

...PLOTS
...SMASHING

...She Knits Away
...Her Cell.

...SHIP ASHORE.

...Then Himself—Strike
...Engineers May Be
...Mutiny of U.S. Recruits
...and the Troops Sent on to
...Ohio.

...March 2.—Since
...return from
...night, she has
...in the county jail here.
...night as to her future
...Nation said: "You just
...to her knitting, the same
...I will go to smashing as
...released. Of course this
...in the world at pre-
...am going to fulfil it to
...my ability."

...Wrong One First.
...March 2.—A woman
...shot and killed a woman
...Rose Thomas, of Rowe
...major street lodging
...after 8 o'clock last
...fired three bullets into her
...placed the muzzle of the
...his mouth and fired
...fatal. Blizt is said to
...right arm man.

...March 2.—The train
...now on its way to
...to participate in the
...yesterday afternoon. At
...she was still hard and

...March 2.—Last night's
...indicate that the threat-
...of marine engineers
...declared for the naviga-
...yesterday afternoon. At
...a secret meeting of the
...Beneficial Associa-
...was read a communi-
...the Goodrich Transport
...company, asking that the
...a committee to be
...for a discussion of differ-
...the meeting will be held
...of the engineers profess
...that the trouble will be
...without a strike. The
...was quelled.

...March 2.—A special to
...from Ennis, Texas, says
...among the recruits on
...the Philippines has been
...the volunteers left for San
...last evening. The trouble
...by some men who were
...It is said several men
...hurt before they were

...arrived here on Wed-
...night. They were given their
...for a few hours while wait-
...trains, and their position
...arranged. While enjoying
...several drinks, a man
...unmannerly
...in charge attempted to
...authority, but most of the
...refused to obey and fell to
...among themselves.

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...March 2.—A special cable
...Herald from Rio de Janeiro,
...says: The police have arrest-
...two Italians, Ceira and
...who sent a letter to the
...Italy announcing that a con-
...had been formed to take his

...prisoners denied at first that
...knew anything about the let-
...the inquiries of the police
...said that a man named Lave-
...who had sailed for Montevideo
...the object of embarking there
...had planned to put dynamite
...beneath the Quirinal and ex-
...the police. The Brazilian au-
...immediately cabled to
...Chief of Police of Genoa re-
...that Lavechia had been ar-

...MUCH-WRONGED GIRL
...York Officials

...York, N. Y., March 2.—Mrs.
...Gardner, the young woman
...appeared at the Outdoor Theat-
...last Wednesday and told
...that she had
...to this city from Montreal, hav-
...married there to W. R.
...a broker, and that she had
...deserted by him soon after
...registered at a hotel here, has
...back to Montreal at the
...of the Poor Department.

...action of Carter's Little Liver
...pleasant, mild and natural,
...gently stimulate the liver,
...regulate the bowels, but does
...They are sure to please. Try

A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

"Give that to McPherson," he said. "You can clean my clubs and get 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."

"He laughed," he said, "I think you know," he said, "that 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 un- easy 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 soltitude and I am becoming a creature of moods and premonitions. 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 looking 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 be so."

"You have lost," 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 laughed at her, but her words brought a certain depression with them. He went on to speak of something else.

"I have been thinking about you this morning," he said. "If you are not wise, she had taken off her curls, and the touch of her soft, delicate fingers through his veins like mad music. The longing to take her into his arms was almost unbearable. Her dark eyes looked upon him very kindly, and she is fond of young people. If 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. I have never 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 doggedly. "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. Sabin."

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

Wolffenden 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.

"Come," he said, good-humoredly. "don't look at me as though I were something unseemly. 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 I wanted to see 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 Wolffenden?"

Wolffenden was in no way disturbed at the man's coming. On the contrary, he was glad of it. He answered boldly and without hesitation.

"I want to marry your niece, Mr. Sabin."

"Very natural indeed," Mr. Sabin remarked easily. "If I were a young man of your age and evident intelligence, I should not be the least doubtful as to whether I should accept of your sincere sympathy. Unfortunately it is impossible."

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

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

"To a man," Wolffenden exclaimed indignantly, "whom she admits that she does not care for?"

"Whom she has never loved," Mr. Sabin said suddenly, and with a sudden flash of anger in his eyes, "and I do not desire to quarrel with you. You saved me from a very awkward accident a few nights ago, and I re- membered your offer. I consent. My niece has refused your offer. I con- sider you have done me wrong. It is putting out of the question. That is putting out of yourself—whether you choose for yourself or whether you com- pel me to ask you to leave us at once, and consider us henceforth as 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 you promise that I will not at some future time reopen the 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. After- wards, if Lord Wolffenden will give me a match, I shall be delighted to have a round of golf with him."

"I shall be very pleased," Wolffenden answered.

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

She held out both her hands, looking at him half kindly, half wistfully.

"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.

"I hope that you are not," he said. "I shall never regret it."

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 roof, 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, "two, mine is one. Suppose we play loved. We ought to make a good match."

Wolffenden looked at him in surprise. "Did you say one?"

Mr. Sabin smiled.

"Yes; you 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 you here, Dumayne? He is pointing to a convenient spot upon the tee with the head of his driver. "Not too much sand."

"Where did you get your candle?" 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 answered. "He is only a dimly remembered name 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 eyes were fixed upon the man who had just spoken, and he scarcely altered his stand an inch from the position he had first taken up. Wolffenden, who had expected a half-swing, was amazed at the wonderful little 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 few short of the hundred yards. Master and servant watched it critically.

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

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

"I will carry it all right," Mr. Sabin said.

Wolffenden 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 the second teeing ground.

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

Wolffenden hesitated.

"I am not sure," he said. "I am 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 it is a good thing if you are going to hurry away. Forgive me if I am inquisitive, but your reference to home affairs is, I presume, very confidential. My father's health is very bad, and he is looking upon you as a confirmed invalid."

Wolffenden assented gravely. He did not wish to talk about his father to a stranger.

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

"Never," Wolffenden answered decisively. "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 his hobby of his. He does not see even his own family."

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 certainly recollect me now, but at the time he made me promise to visit him if ever I was in England. It must be—yes, it surely must be nearly fifteen years ago."

Wolffenden remarked, "I am waiting for the flight of his ball after a successful brassie shot, that he would have forgotten all about it by now. His memory has suffered a good deal."

Mr. Sabin addressed his own ball, and from a bad lie sent it flying a hundred and fifty yards with a peculiar jerking shot which Wolffenden watched with interest.

"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 miss it with an iron."

"I did not wish to talk golf," Mr. Sabin said. "To take much of that your father had then the reputation of an inveterate gambler. I offer you my sincere sympathy with regard to English naval affairs with whom I ever conversed."

"He was considered an authority," Wolffenden said. "I particularly admired about him." Mr. Sabin continued, "was the absence of that cocksureness which sometimes I have heard of among naval officers. I have heard him even discuss the possibility of an invasion of England with a far from unimpaired composure."

"My father's views," Wolffenden said, "have always been P. S. M. I believe he regarded the actual strength of our navy and coast defenses as a nuisance used to make himself a great nuisance at the Admiralty."

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

"I can scarcely say that," Wolffenden answered. "His interest, however, 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 allow of his recovering from the shock."

There was a short intermission in the conversation. Wolffenden 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 clubhouse.

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

"My approach," Wolffenden admitted, "was a lucky fine shot." Mr. Sabin insisted. "The spin helped you, of course, but you were justified in your own feeling. Especially as you seem to play a good deal of your mangle with a flint. What were we talking about? Oh, I remember, of course. It was about your father and

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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. It must therefore be in the common interest of all concerned to see that the free sale and free consumption of existing stocks of cheese during the period up to the arrival of new full grass goods on the market in Canada, even at the cost of some im- mediate loss of money. Now, the ex- perience of recent years proves that set apart to recover his ground. The stimulus of a strong opponent he 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, "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 forgot by whose name your father had been, that he was a wonderfully minute study of English coast defenses and her naval strength. My informant went on to say that—forgive me, but I must interrupt you—your father was a man who would not stand on his general matters your father's mental health was scarcely what could be desired, his work was of great value, but his work was a very singular and a very interesting case."

Wolffenden 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.

"I have only seen a few pages," Wolffenden admitted, "but they were wholly unintelligible. My chief anxiety is to recover my own health, and I have an excellent plan which is being carried out by a wonderfully minute study of English coast defenses and her naval strength. My informant went on to say that—forgive me, but I must interrupt you—your father was a man who would not stand on his general matters your father's mental health was scarcely what could be desired, his work was of great value, but his work was a very singular and a very interesting case."

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the cheese coming to Montreal. It has become the practice of factory men to send the cheese to Montreal before they are sufficiently cured, and if we are to hold the good reputation we have gained, this bad practice must be stopped, and cheese must be held in the factories at least two weeks for slow curing cheese, or in all cases until the cheese are cured. Factors should be so provided that the temperature of the curing room be maintained at or near 60 degrees Fahrenheit, otherwise cheese are injured, by heat in summer and cold in autumn.

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 were to take his cheese out of the hoop early in the morning of the day following the date of manufac- ture, trim off any unevenness, put the cheese back to press with the ends reversed, and when they were ready, in the afternoon, using press rings to keep the cheese from pressing up between the hoop and the follower.

Cheese Boxes.

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 supplied, the sides are too thin, which causes them to break, and the top 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 to one-quarter of an inch in thick- ness, with not more than two pieces 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 districts 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. The farmer desires to make use of his share of the whey, it is strongly recommended that he carry with him his wagon a barrel or other convey- ance for the whey. Under no circum- stances should whey be conveyed in milk cans.

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 of milk is used. All hope of doing an export trade of any importance in one season at profit- able prices. There is abundant room for expansion in butter making, provided only the best quality of milk is used. All hope of doing an export trade of any importance in one season at profit- able prices. There is abundant room for expansion in butter making, provided only the best quality of milk is used.

completely imposed upon both my mother and myself."

"How long were you in the study before Dr. Whitlock arrived?" Mr. Sabin asked.

"Barely five minutes."

"It was odd, but Mr. Sabin seemed positively relieved."

"And Mr. Blatherwick," he asked, "where was he all the time?"

"Who?" Wolffenden asked in surprise.

"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," Wolffenden said, vaguely disturbed.

As a man entered a picture gallery 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- tleman, sharply.

The attendant growled, and removed the dog with entirely unnecessary violence.—Tit-Bit.

Fred. Pegg, a London, Ont., boy, stole \$150 from a Chinaman and went to Detroit. When arrested he had spent nearly all the money.

The night passed off; the Turk awoke. And put his swollen head in soak. And on his peak cracked too he bound. And his imperial molars ground. His crimson floss was not more red. Than were the eyes set in his head. And in his mouth the royal haste Observed a dark brown sickening taste.

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

Long ere he had invited me To share his hospitality. And stuffed me till he cooked my goose.

With that dad-blamed Kentucky julep!"

—Denver Post.

From the Smart Set.

Blessed are those Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled. That they are not a pipe for Fort- nate's finger To sound what stop she pleases.

—Hamlet, III. 2.

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