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A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

clessed eyes—a little cloud of blue to- ity; yet a letter which he received bacco amoke hung over the table. Denham had eaten little, but smoked continually.

"Well ?" he asked laconically.
"After all," Wolfenden said, "I bave not very much to tell you fel-lews. Mr. Sabin did not call upon me; I met him by chance in Bond street, and the girl asked me to supper, more I believe in jest than anything. How-ever, of course I took advantage of it, and I have spent the evening since eleven o'clock with them. But as to gaining any sectinite information as to who or what they are, I must con-

feas I've failed altogether. I know so more than I did yesterday. "At any rate," Harcutt remarked, "you will soon learn all that you care to know. You have inserted the thin edge of the wedge. You have estab-lished a visiting acquaintance." Wolfenden flicked the end from his

"Nothing of the sort," he declared. "They have not given me their address, or asked me to call. On the contrary, I was given very clearly to understand by Mr. Sabin that they were only travellers, and desired no ecquaintances. I know them, that is all; what the next step is to be I have not the faintest idea."

Densham leaned over towards them. There was a strange light in his eyes -a peculiar, almost tremulous, earnestness in his tone.

"Why should there be any next step at all?" he said. "Let us all drop this ridiculous business. It has gone far enough. I have a presentiment-not altogether presentiment either, as it is based upon a certain knowledge. It is true that these are not ordinary people, and the girl is beautiful. But they are not of our lives! Let them pass out. Let us forget them."

Harcutt shook his head. "The man is too interesting to be forgotten or ignored," he said. "I must know more about him, and before days have passed." Densham turned to the younger

"At least, Wolfenden," he said, "you will listen to reason. I tell you, as a man of honor, and I think I may add as your friend, that you are only courting disappointment. The girl is not for you, or me, or any of us.

If I dared tell you what I know,
you would be the first to admit it

Wolfenden returned Densham's eager gaze steadfastly.
"I have gone," he said, calmly, "too
ar to turn back. You fellows both I've know I am not a woman's man. never cared for a girl in all my life, or pretended to, seriously. Now that I do, it is not likely that I shall give her up without any definite reason. You must speak more plainly Den-

sham, or mot at all." Densham rose from his chair. "I am very sorry," he said.

Wolfenden turned upon him, frown-"You need not be," he said. "You and Harcutt have both. I believe. heard some strange stories concerning the man; but as for the girl, no one shall dare to speak an unbecom-

ing word of her." No one desired to," Densham anscham answered quietly. "And yet there may be other and equally grave objections to any intercourse with

Wolfenden smiled confidently. "Nothing in the world worth winming," he said, "is won without an effort, or without difficulty. The fruit that is of gold does not drop into your mouth.'

The band had ceased to play, and the lights went out. Around them was all the bustle of departure. The three men rose and left the room. CHAPTER XII.

Wolfenden's Luck.

To leave London at all, under ordinary circumstances, was usually a London at this particular moment of was hateful.

Barcutt looked at him through half | his life was little less than a calama few mornings after the supper at the "Malan" left him scarcely any alternative. He read it over for the third time whilst his breakfast grew cold, and each time his duty seemed to become plaimer.

"Deringham Hall, Norfolk.

"My Dear Wolfenden,-We have been rather looking for you to come down for a day or two, and I do hope that you will be able to manage it directly you receive this. I am sorry to hear that your father is very far from well, and we have all been much upset lately. He still works for eight or nine hours a day, and his hallucinations as to the value of his papers increase with every page he writes. His latest peculiarity is a rooted convic-tion that there is some plot on hand to rob him of his manuscripts. You remember, perhaps, Miss Merton, the young person whom we engaged as typewriter? He sent her away the other day, without a moment's notice, simply because he saw her with a sheet of copying paper in her hand. I did not like the girl, but it is perfeetly ridiculous to suspect her of anything of the sort. He insisted, however, that she should leave the house within an hour, and we were obliged to give in to him. Since then he has seemed to become even more fidgety. He has had cast iron shutters fitted to the study windows, and two of the keepers are supposed to be on duty outside night and day, with loaded revolvers. People around here are all beginning to talk, and I am afraid that it is only natural that they should., He will see no one, and the library door is shut and bolted immediately he has entered it. Altogether it is a deplorable state of things, and what will be the end of it I cannot imagine. Sometimes it occurs to me that you might have more influence over him than I have. I hope that you will be able to come down, if only for a day or two, and see what effect your presence has. The shooting is not good this season, but Captain Willis was telling me yesterday that the golf. links were in excel-lent condition, and there is the yicht, of course, if you care to use it. Your father seems to have quite forgotten that she is still in the neighborhood, I am glad to say. Those inspection cruises are very bad things for him. He used to get so excited, and he was dreadfully angry if the photographs which I took were at all imperfectly developed. How is everybody? Have you seen Lady Susan lately? and is it true that Eleanor is engaged? I feel literally buried here, but I dare asked. move. London for him at present, would be madness. I shall

"Constance Manver Deringham." There was not a word of reproach in the letter, but nevertheless Wolfenden felt a little conscience stricken. He ought to have gone down to Deringham before. most certainly after the receipt of this summons he could not delay his visit any longer. He walked up and down the room impatiently. To leave London just now was detestable. It was true that he could not call upon them, and he had no idea where else to look for these people, who, for some mysterious reason, seemed to be doing all that they could to avoid his acquaintance. Yet chance had favored him once-chance might stand his friend again. At any rate, to feel himself in the same city with her was some consolation. For the last three days he had haunted Piccadilly and Bond street. He had become a saunterer, and the shop windows had obtained from him an attention which he had never previously bestowed upon them. The thought that at any turning, at any moment, they might meet, continually thrilled him. The idea of a journey which would place such a meeting utterly out of the bardship for Wolfenden, but to leave question was more than distasteful-it

hope to get a wire from you to-mor-

mother.

Dr. Chase Makes Friends Of Hosts of Women

By Curing Their Peculiar Ilis-Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a Surprising Restorative for Pale, Weak, Nervous Women.

As a result of much confinement I within doors and the consequent lack and a dizzy, swimming feeling would of fresh air and healthful exercise, come over me. Night after night I most women not only lose much in figure and complexion, but also suffer more or less from serious bodily derangements as the result of thin. watery blood and exhausted nervous

More than nine-tenths of the cases of diseases peculiar to women are directly due to a weakened condition of the nerves, and can be cured thoroughly and permanently by taking outdoor exercise, breathing mild plenty of pure, fresh air, and using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to form new blood and revitalise the depleted nerrous system.

It takes time to build up the system anew, to fill the shrivelled arteries with new, rich blood, restore the wasted nerve cells, and renew the activities of the bodily organs, but the persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will accomp ish these results and bring health and happiness to weak, ervour and suffering women.

Mrs. Charles H. Jones, Pierceton, writes-" For many years taes a great my heart and nerves.

shaking spells would take would never close my eyes, and my head would ache as though it would burst. At last I had to keep to my bed, and though my doctor attended me from fall until spring his medicine did not help me. I have now taken five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has done me more good than I ever believed a medicine could do. Words fail to express my gratitude for the wonderful cure brought about by this treatment."

Mrs. Margaret Iron, Tower Hill, N. B., writes-

"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the length of the shouse. Since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I have been completely restored. I can walk a mile without any inconvenience. Though 76 years old, and quite fleshy, I do my own housework and considerable sewing, knitting and reading besides. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proved of

inestimable, value to me." Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box. at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates

solitary breakfast, with the letter spread out before him. Since it was inevitable, he decided to lose no time. Better go at once and have it over The spread by the spread by the spread of the sprea Better go at once and have it over. The sooner he got there the sooner he would be able to return. He rang the bell and gave the necessary orders. At a quarter to twelve he was at King's

He took his ticket in a gloomy frame of mind, and bought the Field and a sporting novel at the bookstall. Then he turned towards the train, and walking idly down the platform, looking for Seiby and his belongings, he experienced what was very nearly the greatest surprise of his life. So far, coincidence was certainly doing her best to befriend him. 'A girl was seated alone in the further corner of a first-class carriage. Something familiar in the poise of her head, or the gleam of her hair gathered up underneath an unusually smart travelling hat, attracted his attention. He came to a sudden standstill, breathless, incredulous. She was looking out of the opposite window, her head resting upon her fingers, but a sudden glimpse of her profile assured him that this was no delusion. It was Mr. Sabin's niece who sat there, a passenger by his own train, probably, as he reflected with a sudden illuminative flash of thought, to be removed from the risk of any more meetings with

him. Wolfenden, with a discretion at which he afterwards wondered, did not at once attract her attention. He hurried off to the smoking carriage, before which his servant was standing, and had his own belongings promptly removed on to the platform. Then he paid a visit to the refreshment room and provided himself with an extenluncheon basket, and finally, at the bookstall, he bought up every lady's paper and magazine he could lay his hands upon. There was only a minute now before the train was due to leave, and he walked along the platform as though looking for a seat, followed by his perplexed servant. When he arrived opposite to her carriage, he paused, only to find himself confronted by a severe-looking maid dressed in black, and the guard. For the first time he noticed the little strip, "Engaged," pasted across the window.

"Plenty of room lower down, sir," the guard remarked. "This is an engaged carriage."

The maid whispered something to the guard, who nodded and locked the door. At the sound of the key, however, the girl looked up and saw Wolfenden. She lifted her eyebrows Wolfenden. She lifted her eyebrows and smiled faintly. Then she came to the window and let it down. "Whatever are you doing here?"

she asked. "You-" He interrupted her gently. The train was on the point of departure. "I am going down into Norfolk," he said. "I had not the least idea of seeing you. I do not think that I was ever so surprised."

Then he hesitated for a moment. "May I come in with you?" he

afraid of her positive refusal, that his THE question had been positively tremulous row, and will send to Cromer to meet "I suppose so," she said, slowly, "Is any train. From your affectionate the train quite full, then?" He looked at her quite keenly. She

was laughing at him with her eyes an odd little trick of hers. He was himself again at once, and answered mendaciously, but with emphasis: "Not a seat anywhere. I shall be

left behind if you don't take me in.' A word in the guard's ear was quite sufficient, but the maid looked at Wolfenden suspiciously. She leaned into the carriage.

Would mademoiselle prefer that I too, travelled with her?" she inquired in French. The girl answered her in the same

language. "Certainly not, Celeste. You had better go and take your seat at once. We are just going!"

The maid reluctantly withdrew with disapproval very plainly stamped upon her dark face. Wolfenden and his belongings were bundled in, and the whistle blew. The train moved slowly out of the station. They were off! "I believe," she said, looking with a smile at the pile of magazines and papers littered all over the seat, "that you are an impostor. Or perhaps you have a peculiar taste in literature! She pointed towards the "Queen"

and the "Gentlewoman." He was in high spirits, and he made open confes-"I saw you ten minutes ago," he de-

clared, "and since then I have been endeavoring to make myself an acceptable travelling companion. But don't begin to study the fashions yet, please. Tell me how it is that after looking all over London for three days for you, I find you here." "It is the unexpected," she remarked,

"which always happens. But after all there is nothing mysterious about it. I am going down to a little house which my uncle has taken, somewhere near Cromer. You will think it odd, I suppose, considering his deformity, but he is devoted to golf, and someone has been telling him that Norfolk is the proper county to go to

'And you?" he asked. "I am afraid I am not English enough to care much for games," she admitted. "I like riding and archery, and, I used to shoot a little, but to go into the country at this time of the year to play any game seems to me positively barbarous. London is quite dull enough—but the country—and the English country, too !- well, I have been engrossed in self-pity ever since my uncle announced his plans."

"I do not imagine," he said, smiling, that you care very much for England. "I do not imagine," she admitted promptly, "that I do. I am a French-

woman, you see, and to me there is no city on earth like Paris, and no country like my own." "The women of your nation," he remarked, "are always patriotic. I have

never met a Frenchwoman who cared for England." "We have reason to be patriotic," she said, "or rather, we had,"

INDIA TEA AND **GREEN OR BLACK**

There is nothing artificial about these teas. The purity is unquestioned, the flavor is delicious, the bouquet is a revelation. If you have never tasted British grown teas a treat awaits you. Japan tea drinkers, try Ceylon Green.

in her tone. "But, come, I do not desire to talk about my country. I admitted you here to be an entertaining companion, and you have made me speak already of the subject which is to me the most mournful in the world. I do not wish to talk any more about France. Will you please think of another subject ?"

"Mr. Sabin is not with you," he remarked "He intended to come. Something

important kept him at the last moment. He will follow me, perhaps, by later train to-day, if not to-morrow. "It is certainly a coincidence," he said, "that you should be going to Cromer. My home is quite near

"And you are going there now? she asked.

"I am delighted to say that I am. "You did not mention it the other evening," she remarked. "You talked as though you had no intention at all of leaving London."
"Neither had I at that time," he

said. "I had a letter from home this morning which decided me." She smiled softly.

"Well, it is strange," she said. "On the whole, it is perhaps fortunate that you did not contemplate this journey when we had supper together the other night."

He caught at her meaning and laughed. "It is more than fortunate," he declared. "If I had known of it, and

told Mr. Sabin, you would not have been travelling by this train alone."
"I certainly should not," she admitted demurely. He saw his opportunity, and swiftly availed himself of it.

"Why does your uncle object me so much?" he asked. "Object to you!" she repeated. "On the contrary, I think that he ra-ther approves of you. You saved his

added, with a curious note of sadness He should be very grateful! I think

that he is!" "Yes," he persisted, "he does no seem to desire my acquaintance— for you, at any rate. You have just admitted, that if he had known that there was any chance of our being fellow passengers you would not have

been here." She did not answer him immediately. She was looking fixedly out of the window. Her face seemed to him more than ordinarily grave. When she

turned her head, her eyes were thoughtful—a little sad.
"You are quite right," she said. 'My uncle does not think it well for me to make any acquaintances in this country. We are not here for very long. No doubt he is right. He has at least reason on his side. Only it is a little dull for me, and it is not what I have been used to. Yet there are sacrifices always. I cannot tell your any more. You must please not ask me. You are here, and I am pleased that you are here! There! will not that content you?"

"It gives me," he answered earnestly, "more than contentment! It is happiness !"

"That is precisely the sort of thing you are not to say. Please understand

He accepted the rebuke lightly. He was far too happy in being with her to be troubled by vague limitations. The present was good enough for him, and he did his best to entertain her. He noticed with pleasure that she did not even glance at the pile of papers at her side. They talked without in-termission. She was interested, even gay. Yet he could not but notice that every now and then, especially at any reference to the future, her tone grew graver and a shadow passed across her face. Once he said something which suggested the possibility of her living always in England. She had shaken her head at once, gently but firmly.

(To be Continued.)

life, or something very much like it.

A Mail and Empire Representative Investigates.

PARTICULARS

Consecon Has a Sensation, the Like of Which it Has Not Experienced for Years-David Rowe Gives a Written Statement of the Facts of

(From the Mail and Empire.) Consecon, Jan. 23.-For some time

this village and neighborhood has been ringing with the story of David Rowe. Mr. Kowe is a farmer, who has lived on a farm three miles from here all his lifetime, and is known to every man, woman and child for miles around. Some time ago his friends noticed a great change in his physical appearance, and no little comment was made as to the rapidity with which he was failing in health. From a strong, vigorous man he had become a bent and crippled invalid. Recently, however, he has appeared to his friends sturdy and straight, strong and well, and with all his oldtime vigor and health. Knowing that such a case would be of great public interest, your correspondent visited Mr. Rowe to get the facts. Mr. Rowe is a modest man of few words, frank, straightforward and truthful. After having introduced myself, he said-

"You need not apologize for visiting me, to enquire into this matter. I do not consider it an intrusion at all. I have little to say beyond the fact that as everybody round here knows, I was bent nearly double with Kidney Trouble, pains in my shoulders, spine and small of my back. The suffering l endured was something fearful. could not stand up straight to save my life. I could do no work. I consulted my physician and took his pre-

scribed medicines, but got no better. I read in the newspapers how Dodd's Kidney Pills were curing people of Kidney Disease, Lame Back and Rheumatism. I bought a box from Mrs. German, who keeps the grocery here. Before it was all used I began to recover, and after I had used ten boxes I was entirely cured, and now, as you see, I am in perfect good health. This is my story. You can print it if you like, as I have nothing to hide, and it contempt, "why, we've three lords may satisfy a good many people who on our side, and one of 'em's made knew of my previous condition to a bloomin hass of 'imself."-London know how I was cured."

'Have you any objections to signing a written statement?" enquired the

reporter. None whatever," answered Mr. Rowe; "just you go ahead and write down what I say. At Mr. Rowe's dictation, I prepared the following statement, which he

cheerfully signed-"I had very severe pain in my back, more or less, for upwards of two years. It commenced in my shoulders, and extended down my spine, finally concentrating its full force in what is commonly called the small of my back, or across my kidneys, and there

the pain was almost unendurable. It made me go bent over. I could not straighten up to save my life. When I went to urinate it gave me great pain, and you can just imagine a man, suffering as I did, was not able to do much. I consulted a physician, and he prescribed for me, but to no benefit. I noticed in the papers how that Dodd's Kidney Pills were curing made cases of Kidney Disease and Rheumatism. and I determined to give them a trial. I purchased a box off Mrs. German, who kept groceries and patent medicines here. I did not feel any benefit at first, but before I had finished the first box I began to feel a change for the better. I took in all ten boxes. and they have entirely cured me. I have no pains in my back or across my kidneys, and I am a well man to-day through taking Dodd's Kidney Pilis."

(Signed) DAVID ROWE. (Witness) W. J. MARSH.

Those who may read this article. and do not know Mr. Rowe, cannot fully appreciate the position he holds in this community. He is an able farmer, well and favorably known. and as an evidence of his character for truthfulness and honesty I append the statement of Mr. J. J. Ward, the local justice of the peace-

This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Mr. David Rowe and know him to be a man of truth, a man of sterling honesty and integrity, whose word could always be relied on. and a gentleman well and favorably known in Consecon and vicinity, and, in Yact, all through the county, and any statement he might give you I have no hesitation in saying that you need not be afraid to use, as a gentleman of Mr. Rowe's standing giving a written statement would be sure to carry weight with it.

J. J. WARD. Justice of the Peace in and for the County of Prince Edward.

A South African Joker

Tommy Atkins had taken a Boer prisoner, and, the two getting friendly, talked about the prospects of the war.

"You may as well give up; you will never win," said the Boer. "Cos why?" asked Tommy. "Because we've the Lord on our

side," said the Boer. "G'arn," said Tommy, with great Despatch.

According to the American Lawyer there are in the United States no fewer than 250,000 habitual criminals.

Ma's Illustration.

Elsie-Ma, what is a "white lie?" Ma-Well, my child, the milk we have served to us here in the city is a fair specimen of one.

Professor R. L. Garner, the student of Simian language, who was recently reported lost in Africa, is alive and well.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.-Bishop Horne.