James B. Peterson, Lennox, U. S. A."

"By favor of Mr. Sabin," he said, "I will make a call there." Mr. Sabin said to the man, "Drive me up to the house."

"The man pulled up his horse. "What, do you know her?" he asked. Mr. Sabin affected to be deeply interested in a distant point of the landscape. The man muttered something to himself and turned up the drive. "You have met her abroad, maybe?" he suggested.

him, but it prevented him asking several questions which he would like to have had answered. The man muttered something about a civil answer to a civil question not being much to expect, and pulled up his horse in front of the great entrance porch.

Mr. Sabin, calmly ignoring him, descended and stepped through the wide open door into a beautiful square hall, in the centre of which was a billiard table. A servant, attired in unimpeachable English livery, stepped forward to meet him.

"Is Mrs. Peterson at home?" Mr. Sabin inquired.

"We expect her in a very few minutes," the man answered. "She is out riding at present. May I inquire if you are Mr. Sabin, sir?"

Mr. Sabin admitted the fact with some surprise.

"The man received the intimation with respect.

"Will you kindly walk this way, your grace," he said.

Mr. Sabin followed him into a large and delightfully furnished library. Then he looked keenly at the servant.

"You know me," he remarked.

"Monsieur Le Duc Suspenner, the man answered with a bow. "I am an Englishman, but I was in the service of the Marquis de la Merle in Paris for ten years."

"Your name," Mr. Sabin said, "is not familiar to me."

"I was barely a hundred yards from the little iron fence which bordered the lawn, attracted his attention. He rubbed his eyes and looked at it again. He was puzzled, and was on the point of ringing the bell, when the man who had admitted him entered, bearing a tray with liquors and cigarettes. Mr. Sabin beckoned him over to the window.

"What is that little flag?" he asked.

"It is connected, I believe, in some way," the man answered, "with a game of which Mrs. Peterson is very fond. I believe it indicates the locality of a small hole."

"Golf?" Mr. Sabin exclaimed.

"That is the name of the game, sir," the man answered. "I had forgotten it for the moment."

Mr. Sabin tried the window.

"I want to get out," he said.

"The man opened it.

"If you are going down there, sir," he said, "I will send James Green to meet you. Mrs. Peterson is so fond of the game that she keeps a Scotsman here to look after the links and instruct her."

"This," Mr. Sabin murmured, "is the most extraordinary thing in the world."

"If you would like to see your room, sir, before you go out," the man suggested, "it is quite ready. If you will give me your keys I will have your things laid out."

"It's none so bad," Mr. James Green admitted. "Maybe the gentleman would like a round."

"There is nothing in this wide world," Mr. Sabin answered truthfully, "that I should like so well. But I have no clubs or any shoes."

"Come this way, sir, come this way," was the prompt reply. "There's a club here of all sorts such as none but Jimmy Green can make, aye, and shoes too. Mr. Wilson, will you be sending me two boys down from the house?"

In less than ten minutes Mr. Sabin was standing upon the first tee, a freshly lit cigarette in his mouth, and new gleam of enthusiasm in his eyes. He modestly declined the honor, and Mr. Green forthwith drove a ball which he watched approvingly.

"That's so such a bad ball," he remarked.

Mr. Sabin watched the construction of his tee, and swung his club lightly. "Just a little sled, wasn't it?" he said. "That will do, thanks. The boys, dressed his ball with confidence which savored almost of carelessness, swung easily back and drove a clean, hard ball full seventy yards further than the professional. The man for a moment was speechless with surprise, and he gave a little gasp.

"Aye, mon," he exclaimed. "That was a fine ball. Might you be having a handicap, sir?"

"I am scratch at three clubs," Mr. Sabin answered, quietly, "and plus four at one."

A gleam of delight mingled with respect at his opponent, shone in the Scotsman's face.

"Aye, but we will be having a fine game," he exclaimed. "I'm thinking you will down me. But it is grand good playing with a mon again."

The match was now at the fifteenth hole. Mr. Sabin, with a long and deadly putt, became four up and three to play. At the hole trickled into the hole, the Scotsman drew a long breath.

"It's a fine match," he said, "and I'm properly downed. What's more, you're holding the record. It's up to you to present. Fifteen holes for sixty-four is verra good—verra good indeed. There's no man in America to-day to beat it."

And then Mr. Sabin, who was on the point of making a general reply, felt a sudden and rare emotion stir his heart and blood, for almost in his ears there had sounded a very sweet and familiar voice, perhaps the voice above all others which he had least expected to hear again in this world.

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"I am very fond of the game," Mr. Sabin admitted. "You appear to me to have a magnificent course here."

THE GOLDEN DOG.

Finding a Relic of the Intendant Bigot.

ONE OF THE CHARACTERS

In the Famous Novel by William Kirby.

LORD NELSON'S ROMANCE.

(Special to the Montreal Star.)

Quebec Report—The finding of an interesting relic, at Chateau Bigot, of the famous Intendant of New France, has revived public interest in Quebec in the story of Bigot, and the Chien d'Or.

Chateau Bigot is four miles east of Charlesbourg, the pretty village perched upon the rising foot hills of the Laurentian Mountains, four miles north of Quebec. Little beyond the ruins of the great greenstone marks the site of the nefarious Intendant's former country mansion in the depths of the Canadian forest. It was known as Beaumanoir, and sometimes the Heritage. The present proprietor of the ruins and surrounding land, Mr. Brousseau, was fitting up the place a few days ago, and he accidentally discovered the relic in removing a stone at the corner of the chateau, he found a five franc silver piece of 1726, bearing the fleur-de-lis arms of the king and the inscription of Louis XV.

These ruins give but a faint idea of the grandeur, extent and secret passages of the original building. The ruins are of a great profusion and extravagance, were unimpaired, and whose rapacity supplied his requirements. Filled with pompous and graceless as himself, he had no scruple to indulge in every excess of dissipation and here was enacted the tragedy in connection with the Golden Dog, which resulted in the death of the unhappy Algonquin maid, and forms one of the leading features of Kirby's entrancing historical romance, "The Chien d'Or."

Bigot is said to have first met with Caroline after losing his way in the woods, where he had been hunting. Sitting down, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, he was startled by the sound of footsteps, and perceived before him a light figure, with eyes as black as night and with tresses flowing in the night wind. It was an Algonquin beauty, one of those ideal types whose white skin betrayed their hybrid origin—a mixture of European blood with that of the aboriginal race. It was Caroline, a child of love, born on the banks of the Ottawa, a French officer, her sire, while the Algonquin, her mother, struck with the sight of such beauty, Bigot requested her guidance to his castle, as she must be familiar with every path of the forest. The girl, a most accomplished man, but his wife seldom accompanied her lord on his hunting excursions, remaining in the capital.

He saw her in the capital, however, and came to her, the wife of something more than the pursuit of wild animals attracted him to his country seat. Jealousy is a watchful thing, and Bigot, in a moment of visit to the castle she verified her worst fears. On the night of the 2nd July, when every inmate was wrapped in slumber, a masked person rushed upon this "Fair moon," and plunged a dagger to the hilt in her heart. The whole household was alarmed. Search was made for the murderer, but he was never seen. Many reports were circulated, some tracing the deed to the Intendant's wife, as already recorded, others to the Intendant's own hand. The mother of the Metisse was the assassin. A mystery, however, to this day, surrounds the deed. The victim was buried in the cellar of the castle and the letter "O" engraved on the flat stone, up to less than half a century ago, marked her resting place. The chateau at once fell into decay, and a dreary, solitary tomb surrounded the dwelling and the tomb of that dark-haired child of the wilderness, over which green moss and rank weeds cluster profusely.

From the hill in rear of these ruins spreads out a panorama of incomparable beauty. One of the chapters in "A Chance Acquaintance," by W. H. Murray, is devoted to the novelist upon a visit made by him to these ruins, famed as they are for both legendary and historic memories.

According to some writers it was with Bigot that Philibert, the owner, under French regime, of the property upon which the Quebec post-office is now built, had the disagreement recorded in the tragedy connected with the Chien d'Or. Others claim that Philibert's quarrel was with Pierre Legardeur, Sieur de Repentigny, an officer who had been quartered in his house. At all events, in order to revenge himself, he placed in the front wall of his house a stone tablet, bearing the sculptured figure of a dog gnawing a bone, accompanied by the following lines:

"Je suis un chien qui rongé l'os. En le rongeant je prends mon repas. Un temps viendra qui n'est pas venu. Que je mordray qui m'aura mordu, 1736."

which may be translated as follows: "I am a dog gnawing a bone, While I gnaw I take my rest, The time will come, though not yet, When I will bit him who now bites me."

The story, as continued by one version, goes on to state that Philibert was assassinated by Legardeur, and that Philibert's brother or son pursued the assassin to Europe, and later to Pondicherry, East Indies, and slew him. If there be any truth in this story, the killing of de Repentigny could not have been prior to 1760, since his name occurs upon the list of those officers who served under the Chevalier de Levis at the battle of St. Foye, on April 28th, 1760. Le Chien d'Or took its name from the fact that the sculptured figure of the dog seems always

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Chesapeake and Shannon.

Aged Lady Remembers the Home-Coming in 1812.

The Chesapeake and the Shannon! What Canadian school boy does not know the thrilling story of the duel between these two ships, an American man-of-war and a British frigate, in which the British won their most signal naval victory in the year of 1812. Although 89 years have elapsed since Capt. Brooke tows his defeated rival into Halifax harbor, there still lives in the city by the sea a lady who saw the ships come in. Miss Etter, a hundred years old as was related in the Herald a few days ago, told a reporter how the band on the Shannon struck up "Yankee Doodle" as the ship came up the harbor, and how Captain Brooke passed up the street with his head banded.

June 1, 1813, a warm, clear, pleasant day, the United States ship Chesapeake sailed from Boston harbor and just outside met the British Shannon. Battle between the two ships began as soon as they were within range of the guns, and fifteen minutes after the first gun was fired the Chesapeake was whipped and hauled down her flag. Great holes were shot in her sides, her guns were more than half of them dismounted, her sails and rigging were shot away and damaged, and, worse than all, her crew were slain and she was wounded.

Among the latter was her commander, Captain James Lawrence. As he was being carried to his cabin, suffering and disabled by a wound in the chest, he called out in his agony: "Tell the men to fire faster and don't give up the ship."

In his delirium he kept repeating, "Don't give up the ship." Four days later, June 4, 1813, he died. His body lies in Trinity churchyard, on Broadway, New York City, where is also his monument with those memorable words and a short account of the battle cut into the stone.

The Chesapeake was taken to Halifax, where she was repaired and became a part of the British navy. She afterwards crossed the ocean to England. She had been terribly battered in the fight, and in the year 1820 it was found that the usefulness of the Chesapeake as a man-of-war was at an end, and it was determined to break her up. All her guns, ammunition and war stores were taken out of her and she was beached not far from Southampton, England. A large force of men went to work on her with saws, axes and crowbars, and worked for several months tearing her to pieces.

When they came to take the masts out of her they found that her builders had laid a silver dollar on each of the step plates and covered it

to have been, as now, in gilt. When the present post-office building was erected, it was placed in its northern facade, where, with its curious inscription, it forms an object of deepest interest to all enquiring tourists and visitors in the Ancient City.

Before, and for a long time after the siege of 1759, when Quebec fell into the hands of the British, the old building of which this stone formed a part, was used as a coffee-house, while from 1775 to 1800 it was known as Freemasons' Hall, and the lodge in Quebec held their meetings there.

The proprietor of the house in 1782 was Mill's Prentice, himself a Freemason and formerly a sergeant in the 78th Regiment under Wolfe. He had a daughter or a niece of remarkable beauty, and in the bloom of youth. The immortal Nelson, then the youthful commander of the Albatross, a frigate of 26 guns, conveyed some merchandise to Quebec in 1782, and was one of the habitués of Prentice's Hotel. The future admiral of Lady Hamilton was so smitten with the young lady that she offered her marriage. His friends, however, succeeded in withdrawing him from the sway of a passion which threatened to destroy his career, and Miss Prentice became, later, the wife of a distinguished officer, Major Mathews, governor of Chelsea Hospital, England.

Secrecy of Lemons. The very warm weather of the past couple of weeks was the cause of a very heavy demand for lemons, with the result that the immediate supply was almost exhausted. Within a few days prices jumped a dollar a case, and it is likely that there will be an advance of still another dollar. Good lemons are now selling at \$4.50 a case, while, previous, however, is not unusually high for July.

Although the stock of the wholesale fruitmen is very low, shipments are expected from New York, and there is little danger of prices going above \$5.50.

The Editor on His Vacation. We think we are superbly equipped, but when we go to change our shirt (we generally carry several on such trips) we are astonished to ascertain that in packing the valise we omitted a few little necessities in the way of hose, buttons, collars, toothbrushes and other things calculated to maintain our decency in polite society.—Richmond Despatch.

Drifting Dolly. Nell—He has a very strong face. Belle—It ought to be strong. He has travelled on his cheek for a good many years.—Ohio State Journal.

Mrs. Chatter—Do you believe all the disagreeable things you read in the papers about people? Mrs. Battle—Oh, dear, no! only those about people I know.—Tit-Bits.

"No, indeed," said the eminent coroner, when asked if he had been educated by some master of the instrument, "I never had a teacher. You might say that through all my career I have been my own tooter."—Baltimore American.

Mistress—Bridget, I cannot allow you to have your sweetheart in the kitchen any more. Bridget—Oh, Mum, it's very kind of you, but I'm afraid he's too bashful to come up into the drawing-room.—Boston Globe.

Banks—You think I look glum. Well, why shouldn't I? I have lost a rich aunt. Beach—Did she die suddenly? Banks—Die suddenly? She isn't dead at all. Her niece has jilted me.—Boston Transcript.

"What kind of a cover is this on your umbrella?" said the inquisitive friend. "Well," answered the unobtrusive person, "judging by the way it came into my possession and the way it will probably depart, I should call it a changeable silk."—Chicago News.

Young Mother—Do you think baby looks like me or his papa? Nurse—Like you, miss. Mr. Jenkins is a mighty handsome man. Advertisement—Wanted—a competent and well-mannered nurse.—Mobile Register.

"Well, that's enough to try the patience of Job," exclaimed the village minister, as he threw aside the local paper. "Why, what's the matter, dear?" asked his wife. "Last Sunday I preached from the text 'Be ye therefore steadfast,'" answered the good man, "but the printer makes it read, 'Be ye there for breakfast.'"—Glasgow Evening Times.

THIS ARTICLE REMOVED