

For Constipation

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Hunyadi János
NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
AND BE
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YOU GET THE
GENUINE

VOLCANOES
IN AFRICASituating in the Central Portion
in the Kivu District.News From a British Expedition
Which Traversed Virgin Territory
Peopled by Strange Cannibals.

[London Times.]

There has just returned to England one of two members of an expedition to Central Africa, partly sporting, partly exploring, of which we may expect to hear more when the other member returns. Mr. Arthur Sharp and Mr. E. S. Crogan arrived at Belra early in 1898, and after making a trial expedition into Masailand and the neighboring region they proceeded to Chinde, at the mouth of the Zambezi, with the view of getting into the heart of the continent. Starting from Chinde in October, 1898, and proceeding up the Shire to Lake Nyassa, they reached the south end of Lake Tanganyika after various delays. The Stevenson road between Lake Nyassa and Lake Tanganyika was at that time in a rather unsatisfactory condition, though since then, we believe, the transport service has been very much improved and the telegraph had been laid to the south end of Lake Tanganyika. While Mr. Sharp, who has just returned to England, looked after the baggage and the people forming the caravan, Mr. Crogan was able to get excellent sport on the plateau to the south of the lake. When Mr. Crogan returned to England, he will be able to give interesting details of the numerous side excursions which he made, while Mr. Sharp kept along the main route. Some of the most interesting information which Mr. Sharp has to give concerns the regions lying between Lake Tanganyika and Lake Albert Edward, which, so far as we are aware, he and his friend were the first to traverse from south to north.

POINT OF DEPARTURE.

Ujiji, on the east shore of Lake Tanganyika, in German territory, was their point of departure for what was considered as comparatively new ground. When they arrived there it was found that the Germans had "commandeered" it if we may use the term, nearly all the Arab boats, and the only available steamer was being used by the Congo Free State officials. Mr. Sharp speaks in the highest terms of the courtesy and hospitality of the German officials whom he met on the shores of Lake Tanganyika and of Lake Kivu, to the north. They are energetic in exploring the geography and resources of their territory, and the natives have a wholesome respect and fear for their authority, trade is encouraged, and in every respect their presence is beneficial. The shows of which the German authorities at Ujiji had taken possession were to be used in case of an attack which was expected, mainly due to the utter disorganization of the country on the Congo Free State side of the boundary. There are numerous German stations all up the east shore of Lake Tanganyika, and as far north as the east shore of Lake Kivu, which, on the maps, is represented as within the Congo Free State limit. But Mr. Sharp saw no sign of any Congo Free State stations or officers between the middle of the Tanganyika shore and Lake Albert Edward, a distance of some 400 miles. All the country on the west of the German boundary, along the shore of Lake Tanganyika, and north nearly to Lake Albert Edward, was overrun by cannibal hordes, who, it would seem from observations made by Mr. Crogan, had followed in the wake of the Free State forces, devastating

the country and literally eating up the inhabitants.

RELICS OF CANNIBALISM.

While endeavoring to cross the lava-covered region to the north of Lake Kivu, Mr. Crogan was witness of the relics of cannibal horrors which he describes with details which we hesitate to reproduce in these columns. It is terrible to think that all these abominations are going on under the aegis of a civilized European government. Fortunately, as we said, German has established stations on Lake Kivu, and we have no doubt the officials will do their best to establish order.

Lake Kivu discharges its waters into Tanganyika by the Rusizi River, which Mr. Sharp and Mr. Crogan thought they had been the first to trace and to map; but when they reached Lake Kivu they found that they had been anticipated by a German explorer, Dr. Kandt, who had been about the lake for three years exploring, surveying and investigating its geology, its flora and its fauna in the thorough way in which Germans are in the habit of doing their work. Dr. Kandt had walked all round the lake, taking four observations every minute (of latitude and longitude, we presume), the result being that the lake is found to be a totally different shape from that which appears on our maps, and no wonder, for the only explorer who had been there before Dr. Kandt was Count Goetzen, who had only seen a few miles on the northwest. The lake, Mr. Sharp states, is believed to be extremely deep, it is surrounded by lofty and precipitous shores, studded everywhere with old volcanic craters, and has numerous islands rising from its surface. The water is brackish and unpalatable, and there is abundance of fish, which seem to differ considerably in character from those which inhabit Lake Tanganyika.

AN ACTIVE VOLCANO.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the Kivu region is the volcanoes, which lie around it at some little distance to the north. Rising from the lofty plateau there seem to be three main volcanic mountains, on one of which are two craters, both in a state of greater or less activity. One of these craters is distinctively active, and, according to native report, there was a violent eruption some 3 years ago. However this may be, the whole country is covered with lava, and both Mr. Sharp and Mr. Crogan, in their notes which have reached us, describe it as the most horrible and impassable country that they have ever been in, a combination of broken-up lava, of bush, the latter swarming with elephants which it is impossible to get at. Mr. Sharp states that the Mount Mumbiro, which played a somewhat sentimental part in the Anglo-German boundary agreement, does not exist.

After some stay about Lake Kivu and its volcanoes, the party proceeded north to Lake Albert Edward, through a country as difficult to traverse as may be imagined, difficult throughout owing to a variety of troubles with the native porters and askaris who accompanied them. It was found that the east shore of Lake Albert Edward is quite erroneously laid down on our maps. The old bed of the lake extends far to the east of the present shore line, in the form mainly of a swamp, on the outer margin of which Mr. Sharp reports that he saw numerous steam jets, or "bubbling geysers," as he calls them. In Toro, on the east shore of Lake Albert Edward, the travelers were in British territory. Here they parted. Mr. Sharp to return home and Mr. Crogan to make his way down the shore line. Until Mr. Crogan returns with the maps, which, we understand, were made by the care of Mr. Sharp, and with the notes of his own side excursion, we must await a full account of the results of this interesting expedition.

A black enamel brooch containing a lock of Oliver Goldsmith's hair, for which his coffin was specially insured, was sold for ten guineas at Christie's, in London.

SNAKES IN
DEADLY COMBATMethods of the Rattler and the King
Snake in a Duel to the Death.

[From the Youths' Companion.]

If the rattlesnake is justly called the king of America's woods and rocks, yet his crown is not held without danger, since he is hunted diligently and successfully. His fangs are, indeed, deadly, and he wears a fine suit of armor, but the deer and the wild hog never fall to attack him, and he has an enemy of his own kind still more dangerous to him.

Snakes may be divided into three classes, those which are venomous, the constrictors and those which are neither. Unless the second of these are wonderful for their size, they are little of our attention, and yet they are generally beautiful in color, most graceful in action, and often among our best friends.

In Florida we have two constrictors especially noticeable, the black racer, which grows to a length of twelve feet and makes a business of warping on rats and other small deer the farmer hates; and the king snake, whose mission seems to be the extermination of the rattler.

One day I was returning from a day's hunt, at peace with the world and myself, when I heard a squirrel scolding as if he were a ward politician the night before election. The noise he made I could not resist, and I turned out of my way to see what could be the matter.

I found the little fellow on the trunk of a pine about ten feet from the ground, jumping about as if in convulsions. He would flourish his tail wildly, scold in anger, threaten an assault, run back a little way up the trunk, and then return and scold again.

I looked carefully and saw that his anger was directed at a rattlesnake that lay coiled at the foot of the tree. The snake was compressed into a ball, from the middle of which the rattler's eyes were fixed unchangingly upon those of the squirrel.

The buzz, buzz, buzzed on the summer air with a sleepy effect, but the squirrel scolded in an ever ascending key. But for the hint of the squirrel's eyes I could not have located the rattler. His color and his variegated markings offered but little contrast to his surroundings. His monotone of noise was indefinite, and to sight as well as to sound, he seemed only a blur on the background of dark sand on which he lay.

Was the squirrel only curious to satisfy himself as to the character of that strange object, or was he hypnotized? I have often asked myself by exciting the violent curiosity of the little animal, but never did a waving or jumping object awaken such intense and painful emotion as the rattler always does.

I knew what must follow soon; that the squirrel's cries would grow weak, that he would grow dizzy, and finally tumble from the tree, hang a moment by his tail, and then fall to the jaws of the living death that lay in wait. I had raised my rifle to save the little fellow, when the tragedy was interrupted by another quarter.

Swift as light, a form raced on the stage. It was clothed in a gleaming coat of beautiful white and black spots; it shifted and shone like a necklace of precious stones, and I knew the king snake claimed a victim.

The newcomer was smaller than the rattler, its ground color was a greenish gray, and the spots scintillated in the sunlight which sifted down from the scene from the tangled branches overhead.

At the first rattle of its approach the rattler lost all interest in the squirrel, which came back into the tree.

The king snake held his head high and raced round the rattler in a wide circle while the rattler tried to slink away. The king snake dashed forward as if to attack, and the rattler threw himself into a coil. The king was again away and racing around, with a swiftness the rattler seemed unable to follow. With a line of a form raced on the stage; his crest was lowered, his buzz, buzz was jerky and uneven, and although he presented a very different appearance from the self-confident rattler, he seemed to me to be a more cunning and more dangerous enemy. When I first saw him, I could think of nothing but some human bully surprised in the act of torturing his helpless victim, and suddenly compelled to face an adversary worthy of his strength. The king snake seemed to enjoy the situation as a cat does her cruel dallying with a mouse.

Round and round went the king snake, and the rattler followed the movement till his neck was twisted. Whenever it attempted to turn the king would spring forward and it was that instant that the first failure of the rattler in swiftness would be the signal for muscle to clinch with venom.

The king would race from left to right and then reverse, and if the rattler failed to follow that would be the end of him. This happened, and I saw the king in the air, but could not catch the strike, so instantaneous was it.

There was a confusion of flying pine needles in a cloud of white dust, and I saw that two inches of the king's coil was about the throat of the rattler. Over and over they went, the king's head above that of his enemy, and a curve of his body acting as a buffer to keep up the body of his vanquished him to take another turn and still another.

And so the struggle continued, till the rattler could not writhe freely, and he was held as a vine wraps a tree.

When he lay still the king snake began to uncoil himself slowly, and at every motion his enemy the constrictor's folds contracted and crushed with killing effect. Even when there was only a quiver of the tail, the king still gripped the throat. It was plain he had a wholesome respect for the fangs, that were still terrible.

As a last precaution the king applied his nostrils tenderly to those of the rattler, and repeated that several times as if to detect the faintest breath. Satisfied at last, it released its enemy, but still watched, ready to resume its hold at the slightest sign of life.

Then I left him, keeping a grim guard over the body of his vanquished foe. As I turned away, the voice of the squirrel in the tree broke out again, saucy and defiant as it always is, but no longer filled with agony and terror, as at first.

100-STORY
SKY-SCRAPERSThe Building of the Twentieth Century
May Be 1,000 Feet High.Mr. R. H. Robertson, architect of
several of New York's tall buildings,
writing in the New York World, says:

How much higher will be the skyscraper of the twentieth century than that of the nineteenth century? So far as the work of the builder is concerned, an office structure 200x500 feet and 800 to 1,000 feet high could easily be erected.

Given unlimited capital and sufficient area, there is no limit to the height of a building, so far as engineering is concerned, but from an economic point of view a different decision would probably be reached. The higher a building within a given area the larger will be the supporting columns have to be in area, and the lower stories sacrificed to the support of the upper ones will be so great as to make it uneconomical to add any more stories. The same holds good for the space taken up for the elevators.

The unit of pressure on the foundations of a building is any greater than that exerted by the ordinary building. We would simply have to spread out the lower part of the building by means of distributing girders and grillage, but we are not to exceed the limit of pressure which the soil allows. We have today an infinite number of shapes in steel material with which we can outguess a building to obtain any desired strength.

If a reliable firm were to give a modern architect an order to erect a building of 100 stories he would undertake it as a simple problem in engineering.

There is almost anywhere in Manhattan an underlying stratum of rock which would afford the most solid foundation that it is possible to secure, and with sufficient capital there is no reason why story after story should not be added until the rarefaction of the air compelled the builders to stop.

A KRUGER STORY.

A South African correspondent of the London Daily News says of President Kruger: "I have often enough heard him quote passages to prove his points, but his quotations have been misquotations. When I was a boy I had learned my Bible very thoroughly, so I could tell his errors. Sir Bartle Frere found him out, too. Did you ever hear the story? When Sir Bartle Frere came from Zululand, at the time the Transvaal was British territory, and just before the breaking out of the rebellion, he and Kruger had a conference. He did not know how a race would turn out. He was mounted on one of the best horses in the country, for a man needed one in those days. He knew that the bear would not fight unless wounded or cornered, and he wanted to see how he would run against his horse. He was pretty certain that the bear would run from him if he could once get him started in the opposite direction, and so he gave a regular cowboy yell. The bear looked up, and started shuffling off toward the mountain, about a mile and a half away. My brother spurred his horse and lit out after grizzly, at the same time keeping up the piercing 'Yeeep-yeeep' of the cowboy. The bear soon got into the running, and the way he got over that ground was a caution. My brother saw that the brute was getting away from him, and he urged his horse to the utmost, but he did not gain ten yards on the whole mile and a half. The bear lumbered along with leaps equal to a greyhound, and his pursuer did not have a chance to cut him out from his retreat. I went over the course the next day to verify the story, for it seemed fishy to me. I found that the bear had made jumps from fifteen to twenty feet in length, and that the ground had been cut up by his claws so that it looked as if a harrow had been run over it. For that reason I would advise no man to try a foot race with a grizzly."

"The best value for the
least money" is the motto of
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We cannot afford to have our Rolled Oats hang dead upon your hands. We want them to move quickly, and there is no reason why

should NOT sell quickly. Some of the most progressive grocers in Canada are selling our registered brand (Pan-Dried) today. Is their experience worth anything to you? We want to co-operate with you. If you haven't seen our advertisements write us. We've a proposition to make that will please you.

The Tillson Co., Limited, Tillsonburg, Ont.

Tillson's Pan-Dried Rolled Oats

should NOT sell quickly. Some of the most progressive grocers in Canada are selling our registered brand (Pan-Dried) today. Is their experience worth anything to you? We want to co-operate with you. If you haven't seen our advertisements write us. We've a proposition to make that will please you.

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"S.S. OCEANIC, Jan. 24, 11 a.m.
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"Excellent Second Cabin accommodation on these steamers."

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How many of us have spent a delicious hour with Dickens' little "Tiny Tim." He pleased us because he was for ever helping, or ready to help some unfortunate.

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All Druggists. By Mail from Dr. Hope Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

FLEET-FOOTED

GRIZZLY BEAR

He Doesn't Look It, but It Takes a Good Horse to Overtake Him.

"Some people think that a grizzly can't run," said A. J. Daggis, of Phoenix, Ariz., who is a visitor at the national capital. "I want to state right now that while the bear is a clumsy beast, he can cover as much ground as the average saddle horse, and a man should be sure that he has a good mount before he tries to get out of the way of one which is angry. My brother was out in the mountains of the territory among the sheep ranches one day when he saw about two hundred and fifty yards ahead of him, a big, awkward silver tip. My brother had a rifle, but he was not certain that it would kill the bear if he shot, and he did not know how a race would turn out. He was mounted on one of the best horses in the country, for a man needed one in those days. He knew that the bear would not fight unless wounded or cornered, and he wanted to see how he would run against his horse. He was pretty certain that the bear would run from him if he could once get him started in the opposite direction, and so he gave a regular cowboy yell. The bear looked up, and started shuffling off toward the mountain, about a mile and a half away. My brother spurred his horse and lit out after grizzly, at the same time keeping up the piercing 'Yeeep-yeeep' of the cowboy. The bear soon got into the running, and the way he got over that ground was a caution. My brother saw that the brute was getting away from him, and he urged his horse to the utmost, but he did not gain ten yards on the whole mile and a half. The bear lumbered along with leaps equal to a greyhound, and his pursuer did not have a chance to cut him out from his retreat. I went over the course the next day to verify the story, for it seemed fishy to me. I found that the bear had made jumps from fifteen to twenty feet in length, and that the ground had been cut up by his claws so that it looked as if a harrow had been run over it. For that reason I would advise no man to try a foot race with a grizzly."

CALLOUS.

Reporter—"And he laughed while they were tying the rope around his neck? He must have been a hardened wretch."

Leader of Regulators—"Hardened? Say, when we cut him down, after letting him hang for half an hour, he said it hadn't been even uncomfortable. He'd been wearing these stiff collars for ten years."

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Tickets will be issued till April 30, good to return May 31.

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RATES OF PASSAGE.
First cabin, \$50 and upwards. Second cabin \$35. Steerage, \$25 and \$20. New York to Glasgow. First cabin, \$40 and upwards. Second cabin, \$25. Steerage, \$20 and \$15. Reduction on first and second cabin return tickets. London agents - E. de la Hooke, F. R. Parker, F. B. Clarke.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, Jan. 14, 1900, the trains leaving Union Station, Toronto, to (via Grand Trunk Railway) at 9 a.m. and 6:30 p.m., make close connection with the Maritime Express and Local Express at Bonaventure Depot, Montreal, as follows:

The Maritime Express will leave Montreal daily except Saturday, at 11:30 a.m. for Halifax, N. S., St. John, N. B., and points in the Maritime Provinces.
The Maritime Express from Halifax, St. John and other points east, will arrive at Montreal daily except on Sunday, at 6:30 p.m.
The Local Express will leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 7:40 a.m., due to arrive at Liverpool at 10:40 p.m.

Through sleeping and dining cars on the Maritime Express. Buffet cars on Local Express.
The restful trains are equipped with every convenience for the comfort of the traveler. The elegant sleeping, dining and first-class cars make travel a luxury.

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The Intercolonial Railway is the direct route to the great game regions of Eastern Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. In this area are the finest hunting grounds for moose, deer, caribou and other big game, as well as unlimited opportunities for shooting wild geese, duck, quail and other low country to this part of the continent. For information as to game in New Brunswick, send for a copy of "Rod and Gun."

Tickets for sale at all offices of the Grand Trunk system, at Union Station, Toronto, and at the office of the General Traveling Agent, William Robinson, General Traveling Agent, Room No. 11, Laval Building, cor. King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

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Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Has Had an
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Catarrh is a Menace to the Race---
The Precursor of Much Suffering
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No remedy yet compounded for the
healing of catarrh has received the un-

bounded eulogy from people in high
positions, socially, publicly or professionally, as Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is a specific for catarrh. It gives almost instant relief, not only in the acute forms, but chronic cases of many years' standing vanish under its persistent use. It will break up a cold in the head in almost quicker time than

it takes to tell it. It is a pleasant, powerful and potent protection against the almost constant climatic changes to which this northern world is subject.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the permanent eradicator and perpetual exterminator of this most insidious and yet common foe of humanity generally. If you are a sufferer take counsel of the thousands to whom it has been a sovereign balm--the beacon to show the way to health and the haven of health.

Mrs. J. H. Harte, of 223 Church street, Toronto, in telling of her faith in and cure by this wonderful remedy, says: "I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. For years I suffered intensely and constantly from catarrh in its worst form. I took everything I could purchase that promised me a cure, without any permanent results until I tried Dr.

Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. The first application of it--and it's so simple to apply--gave me great relief. I persevered in the use of it for eight months, and today I am fully restored. Not the slightest symptom of the malady remaining, and I am thankful to be able to give this testimony for so worthy a remedy after trying so many so-called catarrh cures, only to add disappointment to disappointment."

Have you a cough? Is the voice husky? Is the breath foul? Are you losing flesh? Do you ache all over? Do you take cold easily? Is the nose stoppage? Does your nose discharge? Do crusts form in the nose? Do you cough sometimes until you gag? Is there pain in the back of the head? Is there pain across the eyes? Is there tickling in the throat? Is your sense of smell leaving you? Are you losing the sense of taste? Is there a dropping in the throat? Are there a burning pain in the throat? Any and all of these symptoms indicate the presence of catarrh, and while some of them may seem but trivial, you cannot afford to treat them lightly, for, remember, dire consequences may result from neglect, for all victims of throat and lung troubles have been subject to catarrh.

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