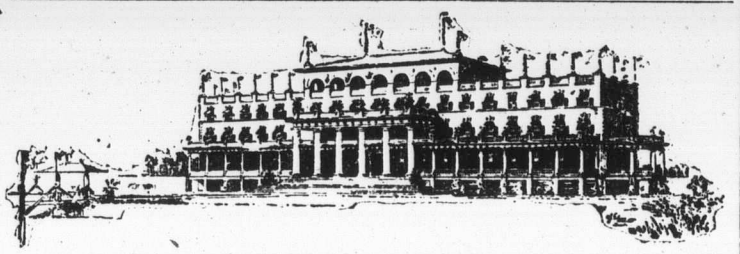


CEYLON AND INDIA TEA, GREEN OR BLACK, A Wise Housewife looks out for the family health and the family pocketbook.

SALADA Ceylon Teas are sold in Sealed Lead Packets only. Black, Mixed, Uncolored Ceylon Green Free samples sent. Address "Salada," Toronto



Only Two Hours' Ride from the PAN-AMERICAN, Buffalo, or Niagara Falls.

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...

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. Tower beds laid out, perfect tennis courts constructed and so located that they are protected from the prevailing winds...

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, all frescoed.

An orchestra has been secured to furnish music for morning concerts, dancing every evening and for Saturday night hops...

Amusements of those above mentioned, will also be given occasionally during the week. Amusements on the lake or bay, modern croquet, ten pins, billiards, pool and bathing on a fine white sand beach...

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 and upwards per day; \$12 and upwards per week. Single; \$22 and upwards per week for two in a room.

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

spoil by any additions. One of the best things I ever had in Australia was to take my tea properly. Help yourself, Mr. Watson.

Mr. Watson rather calmly dropped the piece of sugar which he had been holding out to Mr. Sabin, and the ship giving a slight lurch just at that moment, it rolled down the deck and apparently into the sea.

Mr. Sabin looked into his tea and across to Mrs. Watson. The slightest of nods was sufficient for him. He drank it off and asked for some more. The tea party on the whole was scarcely a success.

"Am I to have the pleasure of taking you for a little walk, Mrs. Watson?" he asked. She looked doubtfully at the tall, slim figure by her side, and her face was almost haggard.

"I am afraid, I think—I think—Mr. Watson has just asked me to walk with him," she said, lamely; "we must have our stroll later on."

"I shall be ready and delighted at any time," Mr. Sabin answered with a bow. "We are going to have a moon to-night; perhaps you may be tempted to walk after dark."

He ignored the evident restraint of both the man and the woman, and strove away. Having nothing in particular to do he went into his deck cabin to dress as it is earlier than usual, and when he had emerged the dinner-gong had not yet sounded.

The deck was quite deserted, and he was lighting a cigarette when he strolled past the scene of their tea-party. A dark object under the boat attracted his attention. He stooped down and looked at it. Thomas, the ship's cat, was lying here stiff and stark, and by the side of his outstretched tongue a lump of sugar.

frightened glance down the corridor to their state-rooms. A fresh breeze blew from the deck, and Mr. Sabin glanced out on deck, and Mr. Sabin glanced at her bare neck and arms.

"You will be cold," he said. "Let me fetch a shawl." "Don't leave me," she exclaimed quickly. "Walk to the side of the steamer. Don't look behind."

Mr. Sabin obeyed. Directly she was sure that they were really beyond ear-shot of any one she laid her hand upon his arm. "I am going to ask you a strange question," she said. "Don't stop to think what it means, but answer me at once."

"Say that you are going to, if you are asked, mind that. Sit up on deck, out of sight, all night, stay with the captain—anything—but don't sleep there, and in your stateroom or in the deck cabin."

He started a little, but answered without hesitation: "In my deck cabin." "Then don't," she exclaimed quickly. "Say that you are going to, if you are asked, mind that. Sit up on deck, out of sight, all night, stay with the captain—anything—but don't sleep there, and in your stateroom or in the deck cabin."

He started a little, but answered without hesitation: "In my deck cabin." "Then don't," she exclaimed quickly. "Say that you are going to, if you are asked, mind that. Sit up on deck, out of sight, all night, stay with the captain—anything—but don't sleep there, and in your stateroom or in the deck cabin."

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Ask your friends what they think of Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

The Live Hog Trade.

Some Pointers for Breeders and Feeders.

The conditions surrounding the hog market just now seem to be peculiar to this season only. Never in the history of the bacon trade in this country have such high prices been paid for live hogs as during the past few weeks.

For several weeks now we have had unusually high prices, and every one in the trade seems to be wondering how long they are going to keep up. Packers are seemingly just as much in the dark on this score as the producers are, and so kind of a weak to weak business is being transacted, no one being able to diagnose with any degree of certainty what the future will bring forth.

An unusual feature of the situation this season, and it is one that seems to be applicable alone to the first year of the century, is the somewhat slow movement of the trade that is being done by the English trade and the susceptibility of that trade to be influenced by purely local conditions.

But whatever may be the influences affecting it this season it is gratifying to know that the farmer is getting good prices for his hogs. And these high values do not appear to be peculiar to Canada alone. The English farmer and the farmer of the Emerald Isle is also reaping a big profit out of the hog producing business.

Mr. Sabin watched them disappear, and lighting a cigar, strolled off towards the captain's room. Many miles away now he could still see the green light of the German man-of-war.

The night was still enough, but piled-up masses of black clouds obscured the stars, and the moon was only now and then uncertain gleams of glimmering light. There was no fog, nor any sign of any kind that might have been expected.

Mr. Sabin, who, muffled up with rugs, was reclining in a deck chair, drawn up in the shadow of the long bows, was already beginning to regret that he had attached any importance at all to Mrs. Watson's warning.

He stood perfectly still, listening for a moment. Then he was on the point of stealing away, when a hand fell suddenly upon his shoulder. He was face to face with Mr. Sabin.

A PLOT FOR EMPIRE. A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

CHAPTER XLV. Mr. Sabin in Darger.

Mr. Sabin found the captain by no means inclined to talk about the visit which they had just received. He was still hurt and ruffled at the propositions which had been made to him, and annoyed at the various delays which seemed conspiring to prevent him from making a decent passage.

"I have been most confoundedly insulted by those—Germans," he said to Mr. Sabin, meeting him a little later in the gangway. "I don't know exactly what the position may be, but you will have to be on your guard. They have gone on to New York, and I suppose they will try and get their warrant executed there if they are not stopped."

Mr. Sabin smiled. He had calculated all the chances nicely, and a volume of international law was lying at that moment in his state-room face downwards. "I think," he said, "that I am quite safe from arrest, but, at the same time, captain, I am very sorry to be such a troublesome passenger to you."

"What, spies?" the captain exclaimed. "Exactly!" "The captain was still incredulous. "Do you mean to tell me," he exclaimed, "that charming little woman is not an American at all—that she is a fraud?"

"There isn't a shadow of a doubt about it," Mr. Sabin replied. "They have both tacitly admitted it. As a matter of fact, I am in treaty with the point of accepting my terms when these fellows boarded us. Whether they will do so now I cannot tell. I saw that fellow Graishelm talking to the man just before they left the vessel."

"You are safe while you are on my ship, Mr. Sabin," the captain said. "I shall watch that fellow Watson closely, and if he gives me the least chance, I will have him put in irons. Confound the man and his plausible ways!"

Mr. Sabin watched them disappear, and lighting a cigar, strolled off towards the captain's room. Many miles away now he could still see the green light of the German man-of-war.

The night was still enough, but piled-up masses of black clouds obscured the stars, and the moon was only now and then uncertain gleams of glimmering light. There was no fog, nor any sign of any kind that might have been expected.

Mr. Sabin, who, muffled up with rugs, was reclining in a deck chair, drawn up in the shadow of the long bows, was already beginning to regret that he had attached any importance at all to Mrs. Watson's warning.

He stood perfectly still, listening for a moment. Then he was on the point of stealing away, when a hand fell suddenly upon his shoulder. He was face to face with Mr. Sabin.

He started back with a slight but vehement guttural interjection. He had stooped down towards his pocket, but she had opened the door of the cabin. Immediately they were assailed with the fumes of a strange, sickly odor! Mr. Sabin laughed softly, but a little bitterly.

"A very old-fashioned device," he murmured. "I gave you credit for more ingenuity, Mr. Watson. I have opened the window and the door, you see! Let us step inside. There will be sufficient fresh air." (To be Continued.)

A Deed of Heroism. In Julian Ralph's new book, "The Bright Side of War," we find several letters and articles dealing with single deeds of heroism, none more signal than that of Pte. Thompson of what Canadian company it is not stated. "One of these Gordons who was there," writes the story. Here is an extract: "About 5.30 in the morning a wounded man about five hundred yards away was seen to be trying to make for our trenches, under a heavy fire, but was at last observed to fall. Now and then, between the volleys, he was seen to wave his hands as if for assistance. Suddenly from the left of us a form was seen to climb the earthworks in front of our trenches, jumping down to make straight for the place where the wounded man lay, about 90 yards from the Boer trenches. Evidently regardless of the scattering fire which lashed about him, he ran on, and at last reached the wounded man and tried to lift him, but it was too late, for the poor fellow had breathed his last. Seeing it was of no avail, his would-be rescuer walked back over the ground he had covered, and although bullets whistled around him and tore up the ground in every direction, he coolly regained his trenches with a pipe stuck between his teeth."

A Sure Safeguard. The Captain—Shocking weather they've been having on the Atlantic lately; you must be very anxious about your daughter crossing from this State? Cheerful Mother—Oh, dear, no! Not a bit. You see, I had all my children taught swimming when they were quite young.—The King.