

THE EVENTFUL CAREER OF GEN. STEYN, THE BOER LEADER

Ex-President's Early Environment Was Beset With Many Difficulties.

The arrival in Europe of ex-President Steyn has been made the occasion of the publication of many sketches and anecdotes about the man. That which is given much prominence in the Daily Express will be read with much interest in the United States, the land of self-made men.

A remarkable, and in many respects, a distinguished man, says the Express writer, is Martinus Theunis Steyn, ex-president of the late Orange Free State. When he arrived at Southampton this morning, Mr. Steyn has come over to Europe chiefly for the sake of his health. He has been extremely ill, suffering from an affection of the eyes, and so much has his constitution been damaged by the anxieties of the war, and the political disasters which have overwhelmed the state that when he came on board he could scarcely use either hands or feet. But so beneficial have been the sea breezes that he appears to be on the road to recovery. And, in any case, he has expressed a determination to live as long as he can for the sake of his wife and family, to whom he is tenderly attached.

STEYN'S EARLY YEARS.
Mr. Steyn was born in 1857 at Winburg. His father was a farmer who had sat in the Volksraad; his mother was one of the family of Wessels, whose name figures largely in the history of the Orange Free State. Young Steyn was educated at the Grey College in Bloemfontein, where a broad-minded policy has always prevailed, and where English and Dutch were taught side by side. On leaving school Martinus Steyn worked for some time upon his father's farm; he learned to ride and very soon became an expert with the rifle.

And thus from 15 to 19 years of age the future president of the Orange Free State occupied himself. At the age of 19 he came to England and the continent for the purpose of completing his education, and six years later he returned to South Africa, where he practiced successfully as a barrister for six years in Bloemfontein. Six years later he was appointed first judge, and yet another six years—and he was elected president by universal suffrage.

OPPOSED TO ENGLAND.
Shortly after the Jameson raid came the presidential election in the Or-

ange Free State, for which there were two candidates, J. G. Fraser, the chairman of the Volksraad, and Judge Steyn. Mr. Fraser was, generally speaking, a popular man, but he had a Scotch name, and came of Scottish parents. Now Judge Steyn was Dutch to the backbone, and his ancestors had done much to consolidate the state. Therefore it was that he gained the victory by six to one, and the Orange Free State entered upon its last stage as a republic. Within a few months of his installation as president, President Steyn began his endeavor to draw tighter the bonds connecting the two Boer republics. At the same time he professed the greatest friendship towards the British Government.

But not ex-President Kruger himself was at heart more bitterly opposed to all things English than was the willful Cambridge student, Martinus Steyn. The two presidents very soon found common ground in their hatred of England; and from 1897 to 1900 they vigorously plotted to bring about the war which was to end so disastrously for each of them.

BLOEMFONTEIN CONFERENCE.
And so in the latter years Steyn was overjoyed to see Sir Alfred Milner and the other officials of the Transvaal joined together in the capital of his own state; and though apparently he deprecated the very thought of war, he vigorously plotted to bring about the flame which was soon to burst forth in all its fury.

More than anyone else, President Steyn was responsible for the great war. There is no doubt that his object was to become the uncrowned king of the United States of South Africa. He regarded Kruger as an old man who must soon pass away. He himself was comparatively young. His name, therefore, was determined. He should go down to posterity as that of the greatest man who had ever been born in South Africa.

Mr. Steyn has his good points, however, and he was wonderfully popular in Europe, and handsome of very tall, with a kindly, frank expression, and a full long beard, which of late years has become prematurely gray.

A THOROUGH GENTLEMAN.
In the ordinary sense of the word, Mr. Steyn is a thorough gentleman, with singularly pleasant manners and a great sense of humor, often spiced with sarcasm. As for his own life, he once remarked, "Your mounted infantry are useful at a walk, but when they gallop their only thought is to keep their hats on."

PLAY WRITING IS NOT SO HARD
If You Have a Certain Ability Nothing Is Easier.

Notwithstanding Which Many More People Try It Than Have the Necessary Knack.

Gentlemen who write for the stage are in the habit of taking themselves with notable seriousness. But, it seems, if you have a certain knack, nothing is easier. The writer of "The Truth About an Author," now running in the Academy, concerning his own launching on the career of a successful dramatist, says:

I had a young friend with an extraordinary turn for brilliant epigram and an equally extraordinary gift for the devising of massive themes. He showed me one day the manuscript of a play. My faith in my instinct for form, whether in drama or in fiction, was complete, and I saw instantly that what this piece lacked was form, which means intelligibility. It had everything, but it was a jumble. "Look here," I said to him, "we will write a play together, you and I. We can do something that will knock spots off—"

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Part of my share in the play was to sell it. I knew but one man of any importance in the theatrical world; he gave me an introduction to the manager of a west end theater, second to none in prestige and wealth. The introduction had a weight; the manager, intimidated by him, at once agreed to let the stuff was exceedingly good. Part of my share in the play was to sell it. I knew but one man of any importance in the theatrical world; he gave me an introduction to the manager of a west end theater, second to none in prestige and wealth. The introduction had a weight; the manager, intimidated by him, at once agreed to let the stuff was exceedingly good.

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simple old ambition burst like a Roman candle into innumerable bright stars. I had been content hitherto with the prospect of some fame, a thousand years hence, the modest luxuries of a pension, and the earnings of successful dramatists were. My thousand increased tenfold; my mind dwelt on all the comforts of the life of European capitals, and I saw how I could make use of the unequalled advertisement of theatrical renown to find a ready market for the most artistic fiction I was capable of writing. This new scheme of things sprang into my brain instantaneously, full grown.

I left the theater an accepted dramatist. But here is the sting of it: I have not spoken of the artistic side of this play concoction, our author goes on, because it scarcely has any. My aim in writing plays, whether alone or in collaboration, has always been strictly commercial. I wanted money in heaps, and I wanted advertisement for my books. Here and there, in the comedies and farces in which I have been employed, a little genuine dramatic art, has, I fancy, been introduced; but surreptitiously, and quite unknown to the managers. I have never been of it, my managerial apartments. That I have amused myself while construction these arabesques of intrigue and epigram is undeniable, whereas credit or discredit as a serious person.

I laugh constantly in writing a farce. I have found it far easier to compose a commercial play than a serious novel. How our princes of the dramatic kingdom can contrive to spend two years over a single piece, as they do, I cannot understand. The average play contains from 18,000 to 20,000 words; the average novel contains 80,000; after all, writing is a question of words. At the rate of an average day, one could write a play three times over in a couple of months; prefix a month-thirty sold days of old time—there would be time to spare. I am quite certain that the vast majority of failures produced in the west end mean to their authors a minimum remuneration of £10 per 1,000 words. In the fiction market £10 per 1,000 is a pittance. I am neither Sardou, Scribe, nor George R. Sims, but I know what I am talking about, and I say that dramatic composition for the market is child's play compared to the writing of decent average fiction—provided, of course, the market for stage effect.—Chicago Tribune.

To Forget and Forgive.
Discussing the recent visit to England of the Boer generals, the London Daily Chronicle says: Some of the influential papers apparently find it hard to understand the attitude of the Boer generals should care to visit England or that we should be so palpably and sincerely delighted to receive them. But any one who is really acquainted with the temper of the English people there is nothing strange and nothing forced in the warmth of our greetings to the abject and our late enemies. The worst of the Boer generals is that they are not only with consummate skill, but with manly fairness. One of them, Dewet, was not far short of being a national hero long before the war was over. Mr. Seddon has justly criticized what he thinks our excessive readiness to forget and forgive. We believe it to be both a good trait in the national disposition and sound policy. The thunderous cries of the Boer leaders greeted the old marshal when he rode in Queen Victoria's coronation procession did as much as anything else to wipe out the bitter memories of Waterloo. So, too, it may be said, of its reconciling influence in South Africa when the Boers find that their generals are honored and acclaimed by us with unfeigned heartiness.—London Daily Chronicle.

A Grateful Tribute
From a Man Who Looked Upon His Case as Hopeless.

Doctors Diagnosed His Case as Outraged of the Stomach, But Failed to Help Him—Many Remedies Were Tried Before a Cure Was Found.

[From the Bulletin, Bridgewater, N.S.]
We suppose there is not a corner in this wide Dominion in which will not be found people who have been restored to health and strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. There are many such here in Bridgewater and its vicinity, and we are this week given permission to record one for the benefit of similar sufferers. The case is well known in this vicinity and the tenacity of the disorder was remarkable.

For six years Alfred Veinot, a surveyor of lumber for the great lumber firm of Davidson & Sons, was a victim of a serious disorder of the stomach. His sufferings were excruciating and he had wasted to a shadow. Doctors prescribed for him, yet the agonizing pains remained. Many remedies were tried, but to no avail. The case was diagnosed as "dyspepsia," and the stomach, food became a distasteful life a burden. The trouble went on for nearly six years; then a good Samaritan advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The pills were given a fair, patient trial. Mr. Veinot was using about a dozen boxes, and before they were gone a permanent cure was effected. Mr. Veinot is now able to attend to his business, when it looked as if he was doomed to die. He is indebted to this great medicine for his cure and has no hesitation in saying so.

Because of their thorough and prompt action on the blood and nerves these pills cure anæmia, rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, erysipelas, kidney troubles, neuralgia, and the functional ailments which make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. Get the genuine with the full "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all druggists or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or three boxes for \$1.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

A Costly Ten Dollars.

[From the Commercial Advertiser.]
The refusal of Mrs. Hannah Sutherland, of Milton, Mass., to rectify an error of a street railroad conductor in giving her wrong change has cost her dear. The conductor gave her \$10 too much change, and she refused to return the money. The matter was taken into court, and Mrs. Sutherland was found guilty of grand larceny and sentenced to one year in the house of correction.

CATCHING COLOR WITH A CAMERA

New Discovery Made by a New York Photographer.

Method by Which Barron Fredricks Has Achieved Surprising and Beautiful Results.

His new invention for photographing colors in every shade, from oil paintings to landscapes, from bouquets to sunsets, reproducing the beauty of flowers and skies and all the lovely tints of the human form—this is what Mr. Barron Fredricks, a Fifth Avenue photographer, expects soon to patent.

According to all accounts, it is a marvelous invention, chiefly because of its simplicity and capacity for reproducing in a cheap and practical way, every color known to science and nature. How is it done—this making the rose and pansy blossom on paper instantaneously, permanently? The process is now a secret, but soon to be made public when certain patents are granted in Washington.

Photographing in colors is no new claim. The process was announced several years ago, but is yet to appear in everyday, practical use. Perhaps the simplest form of photography is the fading of a bit of paper in the sun, or the coloring of a bit of white paper in the July rays and a print of the pattern will soon appear.

In ordinary photography the image is reached through a lens on a glass plate spread with an emulsion, and from it a print is made on chemically prepared paper. By the kodak process the picture is caught on a sensitive film and from it the sun print made. But all such photographs are in black and white, with no hint of the lovely colors of nature as seen by the camera. Magic lantern pictures thrown on a screen are caused by light shining through paintings on glass slides, reproducing the tints made by the artist.

THE DREAM OF SCIENCE.
But to catch and fix the colors of nature—transfer the life and loveliness of a woman's face to paper, has been the dream of art and science.

Colored marine photographs have been made with color screens, giving a green that is brighter than the black to the shading.

Next came the process of covering a glass plate with fine parallel lines, each acting as a lens, and an accurately ruled hundreds or thousands of an inch, and by this plate reproducing nature's tints by means of well known optical laws, controlling color and light.

Another process is to use three plates or screens, each projecting its image through a color screen, and each color of all colors are made. One plate takes the red, the second the yellow, the third the blue, and each color is reproduced exactly in the same proportion and in the same place on the picture as it appears in nature—all accomplished by means of a photographic apparatus, etc.

That long practice and expense, as well as too great a loss of time are required to make the process practical, except in cases for experimental and scientific purposes.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY A FACT.
Mr. Fredricks, who claims the lat-

est and most practical process, says it is a success in every way and that he reproduces all colors, tints and shades from rainbows to sunsets. He not only uses the three plates which catch the three primary colors, but he has invented a sensitive paper that reproduces all the combinations, making the exact colors seen in the camera when the photograph is taken.

It should be explained that using the three plates means three exposures for each sitting, but the three follow one another so closely that to the sitter it seems like a single continuous exposure. Yet there is an interval of a second or two between each operation—that is between the taking of each of the three colors, which later in printing are redistributed and proportioned just as they appear in nature and thus the marvelous beauty of nature is counterfeited.

To accomplish this, the tints on the three plates must be printed on the sensitive paper referred to. Here the colors are distributed and fixed and the picture now appears complete, in beauty and coloring.

Of course one of the secrets is in this process of printing from the three plates and fixing the colors on the paper. It may be done in the sun or by the artificial light of the studio. It is said that the whole marvelous process is continuously visible to the eye in operation, so that the artist can observe the printing to the exact point of perfection, which is impossible in ordinary photography.

IS ITS SECRET THE X-RAY?
An astonishing fact caused me to ask Mr. Fredricks if he used the X-ray. He declined dwelling upon this point or making further explanation, in view of pending patents.

He said, however, that the methods now used in colored photography, while reasonably successful, require much manipulation and are too expensive, while the colors are an exaggeration. The great drawback is in the "halation" encroaching from a predominating color upon a weaker tint in fabrics. The screen process shows in spite of all efforts to remedy it.

"I claim," said Mr. Fredricks, "that in my process the colors are soft and natural. The point where one color ends and the other begins is sharp and clear. I am confident that I shall be able to photograph the most delicate tint in fabrics. In fact, reproduced appearance of the fabric itself, doing away with flat effects, and lose no detail in showing the pattern of a satin cloth, or the texture of a velvet. Mr. Fredricks said he had been making these experiments for years, and has now but to perfect a few details of his process. One thing is a little light, but he expects to deepen and then he will be ready for critics and criticism.

It may be interesting to state that Mr. Fredricks' passion for photography is inherited. His father, Charles D. Fredricks, opened his studio in New York in 1851, and was the first to learn the daguerotype process of the inventor in Paris and introduce it in America, making the first large portrait (14x17) ever made in the United States. He also introduced the art in South American countries.

Following this comes the claim from New Haven that A. W. Verrill, son of Professor Verrill, of Yale, has also discovered a process for making colored photographs. The young man calls it an autochromatic process. He says the secret is, first, in highly sensitized paper; second, in the emulsion on the paper, which is his own invention, and third, in the sharpness of the lenses which he has invented. The paper is said to be five times as sensitive to red and yellow as ordinary photographic papers. It is claimed that his pictures show brilliant coloring, and those taken from life have strong contrasts between the gray of rocks and the greens and blues of foliage and sky. Colors of fish, taken under water, tropical birds, caterpillars and all the colors of nature are vividly and successfully reproduced.

The man confessed that imperative previous engagements of the strenuous sort had made his attendance impossible.

"But you know your Browning, of course," said the young person, earnestly. She was evidently fresh from Smith or Bryn Mawr, and she was certainly very pretty. Can you blame him?

"Oh, no more man of action," he said, lying with an ease which astonished him. "Can afford to ignore the poets—Browning, Keats, and all that sort of thing. Life—the mere living!"

He declared this impressively, having but recently read on the title page of Roosevelt's "Ranch Life." Then he tried to say something about basketball.

But the young person was too alert. "How perfectly splendid!" she said. "And so apt. You would so enjoy what Prof. Griggs says about the perfected relations of Pompeii to Capri. Just do you, just do you on 'The Ring and the Book'."

"There are poems of Browning's with which I am more familiar," admitted the man, with some hesitation, "and I particularly like the one in which he expresses action. By the way, have you noticed that ping-pong has been taken up in Paris?"

This seemed to him a clever aside, but the young person said, "What particular poems by Browning do you like best? Are you not interested in his fundamental conception of human life as an endless process of growth? Are you not a critic enough to trace the harmony of the imagery and the metrical structure of 'Abt Vogler' with the message of the poet?"

"Music!" cried the man, rising mightily to the occasion. "Yes, I said, I like the musical poems best." Memory seemed to rush in to save him. After a quarter of a century the school reader rose before him. "Yes, I can never forget the haunting music of 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin.'"

And then he could almost have sworn that the gifted young person said "Rats!" under her breath. Yet, being in polite society, he only became vaguely aware that his sister was right, and that he had forgotten what he was doing with his hands. Or was it his feet?

W. T. L.

Paris and London have the Panama hat craze very badly. Henry Rochefort wears a hat that cost \$1,000, and the Duc de Morny's required three years in its making.

Torturing Piles.
First symptoms—Mildness; intense itching, stinging; desire to scratch, most at night. If allowed to continue, tumors form which often protrude, bleed and bleed. Instant relief; no pain; no knife. Certain cure—simply use.

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Carriage Maker, St. Antoine, P. Q.

Without a Debut.
Chicago society is much distressed over the prospect that a young woman of that city will marry a young man of Cleveland before she makes her debut.

This debut business is a great thing, and those who can afford it should never forego it on account of such trifles as marriage, death and other incidents. Only strong imaginations can picture anything so incomplete as a woman's debut life, yet women have been known to marry, raise large families and go down to the grave with this void aching in their hearts.

It is not known who invented the idea that a girl cannot, when she gets big enough and marriageable enough, slide, naturally, into her place in society, instead of being rigged up and formally put through a sort of ante mortem examination at the hands of all the young swells who own or can rent dress suits, but it was a great thought. It advances that the girl is on the regular menu and gives her male parent a chance to pay out money to worthy dressmakers, gentlemen, colored waiters, ice cream makers, special police and others who have to make an honest living at keeping society well dressed, well fed and law-abiding.—Grand Rapids Press.

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