

QUAINT CUSTOMS OF THE WORLD'S QUEER PEOPLE.

See the Bride's Pretty Lips!



The queerest, most outlandish customs in the world, perhaps, are found among the people of the great Congo region in Central Africa. The lady in the picture is a bride of the Sara tribe. The women of this tribe think that deformation of the lips is a sign of beauty, and while this is a somewhat exaggerated case, most of them have the extended lips.

The effect is produced by piercing the lips when young. Into the holes are placed small wooden disks, which are increased in size as the lips become gradually more and more distended.

Life of Empress Frederick, Queen Victoria's Daughter And the Kaiser's Mother

[By F. W. Smith, in the London Daily News.]

"The Empress Frederick." A had the great advantage of knowing persons who were within the circle of the late Empress's friends. His own particular contribution to the work is a careful and balanced judgment and a dignified and ordered style which are not as common as they should be in recent biographical literature, and which are peculiarly appropriate in the present case. The book is so good indeed that the identity of the author is likely to be a matter of considerable curiosity.

A Girl's Marriage. Prince Hohenzollern in one of his letters has recorded a conversation with the Empress which is eloquent of much in her life. "I count on the intelligence of the people," she had said—"that is the great power." The prince replied that "a much greater power is stupidity, of which we must take account in our calculations before everything." The Empress took little such account. She never could see why what was good in itself should not be welcomed and adopted. She forgot that men are not moved even by the wisdom they acknowledge, but by a subtle play of motives in favor ready to hand, and he has, moreover,

never entirely realized how great a part is played by city, habit, and circumstance under which she left England with her husband in 1858 were, it must be said, almost overwhelmingly difficult. A girl of 17, brilliantly endowed, of vivid and eager temperament, full of enthusiasm, she entered an atmosphere of stifling formalism, in which every innovation was regarded askance. The marriage itself was not popular at a court where sympathies were strongly pro-Russian and where the memory of the Crimea was still fresh. Only the personal charm of the young princess secured her the warm welcome which so delighted the Prince Consort and the Queen. She is a pleasing figure as described at this time by a German lady of rank:

The princess appeared extraordinarily young. All the childish roundness still clung to her and made her look younger than she really was. She was dressed in a fashion long disused on the continent, in a plum-colored silk dress fastened at the back. Her hair was drawn off her forehead. Her eyes were what struck me most; the iris was green like the sea on a sunny day, and the white had a peculiar shimmer which gave them the fascination that, together with a smile showing her small and beautiful teeth, bewitched those who approached her. The nose was unusually small and turned up slightly, the complexion was ruddy, perhaps too much so for one thing, but it gave the idea of perfect health and strength. The fault of the face lay in the squareness of the lower features, and there was even a look of determination about the chin, but the very gentle and almost timid manner prevented one realizing this at first. The voice was very delightful, never going up to high tones, but lending a peculiar charm to the slight foreign accent with which the princess spoke both English and German.

A Masculine Mind. But, intellectually the princess was not by any means a child. The Prince Consort had trained her to an early acquaintance with political affairs, and her mind was of almost masculine mold. "The head of a man, the heart of a child," he had said of her. "She was brought up," says the author, "as

"I remember her once telling me," he said to Busch, "that two or three merchant families in Liverpool had helped her father, the Prince, to the Prussian nobility. 'Yes,' I replied, 'that is possibly true, your royal highness, but we value ourselves for other things besides silver.'"

Bismarck had been against the English marriage from the first, and his first meeting with the princess did not remove a distrust that was already there. There is little doubt that, as early as 1863, he was seeking by every means to alienate the King from the young princess, and the prince's Danzig speech and other incidents greatly helped him in all his treatment of the Empress nothing was more wounding than the unchanging assumption that she was an enemy of Germany.

In the following year the war of the dukes, in consequence of their close connection with the court of Denmark, deeply divided the English royal family. Princess Victoria's sympathies were, however, undoubtedly German. "For the first time in my life," she wrote, "I regret not to be a young man, and not to be able to take the field against the Danes." With this time she was being charged with betraying the secrets of the Berlin Government to the English Ministry. It was the same unworthy suspicion that moved Bismarck in the struggle with France to withhold dispatches from the crown prince, lest their purport should leak through to the princess and England.

The story of these years of bitter

persecution is well known to English readers. The time of her marriage, of the prince's part in their escape, could have made it bearable. The author presents many pleasant pictures of the home life at Babelsberg, and at the Neues Palais. Fritzsche, the dramatist, in a letter to his wife, describes a tea party at the palace:

The young mistress, wearing a simple black woollen dress, sat at a spinning-wheel, and as she spun she sang snatches of all kinds of songs, accompanied by one of her ladies. Not far off a chamberlain was reading poems by Goethe and Heine which were recited by the princess. . . . At other times they have music, generally glees, followed by good talk on literature or on contemporary politics and personages.

The Emperor's Death.

Few men, least of all those who remember that period of mourning, can read the story of the last days together of the imperial husband and wife without being moved. When the news of the old Emperor's death reached the Villa Zorlo, San Remo, the new monarch was already sorely stricken by the dread malady which brought about his death three months later, and already unable to speak. The Empress, in her conversations, gave the impression, at this time, and even later, that she did not regard the death of her husband as imminent, but those who realize the close devotion of the imperial couple will prefer to believe that the heart of the august lady was in reality at this time already overshadowed by the foreboding of her impending loss, and will admire her more that she should so nobly a front of bravery to the world.

The great social work done by the Empress to provide for the care of sick and wounded soldiers, for the training of nurses for the poor, and to promote the education of women, remains as a permanent memorial to her goodness and wisdom. Germany owes her more, however, in the fact that she was the mother of the Emperor William, who, says the author in a passage of much interest, owes to her all the qualities which place him intellectually so much above his predecessors of the reigning house of Hohenzollern.

Canada's Gun and Hammer Man

J. B. Tyrrell a Great Geologist and Adventurer—Story of His Thrilling Trip Through Northwest in 1893—A Pathfinder.

If there be "geologists, and geologists—the quick and the dead," as Mr. John W. Bone observes in the current Canada Monthly, he is apparently justified in calling J. B. Tyrrell one of the quick kind. For Mr. Bone follows up this assertion by relating how this geologist, who "does not forget to be a man," has "taken his hammer into regions where it was used to explore a defence against starvation."

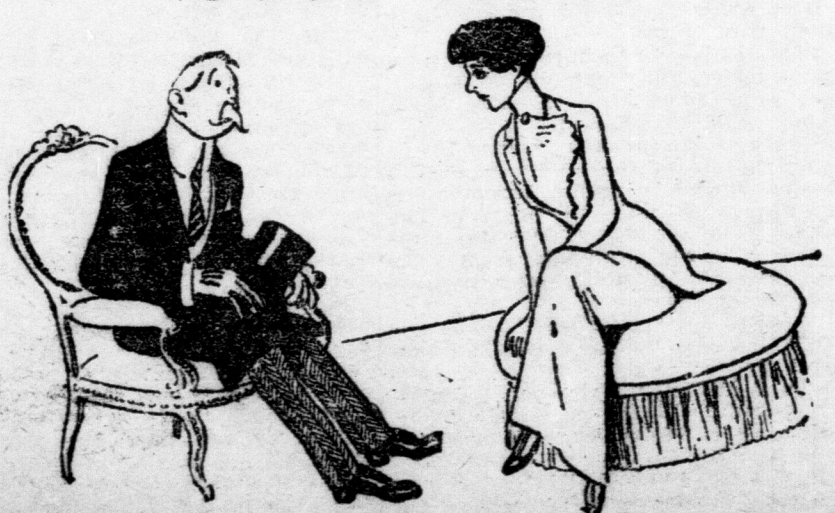
First of all, we are reminded, J. B. Tyrrell "has given us more scientific information about the Canadian West and Northwest than any other man living or dead." In fifteen years he "travelled over 25,000 miles of previously unexplored ground between Lake Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, and he has explored the coast of the western shore of Hudson Bay." From him came the first surveys of the Manitoba Lake, the first information regarding the Saskatchewan coast and Northwest that the world is bound to be interested in the account of Mr. Tyrrell's contributions to the knowledge of their great western country. He was an influence in the settlement of the coast, and the addition of territories, for he could tell of his explorations and discoveries "in two languages—the scientific and the popular." Our readers in this country, however, may prefer to turn from Geologist Tyrrell to the man, the shrewd, practical explorer, "who can handle a canoe and operate a gun with the best of his kind."

The story of Mr. Tyrrell's trip in 1893 from Edmonton by way of Lake Athabasca to Lake Dubawnt, over to the Chesterfield River on Hudson Bay and along the western shore of the bay to Fort Churchill, is characteristic. In the party led by J. B. Tyrrell and his brothers were three Indian brothers, the eldest of whom, Pierre French, was declared by Mr. Tyrrell to be "the greatest canoe man in the world." The first task was to persuade the Indians to go into the northern country despite their fears that the Eskimos would eat them. The geologist found that overcoming an Indian's superstition is sometimes as difficult as making a balky horse pull. To quote:

On the 10th of August, 1893, the Tyrrell expedition found itself on Dubawnt Lake up against a great wall of ice and upon an apparently immovable field of the same terrible material, so that they could not move. They had struck ramparts of the Arctic. There was none to tell them what lay beyond, and though they supposed this rigid field was only a phenomenon, it was mighty discouraging to come across it and to have absolutely no knowledge of how far it extended; they were dependent upon their rifles for sustenance, and there was nothing with which to make fire. Night found them to the shelter of the tent, and there was not even the howl of the discontented wolf to give them a sense of company in the deserted field. They slept on a prospect, and in the morning found that, by portaging a short distance, they could reach a lake of water, which might or might not take them out of this extraordinary pen of ice.

Before very long they were paddling along easily, and I do not think Mr. Tyrrell has since seen so big a wall of ice.

G-O-O-D N-I-G-H-T



She—Would you really put yourself out for me? He—Certainly, I would! She—Then please do so.

LIFE AND WORK OF ANTHONY TROLLOPE

[From T. P.'s Weekly.]

"Anthony Trollope: His Work, Associates, the Literary Originals." By T. H. S. Esqott, Lane, 12, 6d. (net.)

Anthony Trollope has not only a definite place in literature, he has also a definite place in the annals of the literary life. His equipment, methods, and success, have a special interest. There is an idea abroad that he simply united great industry with easy talent, and that he is in general a safe and profitable example to young writers. Mr. Esqott, who was Trollope's friend and virtually his chosen biographer, does his memory a service by showing us, more clearly than we have seen before, how Trollope's total power was built up, and how organic it was to the times in which he lived. He was essentially a translator into terms of character and study of the immediate social life in which he lived and moved. It was not for nothing that in his formative years Jane Austen pleased him "more than all her predecessors put together."

Trollope's mother, whose strength of character and tact were the salvation of the home after the death of his father in 1835, was convinced that her third son would ultimately outshine his brothers. She had seen his boyish diaries and laid them up in her heart. In these she had found them constructing imaginary situations and planning what his own conduct would be therein. But later, in his early and rather feeble post office days, she was far from encouraging him to plunge into the writing trade. She checked his desire to scribble by admonishing him thus:

You left school sooner than you

ought to have done, or than we once expected there would be any need for you to do. Make good the dropped stitches of your own education before you take upon yourself to teach or to amuse others in print. Remember the time for reading is now. Reading you must have, not so much because of what it will tell you as because it will teach you how to observe, and supply you with mental pegs on which to hang what you pick up about traits and motives of your fellow-creatures. . . . We Trollopes are far too much given to pen and ink as it is without your turning scribbler when you might do something better. Harrow and Winchester will stand you in good stead at the postoffice; make St. Martin's le Grand the instrument that will open the oyster of the world. Imitate my particular industry as much as you like, only do not let the publishers break your heart by treating its products as your playthings.

Ever a listener rather than a talker, Trollope became steeped in the ideals and interests of the cultured classes, and his vein of narrative comedy rapidly attained to the sureness and the brand of good craftsmanship. Trollope, in short, was in tune with his times, and his appeal was as sure as Tennyson's. Mr. Esqott remarks that the poet won in metre the same kind of popularity that the novelist won in prose. From "Dora," "Audley Court," "The Sisters," etc., it was an easy reach of the hand to the Barchester stories.

As much as a man may, Trollope dispensed with the emotions, fastidiousness, and "temperament" of the literary art. He was able to write for himself and for the public. Abounding in material and resource, he could always express himself and be popular. And he could take a hint. Mr. Esqott revives the story of his extinction of Mrs. Proud. Trollope overheard a member of the Athenaeum Club complaining to another that he was tired of that overbearing lady. "Feeling sure," he said, "from this that the bishopess was beginning to get on the public, I went home and killed her." One receives an impression of the fulness of the cistern of

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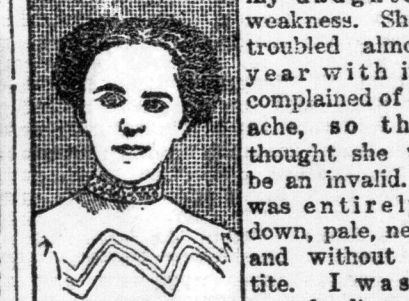
I will send a sample box containing 10 days' treatment absolutely free to any suffering woman who has not yet tried it if she will send me her address. Enclose 1c. to address Mrs. FRANCES E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

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Burlington, Iowa.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured my daughter of weakness. She was troubled almost a year with it and complained of backache, so that I thought she would be an invalid. She was entirely run down, pale, nervous and without appetite. I was very much discouraged but heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound through friends and now I praise it because it has cured my daughter."—Mrs. F. M. ELSTON, R. D. No. 8, Burlington, Iowa.



Case of Another Girl. Scanlon, Minn.—"I used to be bothered with nervous spells, and would cry if anyone was cross to me. I got awful weak spells especially in the morning, and my appetite was poor. I also had a tender place in my right side which pained when I did any hard work. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and my symptoms all changed, and I am certainly feeling fine. I recommend it to every suffering woman or girl. You may use this letter for the good of others."—Miss ELLA OLSON, 171 5th St., Virginia, Minn.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice. Girls who are troubled with painful, irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should immediately seek restoration to health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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