

## QUEER CUSTOMS IN BORNEO

### MARRIAGE A MATTER OF PALAVER AND WORRY.

#### Fathers Sell Their Daughters—Strange Religion of the Dusuns.

The queer marriage customs of British North Borneo have been revealed to the civilized world for the first time by Cyril E. Pyke, the explorer, who spent several months among the tribes whose ways had been a mystery. For the first time the Borneo were photographed while making love, and at their wedding ceremonies.

According to Mr. Pyke, among the Dusuns marriage is a matter of palaver and worry.

When the young Dusun brave sees



Of Two Evils.

"Guzalar seems to be worrying over something."

"Yes, he doesn't know whether to take the girl or marry a snake charmer."

A light-complexioned but comely little daughter of the wild with whom he falls in love, he at once opens up negotiations with the girl's father. The girl herself is not supposed to know anything about it, though, as a matter of fact, when she observes the young man in frequent communication with her father she begins to suspect that there is something in the wind of peculiar interest to herself.

The lover finds the old man as tricky as a New England horse trader. He pretends for a long time not to understand what the youth is after, and when he can no longer evade the issue he demands an advance payment of some valuable native goods or kine, as a sort of preliminary earnest money. Real money is unknown among the Dusuns.

Having received this token of the young man's goodwill, the father pretends that the girl is too young to marry; that she is a most valuable worker, that he cannot bear to part with her. All the time, of course, he is extremely anxious to find her a husband, and while the young man knows this, he must fall in with the father's mood and submit to vexatious delays as the negotiations proceed.

The established price of a wife is four "buku," or commodities current in exchange among the Dusuns. The four articles given to the father consist of a large, deep-toned gong, a long brass cannon, a sword, and a spear, the payment of any two of these binds the bargain, and the girl or her father may back out. The girl's mother is not considered.

If the young woman has fixed her affections elsewhere or does not like the young man with whom her father is trading, she sometimes runs away from home and takes refuge with some other tribe or with distant kinsmen. She gets little sympathy here, however, for the strangers among whom she has taken refuge would send her home, for she practically belongs to the young man who has paid enough down to bind the bargain.

Often the poor girl is so strongly set against the marriage that she will not go back to her lover, and takes refuge in another village, or even hides in the woods until hunger or the fear of wild animals forces her to appear. Then she is seized and bound or closely guarded and taken back to her home by a delegation of her captors. They expect to receive a reward from the waiting husband for bringing his runaway bride home. At all events, they are invited to remain and take part in the wedding festivities.

Whether the bride be willing or unwilling, the festivities occur. The villagers drink deer and eat meat for many days and nights, and in the

and the girl usually makes the best of her father's bad bargain and takes part in the merriment.

The married couple sets up house, keeping under the same roof with her kindred, and perhaps also of her husband's kindred, for the Dusun houses are large, and a single bamboo mansion may be occupied by twelve or more families. A long passageway or hall runs on one side of the house for a length of eighty or a hundred feet, and doors open from this hall into the different apartments. Each family has its own pigs, fowls, goats and cattle, which share the house with the children.

When the first child is born, the payment of the remaining "buku" is due, and the old man usually finds means of collecting it, even if his son-in-law has become sick of his bargain. If a divorce is desired either by the man or the woman, it may be arranged through the heads of the village, who sit as a sort of court and hear the evidence and mete out justice according to Dusun standards.

The Dusuns have no religion, and their chief superstition centers about little stone jars, which are known as "gusi." There are about twenty of these jars in the tribe, and in case of sickness or trouble any member of the community has the right to obtain the custody of a "gusi" during his dark days, when he must pass it on to the next one who finds himself in distress. As some of the selfish people try to keep the jars longer than they need them, the English Government has made it a rule to punish the man or woman who refuses to pass the blessed "gusi" along.

Mr. Pyke obtained one of the jars from a family that had been converted to Mohammedanism, and carried it with him as a sort of talisman, when he visited the interior. The natives everywhere received the bearer of the "gusi" with great respect, and one old man, who put it to his ear, said: "Sir, this is a gusi. It is a female, and she speaks." What the message was he refused to say.

Along the coast the strange tribe is the Orang Bajas, or old sea pirates. The Bajas are the most conservative men on earth, and though he sees much of the white men, nothing in the way of example or persuasion can induce him to give up his strange ways. He lives in his boat, with his children and his son's children, and only goes ashore upon some important ceremonial occasion.

Mr. Pyke was invited to attend a Bajan wedding, the groom being the son of a chieftain, and he obtained photographs of the happy couple and of the wedding dance. The bridegroom was dressed in a most gorgeous costume. His emerald green coat was tight in the sleeves, he wore tight silk drawers, and had an elaborate colored handkerchief on his head. The bride required a little persuasion, but finally she, too, showed herself. She was even more gorgeous than her husband. Her silk coat was of brilliant hues and gaudily decorated. She wore the finest of silk trousers, and her little brown feet were bare. Her head-dress was somewhat painted dead white, with dark lines over the eyes.

"The bride remained quite still and would not speak," says Mr. Pyke, "and reminded me of nothing so much as a gaudy wooden doll."

#### LIGHT OF THE STARS.

Various attempts have been made to estimate the light of the stars. In the northern hemisphere Argelander has registered 324,000 stars down to the 9th magnitude, and, with the aid of the best photographic data, Agnes M. Clerke's new "System of the Stars" gives the sum of the light of these northern stars as equivalent to 1,450 of full moonlight, and the total light of hemispheres to the number of about 500,000, roughly placed at 1,450 of the lunar brightness. The scattered light of still fainter celestial bodies is difficult to evaluate. By a photographic method Sir Wm. Abney, in 1896, rated the total starlight of the heavens at 1,450 of full moonlight, and Professor Newcomb, in 1901, from visual observations of diffused sky radiance, fixed the light of all stars at just 722 times that of Capella, or 1-89 of the light of the full moon.

It is not certain, however, that the sky would be totally dark if all stars were blotted out. Certain processes make the outer atmosphere strongly luminous at times, and we never can be sure that this light is absent.—Chicago Tribune.

IT IS A LIVER PILL—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating or drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of the public. These there is none superior to Parment's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

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AT A MAN IF HE CANNOT ANSWER THE QUESTION, "HAVE YOU EVER HAD RHEUMATISM?" WITH A GOOD HONEST "NO!"

So you see how it bars happiness and comfort if you neglect the means to prevent and cure—the great

### South American Rheumatic Cure

is the effective means, and while lack of provision for your "loved ones" from such a cause may be counted secondary to a life of suffering to oneself, it is one of the many sides in the study of health that we should take in dead earnest. Every disease has its symptoms—every ailment that flesh is heir to has its note of warning, and it's for us to heed or suffer the consequences; and who does not know the signs by experience or observation?—fever, chills, sweating, shooting pains, numbness, aching muscles, stiffened and swelled joints.

The great South American Rheumatic Cure gives ease from the first dose and it gently and effectually eradicates the trouble from the system. It gets at the root of the evil and it gets there quickly—most stubborn cases cured in one to three days. Influential physicians prescribe it as the best and surest cure they know of.

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SOUTH AMERICAN NERVEINE makes blood that is poor and pale rich and red—and that means good health.  
SOLD BY C. McALLUM AND CAL LARD & McALLUM.

## FOREIGN CLERKS ARE LINGUISTS

### ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLE SELDOM ACQUIRE ANOTHER LANGUAGE.

#### But French, German and Swiss Know Three or Four—Polyglot Cham- bermaids.

[By John Trainer, in the Chicago Tribune.]

Most American girls and boys starting on a business career feel they are well equipped if they have mastered English, bookkeeping, and history. But in Europe this is considered an inefficient education. A knowledge of three languages—the native tongue and two others—is considered a necessity, as the German boy showed when asked why he was not studying French instead of English made answer: "If I learn English I can speak both to the English and the Americans."

The German lawyer or doctor is an erudite in Latin and Greek, but the young merchant feels equally the need of French and English. He is taught to read and write them in school, and spends a year in France and England learning to speak them. He may master them with difficulty, often finding the English pronunciation no easy task, but he will fight until he has conquered. He is willing to pay the price in the beginning. He commences to learn the language at an early age; 5 is considered none too young.

One day a boy not yet 6 was complaining to his father about the difficulty he had in pronouncing many English words. The father told him it was better to struggle now than when he was older.

Another man, expecting to take his three sons in business, sent one to England, one to France, and a third one to Italy to master the language. In Switzerland the people find a knowledge of the languages a greater necessity. All salespeople must know two languages besides their own to get a position. It counts as much as their experience. Only a few weeks ago a young woman applied for a position as head of a department in a retail house. She failed to get the position because she did not know French and Italian. Lucerne said to me: "How I wish I knew English—you know a girl can make \$25 a month if she speaks English well. You see, if I had a franc I could learn it." When I asked how she said: "For a franc (20 cents), I can buy a book that gives French and English words and pronunciation, and I can study myself. As I brought forth the book her eyes opened wide as saucers and filled with tears when she was told that the book was for her. She



Romance and Reality.

Sister Mary—Mr. Jenkins said I had a appetite like a bird.  
Brother Bill—Go! I wouldn't stand for that.  
Sister Mary—And why not?  
Brother Bill—Do you know what birds eat? Worms.

put her hand box on the floor, opened her book, and began to translate at once, repeating some words a half a dozen times. When the time came for her to go she asked: "Would you mind if I come and say these words to see if my pronunciation is right?"

Had this girl stayed in school until she was 14 or 15 she would have been taught French, English, and Italian, besides her own language, which is German.

The demand for languages in hotel work is stronger than in trade. Every clerk in Swiss hotels can speak three or four languages fluently. He does not consider this a mark of culture, but a tool in his trade. The same holds true for waiters and chambermaids. As a waiter told an American girl who was struggling with a menu in bad French: "Miss, it is hard for me to understand you. If you order in English I can get along better."

Swiss chambermaids travel from continent to continent to master the languages. They are quite surprised to find that American women can speak only one language. As one Swiss maid told another one day: "My lady has five trunks with her, but she can speak only one language."

The English people are not partial to languages, though they are often driven to them through necessity. Most people in trade usually speak one other language than their own.

English boys often spend four or five years away from home, working in different countries, to master the languages. A lift man had been working in a Swiss hotel all summer. He expected to spend all his earnings learning French in a boys' pension in some small village up in the mountains. His friend, an English waiter, had mastered French and German so well that a German took him for his countryman.

It is fortunate for the Yankee that all the world speaks English or his busy world would come to a standstill. He has the audacity to travel with one language and plenty of money in his

pocket. With his American eagles he can buy everything, even an interpreter. But he goes into foreign countries to do business no better equipped, relieved that people who wish to do business with him must speak English. As an American jeweler said to a Swiss watchmaker, "I like your watches and shall do business with you if you can talk English. I don't want to bother my head with French."

An American railroadman had some business with a Swiss engineer. The next day the Swiss invited the American to luncheon and he was forced to write a letter of thanks. Confident he had made plenty of mistakes, he gave it to the bookkeeper for correction. "That's not badly done," said the tactful bookkeeper. "No," said the shrewd American with a chuckle, "I spent five years studying German just for this."

## FAMOUS OLD TAVERN, THE CHESHIRE CHEESE

### WHERE DR. SAMUEL JOHN ROARED HIS EPIGRAMS.

(London Correspondence N. Y. Post.)

It is an accepted fact that Englishmen are so used to the historic beauties of monument and atmosphere which surrounds them that they pay little attention to these, having become accustomed, as it were, to the ticking of the old clock.

A remarkable example of this is the case of the tavern in Fleet street. Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, where every day of the European season crowds of Americans make a pilgrimage, and where, comparatively speaking, few Englishmen go.

And yet this is one of the places of importance in the literary history of England. It was the last of these taverns where literary masters gathered. Its age is a matter of doubt, for it was rebuilt after the fire of London, but since that time the "cheese" has accumulated enough history to place it at the top of the antique tree which one loves to climb for a day-dream.

Here Ben Jonson threw jest and comment among his friends; here the "quaint and curious" Herrick recited his old verses in the intervals when he was not at the Mermaid; here Dr. Samuel Johnson roared his retorts, epigrams and "dispute-en-if-you-dare" assertions.

Here, too, sat Oliver Goldsmith on one side, quiet and unobtrusive, but when he did open his mouth "saying something," enough to make the other side say, "sat Boswell, drinking in the words of the lexicographer and mentally noting them for the biography. As flowed like water and these men drifted into the stream.

The old "cheese" is in Wine Court, between two little alleys running off Fleet street. The sun never gets in there, but the dim shadows of its atmosphere. Here ghosts—rollicking ghosts—shoot uproariously through the silence, and frequent the room over a tankard of English beer, some of the thoughts and sayings which, embodied into literary productions, have come to be revered by millions who have seen their birthplaces.

The Wine Court Alley is the main entrance. Goldsmith lived at No. 6, and there wrote "The Vicar of Wakefield." The entrance of the tavern which he loved is across the alley, and leads into a low-ceiled room, subdivided with numerous partitions that make the cozy corners so dear to the men who frequent them.

To the left is the bar, to the right the dining-room, the counters, tables, chairs, and walls, which are all nicked, elbow-rubbed, and black with age. No light that is straight meets the eye; the whole impression is of shaking foundations and warping wood. From the center arises a spiral, step-worn flight of stairs ascending to the kitchen and an upper dining-room where on other days the worthies smoked their church-warden pipes by the fire.

That is the old tavern, the walls of which are adorned with pictures of Johnson and other celebrities, Pen-and-ink sketches by and of later famous men who ate and drank there, and doggerel bits of wit inscribed with pencil, quill and knife, are features of the mahogany boards.

Waiter at the Cheshire Cheese. Uncertain, gruff, and hard to please. When tuppence smooths his angry brow, a ministering angel look.

In the upper dining-room is Johnson's old armchair, but on the lower floor, where he usually sat, a brass plate records the fact:

The Favorite Seat of Dr. Samuel Johnson.  
Born 17th Sept., 1709.  
Died 13th Dec., 1784.  
In him a noble understanding and a masterly intellect were united with grand independence of character and unflinching goodness of heart, which won the admiration of his own age, and remain as recommendations to the reverence of posterity.

It is, in fact, not a difficult matter to conjure a picture of the tavern's old days, even before the fire of London. The roaring, spluttering blaze under the blazing roast, the lights and shadows gleaming on the faces of great men, and a queer little poet, appointed by acclamation, reading his latest poem of praise to Ben Jonson:

Say how and when  
Shall we, thy guests,  
Meet at the merry feasts  
Made at the Sun,  
The Cheese, the Triple Tun,  
Where we such clusters had,  
Made us nobly wild, not mad?  
And yet each verse of time  
Outlived the meat, outlived the frolic wine.

Just who they were—these men by the fire—can easily be imagined by a study of contemporary literature. The genius of Chatterton, Voltaire, Pope, Congreve, Garrick, Dickens, Thackeray, and Hood, flashed here, and in later days came Douglas Jerrold, Ed-

mund Yates, George Augustus Sala, and Tennyson. And then there was one who, in his great sphere of usefulness, was as great as any of them—old William the waiter. He was the "only William" of London, and since his death, which plunged the tavern and its habits into mourning for weeks, no person by the name of William has been employed in the tavern as a mark of respect to the dead henchman.

It is recorded of William that when the pudding, for which the "cheese" is famous was being served, he hobbled around the table offering further helpings.

"Any gentleman say pudden?" he cried.

"No gentleman say pudden," growled a surly customer.

"Of course, you've 'ad' two 'elps already, sir," was William's retort.

Talking of "pudden" there is really only one word which the tavern's parrot can clearly articulate. On one occasion it got away and flew all over London. It was advertised and after three days a man came to the "cheese" and asked for the good host, "Charlie" Moore.

"I caught a parrot," said he. Moore described it. It was the "cheese" parrot, undoubtedly. But the man was not convinced.

"You forgot something," said he.



A Rare Article.

"What is your idea of a true Christian?"

"A woman who can truthfully admire another woman's baby."

Don't your parrot say a word?"

"That's your parrot, sir," said the man. "It's been on the roof the whole blooming night, yellin' 'pudden! pudden!' till you'd 'a' thort it was Christmas. Come 'n' take your bird away!"

The parrot is still alive, and most as it was yesterday, except that where Dr. Samuel Johnson smoked his long, clay pipe, the exploring and reverent American sits the chair.

The other night a New Yorker reigned at the head of the plate, with his family ranged along each side of the board. He had eaten the tavern's fare and was quietly pulling at a churchwarden pipe. Charles, the host, approached and asked if he felt the spirit of Dr. Samuel upon him.

"Mm'well," said the American, "it may be the peace of Samuel, or it may be the soul of the pudding, but I've got a strong suspicion it's the ale!"

Which goes to show that the "cheese" hath other than mental blandishments.—Stephen Chalmers.

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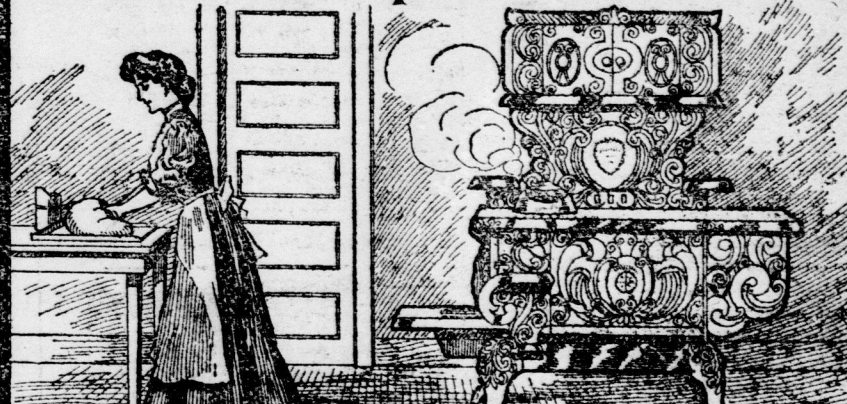
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