"Give that to McPherson," he idd. "You can clean my clubs and them in my locker. I shall not at them in my locker. I shall not make it impossible?"

She looked up at him, and he scarce-with the control of the control said. "You can clean my clubs and put them in my locker. I shall not be playing again this morning." The boy disappeared down the nill. They stood for a moment side

have spoilt your game," she

aid. "I am sorry."
He laughed.
"I think you know," he said, boldy, "that I would rather spend five
ninutes with you than a day at She moved on with a smile at the

She moved on with a smile at the corners of her lips.

"What a downright person you are!" she said. "But honestly, to day I am not in the mood to be alone. I am possessed with an uneasy spirit of sadness. I am afraid of my thoughts."

"I am sorry," he said, "that you should have any that are not happy ones. Don't you think perhaps that you are a little lonely? You seem to have so few friends?"

"It is not that." she answered. "I

"It is not that," she answered. "I have many and very dear friends, and it is only for a little time that I am separated from them. It is simply that I am not used to sollsimply that I am not used to soli-tude, and I am becoming a creature of moods and presentiments. It is very foolish that I give way to them; but to-day I am miserable. You must stretch out that strong hand of yours, my friend, and pull

will do my best," he said. "I

"I will do my best," he said. "I am afraid I cannot claim that there is anything in the shape of affinity between us, for to-day I am particularly happy."

She met his eyes briefly, and looked away seawards with the ghost of a sorrowful smile upon her lips. Her words sounded like a warning. "Do not be sure," she said. "It may not last."

"It will last," he said, "so long as you choose. For to-day you are the mistress of my moods!"

"Then I am very sorry for you," she said, earnestly...

he said, earnestly.. .. He laughed it off, but her words brought a certain depression with them. He went on to speak of

them. He went on to speak of something else.

"I have been thinking about you this morning," he said. "If your uncle is going to play golf here, it will be very dull for you. Would you care for my mother to come and see you? She would be delighted, I am sure, for it is dull for her, too, and she is fond of young people. If you "—

He stopped short. She was shaking her head slowly. The old despondency was back in her face. Her eyes were full of trouble. She laid delicately gloved fingers upon

"My friend," she said, "it is very kind of you to think of it—but it is kind of you to think of it—but it is kind of you to think of it—but it is impossible. I cannot tell you why as I would wish. But at present I do not desire any acquaintances. I must not, in fact, think of it. It would give me great pleasure to know your mother. Only I must not.

would give me great pleasure to know your mother. Only I must not. Believe me that it is impossible."

Wolfenden was a little hurt — a good deal mystified. It was a very odd thing. He was not in the least a snob, but he knew that the visit of the Countess of Dering. ham, whose name was still great in the social world, was not a thing to be refused without grave reasons by a girl in the position of Mr. Sabin's niece. The old question came back to him with an irresistible emphasis; Who were these people? He emphasis; Who were these looked at her furtively. He servant man in the small details of a woman's toilette, and he knew that he had never met a girl better turned out than his property. cut of her tailor-made gown was per-fection, her gloves and boots could scarcely have come from anywhere but Parls. She carried herself, too, with a perfect ease and indefinable distinction which could only have come distinction which could only have come-to her by descent. She was a perfect type of the woman of breeding—unre-strained, yet aristocratic to the tips

her finger-nails He sighed as he looked away from "You are a very mysterious young oman," he said, with a forced air

of galety.
"I am afraid that I am," she admit-"I am afraid that I am," she admitted, regretfully. "I can assure you that I am very tired of it. But—it will not last for very much longer." "You are really going away, then "he asked, quickly.

"Yes. We shall not be in England much longer."

much longer."
"You are going for good?" he asked.

"You are going for good?" he asked.
"I mean, to remain away?"
"When we go," she said, "it is very
doubtful if ever I shall set my foot
on English soil again."
He drew a quick breath. It was his
one chance, then Her last words must
be his excuse for such precipitation.

one chance, then Her list words must be his excuse for such precipitation. They had scrambled down through an opening in the cliffs, and there was no one else in sight. Some instinct seemed to tell her what was coming. The tried to talk, but she could not. His hand had closed upon hers, and she had not the strength to give if had not the strength to draw it away. It was so very English, this sudden wooing. No one had ever dared to touch her fingers before without first begging permission.

"Don't you know—Helene—that I love you? I want you to live in England to be my wife Don't end the control of th

love you? I want you to live in England—to be my wife. Don't say that I haven't a chance. I know that I ought not to have spoken yet, but you are going away so soon, and I am so afraid that I might not see you again alone. Don't stop me, please. I am not asking you now for your love. I know that it is too soon—to hope for that—altogether. I only want you to know.

and to be allowed to hope."

"You must not. It is impossible."

"You must not. It is impossible."

"he words were very low, and they came from her quivering with intense pain. He released her fingers. She leaned upon a huge boulder near, and, resting her face upon her hand, axed. resting her face upon her hand, gazed

Very, very foolish."

Being a man, his first thoughts had

been for himself. But at her words he forgot everything except that she too

ly knew her transfigured face, with the tears glistening upon her eye-

lashes,
"Do not tempt me to say what might make both of us more unhappy," she begged. "Be content to know that I cannot marry you."
"You have promised somebody

eise?"
"I shall probably marry," she said
deliberately, "somebody else."
He ground his heel in the soft sands,
and his eyes flashed.

He ground his heel in the soft sands, and his eyes flashed.

"You are being coerced!" he cried. She lifted her head proudly.

"There is no person breathing," she said quietly, "who would dare to attempt such a thing!"

Then he looked out with her towards the sea, and they watched the long, rippling waves break upon the brown sands, the faint and unexpected gleam of wintry sunshine lying upon the bosom of the sea, and the screaming seaguils, whose white wings shone like alabaster against the darker clouds. For him these things were no longer beautiful, nor did he see the sunlight, which with a sudden fitful ness had warmed the air. It was all very cold and grey. It was not possible for him to read the riddle yet—she had not said that she could not care for him. There was that hope!

"There is no one," he said slowly, "who could coerce you? You will not marry me, but you will probably marry somebody else. Is it, then, that you care for this other man, and not for me?"

She shook her head.
"Of the two!" she said with a faint

She shook her head.
"Of the two," she said, with a faint attempt at her old manner, "I prefer you. Yet I shall marry him."
Woifenden became aware of an unexpected sensation. He was getting

angry.
"I have a right," he said, resting "I have a right," he said, resting his hand upon her shoulder, and gaining courage from her evident weakness, "to know more. I have given you my love. At least you owe me in return your confidence. Let me have it. You shall see that if even I may not be your lover, I can at least be your faithful friend."

She touched his hand tenderly. It was scarcefy kind of her—certainly not wise. She had taken off her glove, and the touch of her soft, delicate fin-

not wise. She had taken off her glove, and the touch of her soft, delicate fingers thrilled him. The blood rushed through his veins like mad music. The longing to take her into his arms was almost uncomfortable. Her dark eyes looked upon him very kindly.

"My friend," she said, "I know that you would be faithful. You must not be angry with me. Nay, it is your pity I want. Some day you will know all. Then you will understand. Perhaps even you will be sorry for me. if

haps even you will be sorry for me, if I am not forgotten. I only wish that I could tell you more; only I may not. It makes me sad to deny you, but I must."

"I mean to know," he said decreed.

I must."

"I mean to know," he said dogged-ly—"I mean to know everything. You are sacrificing yourself. To talk of marrying a man whom you do not love is absurd. Who are you? If you do not tell me, I shall go to your guardian. I shall go to Mr. Sibin."

"Mr. Sabin, is always at your service," said a snawe voice almost at his elbow. "Never more so than at the present."

Wolfenden turned round with a start. It was indeed Mr. Sabin, in unaccustomed guise, clad in a tweed suit and leaning upon an ordinary walking-stick."

walking-stick."
"Come," he said, good-humoredly,
"don't look at me as though I were
something uncanny. If you had not
been so very absorbed you would have
heard me call to you from the cliffs.
I wanted to save myself the climb, but you went to save myself the clumb, but you were deaf, both of you. Am I the first man whose footsteps upon the sands have fallen lightly. Now, what is it you want to ask me, Lord Wolfenden?"

Wolfenden was in no way disturbed at the many common to the co

at the man's coming. On the contrary, he was glad of it. He answered boldly and without hesitation.

Sabin," he said.

"Very natural indeed," Mr. Sabin remarked easily. "If I were a young man of your age and evident taste I have not the least doubt but that I should want to marry her myself. I offer you my sincere sympathy. Unfortunately it is impossible."

"I want to know," Wolfenden said, "why it is impossible? I want a reason of some sort."

"You shall have one with pleasure," Mr. Sabin said. "My niece is already betrothed."

"To a man," Wolfenden exclaimed

Mr. Sabin said. "My niece is already betrothed."

"To a man," Wolfenden exclaimed indignantly, "whom she admits that she does not care for!"

"Whom she has nevertheless," Mr. Sabin said suddenly, and with a sudden flash of anger in his eyes, "agreed and promised of her own free will to marry. Look here, Lord Wolfenden, I do not desire to quarrel with you. You saved me from a very awkward accident a few nights ago, and I remain your debtor. Be reasonable! My niece has refused your offer. I confirm her refusal. Your proposal does us both much honor, but it is utterly out of the question. That is putting it plainly, is it not? Now, you must choose for yourself—whether you will drop the subject and remain our vaued friend, or whether you compel me to ask you to leave us at once, and consider us henceforth as strangers."

The girl laid her hand upon his shoulder and levels the strangers.

The girl laid her hand upon his shoulder and looked at him pleadingly. "For my sake," she said, "choose to remain our friend, and let this be forgotten." "For your sake, I consent," he said, "But I give no promise that I will not at some future time reopen the subject."

subject."

"You will do so," Mr. Sabin said,
"exactly when you desire to close your
acquaintance with us. For the rest,
you have chosen wisely. Now I am
going to take you home, Helene, Afterwards, if Lord Wolfenden will give me
a match, I shall be delighted to have
a round of golf with him."

"I shall be very pleased," Wolfenden
answered.

answered.

"I will see you at the pavilion in half an hour," Mr. Sabin said. "In the meantime, you will please excuse us. I have a few words to say to my niece."

She held out both her hands, looking She held out both her hands, looking about? Oh, I remember, of course. It was about your father and

"Good-bye," she said. "I am so But he looked straight into her eyes, and he answered her bravely. He would not admit defeat.
"I hope that you are not," he said.
"I shall never regret it."

CHAPTER XX.

From a Dim World. From a Dim World.

Wolfenden was in no particularly cheerful frame of mind when, a few moments after the half hour was up, Mr. Sabin appeared upon the pavilion tee, followed by a tall, dark young man carrying a bag of golf clubs. Mr. 'Sabin, on the other hand, was inclined to be sardonically cheerful.

"Your handicap," he remarked, "is two. Mine is one. Suppose we play level. We ought to make a good match."

Wolfenden looked at him in surprise.

atch."
Wolfenden looked at him in surprise.
"Did you sa," one "
Mr. Sabin smhed.

Mr. Sabin smhed.
"Yes; they give me one at Pau and "Yes; they give me one at Pau and Cannes. My foot interferes very little with my walking upon turf. All the same, I expect you will find me an easy victim here. Shall I drive? Just here, Dumayne," he added, pointing to a convenient spot upon the tee with the head of his driver. "Not 'coo much sand."
"Where did you get your ceddle?"

the head of his driver. "Not too much sand."

"Where did you get your caddle?"
Wolfenden asked. "He is not one of ours, is he?"

Mr. Sabin shook his head.

"I found him on some links in the south of France," he answeved. "He is the only caddle I ever knew who could make a decent tee, so I take him about with me. He valets me as well. That will do nicely, Dumayne."

Mr. Sabin's expression suddenly changed. His body, as though by instinct, fell into position, He scarcely altered his stand an inch from the position he had first taken up. Wolfenden, who had expected a half-swing, was amazed at the wonderfully lithe, graceful movement with which he stooped down and the club flew round his shoulder. Clean and true the ball flew off the tee in a perfectly direct line—a capital drive only a little short of the two hundred yards. Master and servant watched it critically.

"A fairly well hit ball, I think, Dumayne," Mr. Pabin remarked.

"You got it quite clean away, sir," the man answered. "It hasn't run very well, though; you will find it a litte near the far bunker for a comfortable second."

"I shall carry it all right," Mr.

second."

"I shall carry it all right," Mr. Sabin said, quietly.

Wolfenden also drove a long ball, but with a little slice. He had to play the odd, and caught the top of the bunker. The hole fell to Mr. Sabin in four. They strolled off towards the second teeling ground. theing ground.

"Are you staying down here for long?" Mr. Sabin asked.

long?" Mr. Sabin aske Wolfenden hesitated. "I am not sure," he said. "I am rather oddly situated at home. At any rate I shall probably be here as long

as you."
"I am not sure about that," Mr. Sabin said. "I think that I am going to like these links, and if so I shall not to like these links, and if so I shall not hurry away. Forgive me if I am inquisitive, but your reference to home affairs is, I presume, in connection with your father's health. I was very sorry to hear that he is looked upon now as a confirmed invalid."

Wolfenden assented gravely. He did not wish to talk about his father to Mr. Sabin. On the other hand, Mr. Sabin was politely persistent.

"He does not, I presume, receive visitors," he said, as they left the tee after the third drive.

"Never," Wolfenden answered decisively. "He suffers a good deal in

"Never," Wolfenden answered de-cisively. "He suffers a good deal in various ways, and apart from that he is very much absorbed in the collection of some statistics connected with a hobby of his. He does not see even his

Mr. Sabin was obviously interested. "Many years ago," he said, "I met your father at Alexandria. He was then in command of the Victoria. He would perhaps scarcely recollect me now but at the time. would permape would permape to would permape to would permape to which the file that the time he made me promise to visit him if ever I was in England. It must be—yes, it surely must be nearly lifteen years ago, "I am afraid," Wolfenden remarked, watching the flight of his ball after a tuccessful brassey shot, "that he tuccessful brassey shot,

successful brassey shot, "that he would have forgotten all about it by now. His memory has suffered a good deed." Mr. Sabin addressed his own ball,

and from a bad lie sent it flying a huni-dred and fifty yards with a peculiar, jerking shot which Wolfenden watched jerking shot which Wolfenden watched with envy.

"You must have a wonderful eye," he remarked, "to hit a ball with a full swing lying like that. Nine men out of ten would have taken an fron."

Mr. Sabin shrugged his shoulders. He did not wish to talk golf.

"I was about to remark," he said, "that your father had then the reputation of, and impressed me as being, the best informed man with regard to English naval affairs with whom I ever conversed."

regard to English havai affairs with whom I ever conversed."

"He was considered an authority, I believe." Wolfenden admitted.

"What I particularly admired about him," Mr. Sabin continued, "was the absence of that cocksureness which sometimes, I am afraid, almost blinds the indement of your most blinds the judgment of your great naval officers. I have heard him even discuss the possibility of an invasion of England with the utmost gravity. He admitted that it was far from improbable."

"My father's views," Wolfenden said, "have always been presiming it as

gravity. He admitted that it was far from improbable."

"My father's views," Wolfenden said, "have always been preimiside as regards the actual strength of our navy and coast defences. I believe he used to make himself a great nuisance at the Admiralty."

"He has ceased now, I suppose," Mr. Sabin remarked, "to take much interest in the matter?"

"I can scarcely say that." Wolfenden answered. "His interest, however, has ceased to be official. I dare say you have heard that he was in

ever, has ceased to be official. I dare say you have heard that he was in command of the Channel Fleet at the time of the terrible disaster in the Solent. He retired almost immediately afterwards, and we fear that his health will never altogether recover from the shock."

There was a short intermission in the conversation. Wolfenden had sliced his ball badly from the sixth tee, and Mr. Sabin, having driven as usual with almost mathematical precision, their ways for a few minutes lay apart. They came together, however, on the putting green, and had a short walk to the next tee.

"That was a very creditable half to you." Mr. Sabin reversed.

walk to the next tee.

"That was a very creditable half to you," Mr. Sabin remarked.

"My approach," Wolfenden admitted, "was a lucky one."

"It was a very fine shot," Mr. Sabin insisted. "The spin helped you, of course, but you were justified in allowing for that, especially as you seem to play most of your mashle shots with a cut. What were we talking about? Oh, I remember, of

the Solent catastrophe. Admiral Der-ingham was not concerned with the actual disaster in any way, was he?" Wolfenden shook his head. "Thank God, no!" he said emphati-cally. "But Admiral Marston was his dearest friend, and he saw him go down with six hundred of his men. He was so close that they even shout-ed farewells to one another." "It must have been a ter-

ed farewells to one another."

"It must have been a terrible shock," Mr. Sabin admitted. "No wonder he has suffered from it. Now you have spoken of it, I think I remember reading about his retirement. A sad thing for a man of action, as he always was. Does he remain in Norfolk all the year round?"

"He never leaves Deringham Hall,"
Wolfenden answered. "He used to make short yachting cruises until last year, but that is all over now. It is 'twelve months since he stepped outside his own gates."

Mr. Sabin remained deeply interest-

Mr. Sabin remained deeply interes

Ar. Sabin remained deeply interested.

"Has he any occupation beyond this hobby of which you spoke?" he asked. "He rides and shoots a little, I suppose, like the rest of your country gentlemen?"

Then for the first time Wolfenden began to wonder dimly whether Mr. Sabin had some purpose of his own in so closely pursuing the thread of this conversation. He looked at him keenly. At the moment his attention seemed altogether directed to the dangerous proximity of his ball and a tall sand bunker. Throughout his interest had seemed to be fairly divided between the game and the conversation which he had initiated. None the less Wolfenden was puzzled. He versation which he had initiated. None the less Wolfenden was puzzled. He could scarcely believe that Mr. Sabin had any real, personal interest in his father, but, on the other hand, it was not easy to understand this persistent questioning as to his occupation and doings. The last inquiry, carelessly though it was asked, was a direct one. It seemed scarcely worth while to eyade it.

was a direct one. It seemed scarcely worth while to evade it.
"No; my father has special interests," he answered slowly. "He is engaged now upon some work connected with his profession."

"Indeed!"

Mr. Sabin's exclamation suggested a curiosity which it was not Wolfendey's purpose to gratify. He remained silent. The game proceeded without remark for a quarter of an hour. Wolfenden was now three down, and with all the stimulus of a strong opponent he set himself to recover his ground. The ninth hole he won with a fine, long putt, which Mr. Sabin applauded heartily.

eartily.

They drove from the next tee, and after their balls, They drove from the next tee, and walked together after their balls, which lay within a few yards of one

which lay within a few yards of one another.

"I am very much interested," Mr. Sabin remarked, "in what you have been telling me about your father. It confirms rather a curious story about Lord Deringham which I heard in London a few weeks ago. I was told, I forget by whom, that your father had devoted years of his life to a wonderfully minute study of English coast defences and her naval strength. My informant went on to say that—forgive me, but this was said quite openly, you know—that whilst on general matters your father's mental health was scarcely all that could be desired, his work in connection with those two subjects was of great yalue. It struck me as being a very singular and a very interesting case."

peing a very singular and a very nteresting case."

Wolfenden shook his head dubiously "Your informant was misled, I am afraid," he said. "My father takes his hobby very seriously, and, of course, we humor him. But as regards the value of his work, I am afraid it is worthless."

"Have you tested it yourself?" Mr. Sabin asked.

Sabin asked.

"I have only seen a few pages,"
Wolfenden admitted, "but they were
wholly unintelligible. My chief authority is his own secretary, who is
giving up an excellent place simply
because he is ashamed to take money
for assisting in work which he declares to be utterly hopeless."
"He is a man." Mr. Sabin remark.

very simple, good-hearted little chap, and tremendously conscientious. What your friend told you, by the bye, reminds me of rather a curious thing which happened yesterday."

Wolfenden paused. There did not seem, however, to be any reason for concealment, and his companion, were

seem, however, to be any reason for concealment, and his companion was evidently deeply interested.

"A man called upon us," Wolfenden continued, "with a letter purporting to be from our local doctor here. He gave his name as Franklin Wilmot, the celebrated physician, you know, and explained that he was interested in a new method of treating mental complaints. He was very plausible, and he explained everything unusual about his visit most satisfactorily. He wanted a sight of the work on which my father was engaged, and after talking it over we introduced ham into the study during my father's ab-

talking it over we introduced him into the study during my father's absence. From it he promised to give us a general opinion upon the case and its treatment. Whilst he was there our doctor drove up in het haste. The letter was a forgery, the man an impostor."

Wolfenden, glancing towards Mr. Sabin as he finished his story, was surprised at the latter's imperfectiy concenled interest. His lips were indrawn, his face seemed instinct with a certain passionate but finely controlled emotion. Only the slight hiss of his breath and the gleam of his black eyes betrayed him.

"What happened?" he asked. "Did you secure the fellow?"

Wolfenden played a long shot and

you secure the fellow?"

Wolfenden played a long shot and waited whilst he watched the run of his ball. Then he tuned towards his companion and shook his head.

"No! He was a great deal too clever for that. He sent me out to meet Whitlett, and when we got back he had shown us a clean pair of heels. He got away through the window."

"Did he take away any papers with him?" Mr. Sabin asked.

"He may have taken a loose sheet or two," Wolfenden said. "Nothing of any consequence, I think. He had no time. I don't think that that could have been his object altogether, or he would scarcely have suggested my remaining with him in the study."

Mr. Sabin drew a quick little breath. He played an iron shot and played it very badly.

"It was a very extraordinary contracts."

the attendant tapped him on the shoulder, and, pointing to a small cur that followed him, said— "Dogs are not admitted."
"That's not my dog," replied the visitor. "But he follows you." "So do you!" replied the old gen-leman. sharply.

The attendant growled, and removed played it very badly.
"It was a very extraordinary oc-currence," he remarked. "What was the man like? Did he seem like an the dog with entirely unnecessary vio-lence.—Tit-Bits

ordinary thief?"
Wolfenden shook his head decidedly.
"Not in the least," he declared. "He
was well dressed, and his manners
were excellent. He had all the appear-

AND

GREEN OR BLACK, IS MACHINE ROLLED.

Thanks for the tip 'DRINK CEYLON'S GREEN,' I found it wholesome, sweet and clean. Now that I'm sound in limb and brain 'll never drink Japan again.'

ALL GOOD GROCERS KEEP IT.

A free sample of delicious SALADA Tea sent on receipt of postal nentioning which you drink-Black, Mixed or Green Tea. Address ·SALADA," Toronto or Montreal.

## **BUTTER AND CHEESE:**

Some Hints on Their Manufacture and Handling, by the Montreal Butter and Cheese

<del>\*</del> the cheese question that every farmer ought to read. It warns dairymilk, either at the beginning or the end of the seasons. It requires no argument to prove that if our cheese s to be sold at remunerative prices during the season of production, it is essential that there should be no large quantity of the previous season's production left over at the commencement of the new season. It must therefore be in the common interest of all concerned to see that no impediment is placed in the way of the free sale and free consumption of existing stocks of cheese during all the period up to the arrival of new full grass goods on the market in Canada, even at the cost of some im-Canada, even at the cost of some immediate loss of money. Now, the experience of recent years proves that the average world's production of full grass cheese, which is sold on the English markets, consisting chiefly of Canadian, States and New Zealand makes, besides the English home make, is as large as can be consumed

n one seaso At Profitable Prices. At Profitable Prices.

Take, for instance, the present season. The total shipments from Canada and the States from May 1st, 1900, to the end of January, 1901, have amounted to about 2,900,000 boxes, while the English make is estimated to be some 15 per cent. larger than that of the previous season. This large production has left a stock of Canadian and American cheese on hand at this date which it a stock of Canadian and American cheese on hand at this date which it will take four months' full average consumption to clear off. If in addition to this large stock a large quantity of fodder cheese should be made from new milk this coming spring, it is easily seen that the result will inevitably be a large surplus of old is easily seen that the result will inevitably be a large surplus of old cheese left over on the English markets in June, which will certainly have the effect of retarding the sale and seriously lower the price of new grass goods this coming season. For these reasons it seems to be only

The Part of Wisdom. for Canadian producers, who contribute the largest quantity of foreign cheese to the English markets, and whose produce at present stands highest in reputation there, to submit at the beginning or the end of the seasons, as they will assuredly reap a substantial advantage in the higher prices and increased reputation they will afterwards obtain for their full

In advocating this policy this Association does not forget the diffi-culty the farmer is faced with in dis-posing of his stable fed milk. It would be better, if necessary, to throw this class of milk away rather than manufacture it into cheese: but such a sacrifice is not necessary While it seems impossible to manufacture a first-class article of cheese from stable fed milk, it has been proved that by scrupulous cleanliness and scientific methods a very fine article of butter can be made from this milk, for which there is always a good demand from domes-tic sources and a considerable de-mand for export, at good prices. This Association, therefore, strongiv recommends the factorymen as iy recommends the lactorymen as far as possible to provide them-selves with alternative machinery for making both butter and cheese, and where it is not possible for the farmer to work up his fodder milk into butter, it is strongly recommended that he should put it into stock.

The Association desires to call the special attention of factory men to the uncured condition of most of livered in Montreal.

pletely imposed upon both my mother and myself."

"How long were you in the study before Dr. Whitlett arrived?" Mr. Sa-

Tarety live minutes."
It was odd, but Mr. Sabin seemed lositively relieved.
"And Mr. Blatherwick," he where was he all the time?"
"Who?" Wolfenden asked in sur-

As a man entered a picture gailery

"Barely five minutes."

The Montreal Butter and Cheese | the cheese coming to Montreal. It Association has issued a circular on the cheese question that every farmer ought to read. It warns dairymen against manufacturing in Canada any cheese at all from fodder milk, either at the beginning or the and cheese must be held in the fac-tories at least two wesks for fast curing cheese, and longer for slow curing cheese, or in all cases until the cheese are cured. Factories should be so provided that the temperature of the curing room can be maintained at or near 60 degrees Fahrenhelt, otherwise cheese are injured, by heat in summer and cold

Appearance of Cheese.

A large number of the cheese arriving in Montreal have at least one rough end, and some have two rough ends, giving the cheese arriving in Montreal have at least one cheese arriving in Montreal have a montrea rough ends, giving the cheese avery bad appearance and affecting their value. All cheese might easily have a good appearance if the maker would take his cheese out of the hops early in the morning of the day following the date of manufacture, trim off any unevenness, put his cheese back to press with the his cheese back to press with the ends reversed, and leave them there until the afternoon, using press rings to keep the cheese from pressing up between the hoop and the follower.

The cheese boxes generally in use are disgracefully poor, and factory-men should insist upon being supplied with a better box in future. In the box that is at present being sup-plied, the sides are too thin, which causes them to break, and the head and bottom are frequently made of too many pieces, which causes them to fall out, and insufficient nailing of these is a common complaint. We ask the factorymen to insist upon get-ting boxes with sides from one-fifth ting boxes with sides from one-fifth to one-quarter of an inch in thick-ness, with not more than two pleces in the top or bottom, and with the top and bottom pieces properly nailed. These pieces should be made of well dried material, so that they will not shrink away from the bands and weaken the box.

Another objectionable practice seems to be growing in many dis-tricts of the country, and that is the practice of carrying whey back from the factory in milk cans, which gives to the cans a bad smell, and this is too often communicated to the milk farmer desires to make use of share of the whey, it is strongly re-commended that he carry with him in his waggon a barrel or other cans whey to the farm. Under no circumstances should whey be conveyed in

Canada must go more largely into the manufacture of fancy butter, since it is evident that we are now making as many cheese as can making as many cheese as can be consumed in one season at profitable prices. There is abundant room for expansion in butter making, provided only the best quality is made. All hope of doing an export trade of any importance in dairy butter must be abandoned. Nothing but the best abandoned. Nothing but the best abandoned in the property butter will seed force more butter will seed force. abandoned. Nothing but the best creamery butter will sell freely and profitably. There is proof enough that fancy butter can be made in Canada, but much progress must yet be made ere our average quality will be made ere our average quality will stand as high as that of Denmark or Australia. We are especially behind these countries in regard to bett-ages. Only the best obtainable should be bought, uniform in style and size, and where boxes are used, no more and no less butter should be pack-ed than will test 56 pounds when de-livered in Montreal.

Americanized.

The night passed off; the Turk awoke
And put his swollen head in soak,
And on his peak cracked ice h

And his imperial molars ground.
His crimson fez was not more red
Than were the eyes set in his head,
And in his mouth the royal baste
Observed a dark brown sickening

Observed a dark brown sickening taste.

"Oh, vassal!" cried the man so sicke "Go get a boat and row out quick Out to that battleship and tell The chief I wish he were in Hell-Lespont, or words to that effect. And that his Yankee ship were warseked.

prise.

"Mr. Blatherwick—your father's secretary," Mr. Sabin repeated coolly;
"I understood you to say that his
name was Blatherwick."
"I don't remember mentioning his
name at all," Wolfenden sald, vaguely disturbed. Long ere he had invited me

To share his hospitality
And stuffed me till he cooked my With that dad-blamed Kentucky

-Denver Post.

From the Smart Set. Blessed are those Whose blood and judgment

Whose blood and judgmens are well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she pleases.

—Hamlet, iii. 2. Fred. Pegg, a London, Ont., boy, stole \$150 from a Chinaman and went to Detroit. When arrested he

John Tibby, one of the most prom-inent glass manufacturers of Penn-sylvania, is dead.