

A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

"It is the ties of kindred," he continued, "which breed irascibility, not kindness. I tell you, my friend, that there is a great storm gathering. It is not for nothing that the great hosts of my country are roused by a war lord! I tell you that we are arming to the teeth, silently, swiftly, and with a purpose. It may seem to you a small thing, but let me tell you this—we are a jealous nation! And we have cause for jealousy! In whatever part of the world we put down our foot, it is trodden on by our ubiquitous cousins! Wherever we turn to colonize, we are too late; England has already secured the finest territory, the most fruitful of the land. We must either take her leavings or go a-begging! Wherever we would develop, we are held back by the commercial and colonizing genius of the British Empire. The world of to-day is getting cramped. There is no room for a growing England and a growing Germany! So! one must give way, and Germany must give way to the British Empire! It is not for nothing that it shall not always be her sons who go to the wall. You say that France is our natural enemy. I deny it! France is our ally, our friend, our brother in arms! In military circles to-day a war with England would be wildly, hysterically popular; and sooner or later a war with England is as certain as the rising of the sun and the waning of the moon! I can tell you even now where the first blow will be struck! It is fixed! It is to come!"

"Not in Europe!" Mr. Sabin said. "Not in Europe or in Asia! The war torch will be kindled in Africa!" "The Transvaal?" "Mr. Sabin's visitor smiled. "It is in Africa," he said, "that English monopoly has been most galling to my nation. We, too, feel the burden of over-population. We, too, have our young blood making itself felt throughout the land, eager, impetuous, thirsting for adventure and freedom. We need new countries, where these may develop and at once ease and strengthen our Fatherland. I have seen it written in one of the great English reviews that my country has not the room for its own population. It is false! We have the instinct and the desire, but not the opportunity. England is like a great octopus, she is ever on the stretch, she is ever sucking, and drawing in for herself every new land which riches lie. No country has ever been so suitable for an African empire as England. She has said, already England has grabbed the finest and most to be desired of the land—she has it now in her mind to take one step further and seize the whole. But my country has no mind to suffer it! We have played second fiddle to a weaker Power long enough. We want Africa, my friend, and to my mind Africa is a very good master. Africa is worth having at all costs—listen—even at the cost of war!"

Mr. Sabin was silent for a moment. There was a deep silence upon his face. It was a situation such as he loved. He began to feel indeed that he was making history. "You have convinced me," he said at last. "You have taught me how to look upon European politics with new eyes. But there remains one important question. Supposing I break off my negotiations with the French, are you willing to pay my price?" "The Ambassador raised his hand: "It was a bribe!" "If you give up your own statements," he said, "you cannot ask a price which my master would not pay!" "Mr. Sabin moved a little in his chair. His eyes were bright. A faint tinge of color was in his olive cheeks. "Four years of my life," he said, "have been given to the perfecting of one branch only of my design; the other, which is barely completed, is the work of the only man in England competent to handle such a task. The combined force of my money, that is beyond question, and doubt. To whomsoever I give my secret, I give over the destinies of England. But the price is a mighty one!" "Name it," Mr. Sabin said, "quietly. A million, two millions? Rank? What is it?" "For myself," Mr. Sabin said, "nothing." "The other man started. "Nothing!" "Absolutely nothing!" "The Ambassador raised his hand to his forehead. "You confuse me," he said. "My conditions," Mr. Sabin said, "are these. The conquest of France and the restoration of the monarchy, in the person of Prince Henri and his cousin, Princess Helene of Bourbon!" "Ach!" "The little interjection shot from the Ambassador's lips like a spark, which, into emphasis. Then there was a silence—a brief, dramatic silence. The two men sat motionless, the eyes of each fastened upon the other. The Ambassador was breathing quietly. His eyes sparkled with excitement. Mr. Sabin was pale and calm, yet there were traces of nervous exhilaration in his quivering lips and bright eyes. "Yes, you were right; you were right, indeed," the Ambassador said slowly. "It is a great price that you ask!"

Mr. Sabin laughed very softly. "Think," he said, "weigh the matter well; Mark first this fact. If I claim for you the fourteen days from to-day, it is ample!" "The two men exchanged farewells and parted. Mr. Sabin, with a cigarette between his teeth, and humming now and then a few bars from one of Verdi's operas, commenced to carefully select a bagful of golf clubs from a little pile which stood in one corner of the room. Already they bore signs of considerable use, and he handled them with the care of an expert, swinging each one gently, and hesitating for some time between a wooden or a metal putter, and longer still between the rival claims of a bulgar and a flat-headed brassie. At last the bag was full; he resumed his seat and counted them out carefully. "Ten," he said to himself, softly. "Too many; it looks amateurish." Some of the steel heads were a little dull; he took a piece of emery leather from the pocket of his bag and began to polish them. As they grew brighter he whistled softly to himself. This time the opera tune seemed to have escaped him; he was whistling the "Marsellaise."

CEYLON AND INDIA TEA, GREEN OR BLACK, IS PURE TEA.

"Pure tea calms, restores and cheers those in distress." DRINK IT.

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

WOMAN VICTIM OF ADDISON'S DISEASE.

Her Skin Gradually Turning Bronze Colored.

It is reported from New York that a case of Addison's disease is in Bellevue Hospital. Mrs. Rose Lowe is the victim. She is but 28 years of age and had been in health up to the time, a few months ago, when she was attacked by this strange disease. Though in the hospital, she is treated as a private patient by Dr. Townsend that he may make a close study of the case. There would appear to be little hope of curing the woman, but it is thought her life may be prolonged a month or two. According to the latest account the skin of the patient is of the color of bronze, which marks the malady as undoubtedly one that, notwithstanding its rare occurrence, has come to be well known as Addison's. All the descriptions of it in the medical books are in professional language and hard to be understood by laymen, but herein an attempt is made to translate technical terms into terms that will be generally comprehended. Addison's disease is a disease of the suprarenal capsules, which in the medical books are classified among the ductless glands. They are otherwise known as the adrenal bodies, and are situated behind the kidneys. Sales from the dark-brown hue occasionally observed in their medullary portion after death.

face and hands. Occasionally it is absent. Patches of atrophy of pigment may occur. The coloration is found on the mucous membranes of the mouth and of other parts. The anaemia is usually of a moderate grade. Other symptoms are gastric disturbances. The pulse is rapid and the heart's action is feeble. The patient complains of lack of energy, both mental and bodily. Headache is a frequent symptom, with giddiness and noises in the ears. With the advance of the disease the prostration becomes more marked, the patient cannot rise out of bed, the intellect, the intelligence dulled and death finally occurs either by syncope or gradual anaesthesia. Occasionally there are convulsions. With the progress of the disease the patient becomes greatly changed in appearance, assuming the color of a mummy. The color, however, varies in degree and in depth of hue on various parts of the body, being usually more pronounced on the face, neck and back of the hands. The tint is never quite uniform all over the body; even in an extreme case of "bronzing." Points of pressure, and those exposed to friction become the seats of greatest attraction in this respect. The friction of a collar or braces, constriction of garters, irritation of blisters or of eruptions, all lead to greater intensity of coloration in the points affected. The patches of varying depth shade off gradually and have no abrupt margins. The disease is usually fatal. The cases in which the bronzing is slight or does not occur run a more rapid course. There are cases which are fatal in a few weeks. In a few cases the disease is much prolonged, even to six or ten years. In rare instances recovery has been taken place and periods of improvement lasting

Rapid Railway Travel.

Representatives of the Grand Trunk Railway Company had in their charge the other day two children, who probably made the quickest trip ever recorded between Truro, N. S., and Council Bluffs, Ia., covering the 2,033 miles on exactly sixty-six hours and fifteen minutes. The little tots were alone, and made a trip to join their parents, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Sumner, in the city on the banks of the Missouri River. They left Truro at 8:45 o'clock in the afternoon on the Maritime, and arrived at Council Bluffs at 5:30 o'clock the following afternoon. While here they were entertained by representatives of the company, and at 10:30 o'clock in the evening they boarded the "Fast Flyer," arriving in Des Moines station, Chicago, at 8:43 o'clock the following evening. They continued their journey by the eastern route, and reached their destination at 8:45 o'clock the next afternoon. Their journey was uneventful, but they seemed to enjoy every minute of the time they were on the trains, as the men in charge, as well as the passengers, showed them every attention. They were accompanied from Truro to Council Bluffs by seven or eight hours, from which, of course, the stops at Montreal and Chicago are to be deducted, as well as the difference of an hour in eastern and central time. The foregoing shows one of the possibilities of modern rail-riding.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

A NEW WHOLESALE TEA HOUSE Mr. R. D. Ross, who has been for so many years prominently associated with the tea trade of Canada, originally with the "Salada" Tea Co., and later as manager of the "Monsoon" Tea Co., is launching out for himself in connection with the Ross Tea Co., importers and packers of Ross' high grade teas. They have equipped a plant at 11 and 13 Front street east, Toronto, with the latest and most up-to-date machinery for packing tea in lead packets, and with a capacity for a large output.

Gutta Serena Too Costly.

Gutta serena has become so scarce and its price, consequently, so high, that its use in construction of long-distance submarine cables has become too costly. Gutta serena costs over \$2 a pound, while rubber can be had at \$1.30. For long stretches of 2,000 miles or more, gutta serena, however, is quite as insulating material as rubber. It is now proposed as the more economical plan to lay the proposed cable line to the Philippines by way of Alaska, Siberia and Japan.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

THIS IS THE ONLY... D... C... M... E... N... T... I... S... V... E... R... Y... C... O... R... C... O... N... D... I... T... I... O... N