

SOUTH.

relations of  
Camps.

THE CRIP.

III. Rioting in  
a School fac-  
ility and  
the Senate to

March 8. — The  
erson County has  
Judge W. C. Ben-  
a practical en-  
has been con-  
The pre-  
by a special  
visited the con-  
in Anderson  
confined therein  
of any felony, but  
of servitude un-  
races, which they  
and ignorance.  
use imprisonment  
J. S. Fowler, P.  
Hammond, three  
ters and most in-  
Anderson county,  
clared that these  
convicts from the  
peeing confined in  
groes, who, for  
had been sent  
of contract, al-  
before no officer of

of the Grand Jury  
to this practice  
in it.

March 8.—It  
day by ex-Presi-  
sician, Dr. Henry  
the ex-President  
the grip his con-  
sidered at all ser-

to Rio.

to Rio, March 8.  
hired here yester-  
in the evening five  
a corporal of artill-  
left their guard-  
ers, and charged  
into a street. In  
people had assem-  
fired a volley  
epersed the mob,  
ot Superintendent  
was besieged by  
so situated about  
city centre, the  
fused by act. For  
the reason of Su-  
strong, the city  
by a riotous crowd  
of persons, with  
th the Americans  
cries. The excit-  
a trivial school in-  
superintendent Ar-  
rating the excitability  
to them. The St.  
reprimanded a girl  
disobedience, and  
heavily mulcting her  
in the rear of the

on sought.

offices were closed  
Birmingham. Con-  
dication of Porto  
police protection of  
tel.

rk, who was one of  
peted the rioters  
men, was attacked,  
med by a mob.  
lee, who have no in-  
ity, except in cases  
at the call of the  
r, p.m. But at that  
y men previously re-  
despatch took the  
at orders and dis-  
tering.

he the city police had  
hundred shots, most  
there were no cas-

Americans besides the  
were stoned from  
uses. At eight o'clock  
city presented its ap-  
pearance.

len deplores the an-  
rence, especially the  
artillerymen. Corpor-  
been placed under ar-  
y in the guard house,  
that he will be  
martial.

Soon to Adjourn.

March 8. The Repub-  
Conference decided  
reorganize the com-  
session. This means  
riment of the Senate,  
arrow.

user's Wound.

8.—The following bul-  
ing Emperor William's  
issued this morning:  
condition yesterday  
ry: His Majesty slept  
t, and when the band-  
aged his wound present-  
atory symptoms. There  
ing of the right eye.  
He has not any fever.

thoid, Bergmann, R.

William wired to-day to  
of Prussia: "I look on  
come from China."

# CEYLON AND INDIA TEA, GREEN OR BLACK, IS PERFECT TEA

It is Perfect because it is Pure, Wholesome, Clean, Delicious.  
It reaches you in its natural state. Prussian Blue, Soapstone, etc.,  
are not used, as in other teas, to hide defects. It has none.

A free sample of delicious SALADA Tea sent on receipt of postal  
mentioning which you drink—Black, Mixed or Green Tea. Address  
"SALADA," Toronto or Montreal.

## A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

Mr. Sabin addressed his hall with  
care, and played it deliberately on to  
the green. Then he returned to the  
subject.

"I think that you must have done,"  
he said suavely, "or I should scarcely  
have known it. Was he in the room?"  
"All the time," Wolfenden answered.  
"Mr. Sabin drew another little breath."  
"He was there when the fellow bolt-  
ed?"

Wolfenden nodded.  
"Why did he not try to stop him?"  
Wolfenden smiled.

"Physically," he remarked, "it would  
have been an impossibility. Blather-  
wick is a small man and an exceed-  
ingly nervous one. He is an honest  
little fellow, but I am afraid he  
would not have shone in an encoun-  
ter of that sort."

Mr. Sabin was on the point of ask-  
ing another question, but Wolfenden  
interrupted him. He scarcely knew  
why, but he wanted to get away  
from the subject. He was sorry that  
he had ever broached it.

"Come," he said, "we are talking  
too much. Let us play golf. I am  
sure I put you off that last stroke."

Mr. Sabin took the hint and was  
silent. They were on the eleventh  
green, and bordering it on the far  
side was an open road—the sea road,  
which followed the coast for a mile  
or two and then turned inland to  
Deringham. Wolfenden, preparing to  
put, heard wheels close at hand, and  
as the stroke was a critical one for  
him he stood back from his ball till  
the vehicle had passed. Glancing care-  
lessly up, he saw his own blue liveries  
and his mother leaning back in a  
barouche. With a word of apology to  
his opponent, he started forward to  
meet her.

The coachman, who had recognized  
him, pulled up his horses in the mid-  
dle of the road. Wolfenden walked  
swiftly over to the carriage side. His  
mother's appearance had alarmed  
him. She was looking at him, and yet  
past him. Her cheeks were pale. Her  
eyes were set and distended. One of  
her hands seemed to be convulsively  
clutching the side of the carriage  
nearest to her. She had all the ap-  
pearance of a woman who is sudden-  
ly faced to face with some terrible  
vision. Wolfenden looked over his  
shoulder quickly. He could see noth-  
ing more alarming in the background  
than the figure of his opponent, who,  
with his back partly turned to them,  
was gazing out to sea. He stood at  
the edge of the green on slightly ris-  
ing ground, and his figure was out-  
lined with almost curious distinctness  
against the background of air and  
sky.

"Has anything fresh happened,  
mother?" Wolfenden asked, with con-  
cern. "I am afraid you are upset.  
Were you looking for me?"

She shook her head. It struck him  
that she was endeavoring to as-  
sume a composure which she assur-  
edly did not possess.

"No, there is nothing fresh. Natu-  
rally I am not well. I am hoping that  
the drive will do me good. Are you  
enjoying your golf?"

"Very much," Wolfenden answered.  
"The course has already been cap-  
tally kept. We are having a close  
match."

"Who is your opponent?"  
Wolfenden glanced behind him care-  
lessly. Mr. Sabin had thrown several  
balls upon the green and was prac-  
ticing long putts.

"Fellow named Sabin," he an-  
swered. "No one you would be likely  
to be interested in. He comes down  
from London and plays a remarkably  
fine game. Rather a saturnine-  
looking personage, isn't he?"

"He is a most unpleasant looking  
man," Lady Deringham faltered,  
white now to the lips. "Where did  
you meet him? Here or in London?"  
"In London," Wolfenden explained.  
"Rather a curious meeting it was,  
too. A fellow attacked him coming out  
of a restaurant one night and I in-  
terfered—just in time. He has taken  
a little home down here."

had dropped, or Wolfenden could al-  
most have declared that his mother's  
teeth were chattering. Her eyes  
were fixed again in a rigid stare  
which passed him by and travelled  
beyond. He looked over his shoulder.  
Mr. Sabin, apparently tired of prac-  
tising, was standing directly facing  
them, leaning upon his putter. He  
was looking steadfastly at Lady Der-  
ingham, not in the least rudely, but  
with a faint show of curiosity and a  
smile which in no way improved his  
appearance, slightly parting his  
lips. Meeting his gaze, Wolfenden  
looked away with an odd feeling of  
uneasiness.

"You are right," he said. "His face  
is really a handsome one in a way,  
but he certainly is not prepossess-  
ing-looking."

Lady Deringham had recovered her-  
self. She leaned back amongst the  
cushions.

"Didn't you ask me," she said,  
"whether I had ever met the man? I  
cannot remember—certainly I was  
at Alexandria with your father, so  
perhaps I did. You will be home to-  
morrow?"

He nodded.  
"Of course. How is the Admiral to-  
day?"

"Remarkably well. He asked for  
you just before I came out."

"I shall see him at dinner," Wolf-  
enden said. "Perhaps he will let me  
smoke a cigar with him afterwards."

He stood away from the carriage  
and lifted his cap with a smile. The  
coachman touched his horses and the  
barouche rolled on. Wolfenden  
walked slowly back to his companion.

"You will excuse my leaving you,"  
he said. "I was afraid that my  
mother might have been looking for  
me."

"By all means," Mr. Sabin answer-  
ed. "I hope that you did not hurry  
on my account. I am trying," he ad-  
ded, "to recollect if ever I met Lady  
Deringham. At my time of life one's  
remembrances become so chaotic."

He looked keenly at Wolfenden, who  
answered him after a moment's hesita-  
tion.

"Lady Deringham was at Alexan-  
dria with my father, so it is just  
possible," he said.

CHAPTER XXI.  
Harcutt's Inspiration.

Wolfenden lost his match upon the  
last hole; nevertheless it was a finely  
contested game, and when Mr.  
Sabin proposed a round on the fol-  
lowing day, he accepted without hesi-  
tation. He did not like Mr. Sabin any  
the better—in fact he was beginning  
to acquire a deliberate distrust of  
him. Something of that fear with  
which other people regarded him had  
already communicated itself to Wolf-  
enden. Without having the shadow  
of a definite suspicion with regard  
to the man or his character, he was  
inclined to resent that interest in  
the state of affairs at Deringham  
Hall which Mr. Sabin had undoubtedly  
manifested. At the same time he  
was Helene's guardian, and so long  
as he occupied that position Wolfen-  
den was not inclined to give up his  
acquaintance.

They parted in the pavilion, Wolf-  
enden lingering for a few minutes,  
half hoping that he might receive  
some sort of invitation to call at Mr.  
Sabin's temporary abode. Perhaps  
under the circumstances, it was  
scarcely possible that any such in-  
vitation could be given, although had  
it been Wolfenden would certainly  
have accepted it. For he had no idea  
of at once relinquishing all hope as  
regards Helene. He was naturally san-  
guine, and he was very much in love.  
There was something mysterious  
about that other engagement of which  
he had been told. He had an idea  
that, but for Mr. Sabin's unexpected  
appearance, Helene would have of-  
fered him a larger share of her con-  
fidence. He was content to wait for  
it.

sudden," he remarked. "Of course you  
had no other reason for coming?"  
"None at all," Wolfenden answered  
firmly. "I came because I was sent  
for. It was a complete surprise to  
me to meet Mr. Sabin here—at least  
it would have been if I had not trav-  
elled down with his niece. Their  
coming was simply a stroke of luck  
for me."

Harcutt assumed a more amiable  
expression.

"I am glad to hear it," he said.  
"I thought that you were  
stealing a march on me, and  
there really was not any necessity,  
for our interests do not clash in the  
least. It was different between you  
and poor old Densham; but he's given  
it up of his own accord, and he sailed  
for India yesterday."

"Poor old chap," Wolfenden said  
softly. "He would not tell you, I sup-  
pose, even at the last, what it was  
that he had heard about these peo-  
ple?"

"He would not tell me," Harcutt  
answered; "but he sent a message to  
you. He wished me to remind you  
that you had been friends for fifteen  
years, and he was not likely to de-  
ceive you. He was leaving the coun-  
try," he said, "because he had cer-  
tain and definite information con-  
cerning the girl, which made it ab-  
solutely hopeless for either you or  
he to think of her. His advice to you  
was to do the same."

"I do not doubt Densham," Wolfen-  
den said, slowly; "but I doubt his in-  
formation. It came from a woman  
who has been Densham's friend. Then,  
again, what may seem an insurmount-  
able obstacle to him, may not be so  
to me. Nothing vague in the shape  
of warnings will deter me."

"Well," Harcutt said, "I have given  
you Densham's message, and my re-  
sponsibility concerning it is ended. As  
you know, my own interests lie in a  
different direction. Now, I want a  
few minutes' conversation with you.  
The hotel rooms are a little too  
public. Are you in a hurry, or can  
you walk up and down the drive with  
me once or twice, half an hour very  
well," Wolfenden said; "but I should  
prefer to do no more walking just  
yet. Come and sit down here—it isn't  
cold."

They chose a seat looking over the  
sea. Harcutt glanced carefully all  
around. There was no possibility of  
their being overheard, nor indeed  
was there anyone in sight.

"I am developing fresh instincts,"  
Harcutt said, as he crossed his legs  
and lit a cigarette. "I am here, I  
should like you to understand, purely  
in a professional capacity—and I  
want your help."

"But, my dear fellow," Wolfenden  
said, "I don't understand it. If, when  
you say professionally you mean as  
a journalist, why, what on earth in  
this place can there be worth the  
travelling? There is scarcely a sin-  
gle person known to society in the  
neighborhood."

"Mr. Sabin is here!" Harcutt re-  
marked quietly.

Wolfenden looked at him in sur-  
prise.

"That might have accounted for  
your presence here as a private in-  
dividual," he said; "but professionally,  
how on earth can he interest  
you?"

"He interests me professionally very  
much indeed," Harcutt answered.

Wolfenden was getting puzzled.

"Mr. Sabin interests you profes-  
sionally?" he repeated slowly. "Then  
you have learnt something. Mr. Sa-  
bin has an identity other than his  
own."

"I suspect him to be," Harcutt  
said slowly, "a most important and  
interesting personage. I have  
learnt a little concerning him. I  
am here to learn more; I am con-  
vinced that it is worth while."

"Have you learnt anything," Wolf-  
enden asked, "concerning his  
niece?"

"Absolutely nothing," Harcutt  
answered decidedly. "I may as well  
repeat that my interest is in the  
man alone. I am not a sentimental  
person at all. His niece is perhaps  
the most beautiful woman I have  
ever seen in my life, but it is with  
no thought of her that I have  
taken up this investigation. Having  
assured you of that, I want to know  
if you will help me?"

# TWENTIETH ANNUAL STATEMENT —OF THE— North American Life Assurance Company.

HEAD OFFICE—112 AND 118 KING STREET  
WEST, TORONTO,  
For the Year Ended December 31st, 1900.

Dec. 31, 1900. To net Ledger Assets ..... \$3,326,719 21

RECEIPTS.  
Dec. 31, 1900. To Cash for Premiums ..... \$822,929 00  
Dec. 31, 1900. To Cash Income on Investments, etc. .... 188,041 55

DISBURSEMENTS.  
Dec. 31, 1900. By Payment for Death Claims, Profits, etc. .... \$304,679 33  
Dec. 31, 1900. By all other Payments ..... 264,493 35

ASSETS.  
Dec. 31, 1900. By Mortgages, etc. .... \$1,282,389 92  
" Debentures (market value) \$739,199 47 729,813 10  
" Stocks and Bonds (market value \$1,031,680 00) ..... 1,013,779 96  
" Real Estate, including Company's building 389,751 79  
" Loans on policies, etc. .... 239,719 38  
" Loans on Stocks (nearly all on call) ..... 91,580 00  
" Cash in Banks and on Hand ..... 26,473 98

LIABILITIES.  
Dec. 31, 1900. To Guarantee Fund ..... \$ 60,000 00  
" Assurance and Annuity Reserve Fund ..... 3,362,709 00  
" Death Losses awaiting proofs, etc. .... 54,362 44

Net Surplus ..... \$500,192 39

Audited and found correct. J. N. LAKE, Auditor.

The financial position of the Company is unexcelled—its percentage of net surplus to liabilities exceeds that of any other Home Company. New insurance issued during 1900 ..... \$4,153,150 00  
Exceeding the best previous year (except one) in the his-  
tory of the Company.  
Insurance in force at end of 1900 (net) ..... 24,893,061 00

PRESIDENT.  
JOHN L. BLAIKIE  
VICE-PRESIDENTS.  
HON. G. W. ALLAN, HON. SIR WILLIAM R. MEREDITH, K. C.  
DIRECTORS.  
HON. SENATOR GOWAN, K. C., LL.D., C. M. G. E. GURNEY, Esq.  
L. W. SMITH, Esq., K. C., D. C. L. J. K. OSBORNE, Esq.  
D. MURRAY, Esq., Guelph.  
MANAGING-DIRECTOR  
WM. McCABE, LL.B., F.I.A., F.S.S.  
SECRETARY  
L. GOLDMAN, A. I. A.  
MEDICAL DIRECTOR  
J. THORBURN, M. D., Edin.

The report containing the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, held on January 30th last, showing marked proofs of the continued progress and solid position of the Company, will be sent to policyholders. Pamphlets explanatory of the attractive investment of plans of the Company, and a copy of the annual report, showing its unexcelled financial position, will be furnished on application to the Head Office or any of the Company's agencies.

ishness of a man engaged upon his  
sympathize with his friend. He  
thought only of the bearing of this  
strange happening upon his quest.

"This," he remarked, "disposes once  
and for all of the suggestion that  
these people are ordinary adventur-  
ers."

"If anyone," Wolfenden said, "was  
ever foolish enough to entertain the  
possibility of such a thing, I may  
add that from the first I have had  
almost to thrust my acquaintance  
upon them, especially so far as Mr.  
Sabin is concerned. He has never  
asked me to call upon them here, or  
in London, and this morning when  
he found me with his niece he was  
quietly, but furiously angry."

"It is never worth while," Harcutt  
said, "to reject a possibility until  
you have tested and proved it. What  
you say, however, settles this one.  
They are not adventurers in any  
sense of the word. Now, will you  
answer me a few questions? It may  
be just as much to your advantage as  
to mine to go into this matter."

Wolfenden nodded.

"You can ask the questions, at any  
rate," he said; "I will answer them  
if I can."

"The young lady—did she refuse you  
from personal reasons? A man can  
always tell, you know. Hadn't you  
the impression, from her answer that  
it was more the force of circumstances  
than any objection to you which  
prompted her negative? I've put it  
bluntly, but you know what I mean."

Wolfenden did not answer for nearly  
a minute. He was gazing steadily  
seaward, recalling with a swift effort  
of his imagination every word which  
had passed between them—he could  
even hear her voice, and see her face  
with the soft, dark eyes so close to  
his. It was a luxury of recollection.  
"I will admit," he said, quietly,  
"that what you suggest has already  
occurred to me. If it had not, I should  
be much more unhappy than I am at  
this moment. To tell you the honest  
truth I was not content with her  
answer, or rather the manner of it.  
I should have had some hope of in-  
ducing her to, at any rate, modify  
it, but for Mr. Sabin's unexpected  
appearance. About him, at least,  
there was no hesitation; he said no,  
and he meant it."

"That is what I imagined might be  
the case," Harcutt said thoughtfully.  
"I don't want to have you think that  
I imagine any disrespect to the young  
lady, but don't you see that either  
she and Mr. Sabin must stand toward  
one another in an equivocal position,

or else they must be in altogether a  
different station of life to their as-  
sumed one, when they dismiss the  
subject of an alliance with you so  
peremptorily."

Wolfenden flushed up to the tem-  
ples, and his eyes were lit with fire.  
"You may dismiss all idea of the  
former possibility," he said, with om-  
nibus quietness. "If you wish me to  
discuss this matter with you further  
you will be particularly careful to  
avoid the faintest allusion to it."

"I have never seriously entertained  
it," Harcutt assented cheerfully. "I  
too, believe in the girl. She looks  
at once too proud and too innocent  
for any association of such thoughts  
with her. She has the bearing and  
the manners of a queen. Granted,  
then, that we dismiss the first pos-  
sibility."

"Absolutely and for ever," Wolfen-  
den said firmly. "I may add that Mr.  
Sabin met me with a distinct reason  
for his refusal—he informed me his  
niece was already betrothed."

"That may or may not be true,"  
Harcutt said. "It does not affect the  
question which we are considering at  
present. We must come to the con-  
clusion that these are people of con-  
siderable importance. That is what I  
honestly believe. Now, what do you  
suppose brings Mr. Sabin to such an  
out-of-the-way hole as 'his'?"  
(To be Continued.)

Catarrhzone Cures Cold in the  
Head.

Willing to Try.  
Mrs. Kornshucks—Josh, I'm inter-  
ested in this here fella cure I had  
been a-readin' about.

Farmer Kornshucks—Air ye?  
Mrs. Kornshucks—Yes. Suppose you  
bring me out a bottle of it next  
time ye go to town.

Catarrhzone Cures Lung Trou-  
bles.

A Dry Well.  
Train Robber—Come! snell out!  
Rural Minister (sadly)—If I had  
such energetic fellows as you to pass  
the plate now and then I might have  
something to give you.—New York  
Weekly.

Catarrhzone cures Bronchitis.

"Why do you call your watch-dog  
Cal?" "That's short for Calhoun.  
You see, his principal virtue lies in his  
back."