





A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

"Give that to McPherson," he 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 hill. They stood for a moment side by side. "I have spoiled your game," she said. "I am sorry."

"I think you know," he said, boldly. "I would rather spend five minutes with you than a day at golf."

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 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 solitude, 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 me up."

"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, and I am very sorry more."

"that you cannot care for me, or that there are difficulties which seem to make it impossible?" She looked up at him, and he scarcely knew her transfigured face, with the tears glistening upon her eyelashes.

"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 else?" "I shall probably marry," she said deliberately. "Somebody else."

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 the sun, and the screaming sea-gulls, whose white wings shone like alabaster against the darker clouds.

For him these things were no longer beautiful, but the sun, the sunlight, which with a sudden fitfulness had warmed the air. It was all very cold and grey. It was not possible for him to read the riddle yet. He 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?"

"Do not look at me," she said, with a faint attempt at her old manner. "I prefer you. Yet I shall marry him."

Wolffenden became aware of an unexpected sensation. He was getting angry. "I have a right," he said, resting his hand upon her shoulder, and gaining courage from her evident weakness. "To know me, 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 be wrong, it will be your lover, and not your faithful friend."

"Good-bye," she said. "I am so sorry. But he looked straight into her eyes, and he answered her bravely. He would not admit defeat."

CHAPTER XX. From a Dim World.

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

"Your handicap," he remarked, "is two. Mine is one. Suppose we play level. We ought to make a good match." Wolffenden looked at him in surprise. "Did you say one?" Mr. Sabin smiled.

"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, Dumaine," he added, pointing to a convenient spot upon the sea with the head of his driver. "Not too much sand."

"Where did you get your caddy?" Wolffenden 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 said. "He is the only caddy I ever knew who could make a decent tee, so I take him about with me. He valets me as well. That is the best of him."

Mr. Sabin's expression suddenly changed. His body, as though by instinct, fell into position. He scarcely lifted his stand an inch from the position he had first taken up. Wolffenden, who had expected a half-swing, was amazed at the wonderfully little, graceful movement with which he stooped down to take up the ball. 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, Dumaine," Mr. Sabin remarked. "You got it quite clean away, sir," the man answered. "It was a well, well, thought; you will find it a little near the far bunker for a comfortable second."

"I shall carry it all right," Mr. Sabin said, quietly. Wolffenden also drove a long ball, but with a little slice. He had to play the odd, and caught the ball in the bunker. The hole fell to Mr. Sabin in two. They stroled off towards the second teeing ground.

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

the Solent catastrophe. Admiral Deringham was not concerned with the matter. "The way," was he? Wolffenden shook his head.

"Thank God, no!" he said emphatically. "But Admiral Marston was his own friend, and he may have been down with six hundred of his men. He was so close that they even shouted farewells to one another."

"I have been a terrible shock," he 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," Wolffenden answered. "His usual mode of action, as he always was. Does he 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 interested. "Has he any occupation beyond this hobby of which you spoke?" he asked. "He either shoots a little, I suppose, like the rest of your country gentlemen?"

Then for the first time Wolffenden 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 attracted 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 initiated. None the less Wolffenden was puzzled.

He could scarcely believe that Mr. Sabin was really, personally interested 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, especially though it was asked in 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 Wolffenden's purpose to gratify. He remained silent.

The game proceeded without remark for a quarter of an hour. Wolffenden was now seated 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.

They drove from the next tee, and walked together after their balls, which lay within a few yards of one another. "I am very much interested," Mr. Sabin remarked, "in what you have been doing about your father. It confirms my own story about Lord Deringham which I heard in London a few weeks ago."

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BUTTER AND CHEESE:

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

The Montreal Butter and Cheese Association has issued a circular on the cheese question that every farmer ought to read. It warns dairy-men against manufacturing in Canada any cheese at all from fodder milk, either at the beginning or the end of the season. It requires no argument to prove that if our cheese is 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.

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 a very 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 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.

Profitable Prices. Take, for instance, the present season. The total shipments from Canada and the States from May, 1900, to the end of January, 1901, amounted to about 2,000,000 boxes of cheese. 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 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 cheese on hand at the end of the season. This surplus will certainly have the effect of retarding the sale and seriously lowering the price of new grass cheese in the market. 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 those who produce at present the highest reputation, to submit to the highest possible price, to submit even to some immediate temporary loss on their fodder milk rather than make any fodder cheese at all, either at the beginning or the end of the season, as they will assuredly realize a substantial advantage in the higher prices and increased reputation they will afterwards obtain for their full grass cheese.

Butter. Canada must go more largely into the manufacture of fancy butter, since it is evident that we are now making as many cheeses 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 that is needed is a better quality of milk, and this is too often communicated to the milk, and does a great deal of cause bad flavor in the cheese. Where the farmer desires to make use of his hops in the winter, it is strongly recommended that he carry with him in his wagon a barrel or other cans than his milk cans to convey the milk to the farm. Under no circumstances should milk be conveyed in milk cans.

Americanized. The night passed off; the Turk awoke. And put his swollen head in soak. And on his peak cracked ice he bound. 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 taste.

Long ere he had invited me To share his hospitality And stuffed me till he cooked my goose With that dad-blamed Kentucky juice!" —Denver Post. From the Smart Set. Blessed are those Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled, That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger To sound what stop-pleas.

John Tibby, one of the most prominent glass manufacturers of Pennsylvania, is dead.

THE S... G... I... D... U... M... E... N... T... I... S... I... I... N... V... E... R... Y... C... O... R... C... O... N... D... I... T... I... O... N





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ABOUT CONSUMPTION.

Benefit of High Altitudes in Diseases of the Lungs. It will not surprise medical men to see contributions to the literature of consumption from New Mexico...

The True Lady.

No lady should turn and look behind her in the street; the girl who does so directly conveys unpleasant attentions from men who are passing...

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Lingering Insanity. Two inmates of a Scotch asylum working in the garden decided upon an attempt to escape...

Young Jokesmith.

There was a young blacksmith named Vernon, Who once with brain fever was smitten, And he nevermore spoke, For he thought of a joke That was funny, and had never been written.

M. Quenchly's Stratagem.

Mrs. Quenchly rose with what dignity her angular personality permitted, and moved towards the door. "Sit down, madam," yelled her husband.

"Kindly bear in mind you are not bullying your office-boy, Mr. Quenchly. I refuse to remain and be insulted in my own sitting-room..." "Sit down, Priscilla," he thundered.

But, apparently beyond insult, this impertinence passed unheeded, and she continued to cry jerkily.

"So find, madam," he went on, standing squarely in front of her, and folding his arms with Napoleonic dignity...

"Isaac Quenchly, you ought to be ashamed of yourself..." "I never heard of such a thing in all my blessed life!"

"Silence, madam!" yelled her husband, with frenzied renewal of his first outburst...

"Let me see, Dexter," observed Mr. Quenchly urbanely to his corresponding clerk the following morning; "what salary are you receiving now?"

A FARMER'S STORY.

Short, Straightforward, Earrest, and to the Point.

Mr. John Fletcher, of Granton, Tells how He was Cured of Lumbago by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Granton, Ont., Feb. 28.—(Special).—There are few people in this county who do not know Mr. John Fletcher, a farmer, of Granton...

Very Deep Water. The survey of the Pacific bottom for the proposed cable to Japan and the Philippines has been completed...

An Exceptional Lake. An interesting exploration of Lake Tanganyika and the country north of it, finished recently, revealed the fact that while certain sea molluscs are found in this lake...

Hairs of Living Rulers. Here are some interesting statistics in regard to the hair of living rulers: There are thirty-nine rulers in Europe, and twenty of them have one or more hairs...

Deafness Cannot be Cured. By local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by the use of the unique Eustachian Tube...

Are Birds Becoming Extinct. In only three States in this country are birds holding their own. These are Oregon, California and North Carolina...

Mining for Timber. One of the most curious mines that is worked is in Tonkin, China, where in a sand formation at a depth of from 14 to 20 feet there is a deposit of the stems of trees.

Offered a Small Figure. A few days since a popular attorney called upon another member of the profession and asked him to prepare a certain point of law...

No Wonder. How did your daughter's voice scare that burglar so? "She got off her college yell at him."—Chicago Record.

TRAILS OR NO TRAILS.

Whether it were nobler in the woman to suffer the mud slings and spatters of the trailing skirt, or abandon "mode" and embrace hygiene...

Already the kingdom of the long skirt has been contested by its tramping rival. The abbreviated bit of wearing apparel started with the popularity of Lyle's rilling...

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