EDITORIAL NOTES.

For several weeks there have been repeated disturbances and some fighting on the peninsula directly north of Hong Kong. This turbulence is due to the fact that the British have been making the first move to take effective possession of the 200 square miles of mainland leased to them for ninety-nine years by the convention signed on June 9 last. The convention declared that the wide peninsula facing Hong Kong should be entirely under British jurisdiction, except the native city of Kau-lung, which is less than five miles from the British emporium of the Orient. But when the British undertook, early this month, to avail themselves of their newly acquired extension there was a very turbulent protest from the villagers. Inflammatory placards were posted throughout the leased territory calling upon people to prevent the intrusion of the foreign devils. Mat sheds that had been reared for the accommodation of the British police were burned down and the erection of others was prevented. A few troops were sent from Hong Kong to protect the working force and their buildings, whereupon the villagers made bold to attack the soldiers, who, hesitating to shoot, were compelled to retreat, and the Chinese kindled more bonfires among the new mat sheds. Then one hundred British soldiers were taken around into Mirs Bay and landed on the neck of the ceded peninsula. With the British both north and south of them, the Chinese apparently grew more calm and thoughtful, and English newspapers were informed on April 5 that the disturbances had been insignificant and order had been restored. But in the past fortnight the peace has been repeatedly disturbed, and the latest news is that "the Kau-lung rebels have been defeated and many of them killed."

The peasantry did not initiate these disorders, but they were instigated by influential persons who had their own reasons for opposing the enlargement of the British colony. The grounds on which Great Britain demanded the lease of this considerable territory were that it was needed for the proper protection of the colony and also to provide room for commercial expansion, as the island of Hong Kong had become too cramped an area for the requirements of its immense trade. The soldiers of the Viceroy of Canton have co-operated with the British, and as they are now employing the sternest measures they will of course make a speedy end to the Chinese revolt. It is not difficult to discern the cause of this disturbance. The extension of Hong Kong takes from the local mandarins in the populous peninsula their control of some of the sources of official revenue, and thus impairs their opportunities for private gain. But they have thrived, and might continue to thrive, on the profitable privileges they have enjoyed even at Hong Kong itself, and they are too short-sighted to see that their opposition may result in curtailing the opportunities they still possess. The insurrection is a small affair, but in one sense it is important.

Will the recurrence of such episodes in the British or other foreign concessions in China lead one or another of the Powers to take effective occupation of their "spheres of interest?" The tendency seems to be in that direction in the Shantung province, where the Germans have occupied Ngantung-Wei Bay, south of their leased territory of Kiao-Chou, and have stationed troops at two points in the interior, a proceeding that a British correspondent at Pekin says is justifiable, "as it has been rendered inevitable by the powerlessness of the Government to maintain order and protect foreigners and mission property." Herr von Bulow declared in the Reichstag a while ago that it was Germany's duty to see that "her moral and material interests are not affected by the internal disorders in China." The movement of German forces inland and the intimation that this step is preliminary to the assumption by Germany of the administrative control of the province seem to indicate that the Germans are attending to their duty as defined by Herr von Bulow. The Chinese Government has been equally unable to prevent an attack upon the "moral and material interests" of Great Britain at Hong Kong. It remains to be seen what effect repeated assults of this sort upon rights accorded by the Chinese Government will have upon the attitude of the Powers toward the whole Chinese question.

A NEIGHBORLY NEIGHBORHOOD.

Mr. Goodheart, a suburban resident—Good morning! What can I do for you this bright and beautiful Spring morning?

First Neighbor—I noticed you hadn't begun making garden yet, and though I'd just drop over and borrow your spade.

Mr. Goodheart — Certainly — certainly. Here it is. Good-day.

Second Neighbor — How do, Mr. Goodheart? Will you let me have your hoe for a few minutes?

Mr. Goodheart—Y-e-s. Certainly.

Third Neighbor — Good-morning. I see Mr. Spinks has your spade and Mr. Finks just passed me with your hoe, and, as you can't do anything with a rake without a spade and hoe to break the ground, I concluded I might just as well drop in and borrow your rake. Thanks.

Fourth Neighbor—I see you are not making any use of your wheelbarrow, and——

Mr. Goodheart—I will need the wheelbarrow the moment I begin making garden.

Neighbor—Oh, yes, of course. But you can't make garden without a spade and hoe and rake, you know, and I'll rush back with the wheelbarrow quick, as I see the spade coming back. Thanks.

Mr. Goodheart—Now don't forget that I shall need this wheelbarrow just as soon as Mr. Spinks comes back with my spade.

Fourth Neighbor—Oh, I'll have plenty of time to get through with the barrow. Spinks told me he'd be busy with your spade for a month.

THE NAKED MAN'S PRAYER.

Hastings, England, has a free circus every day at noon. At that hour an old gentleman parades in the front garden of his fine residence, perfectly naked, except for a loin cloth, a turban and sandals. The turban and sandals blaze with jewels. He prostrates himself before a little pagoda, wherein squats an ugly idol with diamond eyes. There is always a crowd to watch these devotions. If one questions the old gentleman he answers testily: "What am I doing, eh? I'm praying for the conversion of this benighted land to Buddhism. That's what I'm doing."

IDOL WORSHIP.

Many, even poor, Chinese spend from 20 to 25 per cent. of their income in idol worship, which practically eats away their capital.

JACK—

Immediately the medicine-men sprang forward to him, the musicians set up a yell of triumph, and every Indian in the tepee began to shout at the top of his lungs. The terrifying noise was at its height when suddenly another squaw walked forward to the centre of the lodge until she stood directly beneath the opening. Behind her came four medicine-men bearing upon a buffalo robe an Indian who seemed to be dying. His pallid face as they laid him in the sunshine took on a more ghastly hue. The closed eyelids quivered an instant, but could not open. At sight of the dying man, the frenzied Indians ceased howling, and in the silence which followed, the Indian woman, standing motionless, the blazing sun beating down on her bare head and uplifted face and hands, began a mournful sort of chant or invocation to the sun and a prayer for the restoration of her husband to health. When she ceased speaking she sank down beside the man, but still held her eyes turned to the light. Yellow Wolf crawled over to her and whispered fiercely in her ear for an instant. A look of terror and despair settled on her face, and she turned her eyes for an instance on the white women, who, with pale and drawn faces, were watching her. Yellow Wolf sprang up with all the strength that was left in him, and facing the Indians, cried: "Do you think the Great Father will hear her or you while these evil spirits are with us? I tell you, Great Hawk will die. Do you hear?" he screamed. "Great Hawk will die, and if he does, it is the whites who killed him."

The Indian Black Tongue edged his way through the crowd to Yellow Wolf's side.

"It is true what Yellow Wolf says," he yelled. "Have they not given bad medicine to the Beaver and Yellow Wolf? And did they not try to give bad medicine to White Eagle? Only because he is all-powerful did he prevail. Can Great Hawk, who is ill and helpless, overcome these evil spirits?"

There was a fierce howl from the now half-crazy Indians. Some of them broke through, and would have leaped into the open space had they not been restrained by the older chiefs and the medicine-men.

Pretty Feathers stood up and waved his hand for quiet, but only a few of the howling, maddened Indians would listen to him.

"What are you doing?" he shouted. "Would you turn against the Great Mother's children? You are fools, madmen! Are you so fond of the guard-room, of the gallows? And have they not been our friends? Answer!"

Yellow Wolf stood up again.

"Friends!" he cried back scornfully. "friends! They are our masters. Pah! you old men are fearful. We young men ask but to fight, to kill. We shall exterminate them. We shall be free. Do they not bring trouble? Look at Gold Eagle, at the Sword. Look at the Beaver and Yellow Wolf, fallen. Listen," he cried in a penetrating voice that reached even the Indians farthest off, "listen! If Great Hawk does not die, I will eat my hot words—I will say that I, Yellow Wolf, knew not what I spoke; but if the Manito refuses to hear me, then shall we know that these whites have brought us trouble and evil and deserve death." He dragged himself forward, panting and screaming, and raising his eyes and hands to the sunlight, began a fierce, wild prayer.

The Indians, half crazy with excitement, scarcely knew what was happening. They looked irresolutely at their chiefs and the medicine-men, uncertain what was expected of them or how or why they were to act. They were in a state of supreme agitation and irresponsibility, when anything was possible to them. A silence, like the silence that falls on a mob just before the first stones are hurled, settled on the throng of maddened Indians. The little party from the detachment waited breathlessly, the women trembling and terrified, and even the men white under their tan. They fully realized how impossible it was to make any attempt at resistance, hemmed in, surrounded by five hundred half-crazed Indians. Five unarmed men with seven women to protect were helpless. Even had the men been armed it would have been madness to fire. Captain Eviston told himself that there was not a single ray of hope, that nothing short of a miracle could save them. He had kept the expedition so quiet that his soldiers, who alone could have aided him, did not even know where he was. And although he had spoken of possible trouble, in his heart he had no fear of it, and this uprising of the usually peaceful Indians came to him as an almost unrealizable shock. A lifetime of suspense was contained in that instant of silence. Captain Eviston turned to the orderly:

"For God's sake, Doyle, talk to them. Say something to quiet these fiends."

Doyle shook his head hopelessly.

"They wouldn't listen to me, sir," he said, "and, besides—"

His words were drowned in a half-smothered shriek of terror from Mrs. Eviston. Raising his head, he heard the quick rush of a pony's hoofs, and saw a narrow lane opening up through the dense mass of Indians, and far down it, uncertainly, miles off seemingly to his bewildered eyes, he saw a little bronco bedecked with painted feathers and scarlet ribbons, whom he had once, ages before, known as Nellie, making her way into the lodge, and on her back Jack, in all the glory of her Indian paraphernalia, casting cordial glances and nods to the Indians, first on one side and then on the other, flecking some particular friend lightly with her little whip, or calling to another familiarly and condescendingly as she rode through in triumph.

Mrs. Eviston laid her hand on her husband's arm. "Arthur," she said faintly, "Arthur—" She pointed to Jack, and her lips moved unintelligibly.

Doyle leaned down eagerly.

"For the love of 'Eaven, Mrs. Eviston," he gasped softly, "leave 'er alone. They won't touch 'er, an' she'll fix 'em—she knows 'em."

When Jack reached the center of the lodge, she reined Nellie in, aware all at once that she might be interrupting the proceedings, and a little puzzled at the strange and sudden silence. She looked about her, smiling brightly and fearlessly, though she was a trifle bewildered, and then down at the irresolute faces turned up to her.

"Satsi, nitsitaffiake!" "Behold, I am an Indian also!" she said gaily, pointing to her fantastic dress and feathers. Suddenly something seemed to give way in the crowd. With a roar of delight and childish amusement the mercurial Indians rushed forward to Jack, pouring into the dancing-circle and surging about her, laughing and clapping their hands.

"Ninspaupit!" she said magnificently from her lofty position on Nellie, and cracking her quirt to keep them at a proper distance.

Pretty Feathers came leaping and pushing his way to her through the crowd.

"Puksiput!" she called out delightedly to him. He was her special friend among the chiefs.

"Kitaipuksapato," he answered hoarsely; and reaching her side he sprang up behind her on Nellie. Standing upright on the astonished little pony, he called to the laughing, gesticulating, excited Indians.

"Behold," he cried, "here is the proof of the friendship of the Great Mother and her children for us! Here is the idol of the whiteman's heart, who comes among us, not as a stranger, but as one of ourselves, who loves us and talks the speech of the red man. She does not harm us, and therefore fears no harm. O fools! what would you have done? Yellow Wolf would have persuaded you to your death. His voice glided to your ears, and you listened. You would have broken the bonds of friendship with our Great White Mother and her sons. She has never broken them with us. The heart of the Indian has become bad. During the long winter he has dreamed evil dreams, and they would blossom into evil deeds under this fierce sun. His blood boils like the water which the Kootenais tell us springs up in their country. Fools! Listen to your wise men, not to the counsels of the young and foolish, such as Yellow Wolf and the Beaver. Be calm, and bid the sons and daughters of our Great Mother to go in peace and forget the evil thoughts of the Indian!"

He sprang down from the horse, and waving aside the now pacified Indians, threaded his way to Captain Eviston.

"Go in peace," he said, in his soft guttural English, hesitating over the unfamiliar words. And then he added rapidly in Indian to the orderly:

"Tell them to go quickly—now while my Indians are under the spell of this child whom they love. And tell them that it was she who saved them. Tell them that Pretty Feathers grieves for the evil his people would have done, and that, whether Great Hawk lives or dies, he and the other chiefs will hold a council to punish Yellow Wolf for his wicked words."

When they were all safely outside the lodge, Jack became more puzzled than ever. The Indians had acted strangely enough, she thought, but she could not understand at all why the young ladies were crying and the men white and silent, nor the unexpected and effusive affection of which she was suddenly the object. She disliked very much being kissed and petted and hugged by people who earlier in the day had paid so very little attention to her. Indignation at having missed the great dance, and fear that she had displeased her mother by coming without permission, were also battling together within her, and making her very miserable, though still unregenerate.

"I'm a naughty girl, I know," she began definantly, sitting up very stiffly on Nellie, "but I'm glad I came, 'cause you went off an' left me; an' I caught Nellie, an' I rode as fast as I could, but course I couldn't keep up in' like Bill an' Jim, an' now I've missed the dance—" Here she broke down and wept. "Next time you oughter take me—" Jack found herself unable to continue, because she was being hugged and having her tears wiped away simultaneously by seven excited and affectionate young ladies.

Pembroke walked over to Jack and stood beside her pony waving aside the women impressively.

"I promise you jolly well, Jack," he said solemnly, "that none of your people will ever go to another Indian dance without you, and as for myself, nothing that I can now think of would ever induce me to forego your company on such occasions."—Abbe Carter Goodloe, in Century Magazine.

The End.

HAT TRICKS BY M.P.'S.

Performances That are Given in the House of Commons Every Day.

That members of parliament should be allowed to wear their hats in the house has often surprised foreign visitors to the historic chambers, says the London Mail.

It is lucky for a great many members that the rules of debate, while demanding the wearing of a hat, make no provisions as to the character the headgear shall take. The obvious result is that the variety of parliamentary hats is wonderful and vast.

But it is not so much the character of parliamentary hats as the manner in which they are worn that is of interest. Some truly marvelous balancing feats are performed with hats during every session.

A. J. Balfour and the Duke of Devonshire can balance their hats on the bridge of their noses as if they had been weaned practicing the feat. The Duke of Devonshire is especially clever in this way, and it is very difficult to say whether he is not dozing peacefully behind the ample brim tilted over his nose.

It has been said that the leader of the house of commons deliberately sets a trap for his adversaries by pretending to sleep in the shadow of his hat brim, so they may fall into error and he can pounce upon them.

Another wonderful trick is that performed by Tim Healy, who balances the front brim of his hat upon the bridge of his pincenez in a way few men could accomplish the task. It is one of the unmistakable signs that trouble is brewing in the immediate neighborhood of Mr. Healy's seat. It practically amounts to an ultimatum to the government, one which the whips must not ignore.

GOING CAMPING?

Then You Want to Read These Few Hints on Outfits.

One of the most perplexing and important questions that confront sportsmen who intend to go on a fishing trip is that of camp equipment. The taste of primitive life in the byways of nature yearly coaxes thousands away from city life for a pleasant vacation with rod, reel and gun, and to such it is essential that the camp appointments be carefully considered.

The selection of the tent, general camp equipment and commissary department is often a source of much worry and doubt to the uninitiated.

For a permanent camp the wall tent is without doubt the most desirable and serviceable. It is roomy, cold, easily set up, and affords a good shelter in all kinds of weather. It is good policy to use a fly with it, as it tends to anchor it more firmly, and makes a double protection in bad weather. The free circulation of air between the tent and fly covering makes it cooler in hot weather. If a camper improvises his own bed he will be wise if he makes sure that a good stout rubber blanket is included in his outfit.

Good woolen blankets should be carried along, because cool nights are frequent even in midsummer. When not used as a covering they help to make a bed of boughs softer and more comfortable. All things ornamental, but not useful should be left at home, They will only be in the way. The culinary arrangements and equipments of a camp demand attention, and open a field for originality and argument.

NICKNAME SAVED HIM.

His name is Percy Algernon, said the girl in the car to her chum. Pretty, aint it? But, then, it's kind o' soft-like, too, don't you think?

Kind o', said the other girl. I like Bill, or Jim, or something like that, myself. Never knew a Bill or Jim yet that wasn't reliable. I hope Percy Algernon'll prove to be nice, but I think his name, is awf'ly against him, honest I do, Min.

Then the other girl looked thoughtful for a couple of blocks.

Oh, but he told me, she said suddenly then, that the men down at the store call him "Spud."

Then you needn't worry, was the consolatory reply. He's all right, and thus it was settled that Percy Algernon would do.

WILLING.

Dismal Dawson—Lady, could you help a poor man out of his troubles?

Mrs. Fearse—Why, certainly. Just wait till I get the ax.

DIFFICULT CHINESE LANGUAGE.

Inevitable Blunders of a Foreigner in Speaking Chinese.

The oldest spoken language now existent upon the earth is the Chinese. It has an enormous list of words—the estimate of the number of characters ranges from twenty-five thousand to two hundred and sixty thousand. The language has no alphabet. Each character represents a complete idea, and corresponds, practically to the English word. It is written in columns from top to bottom of the page, and from right to left. A Chinese book ends where an English book begins. Writing is done with a fine camel's-hair brush and india ink.

The lack of an alphabet and the number of characters make the labor of learning to read Chinese burdensome. Each character must be learned by itself. When the student has mastered five thousand characters the succeeding thousands must be learned in the same way. Those which he has mastered furnish no assistance to learning the others, save as practice may have given him a certain quickness in perceiving the peculiar form which distinguishes each character from its fellows.

The grammer of the language is so simple as to be almost non-existent. The same word serves indifferently as a noun, a verb, adverb or adjective. Moods, tenses, persons, gender and number are lacking; there are neither conjugations, nor declensions, nor auxiliary verbs. The few Chinese who have attempted to master the English tongue regard its grammatical construction as clumsy and full of pitfalls.

The Chinese characters give no clue to the pronunciation, and no amount of book study will enable a foreigner to speak the language. That ability must be acquired from the lips of a living teacher, assisted by months of drill, a quick ear, and great flexibility of the vocal organs. Even the most faithful effort fails to enable many foreigners to speak Chinese correctly.

Chester Holcombe, for many years interpreter to the United States Legation at Peking, from whose interesting book, "The Real Chinaman," we have copied, relates

SEVERAL ANECDOTES

illustrative of a foreigner's almost inevitable blunders in speaking Chinese.

Mr. Holcombe once heard a venerable missionary address the Deity in prayer, before a crowded Chinese audience, as "O Thou omnivorous God." He meant to say "omniscient," but used an aspirated instead of an unaspirated ch. Another missionary saw with astonishment the audience hurriedly leave his chapel, in response to what he thought was an invitation from his lips to them to be seated. An aspirate had turned the supposed speech of welcome into the information that they had made a mistake in entering the chapel.

In Chinese the tone in which a word is spoken determines its meaning as much as the sound does. For instance, in Chinese a man ceases to be a man if you change the tone of the voice in uttering the word, and may become a disease, a nightingale, or a carrot. One tone, and one only, expresses man. There are four of these tones in the standard or mandarin dialect—a high-keyed explosive tone; a rising tone; a curving inflection, and a falling inflection.

The sound "man," if uttered in the first tone, means brazen-faced; in the second, to hide; in the third, full; and in the fourth, slow. These four tones are the occasions of absurd blunders.

A missionary once informed his audience that the Saviour, when on earth, "went about eating cake." He intended to say, "healing the sick," but an aspirate wrongly placed changed healing into eating, while an error in tone made cakes out of the sick.

On one occasion, when Mr. Holcombe was the host of a large dinner-party, he ordered his Chinese butler to supply some small article that was not on the table. The man seemed puzzled, then went out, and returned with the kitchen upon a tray. The host had placed an aspirate where it did not belong.

At another time, the cook was told to buy one hundred "ladies' fingers" for an evening party. Two hours later he entered the courtyard of the American legation riding upon the shaft of a Chinese cart, and reported that he had been able to buy in all Peking only sixty-fou "ladies' fingers." "Why did you hire a cart?" he was asked. "To bring them home — they weigh five or sx pounds each."

Instead of tiny strips of sponge cake to be served with ice-cream, he had brought sixty-four fresh ox-tongues. A wrong tone of his master's voice had done the mischief.

A SERIOUS TIME.

A QUEBEC FARMER SUFFERED FOR NEARLY TEN YEARS.

Had the Best of Medical Treatment, and Tried Hot Springs Without Receiving Benefit—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him.

Mr. John Story, of Maryland, Pontiac Co., Que., is well known to all the residents of that section, and his cure from an unusually severe attack of rheumatism, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, after all other remedies had failed, has, if possible, added to the popularity of this favorite medicine. Mr. Storey gives the following statement of his suffering and cure. He says:—"Some ten years ago I was engaged in railroading on the Lake Superior section of the C.P.R. I was exposed to all kinds of weather, and as a result sustained a severe attack of rheumatism, which all but crippled me, and from which I suffered much agony. I spent more than a hundred dollars on doctors, and for medicine, but was gradually getting worse and finally had to quit work. At this juncture the doctor told me that he did not think medicine could cure me, and advised me to go to some hot springs. I took his advice and went to the Harriston Hot Springs, in British Columbia, where I remained for eight weeks under the care of the house physician, but experienced no benefit. I then went over to Tacoma, and took a course at the Green River Hot Springs, but with no better result. Completely discouraged I returned to my home in Quebec, and went to farming, but the rheumatism bothered me so much that I could scarcely do my work. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were recommended to me and I decided to give them a trial. After taking a few boxes I found they were helping me and I continued their use until I had taken sixteen boxes, by which time every vestige of the trouble which had bothered me for years, and had cost me so much money, had disappeared. It is now more than a year and a half since I discontinued the use of the pills and during that time I have not had the slightest symptom of the trouble, which I regard as the very best evidence that the cure is permanent.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions, and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

Protect yourself against imitations by insisting that every box you purchase bears the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not have them they will be sent, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"The Mill Cannot Grind with Water That's Past."

This is what a fagged out, tearful little woman said in telling her cares and weaknesses. Her friend encouraged by telling of a relative who had just such troubles and was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The little woman now has tears of joy, for she took Hood's, which put her blood in prime order, and she lives on the strength of the present instead of worrying about that of the past.

Humor—"When I need a blood purifier I take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cured my humor and it is excellent as a nerve tonic." JOSIE EATON, Stafford Springs, Conn.

Erysipelas Sores—"After scarlet fever a running sore was left on my nose. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it cured me. My brother was also relieved by it of erysipelas in his face." ELLA COURSER, Burden, N. B.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

TWENTY GLASSES OF TEA A DAY.

That Is Not an Unusual Number for a Russian Peasant to Drink.

Among the few things for which Russia deservedely enjoys a creditable and universal reputation, Russian tea doubtless occupies a prominent place, both on account of its quality and mode of preparation and consumption. In the first place there is no such thing as Russian tea in the literal sense of the world. It is entirely an article imported from China, which country will probably continue for a long time to be chief source of tea supply for the Russian markets. Tea in Russia is very dear, but that is due to the heavy expenses of transport and custom duties. The Russians drink enormous quantities of tea, sufficient to frighten any foreigner.

The poor people—and, alas! the Russian people are the poorest in existence—use the so-called "brick" tea. This is the cheapest sort, being mixed with the stems and compressed by some adhesive gum into dry cakes of various sizes, resembling in its outward appearance plug tobacco. This tea, which would probably prove poisonous to anyone else, is consumed by the Russian workingman at the average rate of about twenty stakans, or tumblers, a day; the Russian stakan being quite equal to five of the little thimbles of cups used at our afternoon teas. Indeed, a Russian won't be satisfied until "the seventh perspiration breaks out," according to the popular saying. Taking into consideration that black, sour or bitter, brick-like bread, raw onions, garlic, dried leather-like fish and strongly salted herrings are usually the

CHIEF ARTICLES OF FOOD

of the people at large, one must not wonder at the enormous quantity of hot tea needed to still a Russian thirst and help on his digestion.

Of course, it is not the "brick" tea as used by the poor moujik that enjoys a world-wide reputation, but that in use among the middle and upper classes. In such households tea at the price of $1 per pound, 0.90 of the English pound avoirdupois, is quite an ordinary thing, while in wealthier families $2 per pound is frequently paid. There are choice sorts of teas which are sold even at $15 per pound, but of these only a few leaves are used to add an extra delicious aroma to the ordinary tea. Thus the high quality of the tea itself brought overland and most carefully packed, is the chief reason of its superiority over the teas in use in Western Europe.

But apart from the tea itself, the Russian method of preparing it goes a long way to contribute to the high taste of the beverage. In this process the famous "samovar" plays the principal part, and a word or two of explanation will not be amiss. The "samovar" is the utensil used only for boiling the water. They are usually made of brass or copper, but there are also silver samovars, the inside being lined with another metal. In the middle there is a kind of chimney or fire receptacle, around which fresh cold water is poured into the samovar. Burning charcoal or wood is thrown into the chimney, and it usually takes about a quarter of an hour before the water begins to boil, this being announced by a volume of steam from under the cover. Then the boiling water is poured upon the tea in the pot, and the latter placed on the top of the samovar to keep warm, as teacoseys are unknown in Russia. The infusion is made very strong, but only about a fifth or quarter of a glass is filled with it, the rest being filled up with boiling water. A slice of lemon or milk is added according to taste.

Topics of the Day.

Every one is suprised at the rapidity and efficacy with which Nerviline—nerve-pain cure—relieves neuralgia and rheumatism. Nerviline is a specific for all nerve pains and should be kept on hand by every family.

Waggles—There is only one thing as hard to find in this world as the north pole. Jaggles—What's that? Waggles—The fellow who gets lost searching for it.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

PLACING THE BLAME.

Yes, sir, exclaimed Mr. Spiffins, speaking of his wife, that woman has made a fool of me.

That was the way of it, was it? replied Mr. Snaggs, I always had an idea that you were self-made.

Silica Poultry Grit is the best digester in the market LAURENTIAN SAND & GRAVEL Co., Montreal.

Yes, that's the bride. Very young, isn't she? Nineteen, I believe. Who are those middle aged women with her? Those are her unmarried sisters. She's chaperoning them.

For Over Fifty Years
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

What's worrying you, Harry, dear? I'm afraid I'm not worthy of you, sweetheart. Oh, well—keep on worrying.

LUBY'S Sold by all druggists. Given new life to the Hair. It makes it grow and restores the color. 50c. a bottle.

LACKS OPPORTUNITY.

You don't seem to have much to say about domestic affairs.

You are mistaken, sir. I have a good deal to say, but I never get a chance to say it.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

He Is Not Eager for War, But Is Busy Planting German Colonies.

The German Emperor, unless all signs fail, will not be a disturber of European peace. He is his own master and is not under the influence of ambitious soldiers, many of whom would gladly accept even a slight provocation as a reason for a war with Russia, France or England. His self-restraint is remarkable, armed as he is with tremendous resources of power. He is intent upon maintaining German military prestige without quarrelling with any foreign power or striking a blow.

The empire was never so well prepared for war as it is now. Both the cavalry and the artillery have been greatly strengthened since the campaign with France. Thoroughness is the chief German virtue. Every practical detail has been mastered by the general staff in its preparations for scientific warfare.

These military measures are defensive, for Germany has nothing to gain from any great campaign on the continent. The emperor has aimed to enlarge his colonial possessions, to strengthen the German navy and to open new markets for the merchants of Hamburg and Bremen.

His methods have sometimes seemed meddlesome, but his motive has been clear and reasonable. The Germans have shown themselves to be thrifty and successful settlers in other foreign lands. The emperor has wished them to do under their own flag what they have done under foreign flags. He dreams of a Germanized Asia Minor and a circle of prosperous colonies around the world.

In carrying out this general policy he has acted like an energetic trader, whose eyes were open to the main chance. In Africa, China, Asia Minor and the South Seas he has either been obtaining concessions, or planting colonies, or watching for opportunities. He has been ready to pick up anything in the form of territory or of commercial advantage which has come in his way.

Neither Americans nor Englishmen are justified in complaining of the emperor's colonial policy. Germany has the same right to a share in the world's trade which they claim for themselves. The emperor's methods are sometimes aggressive, but the general trend of his policy is pacific.

FALLS ARE WEAK.

Niagara is a Pigmy Compared With Dodd's Kidney Pills.

No Kidney Disease is Dangerous if Dodd's Kidney Pills be Used—Mr. J. B. Jones is a Living Proof of This.

Niagara Falls, Ont., May 15.—The Falls of Niagara are a stupendous power for the welfare of mankind. But, right in the midst of our quiet pretty place, another power a million times greater has been at work recently. Niagara Falls have destroyed scores of lives. With all their power and grandeur, they never saved one life. The other power we refer to has saved thousands of lives—it has never destroyed one. This power is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Let one of our most respected citizens tell what Dodd's Kidney Pills did for him. He says: "I have suffered for seven years with Bladder and Kidney Disease, and tried in vain to find a remedy that would cure me, until I providentially heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills. So highly were they recommended to me by a friend who had used them, that I bought three boxes at once. I am happy to say I didn't need to buy any more. Those three boxes cured me.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Diabetes also. Therefore, I contend, I have good reason to sing their praise. I shall never cease doing so—John B. Jones"

Niagara Falls, with the strength of a billion of giants, could not relieve Mr. Jones of one twinge of pain. Dodd's Kidney Pills banished all his pains for ever. And, even as they cured Mr. Jones, so will they cure any person who suffers from Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Lumbago, Bladder, and Urinary Diseases, Diseases of Woman, and all other Kidney Complaints.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes $2.50, or will be sent, on receipt of price by The Dodds Medicine Company, Limited, Toronto.

IT WAS ALL RIGHT.

Well, I'll be blowed!

While not an elegant expression, it was certainly a forcible one. It was used correctly, too, on this occasion.

It was a deflated tire which spoke.

NO WHEELS IN TURKEY.

It is considered a heinous offense to ride a bicycle anywhere near the city of Constantinople.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

A Query Answered.

Anxious questioners ask, "Is there no sure cure for corns?" We are glad to be able to tell these sufferers that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor will relieve them in a day, and extract corns without pain. It never fails.

There are fifty thousand muscles
In an elephant's trunk, they say;
Yet the poor brute never swears a swear
As he packs it day by day.

"Pharaoh 10c." Pagnuelo, Granby, Que' Cigar Manufacturer.

TRUE PROPHECY.

Mrs. Peck—I don't seem to be at myself to-day.

N. Peck—In which case, it is safe to presume, you will soon be at me.

Hotel Carslake, European Plan. Rooms from $1 a day up. Opp. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake & Co., Prop's.

I saw you waltzing around your lawn this morning. Excuse me, that wasn't a waltz—it was a hose reel.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Jones got broke of walking in his sleep. How? His wife made him carry the baby.

People don't take long to find out the merits of an article. Ask your friends what they think of Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

Everyone appreciates a cup of good TEA. .....USE

LUDELLA CEYLON—IT'S THE BEST. Lead packages. 25, 30, 40, 50 & 60c.

Conboy's Improved Carriage Tops

RECEIVED THE HIGHEST AWAR AT THE WORLD'S FAIR 1893.

Conboy's Patent Roller Tops have met with such universal favor that other manufacturers are now making inferior imitations and selling them on the reputation the Conboy Tops have made. Do not be hoodwinked by any person who recommends an inferior make to be just as good.

The Conboy Roller Tops are as near perfect as skilled workmen can make them.

When you order your Buggy, stipulate with your carriage builder that it is to have a genuine Conboy Roller Top, as imitations are never as good.

THE QUEEN'S PICTURES.

It is calculated that 10,000,000 photographs of the queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales are produced annually, and find ready sale all over the world.

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CALVERT'S
Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. Their regular use prevents infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply. Lists mailed free on application.
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TORONTO Cutting School offers special advantages to all desirous of a quick, thorough knowledge of Cutting and Fitting Gentlemen's Garments. Write for particulars.
113 Yonge St., Toronto.

ONE NIGHT Corn Cure. Ask your druggist for it. Price 10c.

Baking Powder. Formula to make it at small cost. Equal to the best. Formula sent for 12c. in stamps.
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COMMON SENSE KILLS Roaches, Bed Bugs, Rats and Mice. Sold by all Druggists, or 581 Queen W. Toronto.

CUTTING SCHOOL.—Tailors and Dressmakers, send for catalogue. C. & D. SCHOOL CO., Montreal.

LAW Mills, Mills & Hales Barristers, etc., removed to Wesley Bldgs., Richmond St. W., Toronto.

Rheumatism—Cure assured in 24 hours. Free specific, sent by mail on receipt of $1. DR. ROUBY, P.O. Box 385, Montreal.

Catholic Prayer Books, Rosaries, Crucifixes, Scapulars, Religious Pictures, Statuary, and Church Ornaments. Educational Works. Mail orders receive prompt attention. D. & J. SADLIER & CO., Montreal.

HARRIS Buys Scrap, LEAD, COPPER, BRASS. Wholesale only. Long Distance Telephone 17.0. WILLIAM HARRIS, 1 Front St. East.

Wanted At Once. Improver to coat-making trade. Will pay well and smart young man will be given a chance to learn cutting. Write C. W. BUNTS & CO., Toronto

AGENTS.
Intelligent woman wanted in every town to demonstrate "Taggett's Perfect Skirt Supporter and Waist Fastener" (Canadian patent just granted) attached to corset it connects waist, skirt, and underskirt keeping all in perfect position. Impossible for skirts to sag or shirt waists to work up. Commission or salary. References required. Samples mailed 25c.
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