

WASHED AWAY.

Drowned by a Flood
West Virginia.

SWEEPED AWAY.

Coal Fields Delayed by a
which Rivals That of
—\$2,000,000 Loss—
Passengers Rescued by

June 23.—This en-
has just been visited by
of which in all pro-
or exceed that
880, so far as the
is concerned. Early
ing, shortly after mid-
downpour of rain be-
by a severe elec-
steadily increased in
10 o'clock a. m. then
over hours and begin-
with renewed violence.
the Norfolk and West-
backs and many bridges
strayed, and commu-
west of Elkhorn, so
possible to learn the full
of life and property.
of the coal operations
Elkhorn district have
angers to Elkhorn, the
th telegraphic and rail-
ation, and have receiv-
a conservative esti-
life Exposed 200.

Owned are among the
citizens of the coal

as coal B-11 is located
high mountain ranges
Elkhorn creek flow-
centre of the basin,
from one-fourth to one
from Ennis, W. Va.,

W. Va., a distance of
miners' cabins, coal
miners and coke

basin, Elkhorn creek,
mountain sides, rap-
idly, and this me-
so suddenly that a
between the two

was flooded, and be-
stricken people recall-
upon them, they were
by the flood, which
ing in its path. The
Keystone, with a pop-
of 2000, seems the
er, practically the
shed away. This town
one in the Poca-
hills, near its centre,
ent extent headquar-
of the mining popula-
supplies, and the
in the field where
be purchased. At this

15 Saloons,

was washed away. The
at the mining popu-
occupying the banks
below, carrying the
barrels of whiskey
float down. A great
and coke plants
Peachants field are
nally destroyed, and
is entirely washed

the very high water
led the region and
sumation anything
estimate of the loss of
seconds, but in the
in obtainable to-night
party will easily reach

the beautiful home of
is reported
only is small to safe,
rain No. 4, of the
Eastern Railroad, reach-
ed 8.20 a. m. and
was unable to proceed
waters reached such
the

to be abandoned,
being rescued by
the stream from the
coaches to the top
coke ovens some dis-
between Elkhorn and
distance of 10 miles,
to be washed from
and many of them
down stream. A thou-
dows the number of
away between Blue-
Yard, a distance
from 15 to 20 and
indications it will be
great trains through
points west of there
or ten days. This will
be able to get relief
from districts, and with
raped with their lives,
without food, indes-
is inevitable.

ster of the Norfolk &
road walked the track
and North Fork a
miles. He discovered
ing in the river.

FOUR INJURED.

at Barn-raising Near
Beltsville.

June 22.—A very
appened yesterday
four miles from here
ing on the farm of Mr.
Mr. Joseph Johnston
injured, and died at 4
minutes. The extent of
as yet cannot be as-
ough the doctors have
that none of the four
me men were standing
and some of the jar-
timbers broke the ground
went to the ground
heavy timbers falling

Madole, of Napanee,
by the Liberals of
Legislative Assem-
Aylsworth, M. P.,
to retire.

CEYLON AND INDIA TEA, GREEN OR BLACK, A Wise Housewife

looks out for the family health and the family pocketbook. If she uses Ceylon and India Machine-Made Tea she gets the purest and most economical tea to be had.

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, 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 patron, 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 entertaining 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 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, al 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 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 month base 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. Wachenhuisen, Hotel Granada, St. Augustine, Florida.
R. M. Boggs, Hotel Oxford, Avon-by-the-Sea, New Jersey.

A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

CHAPTER XLV.

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 your position may be, but you will have to be on your guard. They have come to New York, and I suppose they will try and get their warrant endorsed there before we land."

"They have a warrant, then?" Mr. Sabin remarked.

"They showed me something of the kind," the captain answered scornfully. "And it is signed by the Kaiser. But, of course, here it isn't worth the paper it is written on, and America would never give you up without a special extradition treaty."

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."

The captain shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, it is not your fault," he said; "but I have made up my mind about one thing. I am not going to stop my ship this side of Boston harbor for anything afloat. We have lost half a day already."

"If the Cunard Company will send me the extra coal bill," Mr. Sabin said, "I will pay it cheerfully, for I am afraid that both stoppages have been on my account."

"Bosh!" the captain, who was moving away, stopped short. "You had nothing to do with these New Yorkers and their broken-down yacht."

Mr. Sabin finished lighting a cigarette which he had taken from his case, and, passing his arm through the captain's, drew him a little further away from the gangway.

"I'm afraid I had," he said. "As a matter of fact, they are not New Yorkers, and they are not husband and wife. They are simply agents in the pay of the German secret police."

"What, spies?" the captain exclaimed.

Mr. Sabin nodded.

"Exactly," the captain said. "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 now to buy them over. They were on the point of accepting my terms when these fellows boarded us. Whether they will do so now I cannot tell. I saw that fellow Graubier talking to the man just before they left the vessel."

"You are safe while you are on my ship, Mr. Sabin," the captain said, firmly. "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—"

They were interrupted by the deck steward, who came with a message from Mrs. Watson. She was making her way to the deck, and would like to see the captain. "They crossed the deck to a sunny little corner behind one of the boats, where Mrs. Watson had just completed her preparation for tea.

She greeted them gaily and chatted to them while they waited for the kettle to boil, but to Mr. Sabin's observant eyes there was a remarkable change in her. Her laughter was forced and she was very pale.

Several times Mr. Sabin caught her watching him in an odd way as though she desired to attract his attention, but Mr. Watson, who for once had seemed to desert the smoking-room, remained by her side like a shadow. Mr. Sabin felt that his presence was ominous. The tea was made and handed round.

Mr. Watson seat away the deck steward, who was preparing to wait upon them, and did the honors himself. He passed the sugar to the captain and stood before Mr. Sabin with the sugar-tongs in his hand.

"Sugar?" he inquired, holding out a lump.

Mr. Sabin took sugar, and was on the point of holding out his cup. Just then he chanced to glance across to Mrs. Watson. Her eyes were dilated, and she seemed to be on the point of springing from her chair. Meeting his glance she shook her head, and then bent over her hot water apparatus.

"No sugar, thanks," Mr. Sabin answered. "This tea looks too good to

spoil by any additions. One of the best things I ever drank is Amara. I will take my tea properly. Help yourself, Mr. Watson."

Mr. Watson rather clumsily 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. With a little remark as to his clumsiness he resumed his seat.

Mr. Sabin sat 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 a success. The Captain was altogether upset and quite indisposed to be amiable towards people who had made a dupe of him. Mrs. Watson seemed to be suffering from a state of nervous excitement and her husband was grim and silent. Mr. Sabin alone appeared to be in good spirits, and he talked continually with his customary ease and polish.

The captain did not stay very long and upon his departure Mr. Sabin said "Am I to have the pleasure of taking you for a little walk, Mrs. Watson?" he asked.

She looked doubtfully at the tall, glum figure by her side, and her face was almost haggard.

"I'm 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."

"That will be all right," the captain said. "I'll be glad to accompany you at any time," Mr. Sabin answered with a bow.

"We are going to have a moon to-night; perhaps you may be tempted to a dark oblique under the bows. He ignored the evident restraint of both the man and the woman, and strolled away. Having nothing in particular to do he went into his deck cabin, and when he had emerged the dinner-gong had not yet sounded.

The deck was quite deserted, and lighting a cigarette d'appetit, he strolled past the scene of their occupancy. A dark shadow under the bows attracted his attention. He stooped down and looked at it. Thomas, the ship's cat, was lying there stiff and stark, and by the side of his outstretched tongue a lump of sugar.

CHAPTER XLVI.
Mr. Watson is Astonished.

At dinner-time Mr. Sabin was the most silent of the little quartette. The captain, who had discovered that notwithstanding their stoppage they had made a very fair day's run, and had just noticed a favorable change in the color of the sea, and the man on the whole was disposed to feel satisfied with himself for the way he had repulsed the captain of the Kaiser Wilhelm. He departed from his usual custom so far as to drink tea in the dining-room, and Mrs. Sabin, having first satisfied himself as to the absence of any probability of fog, Mr. Watson, too, was making an effort to appear amiable, and his wife, though her color seemed a trifle hectic and her laughter not altogether natural, contributed her share to the conversation. Mr. Sabin alone was curiously silent and distant.

Many times he well and brightly, what seemed almost a fluke; more often than most men he had been at least in danger of losing it. But this last adventure had made a distinct and deep impression upon him. He had not seriously believed that the man Watson was prepared to go to such lengths; he recognized for the first time his extreme danger. Then as regards the woman he was genuinely puzzled. He owed her his life, he had not doubt it. She had given him the warning by which he had profited, and she had given it him behind her companion's back. He was strongly inclined to believe in her. Still, she was doubtless in fear of the man. Her whole appearance denoted it. She was still, without doubt, his tool, willing or unwilling.

They lingered longer than usual over the tea, and Mrs. Watson, who throughout their conversation all mention of the events of the day was excluded. A casual remark of Mr. Watson's the captain had ignored. There was an obvious inclination to ask the question, but the captain was on the qui vive all the time, and he promptly quashed any embarrassing remark. So far as Mrs. Watson was concerned there was certainly no fear of her exhibiting any curiosity. It was hard to believe that she was the same woman who had virtually taken the conversation into her own hands on the previous evening, and had talked over the tea with the man who had been her enemy.

"You are safe while you are on my ship, Mr. Sabin," the captain said, firmly. "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—"

They were interrupted by the deck steward, who came with a message from Mrs. Watson. She was making her way to the deck, and would like to see the captain. "They crossed the deck to a sunny little corner behind one of the boats, where Mrs. Watson had just completed her preparation for tea.

She greeted them gaily and chatted to them while they waited for the kettle to boil, but to Mr. Sabin's observant eyes there was a remarkable change in her. Her laughter was forced and she was very pale.

Several times Mr. Sabin caught her watching him in an odd way as though she desired to attract his attention, but Mr. Watson, who for once had seemed to desert the smoking-room, remained by her side like a shadow. Mr. Sabin felt that his presence was ominous. The tea was made and handed round.

Mr. Watson seat away the deck steward, who was preparing to wait upon them, and did the honors himself. He passed the sugar to the captain and stood before Mr. Sabin with the sugar-tongs in his hand.

"Sugar?" he inquired, holding out a lump.

Mr. Sabin took sugar, and was on the point of holding out his cup. Just then he chanced to glance across to Mrs. Watson. Her eyes were dilated, and she seemed to be on the point of springing from her chair. Meeting his glance she shook her head, and then bent over her hot water apparatus.

"No sugar, thanks," Mr. Sabin answered. "This tea looks too good to

brightened glance down the corridor to their state-rooms. A fresh breeze blew in their faces as they stepped out on deck, and Mr. Sabin glanced at her bare neck and arms.

"You will be cold," he said. "Let me fetch you a wrap."

"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 earshot of one another 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 as soon as you can. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

He started a little, but answered without hesitation.

"In my stateroom."

"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. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

He started a little, but answered without hesitation.

"In my stateroom."

"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. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

He started a little, but answered without hesitation.

"In my stateroom."

"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. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

He started a little, but answered without hesitation.

"In my stateroom."

"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. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

He started a little, but answered without hesitation.

"In my stateroom."

"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. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

He started a little, but answered without hesitation.

"In my stateroom."

"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. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

He started a little, but answered without hesitation.

"In my stateroom."

"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. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

He started a little, but answered without hesitation.

"In my stateroom."

"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. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

He started a little, but answered without hesitation.

"In my stateroom."

"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. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

He started a little, but answered without hesitation.

"In my stateroom."

"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. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

He started a little, but answered without hesitation.

"In my stateroom."

"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. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

He started a little, but answered without hesitation.

"In my stateroom."

"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. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

He started a little, but answered without hesitation.

"In my stateroom."

"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. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

He started a little, but answered without hesitation.

"In my stateroom."

"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. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

He started a little, but answered without hesitation.

"In my stateroom."

"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. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

He started a little, but answered without hesitation.

"In my stateroom."

"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. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

He started a little, but answered without hesitation.

"In my stateroom."

"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. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

He started a little, but answered without hesitation.

"In my stateroom."

"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. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

He started a little, but answered without hesitation.

"In my stateroom."

"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. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

He started a little, but answered without hesitation.

"In my stateroom."

"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. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

He started a little, but answered without hesitation.

"In my stateroom."

"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. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

He started a little, but answered without hesitation.

"In my stateroom."

"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. When are you going to sleep to-night—in your stateroom or in the deck cabin?"

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 a very short period last year prices reached the seven dollar basis here only to drop again just as quickly.

For several high prices, and 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 a kind of a week to week business is being transacted, no one being able to diagnose with any degree of certainty what the future will bring forth. Present high values may be maintained with slight variations the whole of the season, or they may take a sudden slump without any previous warning to either packer or producer.

An unusual feature of the situation is that it is one that seems to be applicable alone to the first year of the century, is the somewhat hard to mouth business that is being done by the English trade and the susceptibility of that trade to the influence of purely local and temporary conditions. A dull day when trade is not brisk seems to influence the regular trade as it never did before and prices have fluctuated according as such days in the Canadian market or dull. Of course, the very high prices would have a tendency to curtail buying for the future and to limit business largely to the present, but this does not altogether account for the influence purely local conditions seem to have on the English trade this season.

The Farmer's Harvest.

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 a mere passing fancy. The Danish farmer and the farmer of the Emerald Isle is also reaping a big profit out of the hog producing business. For the past year at least there has been no more profitable business for the Canadian farmer than the raising of hogs. And the wonder is that our farmers have not gone more extensively into the business than they have.

Through the market has been brisk and active our exports of bacon are not increasing very materially. In fact for some months back there has not been the quantity of bacon shipped out of the country that there was during the corresponding period of last year. This will come as a surprise to many who have been led to believe that our exports of bacon were growing very fast because of the increase in the number of packing establishments and the operation of several co-operative pork factories during the present year. The real fact of the matter is that there are not enough hogs in the country to keep the factories we have at the present time running to their full capacity, and packers who have a regular list of English customers to supply are compelled to pay higher prices in order to get sufficient goods to hold the trade. All this is

lence within. What they were doing he could not imagine, but the place was in absolute darkness. Thoroughly awake now, he crouched within a few feet of the door, listening intently. Once he fancied that he could hear a voice, it seemed to him that a hand was groping along the wall for the knob of the door. Then the door was softly opened, and the woman came out. She stood for a moment leaning a little forward, listening intently, ready to make her retreat immediately she was assured she was making their way. She was a little pale, but in a stray gleam of moonlight Mr. Sabin fancied that he caught a glimpse of a smile upon her parted lips. There was a white patch behind her shoulder; she answered in a German monosyllable. Then, apparently satisfied that she was unobserved, she stepped out, and, flitting around the funnel, disappeared down the gangway. Mr. Sabin made no attempt to stop her, or to disclose his presence. His fingers had closed now upon his revolver—he was waiting for the man. The minutes crept on—nothing happened. Then a hand softly closed the window leading out upon the deck. Immediately afterwards the door was pushed open and Mr. Watson, with a handkerchief to his mouth, stepped out.

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. His hand stole down towards his pocket, but the shining argument in Mr. Sabin's hand was irresistible.

"Sleep back into that room, Mr. Watson. I want to speak to you."

He hesitated. Mr. Sabin, reaching across him, 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, my friend. Come, I 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," contains several letters and articles dealing with single deeds of heroism, none of which are so striking as that of Pte. Thompson, of what Canadian company it is not stated. "One of the Gordons who was there" writes the story. Here is an extract: "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 he waved 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. Utterly regardless of the scattering fire which hissed about him, he ran on, and at last reached the place where the wounded man lay, but it was too late, for the poor fellow had breathed his last. Seeing it was of no avail, his would-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're having on the Atlantic lately; you must be very anxious about your daughter crossing from the States to Europe. I had a chance to see her. Oh, dear, no! Not a bit. You see, I had all my children taught swimming when they were quite young.—The King.