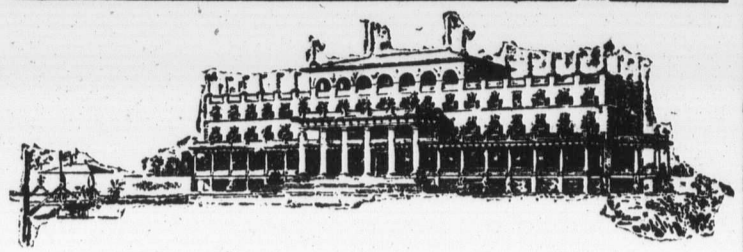


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THE HOTEL BRANT BURLINGTON, ONTARIO, CANADA

This elegant and commodious hotel erected last year at a cost of \$100,000 was opened to the public on the 2nd of July, 1900, and although the house was not entirely completed at the opening and the grounds and out of door amusement features were far from reaching the state of perfection that had been planned, the season proved a successful one, and the patrons, one and all, expressed themselves as being both delighted and surprised at the beauty of the house and surroundings.

Since the close of the season of 1900 \$10,000 has been expended on the grounds. New fences have been built, trees and shrubs planted, flower beds laid out, perfect tennis courts constructed and so located that they are protected from the prevailing winds, golf links with interesting hazards, croquet, a new and interesting game that has recently become so popular in England and America, has been provided, it is called "The Means of Vardon's Success," and is a splendid practice for experts as well as beginners. A bowling green 120 by 130 feet has also been added. These are a few of the improvements only, many more have been made, which want of space prevents mentioning.

The hotel is most delightfully located on a high bluff within a stone's throw of beautiful Lake Ontario, and overlooks Hamilton Bay, and is in easy access from all points, being only six miles from Hamilton, thirty miles from Toronto and fifty miles from Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

The building is a fire-proof brick structure, colonial in style, finished throughout in hardwood, is modern in construction and equipment. Electricity furnishes the power for the lights, elevators and call bells. A furnace can supply abundant heat when needed. The hotel has accommodation for two hundred and fifty guests. The guests' chambers are arranged single and en suite. Each floor is amply supplied with lavatories, private and public baths, service and sanitation unexcelled.

A special feature of the hotel is its spacious dining-room, opening out from each side on to large verandas, where meals can be served, at fresco.

An orchestra has been secured to furnish music for morning concerts, dancing every evening and for Saturday night hops. The latter will be held on the roof, where select entertainments will also be given occasionally during the week.

Amusements in addition to those above mentioned, which can also be enjoyed, are yachting, canoeing and rowing on the lake or bay, modern croquet, ten pins, billiards, pool and bathing on a fine white sand beach. Here also will be found fine roads for automobiles, as well as for cycling, riding and driving.

Small mouth bass in the bay and brook, trout fishing in near-by streams can be indulged in.

Sufferers from hay fever and rheumatism will find conditions favorable to their relief.

Rates—\$2.50 and upwards per day; \$12 and upwards per week, single; \$22 and upwards per week for two in a room.

H. W. Wachenhusen, Hotel Grand, St. Augustine, Florida.

WACHENHUSEN & BOGGS, R. M. BOGGS, Hotel Oxford, Avon-by-the-Sea, New Jersey.

A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

"Your yacht rides remarkably well. If her shaft is really broken," he remarked.

Mr. Watson nodded.

"She's a beautiful built boat," he remarked with enthusiasm. "The weather is favorable her canvas will bring her into Boston Harbor two days after us."

"I suppose," the captain asked, looking at her through his glass, "you satisfied yourself that her shaft was really broken?"

"I did not, sir," Mr. Watson answered. "My engineer reported it so, and, as I know nothing of machinery myself, I was content to take his word. He holds very fine diplomas, and I presume he knows what he is talking about. But anyway Mrs. Watson would never have sailed upon that boat one moment longer than she was compelled. She's a wonderfully nervous woman, is it not?"

"That's a somewhat unusual trait for your countrywomen, is it not?" Mr. Sabin asked.

Mr. J. B. Watson looked steadily at his questioner.

"My wife, sir," he said, "has lived for many years on the continent. She would scarcely consider herself an American."

"I beg your pardon," Mr. Sabin remarked courteously. "One can see at least that she has acquired the speech of the only habitable country in the world. But if I had taken the liberty of guessing at her nationality, I should have taken her to be a German."

Mr. Watson raised his eyebrows, and somehow managed to drop the match he was raising to his cigar.

"You astonish me very much, sir," he remarked. "I always looked upon the fair, rosy woman as the typical German face."

Mr. Sabin shook his head gently.

"There are many types," he said, "and nationality, you know, does not always go by complexion or size. For instance, you are very like many American gentlemen whom I have had the pleasure of meeting, but at the same time I should not have taken you for an American."

"I can't agree with you, Mr. Sabin," he said. "Mr. Watson appears to me to be, if he will pardon my saying so, the very type of the modern American man."

"I'm much obliged to you, Captain," Mr. Watson said cheerfully. "I'm a Boston man, that's sure, and I believe, sir, I'm proud of it. I want to know for what nationality you would have taken me, if you had not been informed?"

"I should have looked for you care to give my Nanangus to the

also," Mr. Sabin said deliberately, "in the streets of Berlin."

CHAPTER XLII.

A Weak Conspirator.

At dinner time Mrs. Watson appeared in a very demure toilette of black and white, and was installed at the captain's right hand. She was introduced at once to Mr. Sabin, and proceeded to make herself a very agreeable companion.

"Why, I call this perfectly delightful!" was almost her first exclamation, after a swift glance at Mr. Sabin, who, quite but irreproachable at dinner attire. You can't imagine how pleased I am to find myself once more in civilized society. I was never so dull in my life as on that poky little yacht."

"Poky little yacht, indeed!" Mr. Watson interrupted, with a note of annoyance in his tone. "The Mayflower, which cost me pretty well two hundred thousand dollars, and she's nearly the largest pleasure yacht afloat."

"I don't care if she cost you a million dollars," Mrs. Watson answered pettishly. "I never want to sail on her again. I prefer this infinitely."

Mr. Watson interrupted, with a note of annoyance in his tone. "The Mayflower, which cost me pretty well two hundred thousand dollars, and she's nearly the largest pleasure yacht afloat."

"Please don't think it necessary to talk nonsense to me all the time," she begged. "Come! I am tired—I want to sit down. Don't you want to take my chair down by the side of the boat there? I like to watch the lights on the water, and you may talk to me—if you like."

"Your husband," he remarked a moment or two later, as he arranged her cushions, "does not care for the evening air."

"It is sufficient for him," she answered quietly, "that I prefer it. He will not leave the smoking-room until the lights are put out."

"In an ordinary way," he remarked, "that must be dull for you."

"In an ordinary way, and every way," she answered in a low tone, "I am always dull. But, for all that, I must not weary a stranger with my woes. Tell me all about yourself. Mr. Sabin, are you going to America on pleasure, or have you business there?"

A faint smile flickered across Mr. Sabin's face. He watched the white ash trembling upon his cigar for a moment before he spoke.

"I can scarcely be said to be going to America on pleasure," he answered, "nor have I any business there. Let us agree that I am going because it is the one country in the world of any importance which I have never visited."

"You have been a great traveller, then," she murmured, looking up at him with innocent, wide-open eyes. "You look as though you had been everywhere. Won't you tell me

winds. You would come here, and you must do the best you can. You don't expect to have me dangling after you all the time."

There was a silence, and then the sound of Mr. Watson's heavy tread as he left the stateroom, followed in a moment or two by the light footsteps and soft rustle of silk skirts, which indicated the departure also of his wife.

Mr. Sabin carefully enveloped himself in an ulster, and stood for a moment or two wondering whether that conversation was meant to be overheard or not. He rang the bell for the steward.

The man appeared almost immediately. Mr. Sabin had known how to ensure prompt service.

"Was it my fancy, John, or did I hear voices in the stateroom opposite?" Mr. Sabin asked.

"Mr. and Mrs. Watson have taken it, sir," the man answered.

"You know that some of my clothes are hanging in that room, don't you?" Mr. Sabin asked.

"I did my best, sir," the man answered, "but they seemed to take a particular fancy to that one. I couldn't get them off now."

"Did they know?" Mr. Sabin asked carelessly, "that the room opposite was occupied?"

"Yes, sir," the man answered. "I told them that you were in number twelve, and that you used this as a dressing-room, but they wouldn't shift. It was very foolish of them, too, for they wanted to see one of the best of us, just as well have had them together."

"Just as well," Mr. Sabin remarked, quietly. "Thank you, John. Don't let them know I have spoken to you about it."

"Certainly not, sir."

Mr. Sabin walked up deck. As he passed the smoke-room he saw Mr. Watson stretched out with a cigar in his mouth. Mr. Sabin smiled to himself, and passed on.

The evening promenade on deck after dark was quite a social event on board the Callipa. As a rule the captain and Mr. Sabin strolled together, none of the other passengers, notwithstanding Mr. Sabin's courtesy towards them, having yet attempted in any way to thrust their society upon him. But to-night, as he expected, the captain had already a companion.

Mrs. Watson, with a very becoming wrap around her head, and a cigar in her mouth, was walking by his side, chatting gaily and merrily, but listening also with an air of absorbed interest to the personal experiences which her questions provoked. Every now and then they passed Mr. Sabin, sometimes walking, sometimes gazing with an absorbed air at the distant chaos of sea and sky, she flashed a glance of invitation upon him, which he as often ignored. Once she half stopped and asked him some slight question, but he answered so briefly, standing on one side, and the captain hurried her on. It was a stroke of ill-fortune, he thought to himself, the coming of these two people. He had had a clear start and a fair field; now he was suddenly face to face with a danger, the full extent of which it was hard to estimate. For he could scarcely doubt but that she would come to his account. They had played their parts well, but they were secret agents of the German police. He smoked his cigar leisurely, the object every few minutes being to catch a glance and covert smiles from the delicately attired little lady, whose sly looks, faintly raised from the ground, brushed his cheek with a few minutes as she and her companion passed and repassed. What was their plan of action? he wondered. If it was simply to bring about a meeting, why so elaborate an artifice? and what worse place in the world could there be for anything of the sort than the narrow confines of a small steamer? No, that was not it. It was something more complex on hand.

Was the woman brought as a decoy? he wondered: did they really imagine him capable of being dazzled or fascinated by any woman, or was something more complex on hand.

It was a premonition," he began, but she raised a little white hand, flushing with rings, to his lips, and he was silent.

"Please don't think it necessary to talk nonsense to me all the time," she begged. "Come! I am tired—I want to sit down. Don't you want to take my chair down by the side of the boat there? I like to watch the lights on the water, and you may talk to me—if you like."

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"You have been a great traveller, then," she murmured, looking up at him with innocent, wide-open eyes. "You look as though you had been everywhere. Won't you tell me

about some of the odd places you have visited?"

"With pleasure," he answered; "but first won't you gratify a natural and very specific curiosity of mine, and tell me, in a country which I have never visited before. Tell me a little about it. Let us talk about America."

She stole a sudden, swift glance at her questioner. No, he did not appear to be watching her. His eyes were fixed idly upon the sheet of phosphorescent light which glittered in the steamer's track. Nevertheless, she was a little uneasy.

"America," she said, after a moment's pause, "is the one country I detest. We are only there very seldom—when Mr. Watson's business demands it. You could not seek for information from anyone worse informed than I am."

"How strange!" he said softly. "You are the first unpatrician American I have ever met."

"You should be thankful," she replied, "that I am an exception, and not that it is pleasant to meet people who are different from other people?"

"In the present case it is delightful," she said reflectively, "in which school you studied my sex, and from what particular woman you learned the art of making those little speeches?"

"I can assure you that I am a novice," he declared.

"You ought to have a wonderful future before you. You will make a courtier, Mr. Sabin."

"I shall be happy to be the humble attendant in the court where you are queen."

"Such proficiency," she murmured, "is the hall mark of insincerity. You are not a man to be trusted, Mr. Sabin."

"Try me," he begged.

"I will! I will tell you a secret. I will lock it in the furthest chamber of my inner consciousness, and I am going to America for a purpose."

"Wonderful woman," he murmured, "to have a purpose."

"I am going to get a divorce," Mr. Sabin was suddenly thoughtful.

"I have always understood," he said, "that one marriage laws of America are convenient."

"They are humane. They make me thankful that I am an American."

Mr. Sabin inclined his head slightly towards her.

"Does your unfortunate husband know?"

"He does; and he acquiesces. He has no objection. But is that quite nice of you, Mr. Sabin, to call my husband an unfortunate man?"

"I cannot conceive," he said, slowly, "greater misery than to have possessed and lost you."

She laughed gaily. Mr. Sabin permitted himself to admire that laugh. It was like the tinkling of a silver bell, and her teeth were perfect.

"You are incorrigible," she said, "I believe that if I would let you, you would make love to me."

"If I thought," he answered, "that you would never allow me to make love to you, I should feel like following this cigar." He threw it into the sea.

She sighed, and tapped her little French heel upon the deck.

"What a pity that you are like all other men."

"If I say anything so unkind of you," he remarked, "you are unlike any other woman whom I ever met."

"I listened together to the bells on the quarter-deck. It was eleven o'clock. The deck behind them was deserted, and a fine drizzling rain was beginning to fall. Mrs. Watson revealed the rug from her knees regretfully.

"I must go," she said; "do you hear how late it is?"

"You will tell me all about America," he said, rising and drawing back her chair, "to-morrow."

"If we can find nothing more interesting to talk about," she said, looking at him with a sparkle in her dark eyes. "Good-night."

Her hand, very small and white and very soft, lingered in his. At that moment an unpleasant sound sounded in their ears.

"Do you know the time, Violet? The lights are out all over the ship. I don't understand what you are doing on deck at this hour."

Mr. Watson was not pleasant to look upon. His eyes were puffy and swollen, and he was not quite steady on his feet. His wife looked at him in cold displeasure.

"The lights are out in the smoke-room, I suppose," she said, "or we should not have the pleasure of seeing you here. Good-night. Sabin! Thank you so much for looking after me."

Mr. Sabin bowed and walked slowly away, lighting a fresh cigar. If it was acting, it was very admirably done.

(To be Continued.)

SEASONABLE FARM NOTES.

In the experiments carried out at Ohio it was found that the general superiority of butter flavor in the summer season is mainly due to the greater number of bacteria of the acid class found in the milk during the summer season. The ripening of a good quality of natural cream is mostly a development of acid bacteria. When well-ripened cream is ready for churning, the number of bacteria per cubic centimeter varies from 280,000,000 to 300,000,000. Of this number the acid producing bacteria constitutes from 91 to 98 per cent. As the process of ripening advances the relative percentage of acid bacteria greatly increases. As this proceeds, some species disappear, others are prevented from increasing in numbers. A good natural skim-milk is practically a pure culture of acid producing bacteria. The flavor producing power of four species of acid producing bacteria was tried by using them to ripen pasteurized cream. Any one of these gave the butter the typical flavor and aroma produced in natural ripening. The most common milk-souring organism (bacterium lactaril), all things considered, gave the most satisfactory results of any of the species tried as a culture for ripening cream. Practical experience and experimental evidence both indicate that the most important factors in cream. Practical experience and experimental evidence both indicate that the most important factors in cream. Practical experience and experimental evidence both indicate that the most important factors in cream.

English Bacon Pigs. The principal races of pigs known to us in the United Kingdom as bacon pigs are five in number, and their order of popularity is as follows: Large Whites, Yorks, Middle Whites, Yorks, Berkshire, Tamworth and Small White Exes. All of these contribute to the great bacon producing industry to a greater or lesser extent. The bacon cure wants a pig with little bone, with short neck and short head. Curious to say, these three features generally go together in an animal. Wherever you have short limbs, you generally find a short face and a short neck.—Live Stock Journal.

Bee Hatching Hen's Eggs. An Illinois beekeeper has contrived a plan of hatching chicks by placing the eggs on top of the brood nest, directly over the cluster of bees, of his beehives. Out of four hundred eggs, he claims every one hatched a good strong chick. At first thought, this may seem a little startling, but the plan is not so feasible, when we consider that the normal temperature of a bee hive is 100 degrees, which is nearly the right temperature required to incubate eggs. The time required to produce a worker bee from the egg is 21 days, the same as that of a chick. This certainly promises to be a step in advance. There can be no risk of roasting eggs, as is often the case with an incubator, and on the other hand, the danger of freaky hens will be done away with, but we must not forget that bees are sometimes freaky, too. A bee hive would probably accommodate in the neighborhood of four dozen eggs at one time.

About Sugar Beets. The cultivation of sugar beets requires far more labor than ordinary crops. When the plants have four leaves they should be thinned to six to eight inches in the row, care being taken to leave the strongest plants. The ground should be kept clean, even if there are no weeds, it is necessary to hoe them often, the oftener the better, as it means the sugar in the beets. In a dry time, stir the soil often, but not deep, in order to retain moisture; cultivate till the leaves are so large there is danger of breaking them, and the sugar gathered from the air through the leaves. There is as much in cultivation as in the quality of the soil. A rich, deep, loamy soil is the best. The seed supplied should be all the same quality. The best sample of beets that were tested yielded over 16 per cent. sugar and over 91 of purity, but they were well cultivated and covered. The poorest sample only yielded a little over 11 per cent. sugar and a little over 71 purity, but they were poorly cultivated and not covered.

Notes. Tests made with alfalfa in the Eastern States show that it will grow on almost any soil that is not too wet, and that it is more productive on very light soils than clover. It has been grown on the white sand lands of New Jersey, and gave good yields. After the first year it seems to be able to take care of itself so far as climate is concerned.

When the limb of a tree is removed the wound should be covered. Coal tar is excellent and will serve to prevent the entrance of spores or dirt. When small branches are removed it may not be necessary to apply the tar, but for large cuts it should never be overlooked.

The farmer who diversifies his crops will not always be met by overproduction in the markets, as the seasonable conditions are not favorable to all crops at the same time, consequently if the market is well supplied with one article in abundance there may be a scarcity of something else. Diversity of crops is also better for the soil and assists in maintaining fertility.

With all the remedies suggested for blight on pear trees, the difficulty still exists, and many pear orchards are destroyed every year. At one time it was believed that by keeping the orchard ground in grass the pear trees would escape, but, while the rapid growth of the trees seems favorable to attack of blight, and although the grass may retard attack, yet the sooner or later success of the disease should it find its way into the orchard. The spraying

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of trees, or treating the trees at the roots will confer benefit, but there is no sure remedy for blight.

Barley, says an exchange, is a profitable crop and thrives on sandy soil. It is what may be termed a summer grain crop, as the seed is broadcasted in June and the crop harvested before frost. It is grown as a green manure crop or for the grain. It provides an abundant forage for bees when in blossom, though some do not claim the honey therefrom to be of the highest quality. Being of rapid growth, barley crowds the weeds and prevents them from growing, and as it shades the soil it is regarded as one of the best crops that can be grown for that purpose.

Thistles can be eradicated by shallow cultivation of the ground. They are propagated from the roots and from seed. Every time the ploughing is deep the roots of the thistles are broken, and every piece of root detached from the main root sends out another thistle. The easiest and best method of destroying thistles is to grow some crop that requires the use of a hoe, or that needs only shallow cultivation, for if the thistles are cut down as fast as they appear above ground they will die.

THINK OVER IT.

The Young Man and the Church—A Candid Opinion.

We were busy with copy the other day when a young man came into the office and set down for a chat. He was a typical Canadian, tall, well-built, with a face that showed a clean life. In the course of conversation he said: "I have not been inside the church for months. I never go."

"But why do you not?" said we. "Because we get nothing when we go," said the young man. "We hear in the oratory, and we get no instruction. We accepted that as a fair answer. The young man of the present day wishes to be pleased with oratory, or to get something new."

Is his estimate correct? We think it is. We are glad to believe that it is. The ministers of the Canadian church have too strenuously a life to give time to the polishing of their periods. They speak right out with as direct a style of speech as they can cultivate. They have altogether too high an estimate of their vocation and of the message they are commissioned to deliver to speak vapid nothing in beautiful language when they stand to preach to the people. And the story they have to tell is not new. It is as old as creation. It is the business of their life to tell this old story over and over again, till men hear it and understand it. Quite true, men do not want it, and the cry of the young man that we hear nothing new, is itself a very old cry. It is the protest of the natural man against the things of the spirit.

But no two men will tell that old story in exactly the same way. If they are true to themselves, God has given to every man a personality that marks him out from his fellows, and He expects this distinctive personality to come out in the telling of His message. The absence of this distinctive personality may be what the young man misses, and what he complains of is not that the story is the same old story, but that there is a wearisome monotony in the telling of it. He recognizes the fact that something is wrong, but cannot tell you just what it is, and he calls it "nothing new."

The fact that he stays away from church is too painfully true. That fact has caused many an earnest minister the keenest pain and more thoughtful has been bestowed upon the problem of the young man, than almost any other in his ministry. Many plans have been tried, but few of them have been successful. There have been those who have discussed the questions that young men are fond of discussing in their own gatherings, but no one has been more quick to perceive the incongruity of such discussions in the Christian pulpits than the young man himself. They have sought to win him by a beautiful but false world rather than go to the theatre for entertainment. When he is found in considerable numbers at church it is where the gospel is preached plainly and where it is applied to the everyday affairs of life.

The young man hates sham. He has no use for a religious coat. What he wants is that the man beneath it shall be religious through and through. If in the church he sees practice and precept at variance he will have none of the church. If in church members he finds profanity and life opposed he will have none of the church members. After all it is not so much in the pulpits as in the pew, not so much in the minister as in the member, that the young man finds that which leads him to avoid the church doors.—Presbyterian Review.

The Age of the Human Race.

According to the latest edition of De Mortillet's work on the "Origin and Antiquity of Man," the human race appeared on earth 238,000 years ago. This is established by geological evidence. Of this period 78,000 years belong to the pre-glacial epoch, 100,000 years to the glacial, 44,000 years to the interval between the pre-glacial and Neolithic, 10,000 years to the two last-named epochs, and 6,000 years to the time elapsed since the beginning of the historic period in Egypt.

Pessimistic.

"This is a very tough world we are in, old boy."

"You're right I don't think we will ever get out of it alive."