THE ATHENS REPORTER MARCH 13 1901



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Mr. Sabin addressed his ball with are, and played it deliberately on to the green. Then he returned to the abject. "I think that you must have done," Care, and played it deliberately on to

"I think that you must have done," "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. "Ho was there when the fellow bolt-d ?"

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 exceedhave

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 conther curcitor, but Wolfenden

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 goll. 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 nue as the stroke was a critical one for him he stood back from his ball thit the vehicle had passed. Glancing cara-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 coachiman, who had recognized him, She was looking at him, and yet past him. Her cheeks were pale. Ha atarmed him. She was looking at him, and yet past him. Her cheeks were pale. Ha atarmed him. She was looking at him, and yet past him. Her cheeks were pale him. and yet past him. Her cheeks were pale him. and yet past him. Her cheeks were pale him. and yet past him. Her cheeks were pale her and seemed to be convulsively clutching the side of the carriage nearest to her. She had all the ap-perance of a woman who is sudden on the stare to be the convulsively clutching the side of the carriage nearest to her. She had all the ap-perance of a woman who is sudden on this thart the and by face to face with some terrible vicinc Wolfenden locked or we his barted or we his thart the ter him at the hards seemed to be convulsively clutching the side of the carriage nearest to her. She had all the ap-perance of face with some terrible vicinc Wolfenden locked or was his character, he was

pearance of a woman who is sudden pearance of a woman who is sudden-ly face 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

CELESCON CLASSICIES (CLASSICIES)

self. She leaded tack anonger 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 dinner?"

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

"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," Wol-fenden said. "Perhaps he will let me smoke a cigar with him afterwards."

Wolfenden lost his match upon the last hole; nevertheless it was a fine-ly 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 Wol-fenden. 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 Ms Sabin had undoubted-ly 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.

loggedness, almost as though he re-sented Wolfenden's astonishment. "I don't know why you should look

at me as though I were a ghost," he said. "If it comes to that, I might ask

"Oh ! I'm at home," Wolfenden an-

swered promptly. "I'm down to visit my people; it's only a mile or two from here to Deringham Hall." Harcutt dropned his eyeginsses and langhed mise

and haughed shorely. "You are wonderfully filial all of a 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 cogsing was simply a_stroke of luck for me." Harcutt assumed a more amiable expression.

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 more did Deukham but he's three

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-nle?"

you the same question. What are you

doing here?

expression.

and laughed suorely.

was grating out to sea. He stood at the edge of the green on slightly ris lag 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. Where you looking for me?" She shook her hend. It struck him that she was endeavoring to as-sume a composure which she assur-edly did not possess. "No: there is nothing fresh. Natur-ally I am not welk. I am hoping that the drive will do me good. Are you enjoying your golf?" "Very much." Wolfenden answered, "the course has already been capic fenden, in asking for your assist-ance." "My position," Wolfenden remark-ed. "becomes a little difficult. Who-ever this man Sabin may be, noth-ing would induce me to believe ill of his niece. I could take no part in anything likely to do her harm. You will understand this better, Harcutt when I tell you that, a few hours ago, I asked her to be my wife." "You asked her-what?" "And she?" "Refused me!" "Refused me!" Harcutt looked at him for a mo-ment in blank amazement. "Who refused you-Mr. Sabin or that, but for Mr. Sabin's unexpected appearance, Helene would have of fered him a larger share of her conidence. He was content to wait for his niece? Both ! Wolfenden had ridden over from "Did she-did Mr. Sabin know your wollenden had ridden over from home, and left his horse in the hotel stables. As he passed the hall a fa-miliar figure standing in the open hailed him. He glance doorway quickly up, and stopped short. It was Harcutt who was standing there in a Norfolk tweed suit and thick

he to think of her His advice to you was to do the same." "I do not doubt Densham." Wolfen dem sald, slowly: "but I doubt his in formation. It came from a woman who has been. Densham's friend. Then again, what m. 'y seem an insurmount athe obstacle to him, may not be so to me. Nothing 's cen in the shape of warnings will den " have given you Densham's measure. and my re-sponsbillty concerning it is ended As you know, my own interests. He in a different direction. Now, I and the see and Mr. Sabin must stand toward one another in an equevocal position, or else they must be in allogather a simed one, when they dismiss the taround. There was no possibility of their being overheard, nor indeed was there anyone in sight. " Tan developing fresh instincts."

yet. Come and sit down here—it.isn't cold." They chose a seat looking over the sea. Harcutt gtanced 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. If, when you say professionally you mean as a journalist, why, what on earth in this place can there be worth the chronicling ? 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 professional-ly, how on earth can he interest

ly, now on earon ways and 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."

suspect him to be," Harcutt

"I suspect him to be," Harcutt sald 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," Wol-fenden 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 msured you of that. I want to know if you will help me?"

"You must speak a little more plainly," Wolfenden said; "you are plainly." Wolfenden said: "you are altogether too vague. What help do you want, and for what purpose?" "Mr. Sabin." Harcutt said, "is en-gaged in great political schemes. He is in constant and anxious communi-cation with the ambranders of algor in great pointent schemes. He is in constant and anxious communi-cation with the ambassadors of two great powers. He affects se-crecy in all his movements, and the name by which he is known is without doubt an assumed one. This much I have learned for certain. My own ideas are too vague yet for me to formulate. I cannot say any more, except that I believe him to be deep in some design which is certainly not for the welfare of this country. It is my assurance of this which justifies me in exercising a certain esplonage upon his move-ments—which justifies me also, Wol-fenden, in asking for your assist-ance."

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 preud 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 nicce was already betrothed." "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 honebily believe. Now, what do you suppose brings Mr. Sabin to such an out-of-the-way hole as this?" (To be Continued.)

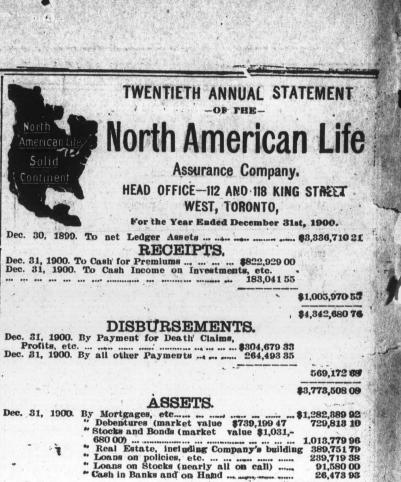
THE LATE KING MILAN.

Some Causes That Led to His Utter Downfall.

The product of untoward circumstances and the victim of his own lack of stability, ex-King Milan may be compared with the "hooligans" that represent the failures of a humthat represent the failures of a hum-bler social grade. He was intelligent and energetic, but lacked self-control and the ordinary moral qualities which build up character. From the very first he was an "outsider." He went to Paris in 1865 to be educated. His school was the Louis-le-Grand Lycee, and he boarded at the house of his private tutor, Professor Huet. He was a sullen. surly boy. very

Lycee, and he boarded at the house of his private tutor, Professor Huet, He was a sullen, surly boy, very touchy, and apt to look down on non-princely fellow-students. His class-fellows for this reason were glad to annoy him by imitating the grunts and other noises of a pig. He was not born in the purple, and he certainly had not been fitted by his education or training for the role he was called upon to fill under the most difficult circumstances when a youth of lees than fourteen years. But in justice to him it must be ad-mitted that everything was against him. It seemed almost as if fate map-ped out his wretched career from the very first. He certainly felt this was the case. "It is you who had the care of my bringing up," he once retorted upon M. Ristics, when that Servian statesman had remonstrated with him upon one of his exhibitions of ex-travagance and duplicity. "I am just what you have made me." He was warned against the mar-riage with Natalie by an old ser-vant of the future Queen, who sadd to him, "Sir, yours is an imperious nature, and so is Natalle's: neither of you can bend. Listen to an old woman s advice, and abandon this marriage." The counsel was not ac-cepted, but being communicated to the young Queen by her husband, led to the dismissal of her faithful at-temant, who is said to have died broken-hearted in Russia not long af-terwards.

terwards. Everything conspired to make him unhappy. After the Servian war of 1885 he threatened, in a speech be-fore the Armistice Commission, to abdicate. He and his son lunched to-"setting a good example," and, con-tinuing, says: "Many men will tell you that they do not attend church, but that they are "as good as their neighbors who do." Others will tell you, justly, that it is better to act Christianity and fail in its forms than to do the reverse. Still others, declare that the entire earth is God's temple, and that he who, spends an hour of Sunday contem-plating God's power in His woods, or His fields, is as good a Christian as he who attends church most reg-ularly. with a le royal entourage after the ceremony was over. A painful restraint prevailed, and there was little conversation. Suddenly the young King, looking up at his father, said to him, "Papa, when do you leave ?" King Milan was evidently much taken aback by his son's apparent im-patience for his departure. A more unsociable man never lived. A more unsociable man never lived. He resided in the Avenue du Bols Boulogne, and had there a Servian, who was his personal attendant and bodyguard. His servant was a glant. The late Lord Lytton called him "the "All this is apart from the ques-"All this is apart from the fues-tion. The religious instinct in man is his highest, and it is that instinct which accounts for his progress. All men save the unreasoning and ego-tistical atheist will admit that our welfare demands the cultivation of chucker-out." Everything points to the fact that the ex-King wore himself out by his style of living. He was suffering from a chronic disease of the heart, and nothing could ag-gravate that so much as card-playing. for high stakes, and hopes, contin-ually deferred, of remittances from our religious instincts. It is the atmosphere of the church that arouses and maintains the religious feeling Belgrade.-Daily Express.



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\$3,773,508 08 " Premiums outstanding, etc. (less cost of " Interest and rents due and accrued 163.071 10 40,684 5

\$3,977,263 83

. 3,477,071 44

Net Surplus..... \$500, 192 39 J. N. LAKE, Auditor. Audited and found correct.

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



In a racent article on church go-ing, an editoriat writer in the New York Journal holds that going to church is not any mere matter of "morality" or "good conduct" or "setting a good example," and, con-

"the course has already been capi-tally kept. We are having a close 'Who is your opponent?"

"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 ans-wered. "No one you would be likely to be interested in. He comes down from London and plays a remarkably fine game. Rather a saturnine-look-ing personage, isn't he?" "He is a most unpleasant looking

"Of all men in the world!" he ex-claimed in blank surprise. "What, in the name of all that's wonderful, are ou doing here ?" Harcutt answered with a certain

ing 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-terfored—just in time. He has taken a little house down here" a little house down here." "Is he alone?" Lady Deringham

asked

asked. "He has a niece living with him." Wolfenden answered. "She is a very charming girl. I think that you would like her." The last words he added with some-

thing of an effort, and an indiffer ence which was palpably assumed ence which was palpably assumed. Lady Deringham, however, did not

Lady Deringham, nowever, did not appear to notice them at all. "Have no more to do with him than you can help, Wolfenden," she said, leaning a little over to him, and speaking in a half-fearful whisper. "I think his face is awful."

Wolfenden laughed. "I am not likely to see a great deal

f him, he declared. "In fact, I can't ay that he seems very cordially dis-based towards me, considering that saved him from rather a nasty neof him

about having met the Admiral at Alexandria. You have never come across him, I suppose?" The sun was warm and the wind had dropped, or Wolfenden could al-most have declared that his mother's tooth ware chattering. Her even

most have declared that his mother's teeth were chattering. Here eyes were fixed again in a rigid stare which passed him by and travelled beyond. He looked over his shoulder. Mir. Sabia, apparently tired of prac-tising, was standing directly facing them, leaning upon his putter. He was looking steadfastly at Lady Der-ingthem met in the lacet ruddy. but

"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 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

with a faint show of curiosity and a smile which in no way improved his uppearance slightly parting his ips. Meeting his gaze, Wolfenden ooked away with an odd feeling of measiness. "You are right," he said. "His face" solutely hopeless for either you or

"Did she-did Mr. Sabin know your position, did he understand that you are the future Earl of Deringham?" "Without a doubt," Wolfenden an-swered drily; "in fact. Mr. Sabin seems to be pretty well up in my genealogy. He had met my father once, he told me." Harcutt, with the natural self-ishness of a man engaged upon his favorite pursuit, quite forgot to sympathize with his friend. He thought only of the bearing of this aght only of the bearing of this 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 idicits enough to entertain the

"If anyone," Wolfenden said, "was ever idiotic 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."

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

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 near-ly a minute. He was gazing steadily seaward, recalling with a swift effort of his imagination every word which had passed between them-be could even hear her voice, and see her face nad 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 unharm then I am cf

be much more unhappy than I am at this moment. To tell you the honest

Catarrhozone cures Catarrh.

A Lost Opportunity.

Maud-Oh, hubby ! to-day was bar-gain-day at some hardware store and didn't even see it advertised in the papers. Oscar-Heavens! are the hardware

tores beginning it? Maud—Well, I heard Mr. Budge, this

"The woods and the fields encour-age thought and inward devotion. The church, the congregation, the outward forms of religion stimulate religious feeling and spread among men intensity of devotion. "God's strongest agency in the rul-ing of His creatures is association. Wherever two or three are gathered together, the feeling which animates them is multiplied in strength by two or three at least, and oftener. by two afternoon, say to a gentleman friend, "Come along, Ned; let's get a ten-cent stove." or three at least, and oftener, by two or three hundred. The gregarious in-stinct with men, as with God's minor wards, the ants and bees, is the strongest instinct, and the most fruitful of good results. You stand alone and dwell on patriotic thoughts.

in man.

Their Taste Goes Wrong.

Even the best judges of tobacco can't always be depended on. Somealone and dwell on patriotic thoughts. You may think that alone you are as good a patriot as it is possible to be. The man who does not go to church may think that away from church he is as good a man and as good a Caristian as it is possible for him to ber But both are mistaken. Let the former mingle in a crowd greeting soldiers returning from war. His soul is set on fire by the entius-iasm of those about him. Every cry of patriotic joy that reaches his ears calls forth a patriotic response. Alone, times their taste goes back on them, so to speak, and remains blunted for a week at a stretch. Profes-sional samplers of tobacco take a week off every few months and never look at the weed until they return to duty. In that way they keep in condition.

His Aim All Right.

"You ought to have seen Bagley out "You ought to have seen Bagley out shooting with his revolver the other day. He couldn't hit a barn-door." "How did that happen? I thought Bagley was a good shot." "Well, so he is; but, you, see, there wasn't a barn-door to hit."

A page digested is better than colume hurriedly read.-Macaulay. Men do less than they ought unless they do all that they can.-Carlyle.

If a proud man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is that he keeps his at the same time.-Swift.

to the Christian is like the atmos-phere of parading troops to the pa-triot. One man's devotion fires the man next to him. "The earnest mood of the congrega-tion fires, inspires and instructs the clergyman. Association in religion is the most important factor, next to divine inspiration. Association among men is the key note to all progress, as among bees and apts. If we wish to strengthen and per-petuate the religious emotions, we must attend church, strengthen churches, encourage clergymen, and emphasize each of us in our own per-son the value of religious feeling. "Is religion an important factor in human life—is it an essential facfor in life? We shall take-not the testimony of an ardent believer--but

the testimony of a reverent agnostic, estimating the power of religion on purely historical and accurate grounds, not on the grounds of sentiment. This quotation is from Ernest Renan :

"The woods and the fields encour-Ernest Renan: "Disastrous to Reason the day when she should stifle religion! Our planet, believe me, is toiling at some mighty task. Do not pronounce rash-ly upon the inutility of such and such ly upon the instillity of such and such of its parts; do not say that it is needful to suppress this wheel-work, which seems only to thwart the play, of the others. Nature, which has en-dowed the animal with an infallible instinct, has put into humanity nothing deceptive. From his organs you may fearlessly infer his destiny. Est deus in nobls. Religions are false when they attempt to prove the in-finite, to define it, to incarnate it (if I may so speak); but they are true when they affirm it. The great-est errors they import into that af-firmation are nothing compared to the value of the truth which they meablem. proclaim. The simplest of the sim-ple, provided he practise heart-wor-ship, is more enlightened as to the reality of things than the material-ist who thinks he explains everything by chance or by finite causes."

Catarrhozone cures Catarrh.

Inconsiderate Youth.

Son (fresh from college)—Beasily weather! And when you come to think of it, that adjective applies to the weather in general, and to the general run of things for that matter. Father-Don't be too severe in

of patriotic joy that reaches his ears calls forth a patriotic response. Alone, he is mildly a patriot. In a great crowd, recognizing with his fellows the beauty of national devotion, he is an ardent enthusiast, and he finds that he has absorbed earnest feel-ings that transform his character and make his former solitary patriotism a mere sham and shadow. "Of the man who does not attend church, the same may be said. By himself, he imagines that he real-izes the goodness of the Creator. He thinks that he feels the force of re-Father-Don't be too severe in your criticism of such matters, my son. You should bear in mind that possibly Providence hasn't had the educational advantages that you have been afforded.—Boston Courier,