

CEYLON AND INDIA TEA, GREEN OR BLACK.

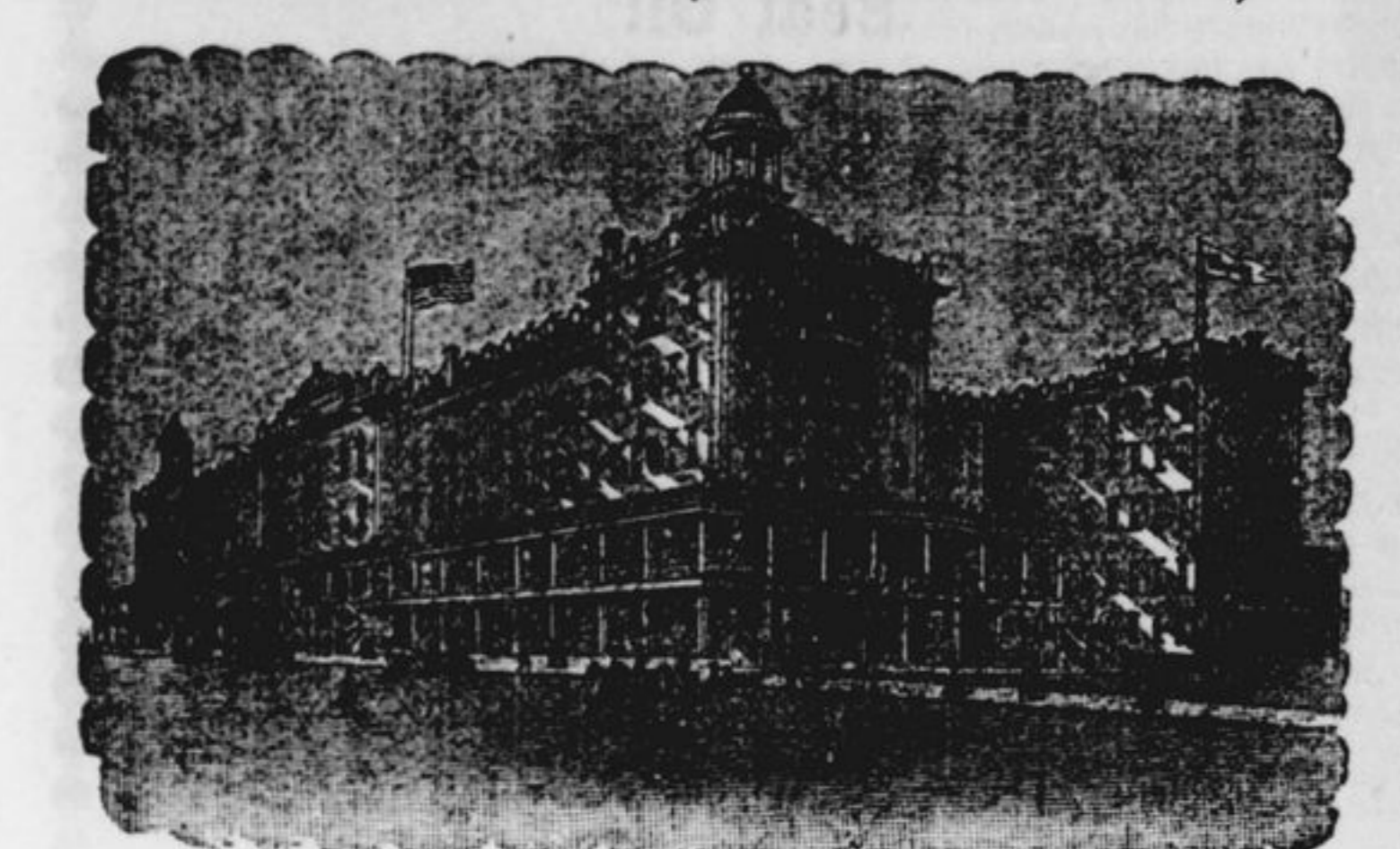
Its Virtues are Many; Its Faults None.

That's saying a good deal, but it is a true statement. You can verify it yourself. A trial will prove the truth or falsity of the above statement.

SALADA

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

THE SEASIDE HOUSE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.



The above well known hotel has been a favorite resort for Canadians for years past. With accommodations for three hundred guests, it is considered one of the best located in Atlantic City. It is open throughout the year; has all modern conveniences, such as electric lighting, hydraulic elevators running to level of the pavement. Sun galleries and covered walk to the ocean. Thoroughly warmed with open grate wood fires and steam heat throughout. The Seaside House has a full and unobstructed view of the ocean, with a lawn extending and connecting with the famous ocean promenade.

The "Seaside" has luxurious surroundings equal to any hotel on the sea coast for comfort and elegance. Wide piazzas, five hundred feet long surround the hotel. Drawing, reception, waiting, billiard and smoking rooms are prettily furnished. The table is supplied with the best of the Philadelphia market afford. Hot and cold sea water baths, long distance telephone and telegraph communication to all parts of the world.

For terms address
CHAS. EVANS SON,
Seaside House,
Atlantic City, N. J.

A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

Mr. Watson was evidently disinclined to make the effort. He glanced covertly up the deck, and seemed to be preparing himself for a rush. Again that little argument of steel and the grim look on Mr. Sabin's face prevailed. They both crossed the deck. The odds, though powerful, was almost nullified by the rushing of the salt wind through the open window and door which Mr. Sabin had fixed open with a catch. Reaching out his hand he pulled down a little brass hook—the room was immediately lit with the soft glare of the electric light.

Mr. Sabin, having assured himself that his companion's revolver was safely bestowed in his hip pocket and could not be reached without warning, glanced carefully around his cabin. He first looked towards the bed and smiled. His little device, then, crossed the deck. The rug which he had rolled up under the sheets into the shape of a human form, was undisturbed. In the absence of a light, Mr. Watson had evidently taken for granted that should he poison he would be destroyed was really in the room. The two men suddenly exchanged glances, and Mr. Sabin smiled at the other's look of dismay.

"It was not like you," he said gently, "it was really very clumsy indeed to take for granted my presence here. I have great faith in you and your methods, my friend; but do you think that it would have been altogether wise for me to have slept alone with an unfastened door under the circumstances?"

Mr. Watson admitted his error with a gleam in his dark eyes, which Mr. Sabin accepted as an additional warning.

"Your little device," he continued, raising an unstoppered flask from the table by the side of the bed, "is otherwise excellent, and I feel that I owe you many thanks for arranging a death that should be painless. You might have made other plans which would have been not only more clumsy, but which might have caused me a considerable amount of personal inconvenience and discomfort. Your arrangements, I see, were altogether excellent. You arranged for my extermination asleep or awake. If awake, the little visit which your charming wife had just paid here was to have provided for me to have a motive for the crime, and a distinctly mitigating circumstance. That was very ingenious. Pardon my lighting a cigarette. These fumes are a little powerful. Then if I were asleep and had not been awakened by the time you arrived—well, it was to be a drug. Supposing, my dear Mr. Watson, you do me the favor of emptying this little flask into the sea."

Mr. Watson obeyed promptly. There were several points in his favor to be gained by the destruction of this evidence of his unsuccessful attempt. As he crossed the deck, holding the little bottle at arm's length from him, a white vapor could be distinctly seen rising from the bottle and wafting into the air. There was a little hiss like the hiss of a snake as it touched the water, and a spot of white froth marked the place where it sank.

"Much too strong," Mr. Sabin murmured. "A sad waste of a very valuable drug, my friend. Now will you please come inside with me? We must have a little chat. But first kindly stand quiet still for one moment. There is no particular reason why I should run any risk. I am going to take that

one of them!" he exclaimed. The man bowed his head. "I am one of those devils," he admitted. Mr. Sabin rose to his feet and walked up and down the little room. "Of course," he remarked, "that complicates matters, but there ought to be a way out of it. Let me think for a moment."

"The man on the lounge sat still with unchanging face. In his heart he knew that there was no way out of it. The chains which bound him were such as the hand of man had no power to destroy. The arm of his master was long. It had reached him here. It would reach him to the farthest corner of the world. Nor could Mr. Sabin for the moment see any light. The man was under perpetual sentence of death. There was no country in the world which would not give him up if called upon to do so.

"What you have told me," Mr. Sabin said, "explains, of course, to a certain man who favors the bold, the inference to my offers. But when I first approached you in this way you certainly led me to think—"

"That was before that cursed Kaiser Wilhelm came up," Watson interrupted. "The Kaiser is a word which made a rush for liberty, at any rate!" "But surely you would have been marked down at Boston," Mr. Sabin said.

"The only friend I have in the world," the other said slowly, "is the manager of the Government's Secret Cable Office at Berlin. He was on my side. It would have given me a chance, but the Kaiser's word was law. It was hopeless."

"It is not possible," he murmured. "My friend," he said, "I perceive that you are a pessimist! You will find yourself in a very short time a free man with the best of your life before you. Take my advice. Whatever career you embark on, do so in a more sanguine spirit. Difficulties will be met, but they will be half their strength. But to proceed. You are one of those who are called 'Doomsday men.' That means, I believe, that you have committed a crime punishable by death—that you are on parole only so long as you remain in the service of the Secret Police of your country. That is so, is it not?"

The man assented grimly. Mr. Sabin continued: "If you were to abandon your present task and fail to offer satisfactory explanations—if you were to attempt to settle down in America, your extradition, I presume, would at once be applied for. You would be given up to Germany in all ways. I should be shocked without a moment's hesitation," Watson admitted grimly.

"Exactly, and there is, I believe, another contingency. If you should succeed in your present enterprise, which, I presume, is my extermination, you would obtain your freedom."

The man on the lounge nodded. A species of despair was upon him. He was in his master's hands. He would be his master to the end. "That brings up," Mr. Sabin continued, "to my proposition. I must admit that the details I have not fully thought out yet, but that is a matter of only half an hour or so. I propose that you should kill me in Boston Harbor and escape to your man-of-war. They will, of course, refuse to give you up, and on your return to Germany you will receive your freedom."

"But—but you," Watson exclaimed, bewildered, "you don't want to be killed, surely?" "Mr. Sabin," he said, "I do not intend to be—actually." Mr. Sabin smiled. "Exactly how I am going to manage it I can't tell you just now, but it will be quite easy. I shall be dead to the belief of everybody on board here except the man who shot me. I can be replaced by a man of my own choice. I shall remain hidden until your Kaiser Wilhelm has left, and when I do land in America—I shall not be as Mr. Sabin."

"Mr. Sabin," he said, "I have a transformed man. His sudden hope had brightened his face. His eyes were on fire. "It is a wonderful scheme!" he exclaimed. "The captain—surely he will never consent to help?" "On the contrary," Mr. Sabin answered, "he will do it for the asking. There is not a single difficulty which we cannot see our way out of." "There is my companion," Watson remarked, "she will have to be reckoned with."

men written so plainly on the face which should surely have been a queen's. Mr. Sabin thought of those things which had passed, and he thought of what was to come, and a moment of bitterness crept into his life which he knew must leave its mark forever. His head dropped into his hands and remained buried there. Thus he stood looking at the water till upon him, and he knew that morning had come. He crossed the deck, and entering his cabin, closed the door.

CHAPTER XLIX.
Mr. Sabin is Sentimental.
Mr. Sabin found it a harder matter than he had anticipated to induce the captain to consent to the scheme he had formulated. Nevertheless, he succeeded in the end, and by lunch time the following day the whole affair was settled. There was a certain amount of risk in the affair; but, on the other hand, if successfully carried out, it set free once and forever the two men mainly concerned in it. Mr. Sabin, who was in rather a curious mood, came out of the captain's room a little after 1 o'clock, feeling altogether indisposed for conversation of any sort, ordered his luncheon from the deck steward, and moved his chair towards the others in a sunny, secluded corner of the boat.

It was here that Mrs. Watson found him an hour later. "And why this seclusion, Sir Misanthrope?" she asked. He laughed and dragged her chair alongside of his. "Come and sit down," he said. "I want to talk to you, I want," he added, lowering his voice, "to thank you for your warning."

They were close together now and alone, cut off from the other chairs by one of the lifeboats. She looked up at him from amongst the cushions which her chair was hung about. "You understood," she murmured. "Perfectly."

"You are safe now," she said. "From him, at any rate. You have won him over?" "I have found a way of safety," Mr. Sabin said, "for both of us."

She leaned her head upon her delicate white fingers, and looked at him curiously. "Your plans," she said, "are admirable, but what of me?" Mr. Sabin regarded her with some faint indication of surprise. He was not sure what she meant. Did she expect a reward for her warning, he wondered. Her words would seem to indicate something of the sort, and yet he was not sure.

"I am afraid," he said kindly, "we have not considered you very much yet. You will go on to Boston, of course, when I suppose you will return to Germany."

"Never," she exclaimed, with a suppressed passion. "I have broken my vows. I shall never set foot in Germany again. I broke them for you, Mr. Sabin looked at her thoughtfully. "I am glad to hear you say that," he declared. "Believe me, my dear young lady, I have seen a great deal of such matters, and I can assure you that the sooner you break away from all association with this man Watson and his employers the better."

"It is all over," she murmured. "I am a free woman, work as of a man. Mr. Sabin was delighted to hear it. Yet he felt that there was a certain awkwardness between them. He was this woman's debtor, and he had made no effort to discharge his debt. What did she expect from him? He looked at her through half-closed eyes, and wondered.

"If I can be of any use to you," he suggested softly, "in any fresh start you may make in life, you may as well command me."

"She kept her face averted from him. There was land in sight, and she seemed much interested in it. "What are you going to do in America?" Mr. Sabin looked out across the sea, and repeated her question to himself. What was he going to do in this great, strange land, whose ways were not his ways, and whose sympathies lay so far apart from his?

"I cannot tell," he murmured. "I have come here for safety. I have no country nor any friends. This is the land of my exile." A soft smile touched his face for a moment. He looked into her face, and saw there an emotion which surprised him. "It is my exile, too," she said. "I shall never dare to return. I have no wish to return."

"But your friends?" Mr. Sabin commenced. "Your family?" "I have no family."

Mr. Sabin was thoughtful for several moments. He looked out his case and lit a cigarette. He watched the blue smoke floating away over the ship's side, and looked no more at the woman at his elbow. "If you decide," he said quietly, "to stay in America, you must not allow yourself to forget that I am very much your debtor. I—" "Your friendship," she interrupted, "I shall be very glad to have. We may perhaps help one another to feel less lonely."

Mr. Sabin gently shook his head. "I had a friend of your sex once," he said. "I shall—forgive me—never have another."

"If she had died, it is I who have killed her. I sacrificed her to my ambition. We parted, and for months—for years—I scarcely thought of her and now the day of retribution has come. I think of her, but it is in vain. Great barriers have rolled between us since those days, but she was my first friend, and she will be my only one."

There was a long silence. Mr. Sabin's eyes were fixed steadily seawards. A flood of recollections had suddenly taken possession of him. When at last he looked round, he was seated in a vacant chair by the side of the gangway.

CHAPTER L.
A Harbor Tragedy.
The voyage of the Calpha came to its usual termination about ten o'clock on the following morning, when the passed Boston lights and steamed slowly down the smooth waters of the harbor. The seven passengers were all upon deck in wonderful transformed guise. Already the steamer chairs were being tied up and piled away; the stewards, officiously anxious to render some last service, were hovering around. Mrs. Watson, in a plain tailor gown and quiet felt hat, was sitting heavily

about the same moment. There was at first very little to be seen. A faint cloud of blue smoke was curling upward, and there was a strong odor of gunpowder in the air. On the deck were lying a small, recently-discharged revolver and a man's white linen cap, which, from its somewhat peculiar shape, everyone recognized at once as belonging to Mr. Sabin. At once a shout was raised, and everyone else to be seen. Then, suddenly, someone pointed to a man's head about fifty yards away in the water. Everyone crowded to the side to look at it. It was hard at that distance to distinguish the features, but a little murmur arose, doubtful at first, but gaining confidence. It was the head of Mr. Watson. The murmur grew then increased when it was seen that he was swimming, not towards the steamer, but away from it, and that he was alone. Where was Mr. Sabin?

A slight cry from behind diverted attention for a moment from the bobbing head. Mrs. Watson, who had heard the murmurs, was lying in a dead faint across a chair. One of the women moved to her side. The others resumed their watch upon events.

(To be Continued.)