

OCEANS MADE TO ORDER

The Great Sahara Desert May
Some Day Be an Inland
Sea Again.

Engineering Feats That Would Alter
the Surface Aspect of the Globe
—No Great Obstacles.

[From the London Mail.]
Few people realize how completely
of late years the surface aspect of this
weakened old globe of ours has been
altered and improved.

The world of today, in fact, differs
from the world of our ancestors, much
as a society lady, in all the glory of
fashion and frill and furrow, differs
from her savage sister running wild
in pestiferous woods. As we have
transformed the one, so has it the other.

Only the "Mme. Rachas" who has
made the earth, if not exactly "beau-
tiful forever," at least a pleasant
and healthful place wherein to dwell, is no
charlatan with a dray load of cosmetics
and a glib tongue, but a civil en-
gineer, owning nothing more harmless
than a few mysterious looking instru-
ments and a measuring tape.

And the marvel of all this is—that
what has been done is but an infinitesimal
fraction of that which may, and
doubtless will, be done. The great Sa-
hara Desert, that mole upon the
world's face—will one day be but a
memory. It was an inland sea once.

It would not be a very difficult matter
to convert it into one again.
A canal sixty miles long, connecting
with the Atlantic the vast depression
which runs close up to the coast nearly
midway between the twentieth and
thirtieth parallels of latitude, would
do the business beautifully. The wa-
ter would not, of course, cover the en-
tire surface of the desert. Here and
there are portions lying above the sea
level. These would become the islands
of a new Sahara Ocean.

What would be the results that
would ensue upon the stupendous
transformation? Some would be good
and some bad. Among the latter may
be mentioned the probable destruction
of the vineyards of southern Europe,
which depend for their existence upon
the warm, dry winds from the great
African desert.

As some compensation for this, how-
ever, the mercantile marines of the na-
tions affected would be enabled to
gain immediate and easy access to
vast regions now given over to the
desert, and a series of more or less flour-
ishing seaport towns would spring up
all along the southern borders of Mo-
rocco and Algeria, where the western
watershed of the Nile sinks into the
desert, and on the northern frontier
of the Congo Free State.

In a similar manner the greater por-
tion of the central Australian desert,
covering an area of fully a million
square miles might be reconverted into
a gigantic atoll, and would
resemble, roughly, an oval dish, of
which the depressed central portion
would be covered with water, and only
the "rim" raised above it. In this con-
nection it may be interesting to note that
a company has actually been formed
for submerging the Yuma Desert in
southern California. The plan as at
present proposed is to carry out a tract
of absolutely uninhabitable territory,
comprising nearly 13,000 square miles,
and the greater portion of which lies
between 500 and 1,000 feet below sea
level, will be submerged.

A few Englishmen—known as "Little
Englanders"—still blame the govern-
ment for insisting upon the reconquest
of the Sudan. "A useless acquisition,"
say they. But capable judges believe that
it would have been little less than sui-
cidal to have allowed these regions to
have fallen into the hands of France,
for the simple reason that they are
now being converted into a base of
operations for the conquest of the Nile
at Abu Hamed of Berber—no very
difficult task—could at any time turn
all upper Egypt into a desert.

It has even been suggested that it
might be possible by turning its wa-
ters into one of the many lateral riv-
ers which run at right angles to the
present course of the river—to find a
new outlet for it into the Red Sea, and
to thereby convert it into a process of
time, that sheet of water into a great
fresh water lake.

To accomplish this it would, of
course, be necessary to build a giant
dam across the southern "neck" near
Perin, and to regulate, or rather stop
altogether, the inward flow of the Med-
iterranean through the Suez Canal—a
big task, but one not entirely impos-
sible of accomplishment.

The above are examples of big
schemes. There are many others that
might be mentioned, including, of
course, the Panama and Nicaraguan
Canals, and the French "war canal"
between the mouth of the Loire and
the Rhone, which, when completed,
will enable their ironclads to dodge
round behind Gibraltar when passing
from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean,
or vice versa.

But it is the comparatively little en-
gineering feats which have slowly but
surely altered in the past and will al-
ter in the future the face of the earth.
Even so small a matter, for instance,
as the proposed seawall at Southend,
will certainly deepen the estuary of
the Thames, and may conceivably do
away with the Goodwin sands.

A scheme was recently mooted to
cut a ship canal through the center of
Ireland, beginning at Dublin and ter-
minating at Galway. It would be no very
difficult feat to accomplish, for most
of the country through which it would
pass is flat and boggy.

But just consider the result. Ireland
would no longer be an island, but two,
and many of the best of Moore's mel-
ancholy would have to be rewritten. To
allude to "Erin's green isle" would be
a palpable misnomer. Even this, how-
ever, would be better than to have our
own "silver Thames" transformed into
a huge ditch, with "ocean greyhounds"
and "tramp" cargo steamers belching
smoke through Cliveden
woods or over Cookham village.

Yea, such an eventually as by no
means impossible, for it has already
been bruted to construct a ship canal
from Bristol to London by way of the
Severn and the Thames.

WHERE BIGGEST
ROSES BLOOM

On the Island of Trinidad Where the
Sisters of Charity Live.

One of the most interesting and
wonderfully conducted institutions in
the world is the great leper hospital
of the island of Trinidad, where lepers
from all the Windward Islands come
for treatment. I went to this institu-
tion in company with the surgeon-
general of the colony, and it is mainly
from him these facts are derived. He
had studied leprosy in India, and in
half a dozen English colonies.

The hospital consists of some half
dozen detached one-story stuccoed
buildings, set in the form of a square
around several acres of grass-covered,
tree-shaded lawn. One building is re-
served entirely for the sisters of char-
ity, who form the nursing corps of the
hospital, and this is backed by a gar-
den which they work themselves and
which is famous for its roses and
blossoming vines.

BRITAIN AND HER CHILDREN

W. H. Fitchett's Brilliant Letter
on British Imperialism.

Why the Colonies Are More Imperial-
istic Than the Mother Country—
The Colonial View of England.

W. H. Fitchett, of Sydney, N. S. W.,
in the second of his brilliant letters to
the London Spectator, strikes a strong
imperialistic note. His letter is as
follows:

To the Editor of the Spectator:
Sir—An Australian writer to En-
gland, mixing freely with men of all
shades of opinion, soon finds that he
has undergone a curious change of po-
litical climate. He is parted by some
subtle difference he can hardly define
or analyze from even those with whom
on most public topics, he is in sym-
pathy. He becomes conscious that his
political perspective, somehow, is un-
like those about him; his sense of po-
litical values is different. He sees the
political landscape from another point
of view. It may be worth while to look
at the politics of the empire, for a mo-
ment, through colonial eyes.

The typical colonial is certainly not a
"jingo" in the English sense of that
long-begging epithet. He is too much
occupied with the rough work of a
new land to have either energy or
imagination to waste on idle military
adventures. But the colonial has a per-
sistent, a most thorough type.
The "Little Englander" with his frost-
bitten imagination, his fatal want of
perspective, his mistrust of the nation-
al destiny, is to the colonial an un-
pleasant, and unintelligible figure. The
colonial, on the other hand, finds that he
proudly of England, and dreams
more nobly for her, than does even the
average Englishman. What explains
this strain of warmer-blooded imperial-
ism in the colonial mind?

Is it because the colonial is a more
imaginative and romantic creature,
less roughly chastened by experience,
and less familiar with the hard facts of
the world, than the average English-
man? No one will say so. The colonial
as a person, and either pure white or
blush color, and the bushes bloom so
profusely and continuously that it is
necessary now and then to take them,
roots and all, out of the ground to pre-
vent complete exhaustion of their
powers.

This garden and their musical in-
struments are their refuge and relaxa-
tion, for the sights they daily witness
are so distressing, so repulsive to the
nerves, that the superior frequently
requires them to abandon their work
for a few days and give themselves
up to music and gardening until they
are able to return to their duties.

Every few years they are sent away to some other duty
for several months for the same reason.
Many of the nurses have been here
more than ten years at work in the
hospital, and have never been back to
the island, the sign of contagion in one of
them. They observe the usual exqui-
site cleanliness demanded by their re-
ligious vows, and the superior takes
care that their physical condition is
carefully watched, but no other pre-
cautions are observed and they do not
seclude themselves from the world.

At the time of my visit there were but
two white men in the hospital, all the
others being negroes, Hindus, and
Chinese. The women's pavilion was
far more full, one patient being a vic-
tim to that horrible, grotesque form
of the complaint known as elephantiasis,
which made her like some night-
mare, or delusion of fever, yet she
seemed perfectly cheerful and happy,
and talked quite gaily to the sister,
who was apparently a great favorite in
all the wards.

Some leper children were in the same
ward; most of them as yet so slightly
affected that a casual observer would
not see evidences of the disease. I
pointed out, but they were languid,
and I did not venture to ask if the shade
of their dreaded inheritance had al-
ready blotted out all the sunshine
from their morning. The women who
were least affected helped with the
washing of the beds, and this occu-
pation seemed an eagerly sought
pleasure, the worst of the disease be-
ing the long years of helpless inactivi-
ty it entails.

A half-breed Hindu in one of the
wards whose disease had disfigured
him less than most, had evolved in his
long leisure a most ingenious tower
some five feet high, built of old cigar
boxes, half-used pencils, bits of wire,
and ends, including a broken clock
case, some of which he had begged
from visitors, more of which he had
rescued from the refuse.

Contained within this little room and
a winding stair, and was inhabited by
a pet gray rat, who, at a signal from
his master, would mount the stairs
and visit every room, ringing a bell
one, turning a wheel in another, pull-
ing a string which loosened a tiny
shower of water in a third, and dis-
playing all the triumphs of ten years'
patience and skill, to the infinite pride
and delight of his afflicted owner.

Most of the patients had no such re-
source, and sat in brooding indiffer-
ence and silence, the hopeless prisoners
of despair. The most terrible sight of
all was the ward for the dying. Here
all was the ward of slow disintegration,
where years of slow disintegration, were
brought the wrecks of time; their
bodies the "fifty fags" of flesh once
new and fair and clean. Faces here
were indistinguishable blurs; figures
were distorted, bones gnawed
away. Their misfortunes were so over-
whelming that there seemed no place
for ordinary sorrow.

THE INDUSTRIAL RECOVERY OF
ITALY.

There is no country in the world
which, by reason of its mountainous
slopes, its lack of energy of its rivers
and its scarcity of other fuels, can be
expected to profit more than Italy
by the development of electric power
by the utilization of its rivers.

Immense potential energy of its rivers
was harnessed. If Italy had early at-
tempted to substitute power derived
from her own waterfalls for that im-
perfectly and expensively supplied by
foreign coals, her present industrial
and commercial inferiority would
not be so humiliating. Possessing, as
she does, valuable deposits of iron ore
and copper, yet nearly all of this is
exported, while the manufactured ar-
ticles are imported, some of them from
the very countries which purchase the
raw material from Italy. If, there-
fore, electro-metallurgical processes
could be substituted for the older
methods, the current required could be
developed from the numerous water-
powers. At present the metallic in-
dustries of Italy come from America,
Sweden and England, but with a home
article in the market, produced by
Italian labor, the double freight
charges on exported raw material and
imported products would form a
natural protective tariff for the home
industry.—Enrico Bignami, in The En-
gineering Magazine for August.

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THE ARENA OF HISTORY?

Let her be judged by her relation to
inferior races.

She holds in trust, for example—do
take a concrete case—some millions
of European-skinned creatures. What
is her office to these? She does not
fill her pockets at their cost. She does
not wring tribute from them. She ex-
acts no unpaid toll. Amongst that pic-
turesque, chattering, quick-witted, but
shallow-natured, cast-off bit, the of-
ficial schoolmaster of a nurse. She
is the patient drudge and teacher of
civilization. The Englishman as he
stands in such a community is a pro-
saic figure, quite uncontent, like the
heroic figure of the world, and the
Roman, to make roads, and the
enforce order, and clear the jungle. But
he stands for higher ideals than the
Roman knew. He is the representative
of justice; he organizes; he makes
the patient and warden of freedom. He
slowly creates for the races he governs
new moral ideas; he lifts them up to
new moral levels. It is true the Eng-
lishman does admit to himself, that he
world, and he is not a community
like Ceylon. He goes to plant
coffee and make a fortune. But he
takes all these ideals with him. He
enforce them as a part of his daily
work.

What would happen if the English-
man and all he represents were suddenly
withdrawn from a community like
Ceylon? The jungle would re-emerge,
and the whole race would be a
Order would vanish. A whole race
would instantly relapse into a savag-
ery in which man's life and woman's
honor would be at the caprice of some
native chief. Would the men of any
other nation do the work he does?
Englishmen? In Africa, or the French in
Tonquin, or the Dutch in Java? The
continentals delight to paint the Eng-
lishman abroad as the most grasping
of human beings, the universal appli-
cator, a mean, selfishness set
in a bad light. And with that odd joy
in self-deprecation in which English
pride not seldom disguises itself, the
Englishman repeats and accepts this
misdescription of himself. But let the
plain facts be looked in the face. Eng-
land

DOES NOT PICK THE POCKETS
of her dependencies to fill her own.
She imposes no taxes; she suffers them,
rather, at the hands of her own col-
onies. In continental politics a depen-
dency is always a mere sponge to be
squeezed. But in the policy of England
towards her colonies and dependencies
we have an example of mag-
nanimous unselfishness as cannot be
paralleled in history. Now the accident
of its geography enables the colonist
to see the contribution which, in spite
of many hindrances, England makes to
the world's order and peace and hap-
piness. And so he is kindled to a pride
in his race and empire the home-born
Englishman does not always feel.

Do Englishmen, again, quite realize
how necessary the empire is to the col-
onies? It is usually the other side of
this problem which is considered. The
empire needs colonies, and the far-
stretching commerce which goes with
colonies. But the colonies need the
shelter of the empire, and they listen
with keen anxiety to catch the imperi-
alist note of British statesmanship. If it
grows faint, the outlook for the colonies
darkens. Take the case of Australia,
for example. Let your readers imagine
a population a little less than that
of London scattered over a continent
almost equal to the whole of Europe.
It is a continent of sunny skies, and
soft air, and clear landscapes; a land
of only half-known mineral wealth,
of wool, and wine, and wheat, and fruit,
and of innumerable flocks and herds,
and of everything. It offers such a
field for the growth of a new nation
as the world nowhere else possesses.
There is space for nearly three Italies
in New South Wales. More than three
counties like Austria could be packed
into Australia, three Spains into
Queensland, and more than three
France into South Australia. And this
whole continent is held in fee by a
handful of the English-speaking race.
We could not hold it for a day but for
THE SHELTER OF THE BRITISH
FLAG!

The "Little Englanders" are fond of
prophesying that if England were at
war the colonies, out of prudent re-
gard for their own safety, would "cut
the painter," and so disentangle them-
selves from the dispute. So far, how-
ever, the colonies persist in showing an
almost absurdly eager anxiety to share
in whatever war may be going on any-
where in the empire. But the colonies
are not so bankrupt of sense as not to
know that, if they ceased to be a part
of the empire, their national existence
would be instantly exposed to perils
new, near and most menacing. They
would have to buy a doubtful safety
at the cost of creating fleets and raising
armies, which they could not afford.
Interest in the imperial side
of British politics. We are directly con-
cerned that the fleets of England should
be strong and her statesmen resolute.
A "Little Englander" regime would be
a single general disaster.

COST ENGLAND HER COLONIES.
That circumstance would be for Eng-
land a misfortune; for the colonies it
would be a tragedy!
The colonist is, for many reasons,
less interested in history, and perhaps
less influenced by it, than the average
Englishman. For one thing, he has no
history of his own as yet; he is busy
making it. He is himself making a new
nation, so his imagination runs for-
ward with keen and questioning vision.
It has no temptation to run backward.
In the way the colonist is more in-
terested in the future of the empire
than the history-burdened Englishman.
And invariably the colonist cherishes a
proud, expectant, delighted faith in the
English empire of tomorrow. The hap-
piness of political independence, the gen-
eral hope, perhaps, the new friendship
into which the relations between Eng-
land and the United States have sud-
denly crystallized. There is no normal
treaty which the two branches of the
English-speaking race; there needs to
be no treaty; but their friendship
is a root of exhaustless strength to
both powers. It makes secure certain
great political causes to which both are
pledged.

Yet the POLITICS OF THE UNITED STATES
are a quicksand. Moods of national
feeling change there quickly, and are
change often for what seem absurdly
inadequate reasons. But England has
in her colonies of today half a dozen
potential Americanisms. Some who read
these lines will live to see Australia
with a population of twenty millions,
Canada, perhaps, with one of forty mil-
lions. Before the twentieth century
nations, the British empire more than the
British empire will be a planet-
girdling zone of great dominions, linked
by ties of pride and affection and of
material interest to the motherland,
the island seat of the race. That will
be the day when the empire more than the
closest alliance with the United States
could give it today. It will make tri-
umphant all the great political ideals
for which the empire stands.

The cynic may say that all this is
just a dream. It is the dream of an
ideal, is noble. It certainly fills the
chambers of the colonist's brain. And
if the dream has no other office, it at
least serves to flush his politics with
warmer tints of hope than he is always
able to discover in the politics of his
English friends. I am, sir, FITCHETT.

A TALE OF THE CAMP.

"It's no use talking," said Jack Hen-
derson, sitting down on the end of a
log, "this baking bread in a frying pan
is not the thing."

VICTORIA AS HOUSEKEEPER

The Queen's Kitchens and Their Man-
agement.

I am sure, says a writer in the Pall
Mall Magazine, very many of my read-
ers will be glad to hear that, notwith-
standing the enormous amount of busi-
ness with which she has to deal, the
Queen is to a large extent her own
housekeeper. The first thing every
morning a paper of suggestions is
placed before her, from which in her
own hand she orders the menus of the
day, both for herself and such of her
grandchildren as may be with her.

These menus are at once sent to the
kitchens, gardens and other depart-
ments concerned, to obtain the viands
required; and their contents duly en-
tered, together with the quantities of
materials used, in the books which are
kept in the royal kitchen. The Queen's
chief receives a salary of £500 per an-
num, and has as satellites four mas-
ter cooks, two yeomen of the kitchen,
two assistant cooks, two roasting
cooks, six apprentices and six kitchen
maids, besides pantries and other
lesser lights. In addition to the great
kitchen at Windsor there are the green-
room for vegetables, and the confection-
ery and pastry kitchen. This last is
a most important department, con-
trolled by a confectioner with six as-
sistants, and fitted in the most com-
plete manner. All her majesty's favor-
ite cakes, biscuits, pastry, etc., are
made here and sent by special mes-
sengers several times a week to the
various residences the court may be
staying at. All stores at Windsor are
under proper supervision, no materials
being served out without proper re-
quisition signed by the head of the de-
partment concerned. Not a bag of des-
patches can even be ordered for the
kennels unless on the proper printed
form. In fact, the whole vast estab-
lishment is practically as methodically
conducted as any great London busi-
ness. This method, which was evolved
by the majesty and the late Prince
Consort, out of the chaos which de-
scended from the days of George IV.,
entirely does away with waste, extravagance and the abominable perquisit-
e system, and moreover enables her ma-
jesty to exercise that wise control over
her finances which enables her to keep
the grandest establishment on relative-
ly the smallest royal income in Europe.

LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson
Cameron writes: "I was confined to
my bed with inflammation of the
lungs, and was given up by physicians.
A neighbor advised me to try Dr.
Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that
his wife had used it for a throat
trouble with the best results. I bought
a bottle of this oil, and used it, and
less than half a bottle cured me; I
certainly believe it saved my life. It
was with reluctance that I consented
to a trial, as I was reduced to such a
state that I doubted the power of any
remedy to do me good.

Twelve years ago one sailor out of
every 100, on an average, lost his life
by accident. Now the proportion has
been reduced to one in 250.

Comfortable Shoes.
This amount invested in FOOT
E.L.M. will make bad-fitting shoes
comfortable. It alleviates all in-
flammation, preserves the leather
and stops sweating and chafing.

25c at drug stores or postage paid
from D. A. Stott & J. R. Bowman,
ville, Ont.

Canadians
PACIFIC RY.

Harvesters Wanted

Manitoba and Canadian Northwest. Farm
laborers' excursions will be run from stations
in Ontario, Toronto and west, AUG. 22; east of
Toronto, AUG. 24; to the west, all stations
northwest, west and southwest to Moose-
jaw, Estevan, Bismarck, Dauphin, for
\$10.

Every passenger will be given a certificate,
which must be deposited with agent immedi-
ately on arrival at station where passenger
leaves the train. Providing conditions
of certificate are complied with, and on sur-
render of same properly filled out and signed
and payment of \$10, the original holder will re-
ceive ticket back to starting point. East-
bound journey must be commenced on or be-
fore Nov. 22, 1899.

Choice of routes—All rail, via North Bay; or
lake and rail, via Owen Sound.
Stop-over will be allowed at Winnipeg and
Brandon.

Special train leaves Toronto at 1:30 p.m. Aug.
22 and 24, via North Bay. Through colonist
specials will be run Toronto to Winnipeg.
Ask your nearest agent for pamphlet giving
particulars.

H. NOTMAN, A.G.P.A., Toronto.
THOS. R. PARKER, City Passenger Agent,
61 Dundas street, corner of Richmond.

WHITE STAR LINE
REDUCED FARES.

New York to Liverpool via Queensdown
"S.S. MAJESTIC, Aug. 23..... Noon
"S.S. ERITRAN, Aug. 30..... Noon
"S.S. TIBETON, Sept. 6..... Noon
"S.S. GERMANY, Sept. 13..... Noon
"S.S. CYMBRIC, Sept. 19..... 5 p.m.
"S.S. MAJESTIC, Sept. 20..... Noon

"Excellent Second Cabin accommodation
on these steamers.
Rates as low as by any first-class line.
Berths secured by wire if desired.

E. De La Hooke,
Sole Agent for London,
"Clock" Corner.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
Farm Laborers' Excursions

WINNIPEG and other points in
Manitoba and Assiniboia.
MOOSEJAW.....
ESTEVAN.....
BISMARCK.....
DAUPHIN.....
YORKTON.....
DOWAN.....

Good going from stations in Ontario, west of
Toronto, August 22, 1899.
East of Toronto, August 24, 1899.
Stop-over allowed at Winnipeg and west. But
tickets must be used to destination by August
21, 1899.

Every passenger will be given a certificate
which must be deposited with agent immedi-
ately on arrival at station where passenger
leaves the train. On surrender of this
certificate on or before November 15, return
tickets will be issued for \$10.
Special train leaves Toronto at 1:30 p.m. Aug.
22 and 24, via North Bay. Through Colonist
Specials will be run Toronto to Winnipeg.
Tickets and all information from agents of
Grand Trunk Railway, District Pas-
senger Agent.

M. C. DICKSON, District Pas-
senger Agent.

TWO LADIES TESTIFY.