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A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

Felix was preparing to enter thing as this was not possible. Yet nother cab, but Wolfenden laid his even that short silence was broken another cab, but Wolfenden laid his and have a wash?" he suggested. "I am afraid that you have cut your cheek."

Felix raised his handkerchief to his Felix raised his handkerchief to his face, and found it covered with blood. "Thank you. Lord Wolfenden," he said, "I should be glad to; you seem destined always to play the part of the Good Samaritan to me!"

They both went with him into the lavatory.

'Do you know," he asked Wolfenden, when he had sponged his face, "whom I was following?"

Wolfenden shook his head.

'Mr. Sabin?" he suggested.

'Not Mr. Sabin himself," Felix answered, "but almost the same thing. It was Foo Cha, his Chinese servant, who has just arrived in England. Have

who has just arrived in England. Hay

who has just arrived in England. Have you any idea where Mr. Sabin is?"
They both shook their heads.
"I do not know," Wolfenden sald, "but I am very anxious to find out.
I have an account to settle with him!"
"And I," Felix murmured in a low "And I," Fellx murmured in a low tone, "have a very much longer one against him. To-night, if I am not too late, there will be a balance struck be-tween us! I have lost Foo Cha, but others, better skilled than I am, are in search of his master. They will succeed, too! They always succeed. What have you against him, Lord Wolfen

den?"
Wolfenden hesitated; yet why not tell the man the truth? He had nothing to gain by concealment.
"He forced himself into my father's house in Norfolk and obtained, either by force or craft, some valuable papers. My father was in delicate health, and we fear that the shock will cost him his renson."

thave you against him, Lord Wolfenden?"

Wolfenden hesitated; yet why not tell the man the truth? He had not thing to gain by concealment.

"He forced himself into my father's house in Norfolk and obtained, either by force or craft, some valuable papers, My father was in delicate health, and we fear that the shock will cost him his reason."

"Do you want to know what they were?" Felix said. "I can tell you! Do you want to know what he required them for? I can tell you that to! I have no fear; I have set working a mightier machinery than ever he can grapple with!"

They had walked together into the smoke-room; Felix seemed somewhat shaken, and was glad to rest for a few minutes.

"Has he outstepped the law, been guitly of any crime?" Wolfenden asked; "he is daring enough!"

Felix laughed shortly. He was lighting a cigarette, but his hand trembled so that he could scarcely hold the match.

"A further reaching arm than the law," he said, dropping his voice; "more powerful than governments. Even by this time his whereabouts are known. If we are only in time; that is the only fear."

"Cannot you tell us," Wolfenden asked, "something of this wonderful scheme of his-why he was so anxious to get those papers and drawings from my father—to what purpose can he possibly put them?"

Felix hesitated. "Why not? You was there any sign of his carriage in the street. The and in two whoeled tab. He lost me on the way, but there are others. I have been into the street, and I am sure of it. The lost me on the way, but there are others. I have been into the street, and I am sure of it. The lost me on the way, but the street, and I am sure of it. The lost me on the way but the street, and I am sure of it. The lost me on the way but the street, and I am sure of it. The lost me of the street, and I am sure of it. The lost me on the way but is street, and I am sure of it. The lost ine on the street, and I am sure of it. The lost me of the street, and I am sure of it. The laber.

"Kell has concoored a marvellous scheme, and if he is lef

possibly put them?" Felix hesitated.

"Well," he said, "why not? You have a right to know. Understand that I myself have only the barest outline of it; I will tell you this, however. Mr. Sabin is the Duc de Souspennier, a Frenchman of fabulous wealth, who has played many of the said. who has played many strange parts in European history. Amongst other of his accomplishments, he is a me-chanical and strategical genius. He has studied under Addison in Am-He has studied under Addison in America, one subject only, for three years—the destruction of warships and fortifications by electrical contrivances unknown to the general world. Then he came to England, and collected a vast amount of information concerning your navy and coast defences in many different ways—finally he sent a girl to play the part of typist to your father, whom he knew to be the greatest living authority upon all naval matters connected with your country. Every line he wrote was copied and sent to Mr. Sabin, until by some means your father's suspicions were aroused, and the er's suspicions were aroused, and the girl was dismissed. The last portion of your father's work consisted of a set of drawings, of no fewer than twenty-seven of England's finest vessels, every one of which has a large proportion of defective armor plating, which would require the vessels. proportion of defective armor plan-proportion of defective armor plan-ing, which would render the vessels ing, which would render the vessels utterly useless in case of war. These drawings show the exact position of the defective plates, and it was to secure these illustrations that Mr. Sabin paid that daring visit to your father on Tuesday morning. Now, what he professes broadly is that he has elaborated a scheme.

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by the cry of the newsboys out in the street— "Germany Arming! Reported Declaration of War!" CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Men Who Saved England. Mr. Sabin leaned back in his chair rith a long, deep sigh of content. The labor of years was concluded at ast. With that final little sketch last. With that final little sketch his work was done. A pile of manuscripts and charts lay before him: everything was in order. He took a bill of lading from his letter-case, and pinned it carefully to the rest Theo he glanced at his watch, and, taking cigarette-case from his pocket, pe

gan to smoke. There was a knock at the door, and There was a knock at the door, and Mr. Sabin, who had recognized the approaching footsteps, glanced up carelessly.

"What is it, Foo Cha? I told you that I would ring when I wanted

you."

The Chinaman glided to his side.
"Master," he said softly, "I have
fears. There is something not good
in the air."

Mr. Sabin turned sharply round.
"What do you mean?" he aske "What do you mean?" he asked. Foo Cha was apologetic but seri-

"Master, I was followed from the house of the German by a man, who drove fast after me in a two-wheeled cab. He lost me on the way, but

tiously.

One man alone was standing there. Foo Cha looked at him in despair; it was certainly not Knigenstein, nor was there any sign of his carriage in the street. The stranger was a man of middle height, squarely built and stout. He wore a long black overcoat, and he stood with his overcoat, and he stood with hands in his pockets.

"What you want?" Foo Cha ask-"What you want?" Foo Cha asked. "What you want with me?"
The man did not answer at once, but he stepped inside into the passage. Foo Cha tried to shut the door in his face, but it was like pushing against a mountain.

"Where is your master?" he ask-

ed.
"Master? He not here," Foo Cha
answered, with glib and untruthful
carnestness. "Indeed he is not here—
quite true. He come to-morrow. I preparing house for him. What do you want? Go away, or me call policeman.

The intruder smiled indulgently into the Chinaman's earnest, upturned face.
"Foo Cha," he said, "that is enough.
Take this card to your master, Mr.

Foo Cha was ready to begin another torrent of expostulations, but in the gaslight he met the newcomer's steadfast gaze, and he was silent. The stranger was dressed in the garb of a supprior weaking to the stranger was dressed in the garb of a stranger was dressed in the garb of a superior working man, but his speech and manner indicated a very different station. Foo Cha took the card and left him in the passage. He made his way softly into the sitting-room, and as he entered he turned the key in the lock behind him; there, at any rate, was a moment or two of respite. "Master," he said, "there is a man there whom we cannot stop. When me

sabin paid that daring visit to your father on Tuesday morning. Now, what he professes broadly is that he has elaborated a scheme, by means of which, combined with the aid of his inventions, a few torpedo boats can silence every fort in the Thames, and leave London at the mercy of any invaders. At the same time his plans include the absolutely safe landing of troops on the east and south coast, at certain selected spots. This scheme, tegether with some very alarming secret information affecting the great majority of your battle-ships, will, he asserts with absolute confidence, place your country at the mercy of any power to whom he chooses to sell it. He offered it to Russia first, and then to Germany Germany has accepted his terms and will declare war upon England the moment she has his whole scheme and inventions in her possession,"

Wolfenden and Densham looked at one another, partly incredulous, partly aghast. It was like a page from the can be few words a remarkable change came a look of the side; a half-muttered imprecation and the can be side; a half-muttered imprecative the lattle card gently, even with revere ce, upon the desk before him.

in at onee."

Foo Cha glided out disappointed. Something had gone terribly wrong, he was sure of that. He went slowly downstairs, his eyes fixed upon the dark figure standing motionless in the dimly-lit hall. He drew a sharp breath through his yellow, protuberant teeth like a hiss. A single stroke of that long knile—it would be so easy. Then he remembered the respect with which Mr. Sabin had treated that card, and he sighed. Perhaps it would be a mistake; it might make evil worse. He beckoned to the stranger, and conducted him upstairs.

to the stranger, and conducted him upstairs.

Mr. Sabin received his visitor standing. He was still very pale, but his face had resumed its wonted impassiveness. In the dim lamp-lit room he could see very little of his visitor, only a thick-set man with dark eyes and a closely-cropped black beard. He was roughly dressed, yet held himself well. The two men eyed one another steadily for several moments, before any speech passed between them.

"You are surprised," the stranger said; "I do not wonder at it. Perhaps—you have been much engrossed, it is said—you had even forgotten."

Mr. Sabin's lips curled in a bitter smile.

Mr. Sabin's lips curled in a bitter smile.

"One does not forget those things," he said. "To business. Let me know what is required of me."

"It has been reported," the stranger said, "that you have conceived and brought to great perfection a comprehensive and infallible scheme for the conquest of this country. Further, that you are on the point of handing it over to the Emperor of Germany, for the use of that country. I think I may conclude that the report is correct?" he added, with a glance at the table. "We are not often misinformed."

"The report," Mr. Sabin assented. "is perfectly correct."

"We have taken counsel upon the matter," the stranger continued. "and I am here to acquaint you with our decision. The papers are to be burnt, and the appliances to be destroyed forthwith. No portion of them is to be shown to the German Government or any person representing that country. nor to any other Power.

or any person representing that coun-ry, nor to any other Power. Fur-sher, you are to leave England with a two months."

ther, you are to leave England with in two months."

Mr Sabin stood quite still, his hands resting lightly upon the deek in front of him. His eyes, fixed on vacancy, were looking far out of that shabby, little room, back along the avenues of time, througed with the fragments of his broken dreams. He realized once more the full glory of his daring and ambitous scheme. He saw his country reveiling again in her old splendor, stretching out her limbs, and taking once more the foremost place among her sister mations. He saw the pageantry and rich coloring of Imperialism firing the imagination of her children, drawing all hearts back to their allegiance, breaking through the hard crust of materialism which had spread like an evil dream through the land. He saw himself great and rowered, the patrict, the Richelieu of his days, the adored of the people, the friend and restorer of his king. Once more he was a figure in European history, the consort of Emperors, the man whose slightest word could shake the money markets of the world. He saw all these things, as though for the last time, with strange, unreal vividness; once more their full glory warmed his blood, and dazzled his eyes. Then a flash of memory, an effort of realization chilled him; his feet were upon the earth again, his head was heavy. That thick set, motionless figure before him seemed like the incarnation of his despair.

"I shall appeal," he said, hoarsely;

ress igure before him seemed like the incarnation of his despair.

"I shall appeal," he said, hoarsely;
"England is no friend of ours."
The man shrugged his shoulders.
"England is tolerant at least," he said; "and she has sheltered us."

"I shall appeal," Mr. Sabin repeated.

"I shall appeal," Mr. Sabin re-peated.

The man shook his head.

"It is the order of the High Coun-cil," he said, "there is no appeal."

"It is my life's work," Mr. Sabin faltered.

"Your life's work," the man said, slowly, "should be with us."
"God knows why I even—"
The man stretched out a white hand, which gleamed through semi-darkness. Mr. Sabin stopped

"You very nearly," he said, solemnly, "pronounced your own deathesentence. If you had finished what you were about to say, I could never have saved you. Be wise, friend. This is a disappointment to you; well, is not our life one long, torturing disappointment? What of us, indeed? We are like the waves which beat cease-lessly against the sea-shore, what we gain one day we lose the next. It is fate, it is life. Once more, friend, remember! Farewell!" "You very nearly," he said, solmember! Farewell!"

Mr. Sabin was left alone, a martyr to his thoughts. Already it was past the hour for Knigenstein's visit. Should he remain and brave the storm, or should he catch the boattrain from Charing Cross and hasten to hide himself in one of the most remote quarters of the civilized world? In any case, it was a dreary outlook for him. Not only had this dearly cherished scheme of his come crashing about his head, but he had very seriously compromised himself crashing about his head, but he had very seriously compromised himself with a great country. The Emperor's gracious letter was in his pocket. He smiled grimly to himself, as he thought for a moment of the consternation of Berlin, and of Knigenstein's disgrace. And then the luxury of choice was suddenly denied him; he was brought back to the present, and a sense of its paramount embarrassments by a pealing ring at the bell, and the trampling of horse's feet in the street. He had no time to rescind his previous instructions to Foo Chu before Knigenstein himself, wrapped in a great sealskin coat, and muffled up to the chin with a silk handkerchief, was shown into the room.

The Ambassador's usually phlegmatic face bore traces of some anxiety. Behind his spectacles his eyes glittered nervously; he grasped Mr. Sabin's hand with unwonted cordlaity.

Sabin's hand with unwonted cordiality, and was evidently much relieved to have found him.

"My dear Souspennier," he said,
"this is a great occasion. I am a little late, but as you can imagine, I am overwhelmed with work of the utmost importance. You have finished now, I hope. You are ready for me?"

ished now, I hope. You are ready for me?"

"I am as ready for you," Mr. Sabin said, grimly, "as I ever shall be!"

"What do you mean?" Knigenstein asked sharply. "Don't tell me that anything has gone amiss! I am a ruined man, unless you carry out your covenant to the letter. I have pledged my word upon your honor."

"Then I am afraid," Mr. Sabin said, "that we are both of us in

a very tight place! I am bound hand and foot. There," he cried, pointing to the grate, half choked with a pile of quivering grey ashes, "lies the work of seven years of my life-seven years of intrigue, of calculation, of unceasing toil. By this time all my American inventions, which would have paralyzed Europe, are blown sky high! That is the position, Knigenstein; we are undone!"

Knigenstein was shaking like a

is the position, Knigenstein; we are undone!"

Knigenstein was shaking like a child; he laid his hand upon Mr. Sabin's arm. and gripped it fiercely.

"Souspennier." he said, "If you are speaking the truth I am ruined, and disgraced forever. The Emperor will never forgive me! I shall be dismissed and banished. I have pledged my word for yours; you cannot mean to play me false like this. If there is any personal favor or reward, which the Emperor can grant, it is yours—I will answer for it. I will answer for it, too, that war shall be declared against France within six months of the conclusion of peace with England. Come, say that you have been lesting. Good God! Man, you are torturing me. Why, have you seen the papers to-night? The Emperor has been hasty, I own, but he has already struck the first blow. War is as good as declared. I am waiting for my papers every hour."

"I cannot help it." Mr. Sabin said, doggedly. "The thing is at an end. To give up all the fruits of my work—the labor of the best years of my life—is as bitter to me as your dilemma is to you! But it is inevitable! Be a man, Knigenstein; put the best face on it you can."

The utter impotence of all that he could say was suddenly revealed to Knigenstein in Mr. Sabin's set face and horaless word! His term

The utter impotence of all that he could say was suddenly revealed to Knigenstein in Mr. Sabin's set face and hopeless words. His tone of entreaty changed to one of anger; the veins on his forehead stood out like knotted string; his mouth twitched as he spoke; he could not control himself.

"You have made up your mind!" he cried. "Very well. Russia has bought you! Very well. If Lobenski has bribed you with all the gold in Christendom you shall never enjoy it! You shall not live a year! I swear it! You have insulted and wronged our country—our Fatherland! Listen! A word shall be breathed in the ears of a handful of our officers. Where you go, they shall go; if you leave England you will be struck on the cheek in the first public place at which you show yourself. If one fails, there are others—hundreds, thousands, an army! Oh. you shall not escape, my friend! But if ever you dare to set foot in Germany"—

"I can assure you." Mr. Sabin in.

friend: But II ever you dare to see foot in Germany"—

"I can assure you," Mr. Sabin interrupted, "that I shall take partiterrupted, "that I shall take particular care never to visit your delightful country. Elsewhere, I think I can take care of myself. But listen. Knigenstein! All your talk about Russia and playing you false is absurd. If I had wished to deal with Lobenski, I could have done so, instead of with you. I have not even seen him. A greater hand than his has stopped me. a greater even than the hand of your Emperor!"

Knigenstein looked at him as one looks at a madman.

"There is no greater hand on earth," he said, "than the hand of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Germany."

Mr. Sabin smiled.

Mr. Sabin smiled.

"You are a German," he said, "and you know little of these things; yet you call yourself a diplomatist, and suppose you have seen by the suppose your your suppose your your suppose your your your your your your

you call yourself a diplomatist, and I suppose you have some knowledge of what this means."

He lifted the lamp from the table and walked to the wall opposite to the door. Knigenstein followed him closely. Before them, high up as the fingers of a man could reach, was a small, irregular red patch—something between a cross and a star. Mr. Sabin held the lamp high over his head, and pointed to the mark.

mark.
"Do you know what that means?" he asked.
The man by his side groaned.
"Yes," he answered, with a gesture of abject despair, "I know?" Mr. Sabin walked back to ble, and set down the lamp.

"You know now," he said, coolly,
"who has intervened."

"who has intervened."
"If I had had any idea." Knigenstein said, "that you were one of them. I should not have treated with you."

with you."

"It was many years ago." Mr. Sabin said, with a sigh. "My father was half a Russian, you know. It served my purpose whilst I was envoy at Teheran; since then I had lost sight of them. I thought that they, too, had lost sight of me. I was mistaken—only an hour ago I was visited by a chief official. They knew everything; they forbade everything. As a matter of fact they have saved England!"

"And ruined us," Knigenstein groaned. "I must go and telegraph. But. Souspennier, one word.

Mr. Sabin looked up.

"You are a brave man and a patriot; you want to see your country free. Well, why not free it still? You and I are philosophers, we know that life after all is an uncertain thire.

still? You and I are philosophers, we know that life after all is an uncertain thing. Hold to your bargain with us. It will be to your death. I do not deny that. But I will pledge the honor of my country. I will give you the holy word of the Emperor, that we will faithfully carry out our part of these of the Emperor, that we will faithfully carry out our part of the contract, and the whole glory shall be yours. You will be immortalized; you will win fame that shall be deathless. Your name will be enshrined in the heart of your country's history."

Mr. Sabin shook his head slowly.
"My dear Knigenstein," he said,
"pray don't misunderstand me. I do not cast the slightest reflection upon your Emperor or your honor. But if ever there was a country which re-quired watching, it is yours. I could quired watching, it is yours. I could not carry your pledges with me into oblivion, and there is no one to whom I could leave the legacy. That being the case, I think that I prefer to live." Knigenstein buttoned up his coat

and signed.
"I am a ruined man, Souspennier,"
he said, "but I bear you no malice. Let me leave you a little word of warning, though. The Nihilists are not the only people in the world who have the cour-age and the wit to avenge themselves.

age and the wit to avenge themselves. Farewell!"

Mr. Sabin broke into a queer little laugh as he listened to his guest's departing footstens. Then he little cigarette, and called to Foo Cha for some coffee. CHAPTER XXXIX. The Heart of the Princess. When Wolfenden opened his paper on all the Saturday morning, London had alcauld.

FRAGRANT

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New Size SOZODONT LIQUID . . . New Patent Box SOZODONT POWDER . . Largo LIQUID and POWDER

A Dentist's Opinion: "As an antiseptic and hygienic mouthwash, and for the care and preservation of the teeth and gums, I cordially recommend Sozodont. I consider it the ideal dentifrice for children's use." [Name of writer upon application.]

HALL & RUCKEL, MONTREAL.

ready drawn a great breath, partly of relief, partly of surprise, for the black head-lines which topped the columns of the papers, the placards in the streets, and the cry of the newsboys, all declared a most remarkable change in the political situation.

The declared a first partly of population of the political situation.

The declared a first partly of relief to the political situation.

"The German Emperor Explains! There Will Be No War! German Consul Ordered Home! No Rupture!"

No Rupture!"

Wolfenden, in common with most of his fellow-countrymen, could scarcely believe his eyes; yet there it was in plain black and white. The dogs of war had been called back. Germany was climbing down-not with dignity she had gone too far for that—but with a scuffle. Wolfenden read the paper through before he even thought of his letters. Then he began to open them slowly. The first was from his mother. The Admiral was distinctly better; the doctors were more hopeful. He turned to the next one: it was in a delicate, foreign handwriting, and exhaled a faint perfume which seemed vaguely familiar to him. He opened it, and his heart stood still.

"14, Grosvenor Square,
"London, W.
"Will you come and see me to-day about four o'clock?—Helgen"

"Will you come and see me to-day about four o'clock?—Helene." He looked at his watch—four o'clock seemed a very long way off. He decided that he would go out and find Felix; but almost immediately the

door was opened and that very person was shown in.

Felix was radiant; he appeared to have grown years younger. He was immaculately dressed, and he wore an exquisite orchid in his buttonbale.

tonhole. Wolfenden greeted him warmly.

Wolfenden greeted him warmly.

"Have you seen the paper?" he asked. "Do you know the news?"

Felix laughed.

"Of course! You may not believe it, but it is true that I am the person who saved your country! And I am quits at last with Herbert de la Maux, Duc de Souspennier!"

"Meaning, I suppose, the person whom we have been accustomed to call—Mr. Sabin?" Wolfenden remarked.

"Exactly!" Wolfenden pushed an easy chair to-wards his visitor and produced some

rards his digarettes.
"I must say," he continued, "that
"I must say," he continued, "that "I must say," he continued, should exceedingly like to know how the thing was done."
Felix smiled,
(To be Continued.)

CONSUMPTION'S CAUSES. Dissipation is a Sort of Feeder to the

Disease.

Disease.

It was Joseph Cooke who said that "dissipated" meant "dizzy-pated," which was his way of emphasizing an important hygienic truth. To weaken one's system through any form of dissipation is practically suicide. It is difficult enough to sustain good health with the best of care; yet many people keep very late hours, deny themselves adequate rest, gorge themselves adequate rest, gorge themselves with indigestible food, poison their systems with spirituous drinks and destroy their physical vitality through participation in all sorts of questionable amusements and actual vice. If one were anxious to prepare his system for the germs of tuberculosis or consumption, it would be difficult for him to select a more direct method. The disease germs do not fasten themselves readily upon healthy organs, especially when they are supported by pure and strong blood, but they make disastrous inroads upon weakened organisms when the system is, for any reason, in an enfeebled condition. Alcoholism is responsible for any reason, in an enfeebled condition. Alcoholism is responsible for predisposing a great many cases to pulmonary consumption. Even the children of alcoholic parents are particularly susceptible to tubercular diseases. Those who plunge into all forms of dissipation become exceedings considered forms of dissipation become exceedingly careless as to their personal habits, particularly with reference to cleanliness. This condition makes them doubly susceptible and at the same time highly dangerous to those with whom they come to those with whom they come and at the same time highly danger ous to those with whom they come in contact. Dissipation means weakness, weakness means disease, and disease means death. A note of warning cannot be sounded too loudly or too long to this generation to abstain from weakening the body and thus svoid becoming the victims of "The White Plague." W. J. B.

A BOOK FOR MOTHERS.

Containing Much Information as to the Care of Children, and the Treatment of Ills That Commonly Afflict Little Ones-Given Free.

"Baby's Battles: A Message for Mothers,' is the title of a very handsome little pamphlet just issued by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company. It is devoted entirely to the care of infants and small children and the list he mother how to add a little state. of infants and small children and tells the mother how to ald her little ones in the emergencies of every day life. It describes the ills that commonly afflict children, and tells how to treat them. This little book is one that should be in every home where there are infants or small children. All mothers who send their name and address on a post card to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., will receive a copy of this book free of charge. Mention this paper when writing.

Few men are so clever as to know all the mischief they do.—Rochefou-

Increase of Last Decade Was

12.15 Per Cent. SOME OF THE CITY FIGURES.

London Cable Report-Registrar-General has given out the following statement from the census office: The unrevised summary returns, as received from the local census officers, now permit the publication of the figures for the administrative counties of England and Wales. The returns of London and the county, boroughs, having already been given, the data for a statement as to the gross total population are at hand.

This amounts to 32,525,716.

A detailed examination of these returns as affecting urban and rural areas must be reserved for the pre-liminary report, but the following comparative figures may be deemed of immediate interest:

Population. Increase.

From 1891 to 1901 From 1881 to 1891 3,523,191 Increase per cent. during intercensal period, 1891

in the previous decade 32,356,731 Excess

Total 32,525,716 Administrative Counties—Population in 1891 and 1901.
(The figures of 1901 are unrevised.)
England and 1891. 1901.
Wales 29,002,525 32,525,716

62 Administra-tive Counties 29,935,597 23,386,526 67 County Bor-8,066,928 9,139,190 oughs .

England. Bedfordshire 161,378 Berkshire | Duckinghamshire. | 176,119 | 186,680 | Cambridgeshire. | 120,645 | Isle of Ely ... | 63,340 | Chester ... | 535,944 | Cornwall ... | 290,74 120,634 64.494 Cumberland Derbyshire 266,904 425,472 504.577 Devonshire 442,287 Dorsetshire Durham 833,310 Essex Gloucestershire ... 578,471 816.524 331,515 114,150 Herefordshire 115,762 226,587 54.127 Kent 807,328 Lancaster 1,564,696 Leicestershire 201,639 225,895

Holland 76,204 77.588 Kesteven Lindsey 206,497 London Middlesex 4,536,034 792,225 230,792 313,438 542,894 Monmouthshire ... 203.426 207,466 41,119 387,728 274,688 Northumberland. 319.730 Nottinghamshire . 231,745 Oxfordshire 143,753 Rutlandshire 20,659 137,118 19,708 239,297 385,059 377,121 Southampton ... 334,194
Isle of Wight ... 78,672
Staffordshire ... 771,258
Suffolk - Eastern 184,405
Suffolk - Western 121,350 819,625 189,153 117,585 519,522 261,691 Surrey Sussex—Eastern... 419,115

 Sussex—Eastern...
 227,699

 Sussex—Western...
 140,987

 Warwickshire......
 301,412

 Westmoreland....
 66,215

 Wiltshire.......
 262,551

 Worcestershire...
 297,389

 151,546 347.693

R. Riding 141,180 145,877 N. Riding 284,015 285,691 W. Riding1,294,423 1,460,857 50.098

50,475 54,211 61,068 Brecknock Cardigan Cardigan ... Carmarthen 125,654 131,588 81,487 601,080 48,786 467,954 48,839 58,903 Glamorgan Merioneth .. Montgomery 54,892 87.856