

The Game of Empire.

Africa the Scene of a New Diplomatic Play, Rich Country of Morocco the Stake.

Longingly the world is looking for light on the darkness that presages despair. Is there no way out of the danger that is visting cloud-like over the earth? Is it true that the masses of men are to wage war in the 20th century as they did in every one of the 19th centuries? Is Roosevelt right in everlastingly pointing to war as inevitable? Is there anything in war worth having that we may not win or earn in peace?

It is hard to believe that it is wise to go on with the building of big ships, the training of armies, the warring armies down to the ranks of those who lead—and why not?—and the word war will not be heard. If, as in Rome's great day, Carthage and Hattin fight, if the kings and their sons or the generals meet, swords in hand, to settle, wars will cease.

But I stray from my purpose, Tuley I was thinking of Morocco's fate. I took to wondering what is to become of that curious country. Is it to be a bone of contention? Is Africa to see wars waged in its fields and hills as they were waged in its past? Is Europe's purpose in Africa? Is England to have the Congo? Is France to add Morocco to Algeria and Tunisia? Will Germany acquiesce? Will the world agree? Eager eyes in Paris and Berlin look along the coast of Morocco, thinking of the possibilities that lie behind. Is Morocco to end by being annexed to France? Will Germany sit in silence during the operation of annexation? What will the Moors say or do? Are they so degenerate and degraded as to allow all this to take place unopposed?

Back of that coast, in a land rich beyond words to picture, lies a people possessing a history unsurpassed for bravery, courage and intelligence. In its cities sat men who were wise in their way and day as were any in the West. They had the arts and sciences, a literature as romantic and wonderful as any ever seen or known. Fighters, too, were these people. At one time they had swept over Europe from the Pillars of Hercules to Poitiers in France. Indeed, but for the fighting prowess of Chas. Martel, on the battlefield of Tours, the Moors, master then of most of Spain, had spread their power over all Europe. How they fell and why they fell, must not detain us today.

Driven out of Europe by Ferdinand and Isabella, they entered Morocco on their way back to the hills and cities long held sacred, the cradles of the race. Morocco meant much to them in their exile, on their way. Its rich soil, its splendid almost ideal climate, the absence of enemies led to settlements on all sides. An end, undreamed of and undesired, was inevitable.

Better had it been for Bahadli and his race had they died in the ditches, defending their prophet's flag, under the crescent. The arts vanished, the sciences were neglected. Indolence took the place of activity; despotism took the place of a kind of religious democracy; caste, a curious kind of laminated society, neither serfdom nor slavery, and yet partaking somewhat of both, built itself, or grew as an ugly excrescence onto, or into the ancient social system. Down, down, down, over downward, step by step, the Moors descended, growing weaker and weaker as they divided off into fractions. For a long time they condescended or cruised as pirates on the Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts of Africa. The world paid them tribute, even England preferring to pay with gold what the sword should have secured.

It was Stephen Ducatur, under the American flag, that sent forth the first shot that was to begin the work of their destruction as pirates. His refusal to be led by the Barbary pirates led to armed resistance all along the line. It was seen that the pirates were so weak that resistance was absurd. As soon as the world saw how weak was the seething mass of Moroccans, it began to battle for a chance to annex their land. Eager eyes from the chancelleries of Europe followed every footstep of the hosts marching upon Fez.

Strangely as it may strike the reader, the English and Americans are regarded in Morocco as friends; the French and others as enemies. Our popularity, stemming to France and Germany, is the one thing the Moors most cherish, if they are not to disappear in the French or German maw.

France, once in Egypt, but beaten there and driven out by England, has had to be happy with Tunis and Algeria. Her cartographers and aspirants to statecraft tell her that the rich lands of Morocco, rivaling Egypt in many ways, surpassing it in some, would elegantly round out the Republic's African possessions. France in a frenzy of desire, conscious of Germany's determination to go on getting ready for the fight with England, forced the new Sultan to take sides with France. He, fond of English and Americans, hoping to hear the English lion growl or our Eagle scream.

Impossible indemities were de-

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula—as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes bunces in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

"Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since." J. W. McKinn, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

manded. France was to get a grip on the country that it could never get away from. Germany, at this juncture, possibly because of political pride, possibly as a bit of bluff, appeared on the scene. Why war was not waged then and there I have never been able to explain or understand.

The land is rich; the people are hopelessly degraded. France might make them a better and bigger people. What she did for Algiers and Tunisia she might do for Morocco. What England did in Egypt might be done just as easily in Morocco. Will the Crescent wane? Will the Cross ascend? The one has waned; the other France will not erect; to be now. The France that is to be, that is on the way, will. Till that time patience, political patience, is to obtain.

The country is hopelessly corrupt. In no way that nations work for greatness is Morocco worthy of a word. It has no literary aspirations, none in the sciences, none in law making, for here it is most degraded and corrupt. Its religion is a fanaticism. The arts have been forgotten. It lies hopelessly, if left to the followers of Mahomet. Its only hope is in a virile people, in policies for permanency, in progress and reform.

The land is large, rich, has large deposit of minerals, has a soil and climate very near perfection. It is bigger than either France or Germany.

Is it destined to cause a European war? Let us hope not. I honestly believe it will. As long as Germany has interests in its ports remaining open, and just as sure as France would shut them, it she gets a hold, as she did in Tunis and Algiers, just so sure is there danger of war.—J. O. Monahan in Catholic Messenger.

How to Tell Fresh or Stale Eggs.

(W. F. Pardue, in Canadian Farm.)

In summer when a large number of hens frequently steal nests outside of the poultry house, it is often desirable to be able to distinguish the fresh eggs from the stale ones when these hidden nests are discovered. The general appearance of the eggs will often aid in picking out the stale ones, as these will be badly discolored, particularly if they are more than a week old and have been lying where the sun and rains could reach them.

DETECTING STALE OR FRESH EGGS.

But to determine definitely whether the eggs are fresh or stale, they can be examined with a strong light or even by holding to the sunlight, after a little practice. The freshness of the egg is judged by the size of the air bubble, which is situated a little to one side of the large end in each egg. The air bubble is very small in a new laid egg, being barely large enough to be noticeable, but it grows a little larger each day, and in an egg that lacks considerably of being fresh, it will be as large as a quarter. By comparing eggs that have been collected from nests and known to be several days old, with perfectly fresh eggs, the difference in size of the air bubble will be readily noticed.

The contents of a fresh egg adhere to the shell when cooked, but the shell of a stale egg will peel off readily.

WHEN AT THEIR BEST.

Authorities qualified to know declare that eggs are at their best for food purposes twelve hours after being laid. Eggs from which the animal heat has not escaped are not fit for food, so we see that an egg can be too fresh as well as too stale. An important point to remember in preserving eggs for table use, is that they absorb the impurities and odors of their surroundings. For instance, a can of kerosene oil will so distinctly flavor eggs which are near by that they soon become unfit for use. Odors will also impair their flavor.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is the only emulsion imitated. The reason is plain—it's the best. Insist upon having Scott's—it's the world's standard flesh and strength builder.

The Leaning Tower of Pisa

The Leaning Tower of Pisa is one of the world's wonders, and thousands who have never seen Italy know it for a familiar thing. For this reason, and because, like all the things, it is a possession not only of the town in which it stands but of those who love art everywhere, the disquieting information concerning it which was made public last week must be received with very real concern all over the world. The substance of the news is that the lean has increased; to be precise, that whereas eighty years ago it leaned fifteen feet and a half an inch out of the perpendicular it now leans ten and a half inches more. There is danger, it seems, of its suffering the fate of the famous Campanile in Venice, its rival among the bell-towers of Italy, and one day tumbling to its foundations. They have stopped the great bells from ringing and are striking the smaller ones with a hammer lest tolling them should make the building sway to destruction. The history of its building is one of the romances of architecture. One Bonanno of the city began it seven centuries ago with the help of a German, a certain William of Innsbruck. While they were working on it the foundations slipped and the building was abandoned, standing unfinished like a second Babel for a hundred and fifty years. About 1340, just at the start of the Hundred Years' War in England, it was completed by Tomaso Pisano, the son of the famous Pisan sculptor Andrea. So is established the strange fact that the lean which has given it its fame, and gave Galileo an experimental station for his researches in dynamics, was accidental, and no part of the original scheme. Apart from its curiosity, it is a very beautiful piece of architecture—the crowning example, so the authorities say, of Southern Romanesque. It is strange and impressive to think of age gradually and imperceptibly increasing its inclination towards ultimate destruction, but perhaps the measurements on which the fear is based, made in 1329 by two English investigators, may be wrong, and the Tower is not falling after all. But, remembering the fate of the Campanile at Venice, which perished through neglect, the authorities are wisely taking precautions in time.—Manchester Guardian.

blown, pour into the shell a solution of corrosive sublimate, and shake it about so that it comes in contact with every portion of the membrane. To make fireproof mortar for stoves, etc., take two-thirds of the best lime and one-third of smith's black-dust, mix well together, and form into a stiff mortar with cold water. When set this mortar will be nearly as hard as iron.

If a light silk blouse has become slightly soiled, take it in hand before it gets really dirty. Heat some bran in the oven and rub the soiled part of the silk with this. The dirty part will speedily disappear, and the blouse look like new.

A very good way to warm up a joint of meat is to steam it in an ordinary potato or pudding steamer, allowing ten minutes to each pound if underdone; from five to seven, according to thickness, if well done. The meat will be very tender if recooked in this way.

Lemon juice will cleanse other things besides the skin. Copper may be cleaned by rubbing with a lemon skin and salt. It should be wiped at once with a cloth or camolis. Iron rust and ink stains may be removed from linen by rubbing with lemon juice and salt and then exposing the spot to the sun.

Do not throw away bones or leave them in the pantry till tainted; but as soon as the meat is all used crack up the bones, put them into a sack with cold water and a little salt, boil up, skim, and then boil gently for one and a half to two hours. Pour into a basin, let the stock stand until cold, and take off the fat. This makes good gravy or stock for soup.

To wash chamois leather gloves make a lather with a good brand of soap and water, adding a teaspoonful of ammonia to a quart of suds. When tepid put in the gloves and leave them to soak for a quarter of an hour. Then press them between the hands, but do not wring them. Rinse the gloves in fresh, cold water to which a little ammonia has been added. Press the worst of the moisture out by placing them in a towel. Dry them by hanging them in the open air.

Desert Riches.

The Pampas of Patagonia, famous for their sheep ranches, are great desolate deserts, sometimes level as far as the eye can reach, sometimes undulating in graceful monotony, and again a chaos of lava rock. A few swift, dangerous rivers have ploughed steep canons. In slighter depressions, where snow melts and water accumulates there are grassy meadows. Several hundred sheep were brought from the Falklands in 1877 to Punta Arenas and sheep raising was then introduced into the regions of the Strait. From this nucleus and shipments which followed the stormy Terraotia de Magellanes (of Chile) today carries perhaps 2,000,000 sheep.

Punta Arenas is its centre and base of supplies. To the north of the Strait, south of Rio Santa Cruz (Argentina), the littoral and contiguous river valleys support perhaps 1,000,000 more.

Thus this little lonely Strait settlement, the Mecca of southern Chile and Patagonia, is one of the great wool exporting ports of the world, shipping away on steamers three years ago over 15,000,000 pounds of wool with a commercial value of over \$1,500,000. In addition to this there was a sale of nearly 400,000 pelts. Thus sheep raising in these regions has become more lucrative than gold digging and more profitable than copper.

Although here in Southern Patagonia the few million sheep graze on some of the poorest land in Argentine territory, yet they go far toward piling up her enormous total of perhaps 70,000,000 head of sheep, making her first as an exporter of frozen meat and second only as a shipper of wool, justifying her maintaining in her beautiful capital the Central Produce Market of Buenos Ayres, the largest wool and hide market in the world.

It is easier to work than to play when the work is yours and the play is the other fellow's game.

A PUBLIC WARNING

We wish to warn the public against being imposed on by unscrupulous dealers who substitute with cheap and worthless preparations designed to be imitations of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, the wonderful Bowel Complaint cure.

Pharmaceutical concerns are flooding the market with these cheap and worthless preparations, some of which are even labelled "Extract of Wild Strawberry," "Wild Strawberry Compound," etc., but they dare not use the name "Dr. Fowler," in the hope that the public may be deceived and led to purchase them, thinking they are getting the genuine "Dr. Fowler's."

Are you willing to risk your health—perhaps even your life, to those no name, no reputation, likely dangerous, so-called Strawberry Extracts? Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has a reputation extending over sixty-five years, therefore when you buy it you are not experimenting with a new and untried remedy.

It cures Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera, Stomach Cramps, Seasickness, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Summer Complaint, and all Looseness of the Bowels.

Ask for "Dr. Fowler's" and insist on getting what you ask for. Price 35 cents. Manufactured and sold by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Our work is reliable, and our prices please our customers.

H. McMILLAN

HAD HEART TROUBLE

LIFE WAS A BURDEN MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS CURED HIM.

Mr. Alexander McKay, Port Phillip, N. S. writes:—"Seeing testimonials in the B.B.B. Almanac of how many poor sufferers had been helped by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I thought mine would not be an exception. I am a man of fifty-four years and have a family of five children. About two years ago I was a sufferer from heart trouble, and life was a burden to myself as well as others. I could not lie on my left side and sometimes I would nearly choke, and was very nervous and run down. My father, a very old man of eighty-five years, told me that he often heard people recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills to be a great cure so thought I would do no harm to give them a trial, but I had very little faith in them. My wife went to the store and got me two boxes, and before I had used the last of the first box I noticed a change, and before the second box was done I was cured and am a well man to-day."

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or mailed direct by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"She had three husbands." "Not at one time?" "Oh, no; just a case of progressive matrimony."

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

"Is he a great lawyer?" "Yes, he is quite an onion." "Why an onion?" "He moves the jury to tears."

There is nothing harsh about Lax-Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickness. Price 25 cts.

"Bill is all stuck up these days." "What over?" "He has a job in a glue factory."

St. Isidore, P. Q., Aug 18, 1904. MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LINIMENT, GENTLEMAN.—I have frequently used MINARD'S LINIMENT and always with the most gratifying results, and consider it the best all round Liniment extant.

Yours Truly, DR. JOS. AUG. SIROIS.

"I knew him when he hadn't a cent to his name." "And now?" "All he has is in his wife's name."

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria

Suitor—Sir, I wish to marry your daughter. Pater.—Take my advice, boy, don't. Suitor—But why? Pater.—I've just found signs of insanity in her. Suitor—Heavens! What makes you suspect it? Pater.—She says she wants to marry you.

Muscular Rheumatism. Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says:—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c."

Beware Of Worms. Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 50c.

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