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THE CITY OF CAPE TOWN

A Description of the Metropolis
of Cape Colony.

A Cosmopolitan City—The Suburbs
Beautiful—A Sketch of History.

The most important British city in South Africa, and one the name of which will be the most frequently seen in the dispatches concerning the war with the Transvaal, is Cape Town, the capital of Cape Colony. It is likewise the oldest city in South Africa. It was being built in a small way about the time that New York was being settled, and by the same race of people. The Cape of Good Hope, which is the most southerly extremity of Africa, was discovered shortly before Columbus made his first voyage to America. It was in 1482 that Bartholomew Diaz, a Portuguese voyager, came upon the place in his efforts to find a new way to the Indies. It was several years afterwards, however, before this route was made use of, and then it was by the Dutch, who in token of the fair promise made of letting them get at the Indies, named the point, the Cape of Good Hope. In 1652, the Dutch East India Company instructed Jan Van Riebeeck to make a settlement at or near this most southerly point, and this was the beginning of what is now the cosmopolitan city of Cape Town.

At first the colonists held but a narrow strip of territory near the coast, and they had hard work to get at it at that. A castle was built for the governor, and from it a somewhat despotic government was carried on, that even the Dutch farmers grew discontent. The old castle still remains, and is used as the headquarters of the commanding general of the British forces in South Africa. It was the policy of the powers at the castle to dictate what crops the farmers should raise on their lands, a goodly portion of which was to come into the hands of these same authorities. As an instance of this condition, it is related in the records of the colony, that in the governorship of old Tubbagh, a decree was issued compelling everyone who met him to descend from his carriage until he had passed. It was further decreed that "no one under the rank of junior merchant or citizens of the same rank, or the daughters and wives of members and ex-members of the assembly," could at any time exercise the privilege of carrying an umbrella.

Slaves were brought down from the regions above the colony and the East India Company also imported cargoes of Malays from the East Indies, so that slavery became an established institution. The colony had been added to by large numbers of Huguenots, who fled from France in 1688-89. To this day the two nationalities can be traced in the names that survive. The authorities had much trouble with the deserters. Some would escape and attempt to make their way out of the country to the east coast of Africa. When they were captured they were sometimes dealt with harshly. A room is still pointed out in the castle, and a chair is preserved in the museum, which accordingly contains the following legend: Pieter Moorit was a harsh old governor, who condemned a deserter to death. The unfortunate man pleaded for his life in vain, and as he was being taken out of the judgment chamber, he shouted out a summons to Moorit to appear that day before Almighty God. Before the sun had set old Moorit had passed away, sitting in the very chair from which he had sentenced the deserter, and from which he had never risen.

A stern and narrow policy was pursued with regard to foreigners visiting the colony, and the settlers were especially forbidden, on pain of heavy fines, to sell provisions of any kind to the English ships that came to the harbor. The history of the colony has been recently rehearsed, and it is well known how the British took it once, restored it to Holland, took it again in 1806, and has kept it ever since. Holland ceding it to her a few years later. The same spirit of unrest that had characterized the Boers, or Dutch farmers, in their dealings with those in "the castle" was displayed when the English came into power. They gradually edged further and further away. When all the slaves were declared free in 1834 they trekked across the veldt, to find, as it afterwards proved, Natal, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. Many of the Dutch farmers were left behind, however, and still make up a large part of the population of Cape

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A LAND OF GREAT DISTANCES

British Troops Must Do a Terrible Amount of Traveling

In South Africa—One of the Great Disadvantages.

In 1896 the population of the Transvaal was given as 249,879, of which only 180,000 were whites. The population of the Orange Free State was 118,000, of which 75,000 were whites and 43,000 blacks. Less than half of the white population of either country are Boers.

Assuming that with increase for the white population of the two countries will aggregate 800,000, and that half the people are Boers, we have perhaps 40,000 full-grown men from which the enemy may draw. To this must be added a considerable force of natives who will be drawn to the Boer standard. If the enemy can muster 50,000 men they will pretty high exhaust their resources.

Few persons have any idea of the enormous distances to be traversed by troops going from Britain to the Transvaal. To say nothing of the character of the country to be penetrated. The possession of Delagoa Bay would give Britain an easy route from the east coast, as Lorenzo Marquez to Johannesburg, via the Cape the distance is 1,200 miles.

But Britain has an easier way of reaching the Boer country. From Durban, Natal, runs a line of railway, on which the first Boer attack has been made. The distances from the coast by this route are as follows: Ladysmith, 183 miles; Newcastle, 208 miles; Laing's Nek, 200 miles; Johannesburg, 433 miles; Pretoria, 100 miles; capital, 511 miles; Harrismith, in the Orange Free State, 249 miles.

From Cape Town to Kimberley, the great diamond mine, the distance is 249 miles. The nearest towns to the Orange Free State border, on the railway from Cape Town to Bulwer, are 647 miles; to Mafeking, 870 miles, and to Johannesburg, 1,000 miles. From Cape Town to Bloemfontein, capital of the Free State, the distance is 750 miles.

But the distance to be covered before the point of disembarkation is reached is great, and the effect of such a long voyage is somewhat demoralizing on a body of landmen. The trip from New York to Liverpool is only 3,540 miles, and is made easily in eight days. The trip from New York to Cape Town, via London, is 11,245 miles, and occupies 25 days. Such a sea voyage, followed by another 1,000 miles or so by rail and foot would be trying on new recruits, and would compel caution in the forward movement until the men were in good condition.

Johannesburg lies almost in the center of the tract included in the hostile country, and is situated 5,635 feet above the sea level. Its large force of population is frowned up by a grim fort which overlooks the city and whose guns are ready to wreck it at the first sign of revolutionary movement.

The railway from Durban runs through a country that affords many excellent points for resistance, and the Boers by using Laing's Nek and other passes put themselves in a position that will force the British to accept battle at a disadvantage before an effective blow can be struck. Could Britain utilize the Delagoa Bay route, entrance to the Boer capital would be much easier. But it is not probable that arrangements to do so can be made at this stage.

Stories of serious disaffection and threatened revolution in Cape Colony should be taken with much salt. There are, of course, many Dutch settlers there, and it would be surprising if there were not Boer sympathizers among them. But the Cape people have enjoyed the blessings of British rule, and having had a taste of the rule of the Boers, they are not likely to crave for Boer domination. We shall be surprised if Cape Colony does not do its share along the border to make British work easier.

The great difficulties now faced may be thus summarized: Distances of transport; maintenance of communication with base of supplies; nature of the country to be traversed; elusiveness of the enemy. Every British soldier knows just what he is undertaking, and once in the work he will take that hereafter entrance to the Transvaal and Free State will be as easy as it is in any other part of the world where his flag floats—and that the government shall be as free.

STIRRING SCENES

In Old London—Princess Christian's Grief—Australians Cheered.

[New York Mail and Express.] Everyone knows that her venerable majesty has done her hardest to prevent hostilities, but even she has cheerfully allowed her grandson, of whom she is exceptionally fond and proud, to go to the front. I was myself present a few days ago when the Queen's third daughter — her Royal Highness Princess Christian — was bidding farewell to her handsome soldier son, Prince Christian Victor, a splendidly grown young man of 32, very much like the Duke of Connaught in features, and looking a most martial figure in his khaki uniform. The princess had her arm round his neck, and as they parted, she was smiling cheerfully at her son while it was plain to see that he had difficulty in stifling his emotion; but as the train rolled out of the station the royal mother could restrain herself no longer, and she entered her carriage sobbing bitterly.

The great scene of London enthusiasm, however, was the march through the streets of the hundred odd men forming the detachment of New South Wales Lancers, who have volunteered for service at the Cape of Good Hope. These men, preceded by the band of one of the regiments of Guards, marched on foot through the busiest streets of the city at one of the city's busiest hours. Enormous crowds of people cheered them as they passed from one end of London to the other. The lord mayor and his court, and the numerous lay and noble robes of office, were there, and at a special point of their route, and the people, admirably kept in order by the police, did all the rest. After the march was over, and finally to a long straggling Indian line. Even this line was continually broken by enthusiastic women, who insisted on embracing and kissing them, and, as is always the case on such occasions, the ugliest and dirtiest-looking women were conspicuous in their attentions to the departing soldiers.

Here and there a Lancer was hoisted on a shoulder and carried several yards before the police succeeded in rescuing him. One Lancer

near the Mansion House found himself unable to resist being placed on the shoulders of four stalwart fishwives from Billingsgate, and in the somewhat rough scuffle which ensued to restore him to his fellows, the poor fellow discovered that he had lost his watch. From a hundred thousand throats came the roar of the nation's cheering, and the Queen's "It is almost impossible to describe the way in which this now national song rolled in one huge wave of sound along the London streets. It was not only sung by thousands on the sidewalks, but also by the equally many thousands who thronged the windows on the myriad buildings and even the roofs, as the Australian heroes marched along.

In the Country In the Fall.

They are hauling in the buckwheat
From the field upon the hill,
And the swollen stream is roaring
O'er the dam below the mill;
The ripened nuts are falling,
And the hungry peacocks calling
For the breakfast that the gander
Grabbed away.

While the squirrels gaily chatter
If nothing were the matter,
And the gobbler's getting fatter
Every day.
The colts are in the pasture,
And the cows wind o'er the lea;
All the swaying limbs are naked,
Where the green leaves used to be;
The housewife, all a-flutter,
Stirs the bubbling apple butter,
With the wild smile in her nostrils
And her eyes;

On the line the wash is gleaming,
On the steps the dog is dreaming,
And above, a hawk is screaming
As it flies!
The glossy quail is resting
On the weather-beaten log,
And the huntsman from the city
Stumbles down through brake and bog;
Over roots and over boulders,
With a pair of aching shoulders,
He goes grudging with his fifty-dollar
gun,
Always to his purpose cleaving,
Never halting, never grieving,
But contentedly believing
It is fun.

The farmer's rosy daughter
Helps the busy hired man;
They are husking corn as blithely
And as briskly as they can;
They are very near together
As they husk and wonder whether
There are red ears they shall chance
to find, or not;
She is looking out to see one,
He is looking for her "tree one,"
But there doesn't seem to be one
In the lot.

A subtle charm enfolds them
As they tear the husks away;
There is music in the cackle
Of the hen up in the hay;
Now she leaves his exclamation
And is full of perturbation
For at last—at last—the lucky ear is
found!
Flushes mount into their faces,
He the happy chance commences—
And she giggles as he chases
Her around.

O the farmer's lot is happy,
And the farmer's dreams are sweet,
If there's money in his pockets
And his bins are full of wheat—
Free from all the city's clamor,
He may live a life of glamor,
And the leaves that fall serve not to
make him sad!
Having cleared up all his labors,
Fearing naught from ships or
sabres,
He plays checkers with the neighbors,
And is glad.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

TO BREATHE SYSTEMATICALLY

[Youth's Companion.] The supplying of oxygen is not the only function, although it is the most direct and vital one, of proper breathing. Thorough expansion of the chest insures the proper filling of the lungs with air, dilates all the minute air cells, especially those at the summit of the lungs, where motion is least, and where the seeds of consumption are usually first planted, and increases the circulation of the blood throughout all parts of these organs.

Still another effect of proper breathing is a beautifying one. The chest is broadened, the shoulders are thrown back, the figure is erect, and the carriage graceful. Perfect breathing is not natural to most men and women of sedentary occupation and indoor life. Like all good things, it must be worked for, and the work must be persevered in until full and deep respiration has become a habit.

The means of attaining this object are various, and cannot be exhausted here; but they are all based upon the principle of removing permanently every obstacle to the free entrance of air into the lungs. School children sitting at their desks, clerks bending over their ledgers, seamstresses at work with the needle or the sewing machine, typewriters, and all who when stooping as they earn their daily bread, should learn a stop from time to time, sit back in the chair, or rise, throw back the shoulders, and draw in ten or twelve deep, slow, insipid breaths for the breath for three or four seconds each time the lungs are filled.

These exercises, like breathing in general, should always be done with the proper channel for the passage to and fro of the air. A school teacher who will interrupt the studies once every hour through the session, and teach the class to do this breathing exercise, will be contributing more than she can realize to the future well-being of her youthful charges.

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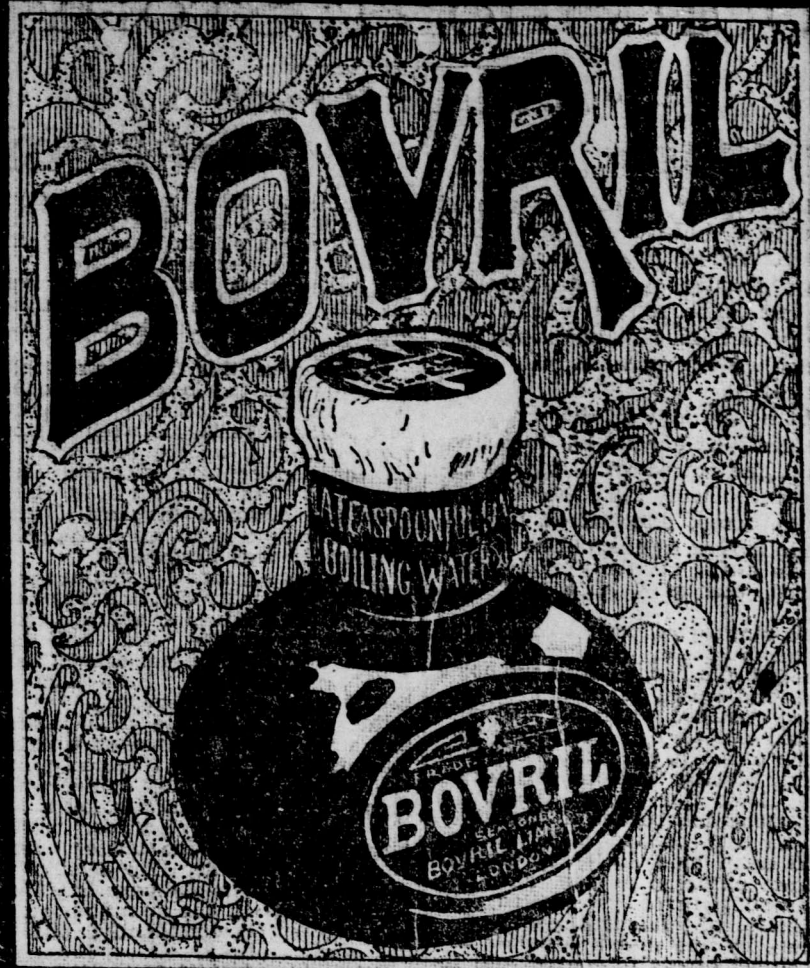
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Any attempts to settle the question of the Negro in the south by his removal from this country have so far failed, and I think they are likely to fail, says Booker T. Washington in the November Atlantic. The next census will most likely show that we have about 10,000,000 of black people in the United States. About 8,000,000 of these are in the Southern States. We have almost a nation of emigrants. Our black population is equal to the combined populations of Switzerland, Greece, Honduras, Nicaragua, Cuba, Uruguay, Santo Domingo, Paraguay and Costa Rica. When we stop to consider the connection with these facts, that the race has doubled itself since its freedom, and is still increasing, it hardly seems possible for anyone to consider seriously a scheme of migration from America as a method of solution. At one time even if the government were to provide the means, but a few hundred thousand could be transported each year. The population increase in population would more than likely overtake any number transported. Even if it did not, the time required to get rid of the negro by this method would perhaps be 50 or 75 years.

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