

BOER FARM AT PARIS

Chief Feature of the Transvaal Exhibit at the Exposition.

Faithful to the Original Model Near Pretoria—The Boer Inmates Are Absent, But Their Rifles and Big Felt Hats Show That They Are Not Far Distant—Gold of the Transvaal.

One of the most interesting features of the Transvaal exhibit is the Boer Farm, a modest structure copied with scrupulous exactitude from the original near Pretoria.

The roof is of turf, the walls of porous stone, the windows are narrow and the doors low. There is no flooring in the interior and the threshing floor is of soft earth, into



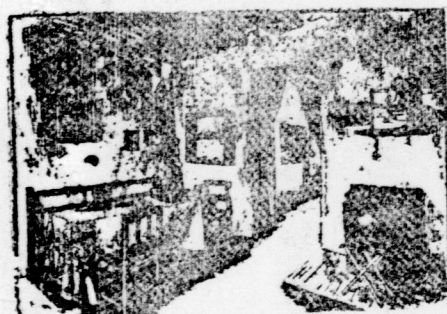
BOER FARM AT PARIS EXPOSITION.

which the foot of the visitor sinks at every step. There is no ceiling. The slanting roof is supported by the exterior walls, and all the rooms have bare rafters where the ceiling is usually found.

The entrance door opens into the sitting-room, or common hall, furnished with a table covered in gray linen, chairs, stools and a sofa covered with crossed strips of leather, a harmonium, a cuckoo clock and a dresser. On the table is an old Bible, the Bible of the States General brought from Europe at the time of the emigration, bound in calf, with ornaments of brass. Near to the Holy Book is a loaf of black bread. Fastened to the wall, among some chronos, and with a bow of crepe at the corner of the frame is a portrait, cut from a French illustrated paper, of Colonel Villebois-Mareuil, who died in a battle near Boshof while fighting for the Boers. Does his portrait adorn many Boer farmhouses? One may doubt it; but it was a touching and a graceful act to put it in the sitting room of the Boer Farm at the Exposition, above the old harmonium.

Behind the sitting room is the kitchen, where a heap of cold ashes marks the entrance to the door of the furnace. We look for the inhabitants, for the careful housekeeper, for the grandfather who should be seated at the corner of the hearth.

The dwelling does not give us the impression of being deserted. Doubtless the farmers who live here are out for a while, working in the fields, or they are hunting or at war. But no, they have simply gone into the



BOER SITTING ROOM AT PARIS EXPOSITION.

fields, for here are their rifles and the big felt hats which they wear when on expeditions at a distance.

At the right are two little rooms where the young people sleep, among a mass of agricultural implements, harness and sacks of grain. At the left is a chamber somewhat better furnished, that of the head of the family. The bed, larger than that of the other rooms, is adorned with cotton print curtains.

Close to the door of the farm house is placed, evidently by deliberate design, a lofty pyramid of gilded plaster, which represents the quantity of gold extracted from the mines of the Transvaal from 1884 until the outbreak of the present war with England. At the foot of this pyramid is a little gilded cube, representing the volume of 1,000,000 francs in pure gold.

Passing before the yellow and brilliant pyramid, whose apex is hidden in the branches of the trees, we come to another pavilion of the Transvaal exhibition—that of the gold mines. Here a great noisy wheel is turning all the while, and steam hammers rise and fall, amid the trickling of water and the running of rough sand. In a room at the side we see a rose-colored pun-



BOER BEDROOM AT PARIS EXPOSITION.

gent smoke arising from white-hot crucibles. All the operations of gold mining and refining take place before our eyes, and each stage of the process is explained to us by men experienced in the work.

Nine hundred tons of gold ore, coming from 77 mines in the Transvaal now being worked, have been brought to Paris for the Exposition. Half of it has been used in covering the floor and the galleries of the subterranean gold mine; the remainder is being worked under the eyes of the public and will yield \$6,000 worth of gold.

Spider's Web Extraordinary. Ceylon is the home of the largest spider in the world. This web-spinning monster lives in the most mountainous districts of that rugged island, and places his net, measuring from 5 to 10 feet in diameter, across the chasms and fissures in rocks,

PRINCE TUAN OF CHINA.

Sketch of China's Great Reactionist, Who Heads the Anti-Foreign Manchoo Nobles and Army.

Prince Tuan, who is said to be at the head of a big army in China, is one of the most conspicuous figures in that much disturbed corner of the earth. Chinese conditions are almost hopelessly complex to an outsider, but there are a few general facts which are easily apparent.

One of these is that Prince Tuan, although closely connected with the imperial government, is at the head and front of the movement which is spoken of as a revolution. Technically he may be a rebel, but actually he is in sympathy with the plans of the old empress dowager. It is the anti-foreign sentiment which has united China and which has caused the Manchoo and Tartar to forget for the time some of their differences.

Prince Tuan is the most notable of the Manchoo, and the Manchoo are reactionists to a man. They believe in severing all foreign concessions, of revoking all foreign concessions and of shutting every port to the hated "foreign devils." The revolt is not against the empress, but against the high imperial officials who have forced her to grant concessions to foreigners.

The great Chinese officers like Li Hung Chang, the only Chinaman in 24 centuries who has held the highest post in the empire, believe in Chinese ideals, but deem it possible by learning from the west to give these ideals a new life.

When the Manchoo emperor, Kwang-Su, in the summer of 1898, adopted these Chinese reform views, he was promptly seized by the great Manchoo nobles. This was on Sept.



PRINCE TUAN.

22, 1898, and he has ever since been a powerless prisoner.

This party had as its leader Prince Tuan, then one of the chamberlains, a post which gave him control of the palace and the emperor's person. An anti-foreign policy was adopted, and six great Chinese officials were executed, while scores were removed. This anti-foreign policy, thanks to the divisions of the powers, met with a complete and unexpected success.

The next step was the reorganization of the army and the appointment of Manchoo to all the high places of the empire. At the opening of the current year all was ready for the next step, and Jan. 24, Pu Chun, the son of Prince Tuan, or Tsai Yi, as his name was made her apparent in a dexterously worded proclamation. This met with such a storm of Chinese protest, particularly in the south, that a change was made. But from this point it began to grow uncertain whether the empress was in these her last days the absolute directing and governing ruler she had been in the past or had been swept into a tide of Manchoo reaction she was unable altogether to control. No one will probably ever know.

All this would have probably been nothing, but one of those palace intrigues which from time to time deflect without altering the course of oriental affairs in which the east always succumbs to the west but for the Boxers. The Manchoo reaction in Pekin and Manchoo appointments all over the empire have raised a strong opposition in the Chinese, whose effect is seen in the desire and determination of the viceroys in central China to separate themselves from the Pekin government through the agreement they have proposed with the powers. But the fatalist organization of the Boxers has swept into its bands hundreds of thousands of peasants all over the four northern provinces, giving a popular Chinese backing to the Manchoo palace intrigue and the plans of the empress and Prince Tuan for the exclusion of foreigners.

For some time the theory of foreign observers of Chinese affairs has been that the Boxer mob, with sympathizers in the army, has swept aside a weak government, and led to repetition of past "Chinese outrages." But the events of the past few weeks show the Manchoo reactionary party in full control, using the Tartar and Chinese army to oppose the relief of Pekin and turning the mob loose to massacre the entire foreign population of the capital city. Kwang-Su remains titular emperor, but is powerless in the hands of this Manchoo revolution, which appears to have the empress and Prince Tuan for its heads.

Miss Baden-Powell's Animals.

Miss Baden-Powell, sister of the hero of Mafeking, is devoted to animal pets, and she has a collection of these absolutely unique in London. In the drawing room, at 8 St. George's place, Hyde Park, there is a fine apiary; two large show beehives are stationed in the window, the exit of the bees being toward the park, of course, but glass insects allow their buzzing operations to be perfectly seen by the occupants of the room.

Miss Baden-Powell has also a number of birds which fly about the house and are not confined in any way.

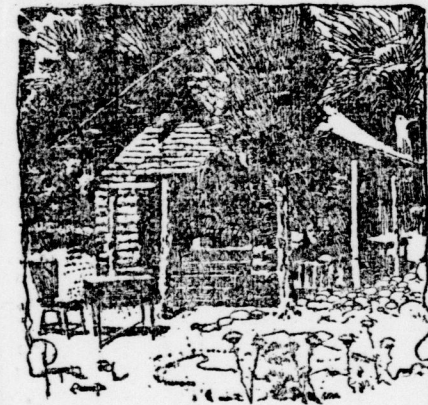
Young snakes are born with fangs and poison glands in full perfection, and are dangerous even before tasting food.

SINGLE TAXERS

They Will Start a Utopian Village at Arden, Delaware.

Life Will Be Pleasant There to Aesthetic Souls—Will Cultivate Art as Their Hobby—Men of Creative Genius to Work as the Inspiration Urges Them—Start at Settlement Already Made.

The State of Delaware is to have at Grubb's Corners, which is five miles north of Wilmington, a colony of artistic Single Taxers. Life, to aesthetic souls, will be singularly pleasant there. Among the fields a village of gray and brown houses will arise against a woodland background. Arden will be the name of the place, and it will have a green—a village green. It will also have an art museum, a little church, a theatre, but no servants. Servants will not be needed in Arden, where there will be no extravagance, no display.



SUMMER HOUSE IN THE COLONY AT ARDEN.

On the first floor of the little houses the villagers will have their living rooms; their workrooms will be on the second floor. In these they will carve wood, paint, make their precious and semi-precious metals, model, weave rich stuffs—create, in a word, all those charming, costly things which make civilized living graceful.

Living in Arden will be very graceful. The artist, who is inevitably poor, will have the delightful surroundings of wealth, though it will cost him less than half of what he pays to live meanly in a town. Released from the financial bothers and the hundred useless harassings of town life, he will be free in Arden to devote himself to his work, to the carving of a chair arm, or the curve of a wrought iron chandelier his best self. He toils in a factory now from eight to six, like a machine, and in nothing that he makes does his best self appear.

These words, which seem to be cribbed from the prospectus of a poetic land agent, embody the dream of G. F. Stephens, a sculptor, and W. L. Price, an architect, who are the founders of Arden. Mr. Stephens, on being approached, will say with enthusiasm of the dream:

"We have bought, for \$9,000, a tract of 162 acres in the most beautiful and fertile part of Delaware. We will build a village there, and this village will show the world the practicability of the Single Tax theory. Suppose you wish to come and live in the village. We, the founders of it, standing in the position of a Single Tax government towards you, say: 'You need pay nothing for your land. It belongs equally to all of us. You need only pay an annual tax, your proportionate share of the tax which the State of Delaware charges on the entire tract here. This tax is \$50 now; when all the improvements are made it will be \$100. Your share of it cannot come to more than five or six dollars a year.'

"And thus you can come and build, and your land will cost you nothing, though you will be guaranteed possession of it as long as you pay your tax. If you refuse to come, if you refuse to build on land which you have not actually bought, then you will be leaving out one of the arguments against the Single Tax. But if you do come and build—and there are plenty coming—then you will be proving that the Single Tax is good.

"That is one part of our idea—a proof of the practicability of the Single Tax. The other part is to make it possible for decorative workers to live simple, wise, pleasant lives, and do the best work that is in them.

"Decorative work is on a low level now. Let me give you an idea of the spirit in it. A millionaire completed a kind of palace, and wrote to the head of an interior decorating firm that he had \$70,000 to spend on his furnishings. The decorator called on him and said: 'You made no mistake when you sent for me, sir. Mr. So-and-so had \$80,000 to spend on the interior of his new house the other day. I went to see him with some ideas, and in 48 minutes everything was arranged.' 'The decorations turned out by that fellow couldn't be good, could they? Think of encouraging millionaires to give only 48 minutes to the important matter of decorating their houses.

"Another man had several thousand dollars to spend on dining room furniture. He bought a lot of heavy, carved stuff, which was veneered and glued. There wasn't an honestly constructed piece among it. Why? Pieces of honest construction couldn't be found.

"A third man wished to have a Japanese room in his house. He sent his architect to Japan to carry out his ideas, and the architect was directed to an inland village. Here he bought the most exquisite paintings, lacquer-work, stuff and carvings in the world, but he did not buy them at a factory. He went from house to house through the clean and pleasant settlement, and in one found a woodcarver, in another a metalworker, in a third a weaver, in a fourth a painter. These men worked at home, as poets work, and hence their product was exquisite. In Arden we will work so. The work will learn some day that a factory, say a furniture factory, cannot turn out good furniture any more than a verse factory could turn out good poems.

"Factories, machines, have kept down the decorative arts that apply

to useful things. The world says France excels in painting and sculpture, England in literature, Germany in music, America in machines. What good are machines? They are good for making things that must be inevitably alike, in which no individuality could possibly appear. They are good for making pins. Put them on anything higher than pins, and machines are a curse.

It will be seen that Arden is to be built as a harbor, a refuge from modern living and modern thinking and machines. The interior decorators who now work in factories will flock to it. The most skillful of these men make \$75 to \$100 a week, but the average salary among them is \$25.

"They have artistic souls, but they have to turn out as much work as possible of a medium grade of merit. That is what they are paid to do, to turn out all they can, and they don't much like it. They would like to work at home, rather than in a factory, when in the humor, rather than during certain hours, and with the idea of making one thing excellent rather than a lot of things mediocre."

There will be no communistic co-operative features in the Arden scheme. Every man will be independent there, free to do what he chooses. But it stands to reason that the men who come to Arden will not care to do things that would clash with the simple village life. They will be glad to build their houses so as to conform to the founders' ideas of beauty, and they will be glad to keep no servants, though it is an issue which they might easily dodge.

G. F. Stephens has put up a summer house at Arden, and there are already half a dozen little cottages built or nearly built there. Frank Martin, an architect, is erecting an elaborate winter house on a knoll. But the Single Tax village has not really begun yet. The founders say they do not expect to have their plans under way for a year.

The settlement is a half-hour's ride from Philadelphia by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. The visitor gets off the train at a station called Harvey, and an eight minutes' walk up a country lane, which has no name, brings him to Arden. It is a beautiful prospect, four miles round, of farmland, woodland, glens, brooks, rocks and smooth green sward.

The village gateway will be between two big chestnut trees, and on it will be the inscription: 'Arden. Thou art welcome hither.' The village green will have for background on three sides dark green walls of forest. The children, dressed in white, will play there; the town meetings will be held there, and the picturesque buildings of the town hall, the art museum, the church and the theatre will stand out like embossed work against this forest wall.

The total expense of going to live in Arden will run from \$200 to \$2,000, according as one's house is of wood or of stone. The building and



BROOK IN THE FOREST AT ARDEN.

furnishing of the house will be the only outlay, the land being guaranteed upon payment of the nominal tax rate. There will be a public kitchen there, so that bachelors will not feel too great a need of wives, and so that wives will not feel too great a need of servants. A single man could live in his own house there for less than \$2 a week; a married man for less than \$10.

G. F. Stephens, one of Arden's founders, is a son of H. L. Stephens, who in his day was the foremost illustrator of the Leslie and Harper firms. Mr. Stephens studied at the Academy of the Fine Arts, and as a sculptor and interior decorator was known in his early youth. He modeled all the huge figures about the upper parts of the City Hall, and he had charge of the decorating of Broad Street Station and the Reading Terminal. He is one of the most rabid of the Single Taxers, and served a term in jail, along with 20 or 30 of his friends, for speaking in the streets of Dover against the orders of the local authorities. He is also a vegetarian. A bit of meat, swallowed inadvertently in salad, upsets him, he says, for the day. A slender and active young man, full of enthusiasm and elasticity, he undertakes and succeeds in the most unlikely things.

If he succeeds in this, Arden in a year will be the show place of Delaware. The little gray and brown buildings dotting the fields and clustered about the green will be pictured in all the magazines in the country. The workrooms, bookbinders, silversmiths, goldsmiths, sculptors, painters, designers, all the followers of the decorative arts as they apply to useful things, will have to stop every hour or two so that the newspaper photographers can snap them. As people say now: "This book was bound, this chair was made by William Morris," they will begin to say then: "These things all came from Arden."

Millions of Ancestors.

Take pencil and multiply: You had two parents, four grandparents, etc. Twice two are four, twice four are eight, etc., and you will find that in the twentieth generation you had 1,048,576 ancestors without counting the intermediate generations, and in the thirty-third generation you had over a thousand million of ancestors without counting the generations between yourself and the thirty-third. Every man, woman and child in the world can claim to be descended from a

Remember this: No other medicine has such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla. When you want a good medicine, get Hood's.

GERMANY IN PALESTINE.

Great Triumph of Emperor William's Diplomacy—His Brain is Just as Active, but the Tongue is Softer.

When Emperor William ascended the German throne in 1888 he gained for himself the reputation of a hothead and mischief-maker. His utterances seemed to lack judgment, and his acts appeared ill-considered and eccentric. The world expected that he would be the harlequin among princes, the clown in the international Punch and Judy show. His dismissal of the headstrong Bismarck and his passion for the capital "I" were set down as the vagaries of a disordered mind.

Subsequent events have demonstrated that there was method in the young ruler's madness. The Bismarck episode was used by him to impress upon his people and the world at large that during his reign there should be none greater in Germany than the Emperor. His belated speeches, in which he referred to himself as the "war lord," were intended to convey to jealous rivals and supercilious diplomats unmistakable information that the Empire must be left alone. What seemed "derangement" to many was in reality exquisite statesmanship, whose truly marvellous success was marred occasionally by intemperate sentences, such as any youthful person suddenly placed in power might use.

The years have softened the Emperor's tongue, but the great mind behind that unruly member is as active as ever. His most commendable ambition—to make Germany a great manufacturing and trading nation—has already been realized. From a purely agricultural country the German Empire has within the insignificant period of 30 years developed into a commercial power, second only to Great Britain among the nations of Europe. A merchant marine has been built up which, as far as quality of ships is concerned, is without a rival. The German flag, unknown a few decades since, is seen waving from state vessels in almost every harbor of the world, and the legend "Made in Germany" can be read upon packages of merchandise quite as often in England itself as in the warehouses of the antipodes.

For this development the Empire is indebted to the "clown" who verily has become a sage.

Instead of allowing himself to be



GERMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH FOR JERUSALEM.

come entangled in the settlement of the Turkish question, Emperor William has declined steadfastly to interfere with the Sultan's Government, wisely contenting himself with extending German commercial influence in Asia Minor, Palestine and Arabia. Without blowing of trumpets he pursued his course. Statesmen wondered when he visited the Sultan a year or so ago and spent money like water, to "make a show," as his critics put it. They know now that in the course of that brilliant visit he secured for German capital a concession to build a railroad from Damascus to Mecca; that he obtained valuable rights for German merchants in Asiatic Turkey; and that by the seemingly disinterested project of building a Catholic church on Mount Zion in Jerusalem he became the recognized protector of the Christians residing in Palestine. A honor which, from these immemorial, had been claimed by France. And in order to make these diplomatic victories more complete he resumed friendly relations with Great Britain, ending his statesmanship in a treaty whose existence had been admitted by Lord Salisbury, but whose terms have never been made public. Certain it is, however, that the Emperor's espousal of the British cause at the beginning of the Boer war was rewarded by the English Government's sanction of the extension of German influence in Asia Minor and other Turkish provinces. Thus far Emperor William's reign has indeed been a succession of triumphs.

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*S.S. OCEANIC.....Aug. 8, 3.30 p.m.

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Railways and Navigation

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, June 18, 1900, the trains leaving Union Station, Toronto (via Grand Trunk Railway), at 10:30 p.m., connects with the Maritime Express and Local Express at Bonaventure Depot, Montreal, as follows: The Maritime Express will leave Montreal daily, except on Saturday, at 12 noon, for Halifax, N. S., St. John, N. B., The Sydneys and points in the Maritime Provinces.

The Local Express from Halifax, The Sydneys, St. John and other points east, will arrive at Montreal daily, except on Monday, at 7:30 p.m., and daily from Riviere du Loup.

The Local Express will leave Little Metis at 4:25 p.m., daily, except Saturday; Riviere du Loup at 7:40 p.m., and Levis at 11:45 p.m., due to arrive at Montreal at 8:20 a.m.

Through sleeping and dining cars on the Maritime Express. Sleeping and dining cars on Local Express.

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Tickets for sale at all the offices of the Grand Trunk system, at Union Station. Also at the office of the General Traveling Agent, WILLIAM ROBINSON, General Traveling Agent, 80½ Yonge street, Toronto.

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on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

of each week during the season. FARE 30c ROUND TRIP. Train leaves London 10:25 a.m., 2:30, 5:15 and 6:50 p.m. Returning leave Port Stanley 1:00, 7:00 and 9:30 p.m.

STEAMER "URANIA"

Commencing Thursday, May 31, will leave Port Stanley for CLEVELAND, on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday of each week, at 11 p.m., except Saturday, when it will leave at 1 p.m. No train connection on Sunday. Fare one way round trip, \$2.25; round trip, \$3.50. Get tickets at De la Hooke's, "Clock" corner and at G. T. R. station.

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thence by steamer over the beautiful waters of Fairy and Peninsula Lakes to Grasmere, where every