

FARM HAND  
and Fatally  
Father.

OF IRON.

16-James...  
morning...  
Churchill, at  
field, a village  
from this place.  
with a heavy  
blot peacefully  
seven years old.  
return, who was  
also fell a vic-  
s wife. Mrs.  
hours after the  
she was 30  
in still lives, but  
hours, it is  
has been frac-

empted suicide  
of carbolic acid,  
Sheriff C. S.  
and brought his  
sight.

result of ex-  
Churchill sep-  
of two months  
it came to work  
men. Saturday  
he first walked  
he secured the  
of 1890, and  
with the iron  
tittance to the  
in-law through  
his wife be-  
for help. The  
girl was 20  
room awakened  
to light a  
While he was  
bill struck him  
the girl ran to  
and on the  
house later,  
lying uncon-  
in a semi-con-

strick Attorney  
went down out  
ers later. The  
into the city  
recovery. He  
was premed-  
id.

SON DEAD.  
That Comes  
ppines.

ER'S REMORSE  
The summer of  
of the U. S.  
east was 1890,  
segment in the  
ening he was  
arty found his  
it was the  
has captured  
was reported to  
by General  
in the Philip-  
to a Chinese  
his be-  
hundreds of  
direction, but  
officer or his  
Many reports  
were made.  
story was circu-  
Ohio, that Ma-  
and well in  
America, ac-  
recognition by  
his be-  
and his be-  
hand of insur-  
met his son,  
from him years  
and that his son,  
young man, who  
was leading the

Dead.

arged right up  
the story said,  
what him dead,  
and that the  
of papers found  
Paul Stanhope,  
ay written in  
of the car-  
was found in  
his station in  
His wife and  
old, were with  
he looked after  
by he was kid-  
story said, a  
of in the Jesuit  
be a Chinese  
was adopt-  
deanant, Henry  
his name to the  
of an adventur-  
1888 joined  
was this young  
of information  
and killed in  
at the Philippine  
story, remorse  
sufferer, and he  
states army and  
men.

OF IDENTITY.  
H Hinder says  
Accused.

The British  
Norfolk, Captain  
aland, brings a  
at murder, col-  
lombant, with  
to develop a mis-  
covery aimed  
Theborne case,  
national Arthur  
murder. Alfred  
to cover his  
and no trace of  
he was arrested  
on November  
of information.  
The prisoner  
lided at Well-  
of London, but  
Charles Lily  
in America, who  
ited States since  
that he has a  
the Cook living in  
he lived in the  
of information  
to identify  
er's aim, and the  
the man in custody  
musician, accom-  
were not possess-

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Will you continue using impure, hand-rolled tea, when a better article, grown on British soil, is at your disposal? Both Greens and Blacks have earned a reputation for quality.

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



### SALADA

#### 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 state of perfection that had been planned, the season proved a success beyond all expectation, and the patrons, on and all, expressed themselves as being much 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 interest, become so popular in England and America, has been provided, it is called "The Means of Yardon's Success," and is a splendid practice for experts 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 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 equipped with electricity furnishes the power for the lights, elevators and hot water. A furnace can supply abundance of heat when necessary. The hotel has accommodations for two hundred and fifty guests. The guests' chambers are arranged in 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, all frooco.

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 batting 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. Wachenhussen,  
Hotel Grandeur,  
St. Augustine,  
Florida.

WACHENHUSSEN & BOGGS,  
R. M. Boggs,  
Hotel Grandeur,  
Avon-by-the-Sea,  
New Jersey.

I must have a little talk with Mrs. Watson."

Mr. Sabin nodded.

"We will have a cigar together after lunch," he said. "I must have my morning game of shuffleboard with the captain."

Mr. Watson went below, and Mr. Sabin played shuffleboard with his usual deadly skill.

A slight mist had settled around them by the time the game was over, and the fog horn was blowing, and the engines were checked to half speed.

Mr. Sabin leaned over the side of the vessel, and gazed thoughtfully into the dense white vapor.

"I think," he said softly to himself, "that after all I'm safe."

There was perfect silence on the ship. Even the luncheon gong had not sounded, the passengers having been summoned in a whisper by the deck steward.

The fog seemed to be getting denser, and the sea was like glass. And then suddenly, without any warning, they passed out into the clear air, the mist rolled away, the sun shone down upon them again, and the cabin dried as though by magic.

The machinery recommenced to throb, and the passengers who had finished lunch went upon deck.

Every one was attracted at once by the sight of the large white steamer about a mile on the starboard side.

Mr. Watson joined the captain, who was examining her through his glass.

"Man-of-war, isn't she?" he inquired.

The captain nodded.

"Not much doubt about that," he answered; "look at her guns. The odd part of it is, too, she is flying no flag. We shall know who she is in a minute."

Mr. Sabin descended the steps on his way to a late luncheon. As he turned the corner, he came face to face with Mr. Watson, whose eyes were fixed upon the coming steamer with a very curious expression.

# Sozodont A Perfect Liquid Dentifrice for the Teeth and Gums 25c Sozodont Tooth Powder

rubber-cell. Just three hundred years earlier an English autocrat (Edward II) had to be deposed to save the nation from the odium of being ruled by a lunatic. Up to the time of his coronation his conduct had been as exemplary as that of most heirs-apparent, and the first six months of his reign were devoted to reforms, but then came five successive revolts of the barons, while Europe from end to end was convulsed by an unprecedented series of murderous insurrections. Albert of Austria was assassinated by his nephew; Roger de Flor by the garibon of Adrianople; Gessler by William Tell; the Grand Master of the Templars by his own sovereign; the King of Denmark deposed by his stepson, after degrading and murdering his father; the King of Sweden suppressing a mutiny by the execution of half a hundred ring-leaders, including two of his brothers; Michael, sovereign Duke of Russia, slain by the Khan of Kazak—all within five or six years—while Edward's barons were caught in about as many different conspiracies. The King daily dread of murder began to affect his health, and in 1312, a few weeks after the execution of his favorite, Gaveston, his mind gave way altogether. He could look himself up and talk to his visitors for hours together. By way of answering his own questions he would change his intonation, and his frightened courtiers often thought they heard the voice of Gaveston. After that he haunted the vacant halls of the old palace, the fuel shed of the den house, and other places where he thought himself safe from the pursuit of his enemies, and several times was seen in the morning climbing up the park hill, with his shoes covered with mud, as if he had returned from a distant excursion.

## BEES IN ROYAL BONNETS.

### Too Much Coddling Bad for Their Brains.

#### CAUSE OF CONSPIRACIES.

F. L. Oswald, M. D., in "Lippincott's Magazine."

## THE SCIENTIFIC FARMER.

### Feeding for Profit—Labor Problem Solved.

Uniform feeding is, says the American Agriculturist, absolutely necessary to best results in dairying. Do not try to economize during low prices for dairy products. High prices always follow low, and if the cows are kept on a full ration all the time they will be in a position to take advantage of the market. If a restricted ration is fed during low prices, the cows cannot be brought back to full production when this is desirable.

### Russian Butter for England.

The English correspondent of Country Gentleman gives some further information relative to the shipment of butter from Russia to England. As much as \$4,000,000 worth of Russian butter was sent to England last year, and the trade has come to stay. "Much of the Russian butter is," says the Country Gentleman correspondent, "from Siberia, and the Russian Government has provided excellent American refrigerators to carry its new railway to carry it in proper condition. And it is really a good, genuine article, not so rich as Danish (though the farmers are being trained by Danish experts) and it is placed on the market at a tempting price."

### Solving the Labor Problem.

The labor problem is always up for discussion. This presses both on the cheese factory and the farm. Some of those connected with the former believe that girls will soon be largely employed in the factories. There are many parts of the work, the washing, attending to the milk in the vat, and handling of the curds, that girls can do better than men. The only trouble is that just as soon as they become experts they are apt to find some one else they think more of than they do of the makers, and then they go off to keep house on their own account. On quite a number of farms the system of hiring a married man and his wife the year round is being introduced. The help so employed has free house, garden, have their milk supplied, and can keep a few hens, etc. The man works on the farm the year round, and the woman helps with washing up the milk cans, and in other little ways. The wages run about \$240 a year.

### The "Razorbark."

The Florida razorbark is the hog indigenous to this climate and soil. He is usually large of limb and fleet of foot, being the only known porker that can outpace the deer which, while he is in active motion, he twists into the tightest corkscrew, but with which while quietly feeding he raps his leathery sides much in the same manner that the dexter cow does her tail. He earns his own living, and thrives equally well in the highwoods, and in the flatwoods, in the hummocks, and in the marshes. He subsists upon anything he can find above the surface, or underneath its surface. He has a clear, far-seeing eye, and is very sensitive of hearing. Nature has equipped him with a snout almost as long as the back of the wild pig, and the snout, with which he can penetrate the earth many inches in quest of worms, snakes and insects. He is the most intelligent of all the hogs, and is likewise the most courageous. He has been known to engage in mortal combat with a coon for the possession of a watermelon, and to rend asunder a barbed wire fence.—Forest and Stream.

### Her Comment.

"Fame," said the youth with the earnest intellectual expression, "is so hard to attain. It is so difficult for one to get himself talked about."  
"Humph!" rejoined the woman with cold blue eyes and a firm jaw, "you just ought to live up in our neighborhood."—Washington Star.

# A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

## A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

CHAPTER XLIII.  
The Coming of the "Kaiser Wilhelm." The habit of early rising was one which Mr. Sabin had never cultivated, and breakfast was a meal which he abhorred. It was not until nearly midday on the following morning that he appeared on deck, and he had scarcely exchanged his customary greeting with the captain before he was joined by Mr. Watson, who had obviously been on the lookout for him.

"I want, sir," the latter commenced, "to apologize to you for my conduct last night."

Mr. Sabin looked at him keenly.

"There is no necessity for anything of the sort," he said. "If any apology is owing at all, it is, I think, to your wife."

Mr. Watson shook his head vigorously.

"Sir," he declared, "I am ashamed to say that I am not very clear as to the actual expressions I made, but Mrs. Watson has assured me that my behavior to you was discourteous in the extreme, and I regret it. I hope you will think no more of it. I had already," Mr. Sabin said, "forgotten the circumstance. It is not of the slightest consequence."

"You are very good," Mr. Watson said, softly.

"I had the pleasure," Mr. Sabin remarked, "of an interesting conversation with your wife last night. You are a very fortunate man."

"I think so, indeed, sir," Mr. Watson replied modestly.

"American women," Mr. Sabin continued, looking meditatively out to sea, "are very fascinating," Mr. Watson agreed.

"Mrs. Watson," Mr. Sabin said, "told me so much that was interesting about your wonderful country that I am looking forward to my visit more than ever."

Mr. Watson darted a keen glance at his companion. He was suddenly on his guard. For the first time he realized something of the resources of this man with whom he had to deal.

"My wife," he said, "knows really very little of her native country; she has lived nearly all her life abroad."

"So I perceived," Mr. Sabin answered. "Shall we sit down a moment, Mr. Watson?" One weariness of this incessant promenading, and there is a little matter which I fancy that you and I might discuss with advantage."

Mr. Watson obeyed in silence. "This was a wonderful man with whom he had to deal. Already he felt that all

the elaborate precautions of his coming had been wasted. He might be Mr. James B. Watson, the New York yacht owner and millionaire, but he was nothing of the sort to Mr. Sabin. He shrugged his shoulders, and followed him to a seat. After all, silence was a safe card.

"I'm going," Mr. Sabin said, "to be very frank with you. I know, of course, who you are."

Mr. Watson shrugged his shoulders. "Do you?" he remarked dryly.

Mr. Sabin bowed, with a faint smile at the corner of his lips.

"Certainly," he answered, "you are Mr. James B. Watson, of New York, and the lady with you is your wife. Now I want to tell you a little about myself."

"Most interested, I'm sure," Mr. Watson murmured.

"My real name," Mr. Sabin said, turning a little as though to face his companion, "is Victor, Duc de Soubrier. It suits me at present to travel under the name by which I was known in England and by which you are in the habit of addressing me. Mr. Watson, I'm leaving England because of a certain scheme of mine, which, if successful, would have revolutionized the whole face of Europe, has by a most unfortunate chance become a failure. I have incurred thereby the resentment, perhaps I should say the just resentment, of a great nation. I just resigned, and I should say the way in which I concluded I should be safest against those means of, shall I say, retribution or vengeance, which will assuredly be used against me. Now what I want to say to you, Mr. Watson, is this—I am a rich man, and I value my life at a great deal of money. I wonder if by any chance you understand me."

"Mr. Watson smiled.

"I'm curious to know," he said softly, "at what price you value yourself."

"My account in New York," Mr. Sabin said quietly, "is, I believe, something like ten thousand pounds."

"Fifty thousand dollars," Mr. Watson remarked, "is a nice little sum for one, but an awkward amount to divide."

Mr. Sabin lit a cigarette and breathed more freely. He began to see his way.

"So I perceived," Mr. Sabin answered. "Shall we sit down a moment, Mr. Watson?" One weariness of this incessant promenading, and there is a little matter which I fancy that you and I might discuss with advantage."