

# A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

"No!" could never live in this country," she said, "even my liking for it grow. It would be impossible!"

"You think that you could never care for it enough," he suggested; "yet you have scarcely had time to judge it fairly. London in the spring is gay enough, and the life at some of our country houses is very different from what you are used to. Society is so much more tolerant and broader."

"It is scarcely a question," she said, "of my likes or dislikes. Next to Paris, I prefer London in the spring to any city in Europe, and a week I spent at Radnet was very delightful. But, nevertheless, I could never live here. It is not my destiny!"

"We are bordering upon the forbidden subject," she reminded him, with a look which was almost reproachful. "You must please believe me when I tell you, that for me things have already been arranged otherwise. Come, I want you to tell me all about this country into which we are going. You must remember that to me it is all new!"

"I suffered her to lead the conversation into other channels, with a vague feeling of distrust. The mystery which hung around the girl and her uncle seemed only to grow denser as his desire to penetrate it grew. At present, all she would say was baffled. He dared ask no more questions."

"The train glided into Peterborough station before either of them were fully aware that they had entered in earnest upon the journey. Wolfenden looked out of the window with amazement."

"Why, we are nearly half way there!" he exclaimed. "How wretched!"

"She smiled, and took up a magazine. Wolfenden's servant came respectfully to the window. "Can I get you anything, my lord?" he inquired."

"Nothing, thanks, Selby," he said. "You had better get yourself some lunch. We don't get to Beringham until four o'clock."

"The man raised his hat and turned away. In a moment, however, he was back again. "You will pardon my mentioning it, my lord," he said, "but the young lady's maid has been travelling in my carriage, and a nice fidget she's been in all the way. She seems awfully nervous, and she seems awfully frightened about something or other. The moment the train stopped here, she rushed off to the telegraph office."

"She seems a little excitable," Wolfenden remarked. "All right, Selby, you'd better hurry up and get what you want to do."

"Certainly, my lord; and perhaps your lordship knows that there is a flower-stall in the corner there."

"Wolffenden nodded and turned off. He returned to the carriage just as the train was moving off, with a handful of fresh, wet violets, whose perfume seemed instantly to fill the compartment. The girl held out her hands with a little exclamation of pleasure. "What a delightful travelling companion you are," she declared. "I think these English violets are the sweetest flowers in the world."

"She held them up to her lips. Wolfenden was looking at a paper bag in her lap. "May I inquire what that is?" he asked. "Buns?" she answered. "You must not think that because I am a girl I am never hungry. It is two o'clock, and I am positively famished. I sent my maid for them."

seemed to Wolfenden that chicken and tongue had never tasted so well before, or claret, at three shillings a bottle, so full and delicious. They cleared everything up, and then sat and talked over the cigarette which she had insisted upon. But, although he tried more than once, he could not lead the conversation into any serious channel, she would not talk of her past, she distinctly avoided the future. Once, when he had made a deliberate effort to gain some knowledge as to her earlier surroundings, he reproved her with a silence so marked that he hastened to talk of something else.

"Your maid," he said, "is greatly distressed about something. She sent a telegram off at Peterborough, and she hopes that your uncle will not make himself unpleasant because of my travelling with you."

"She smiled at him quite undisturbed. "For Colonel," she said, "your presence here has upset her terribly. Mr. Sibin has some rather strange notions about me, and I am quite sure that he would rather have sent me down to the hospital than have had this happen. You need not look so serious about it."

"It is only on your account," he assured her. "Then you need not look serious at all," she continued. "I am not under my uncle's jurisdiction. In fact, I am quite an independent person."

"I am delighted to hear it," he said heartily. "I should imagine that Mr. Sibin would not be at all a pleasant person to be on bad terms with."

"She smiled thoughtfully. "There are a great many people," she said, "who would agree with you. There are a great many people in the world who have come to regret having offended him. Let us talk of something else, I believe that I can see the sea!"

"They were indeed at Cromer. He found a carriage for her, and collected her belongings. He almost amused at her absolute indifference in the midst of the bustle of arrival. She was evidently unused to doing the slightest thing for herself. He took the address which she gave to him, and repeated it to the driver. Then he asked the question which had been troubling him many times upon his lips. "May I come and see you?"

"She had evidently been considering the matter, for she answered him at once and deliberately. "I should like you to," she said; "but if for any reason it did not suit my uncle to have you come, it would not be pleasant for either of us. He is going to play golf on the Derlingham links, and you must be guided by his manner towards you."

"And if he is still—as he was in London—must this be good-bye, then?" he asked, earnestly. "She looked at him with a faint color in her cheeks, and a softer light in her eyes, clear eyes."

"Well," she said, "good-bye would be the last word which could be spoken between us. But, I suppose, we shall see."

"She flashed a suddenly brilliant smile upon him, and leaped back amongst the cushions. The carriage drove off, and Wolfenden, humming pleasantly to himself, stepped into the dog-cart which was waiting for him."

CHAPTER XIII. The Countess of Derlingham might be excused for considering herself the most unfortunate woman in England. In a single week she had passed from the position of one of the most brilliant leaders of English society to be the keeper of a recluse, whose sanity was at least doubtful. Her husband, Admiral the Earl of Derlingham, had been a man of iron nerve and constitution, with a splendid reputation, and undoubtedly a fine seaman. The horror of a single day had broken up his life. He had been the awe-stricken witness of a great naval catastrophe, in which many of his oldest friends and companions had gone to the bottom of the sea before his eyes, together with nearly a thousand British seamen. The responsibility for the disaster lay chiefly with those who had perished in it, yet some small share of the blame was fastened upon the onlookers, and he himself as admiral in command, had not altogether escaped. From the moment when they led him down from the bridge of his flagship, grey and fainting, he had been a changed man. He had never recovered from the shock. He retired from active service at once, under a singular and marvellously persistent delusion. Briefly, he

believed, or professed to believe, that half the British fleet had perished, and that the country at the mercy of the first great power who cared to send her warships up the Thames. It was a question whether he was really insane, or any ordinary man. His views were the views of a rational man, but the task which he proceeded to set himself was so absorbing that any other subject seemed scarcely to come within the horizon of his comprehension. He imagined himself selected by no less a person than the Secretary for War, to devote the rest of his life to the accomplishment of a certain undertaking! Practically his mission was to prove by figures, plans, and naval details (unknown to the general public), the complete helplessness of the Empire. He bought a yacht and commenced a series of short cruises, lasting over two years, during the whole of which time his wife was his faithful and constant companion. They visited in turn each one of the fortified ports of the country, winding up with a general inspection of every battleship and cruiser which British waters contained. Then, with huge piles of amassed information before him, he settled down in Norfolk to the framing of his report, still under the impression that the whole world was anxiously awaiting it. His wife remained with him then, listening daily to the news of his progress, and endeavoring never to utter a single word of discussion which he sometimes put before her. The best room in the house, the great library, was stripped perfectly bare, and fitted up for the purpose. A typist was engaged to copy out the result of his labors in fair form. Later, the fatal results to England which would follow the disclosure of the truth, which he sometimes put before her. The best room in the house, the great library, was stripped perfectly bare, and fitted up for the purpose. A typist was engaged to copy out the result of his labors in fair form. Later, the fatal results to England which would follow the disclosure of the truth, which he sometimes put before her.

"I am almost as worried as I am poor little man," Lady Derlingham said. "I am afraid every day that he will give it up and leave. We are paying him five hundred a year, and he is really most amusing, though, to see how terrified he is at your father. He positively shakes when he speaks to him."

"What does he have to do?" Wolfenden asked. "Oh, draw maps and make calculations and copy all sorts of things. You see it is wasted and purposeless work, that is what makes it so hard for the poor man."

"You are quite sure, I suppose," Wolfenden asked, after a moment's hesitation, "that it is all wasted work?"

"Absolutely," the Countess declared. "Mr. Blatherwick brings me his drawings, and shows me upon which he has been engaged for days. They are all just a hopeless tangle of figures and wild calculations! Nobody could possibly make anything coherent out of them."

"I wonder," Wolfenden suggested, thoughtfully, "whether it would be a good idea to get Denvers, the Secretary, to write and ask him to stop on an hour or so, and to do the present. He could easily make some excuse—say that it was attracting attention which they desired to avoid, or some other thing of the kind. He is a good fellow, and he and the admiral were great friends once, weren't they?"

"The Countess shook her head. "I am afraid that would not do at all," she said. "Besides, out of her good nature, of course, Denvers has already encouraged him. Only last week he wrote him a friendly letter, hoping that he was getting on, and telling him how interested every one in the War Office was to hear about his work. He has known about it all the time, you see. Then, one day he came along, and he said, 'Of course, there is that to be feared,' Wolfenden admitted. 'I too, if the occupation were taken from your father, I am afraid he would be what you call a nervous wreck. Into his head? Does he suspect anyone in particular?'"

"The Countess shook her head. "I do not think so; of course it was Miss Morton who started it. He quite believes that she took copies of all the work she did here, but he was so pleased with himself about the idea of having found out that she had, that he troubled very little about it. He seems to think that she had not reached the most important part of his work, and he was copying that himself now by hand."

"But outside the house, has he any definite suspicion?" "Not that I know of; not any definite suspicion," she said. "The last night of Duchess's, the great spy and adventurer, in a rambling sort of way. Duchess would be the man to get hold of my work if it came to pass. He is a cunning fellow. But none must know of it! The newspapers must be quiet. It is a terrible danger! He talked like that for some time. No, I do not think that he suspects anybody. It is more a general uneasiness."

"Poor old chap!" Wolfenden said softly. "What does Dr. Whitely think of it? Has he seen him lately?" "None at all," she answered. "Dr. Whitely is quite frank. He will recover what he has lost—he will probably lose more. But come, there is the dressing bell. You will see him for yourself at dinner. Whatever you do, don't be late—have anyone to be a minute behind time."

CHAPTER XIV. The Tempting of Mr. Blatherwick. Wolfenden was careful to reach the hall before the dinner gong was sounded. His father greeted him warmly, and Wolfenden was surprised to see so little outward change in him. He was carefully dressed, well groomed in every respect, and he wore a delicate orchid in his button-hole.

"During dinner he discussed the little round of London life and the various social events with perfect sanity, and permitted himself his usual good-natured grumble at Wolfenden for his dilatoriness in the choice of a professional adviser. He did not once refer to the subject of his own weakness until dessert had been served, when he passed the claret to Wolfenden without filling his own glass."

"You will excuse my not joining you," he said to his son, "but I have still three or four hours' writing to do, and much work as mine requires. I have been busy all day, and I am sure that I shall be able to understand that, I dare say."

(To be continued.)

The Times asks if the large amount of American securities that has been returned to the United States signifies mere change of investment by English holders or selling out of capital to meet current expenses.

ambling his chest, so I drew Richardson's coat, and I asked, "Is this true, Richardson?" I asked. "No, your ladyship," he said bluntly; "it ain't; there's no two men been here at all!" The master dragged the chest out himself; I heard him doing it, and I saw the light, so I left my box, and stepped into the room to see what was wrong. Directly he saw me he yelled out and let fly at me with his revolver! It's a wonder I'm alive, for one of the bullets grazed my temple.

"Then he went on to say that he would like to leave, that no wages were good enough to be shot at, and, plainly, that he had thought you had better ought to be locked up. I talked him over, and then got the Admiral to go back to bed. We had the place searched as a matter of form, but of course there was no sign of anybody. It is a mercy that he did not kill Richardson!"

"This is very serious," Wolfenden said gravely. "What about his revolver?" "I managed to secure that," the Countess said, "but I am afraid that I may ask for it at any moment."

"We can make that all right," Wolfenden said. "I know where more or less of the cartridges are in the gun-room, and I will reload the revolver with them. By the way, what does Blatherwick say about all this?"

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# CEYLON AND INDIA TEA

## GREEN OR BLACK

Because of their PURITY and CLEANLINESS British grown teas are becoming more popular every day. Don't drink impure and doctored Japan or China tea any longer. Insist that your grocer furnish you with the delicious, palate-pleasing teas of

# CEYLON AND INDIA

WANTED: A RECIPE FOR REFINEMENT. A FABLE BY GEO. ADE.

A Gauding Youth who was old enough to get out and rustle for a Salary remained at Home because his Mother set such a Good Table and knew how to wait on him. There was no necessity of his Bunking Down so long as both his Parents had their Health, so he spent more of his time thinking about his Complexion. He was a Humid Young Man, with no Virtuous Traits, and his three tall Side-Board Collars and his hat were a Trick Bicycle Rider. This young man was very anxious to be Refined, He had been told that one who seeks to Share Out a Girl gets her to think about him until she is Feverish must be there with the Refinement.

When the Daughter of the Steam Baker married the Piano Tuner there had been a good deal of Knocking and Talking about the Effect that she had picked up from the Piano, and she was Dead One, but the Match was finally settled on the Grounds that, although she was a Crab as to Business Get-up-and-Get and a Blacksmith with a Piano, he Graded Up middling strong on account of his Refinement. The Young Man who wanted to be Refined had read the Short Stories in the Evening Papers, and he had noticed that invariably it was the Refined Kid with a Name something like Llewellyn or Sutcliffe who was the Girl to Rights. When the Story ends with a Bang down toward the saloons of the Continent, the Refined Lover has Coasted along the Cling and Smiling through her Tears, which is no easy trick, if you stop to Think about it. The Young Man who was going to get some more Points, he changed over to a Paper and read a Top-Lofty Editorial made in London, which said there was no such thing as Refinement in the West. He was Hemisphered with the Lunch Stations on the Canadian Pacific, where the British Tourists dropped off to get Tea and Biscuits. So he had to pass up the Quest. Moral—The quest of Refinement no Longer has any Meaning except as Referring to Sugar and Lined Oil.

Peace After a Hard Fight—Robert J. McGowan Captures and Forever Ends the Career of the Only Foe He Ever Feared. Smith's Falls, Ont., Feb. 4. (Special)—Robert J. McGowan, the popular chief of police, has been for a long time annoyed and seriously handicapped in the performance of his duties by rheumatism and gout. A friend suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills as a remedy. He tried them and was cured. To-day he is well as usual. He has given the following publication—

Smith's Falls, Ont. Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Gentlemen, I am recommended to take Dodd's Kidney Pills for rheumatism and gout, from which I was a great sufferer. The pills seemed just to fit my case. I had been under the care of two eminent and skilled medical practitioners, and I have tried no end of patent medicines, but the first relief came with the first box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I certainly recommend them to all who suffer as I used to from rheumatism or gout. I am now perfectly well. If it will be of any service to you, you are at liberty to use my name and testimonial. ROBERT J. MCGOWAN, Chief of Police, Smith's Falls, Ont.

Mr. McGowan's popularity will make the above story one of interest to many people in his neighborhood and the Province generally. What he has done anyone may do with the same means—Dodd's Kidney Pills. They never fail. Four Generations. As daughter, sister, wife and mother, Alexandra has fulfilled all the duties of her position conscientiously, but in no other relation of life does she shine with more radiance than as a grandmother. There are numerous pictures showing her with Prince Edward of York or one of the other children or her son George in her lap. A photograph somewhat rare in this country shows Alexandra, with her children, the King's Man, Lord Duff, daughter of the Duchess of Fife. This picture gives the four generations in the maternal line. The Queen of Denmark is seated in an armchair, holding upon her knee little Lady Alexandra, her fair head partly covered by a large white cambric sunbonnet. Behind the chair stands the then Princess of Wales, with one hand on her mother's shoulder. The Duchess of Fife, now Princess Royal, stands beside her mother, supporting her hands on the chair in which the Queen of Denmark is seated. This is a good picture of a clannish family group. The Mexicans now buy nearly a quarter of a million worth of sewing machines annually.

Final Test of Refinement, although it would help some to carry a Green Bag and wear a Plain Shawl and put on an Intense Look whenever the Concord School of Philosophy was mentioned. A Representative Stockman who had been out to Market some Yearlings opined that any one who clipped his Beard every Spring and Fall and fought his way into a White Shirt on Sunday Morning was Refined enough for all Practical Purposes. A Young Woman with a Red Jacket said that she never considered a Girl Friend truly Refined until she could play "Narcissus" on the Piano and been to a Course of Lectures and was using Wax on her Envelopes. Another Woman, with a Hinted Look, said that Refinement depended on reading all the Late Books before they were dry from the Bindery. It kept her on the Jump, but she had got away with the whole Catalogue from the Green Bag of "Vincennes" to "Father Goose." She was expecting to get some kind of a Medal for being Refined. A regular History driving a Plumber's Wagon pulled up long enough to say that a Young Fellow to be Good and Refined ought to get a Close Shave before going to a Ball, and was expecting to buy a new Gaiter before leading her back to her Seat. A Delegate on his way home from a Reformers' Convention seemed to think that the Essentials of Refinement were White String Ties, hot from the Laundry, and smiling soars to show the teeth. A haggard Man with rumped Hair gave an entire new Definition. He said that Refinement meant to go to a Piano Recital or a Symphony Concert and Cry all over the seats. By this time the Young Man who was out to locate the Refinery had a very confused Notion of what he was trying to Run Down. While he was wondering where he could go to get some more Points, he changed over to a Paper and read a Top-Lofty Editorial made in London, which said there was no such thing as Refinement in the West. He was Hemisphered with the Lunch Stations on the Canadian Pacific, where the British Tourists dropped off to get Tea and Biscuits. So he had to pass up the Quest. Moral—The quest of Refinement no Longer has any Meaning except as Referring to Sugar and Lined Oil.

IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE. Smith Falls Chief Constable Arrests an Enemy.

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It's Not Like Dr. Chase To Disappoint People. His Great Receipt Book Did Not Disappoint, and Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Have Astonished Physicians and People Alike by Their Wonderful Cures.

Derangements of the kidneys cause the most painful and the most dreadful fatal diseases to which man is subject. The symptoms are unmistakable and the evidence goes to prove that no treatment has ever been so successful as a cure for diseases of the kidneys as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Pains, aches, or weakness of the back, deposits like brick dust in the urine, scanty, painful or scalding urination, puffiness under the eyes and emaciation are the indications of kidney disease. Mrs. Pearsley, 130 Lippincott street, Toronto, says: "I may say that Dr. Chase's Receipt Book has been the consulting physician in our house for years, as I have always been able to control any sickness amongst our children by using the receipts given in its pages. For the past few years I have suffered much with my kidneys, accompanied with severe pains in the back, almost unbearable at times. After using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for a time I am entirely restored to health, the pains in my back have left and I feel better in every respect. It is a plea-

T H I S C O U N T R Y I S I N V E N T O R I E S I N D I A N I A N D I T I O N