

SOUTH AFRICA'S BRIGHT FUTURE

The Great Country Is One of Vast Resources.

Many Millions of People Will Some Day Live There in Comfort and Opulence.

Some writer has spoken recently of South Africa as a great thirst land, largely diminished in value by the prevailing dryness. This statement is mainly true but it needs qualification or an erroneous impression of the country is conveyed.

More than half of South Africa is deficient in rainfall including the entire western half of it; but a large part of this region, which is not adapted for farming except where irrigation is possible, is covered with nutritious grasses that are particularly well adapted to sheep, so that, before the war, 13,000,000 sheep were grazing on the Great Karroo and other dry plains of Cape Colony, and 4,000,000 were herding on the dry, cool plain of the Little Orange Free State.

Thus the dry region of South Africa slightly referred to by the writer just mentioned, as yet supply the largest and best of the world in sheep and the gold and diamond fields. The foreign sales of wool are more than double those of any other commodities with the exception mentioned.

The dry regions are always destined to be one of South Africa's largest sources of wealth; for wool growing on them may be vastly increased, although South Africa is a dry country, already one of the great wool-producing countries. No one knows what mineral riches they may yet develop, but we do know that most of the diamond fields thus far discovered are in the dry plains, and that the Germans are developing gold mining in their part of the western desert. In some of the valleys, also, there is every prospect that considerable agriculture will be developed with the aid of irrigation.

On the whole, it may be said that the entire western part of South Africa can never be the home of a dense population; but, nevertheless, with its great grazing, and considerable mining resources, the dry area will contribute very largely to the aggregate wealth of the country.

What is the reason that the western part of South Africa is semi-arid? It is because the prevailing winds are from the east. Most of the region south of the Zambesi depends for rain upon winds from the Indian Ocean. The eastern coast lands and highlands receive the larger part of this precipitation, as the winds move westward. The winds are wrung by the time they reach the heart of the country. They pass over the Atlantic as the southeast trades, and the country scarcely ever gets a drop of rain from the Atlantic; thus the eastern half of South Africa is wet and the western half dry.

Stretching across the south end of Africa is a strip of fine farming lands where all the crops of the temperate regions are raised. Some of the best wheat in the world is grown as far inland as the southern border of the Orange River Colony. The supply of home breadstuffs may be largely increased; but South Africa now has to import much wheat and flour, and as population grows it is likely that wheat will continue to be a home market for all the cereals.

If, however, the country is ever able to export maize and other cereals, one fact to the benefit of South Africa should be remembered. Here cereals are harvested and marketed in the winter and spring of the north temperate zone when prices are likely to be largest. The grape crop of Cape Colony has benefited largely by this fact. The region east and northeast of Cape Town has scarcely been thought of as a great wine-growing country. The fact is, however, that millions of gallons of wine are made there every year, though the quality of much of it will be much improved when more intelligent methods are employed. In February and March last the grapes reached their highest perfection and enormous quantities of clusters were, as usual, carefully packed, placed in the hold of steamers and sent to the London market, together with peaches, nectarines and plums, the delicious fresh fruits being placed on British dining-tables almost before the English fruit trees were out of blossom. Australian cereals and fruits also share this advantage of being able to supply British markets at one of the best times when our sources are falling; but Australia and New Zealand are thousands of miles further away than Cape Colony from the markets of the mother country; so Cape Colony grapes, for example, beat Australia as in fruits in the race to the consumers.

Now that peace has been restored, the Witwatersrand will soon present one of the busiest scenes in the world. All this year the residents of Johannesburg have been flocking back to Johannesburg and new-comers have been arriving constantly. The prospects two years ago were that peace would be dropping in the region around Johannesburg by the end of this year. If this is done the probability is that by the end of 1902 the Witwatersrand will be producing again the precious metal at the rate of \$8,000,000 a year, as in 1898, just before the war. No one has any doubt that South Africa will again force to the front as the greatest of gold producers, and she may head the procession for years to come.

Ninety-eight per cent of all the diamonds of commerce come from the Kimberley mines; they have so overshadowed the other diamond fields of South Africa that we never hear of them, though in the western part of the Orange River Colony there are two centers of production that have been proved to be rich in gems; and the diamonds found along parts of the Limpopo and Vaal Rivers show the wide distribution in South Africa and assure a long and great future to this industry.

It is not so very long since all the coal used in South Africa, or kept there to sell to steamers, was brought from Europe and was held necessarily at a high figure. Coal is now known to exist in vast quantities along the southern mountains and on the middle Zambesi, though as yet it has been worked, to an important extent only in Natal. The fact that large beds of iron ore are found near the Natal coal is favorable for the future development of manufactures.

What is the reason that manufacturing industries can as yet scarcely be said to exist in South Africa except in relation to the products of the vineyards, farms and pastures?

The reason is because the white population of the country is still too small to do much more than reap the

natural products; they must leave to others the task of improving the products by the processes of manufacture. It should be remembered that the entire development of South Africa in all the larger enterprises has been the work of the past 30 years. The great and full development, including not only the production of commodities, but also the enhancement of the value of many of them by manufacturing processes is to come in the future.

There is no doubt that a new era is about to open for South Africa; that good government, schools and liberal and helpful laws will bring in the immigration that is so much needed. The prospects are bright that South Africa fitted by climate and abundant resources to become the home of many millions of people, will become the most prosperous part of Africa and will some day compare favorably with many older countries as a flourishing and inviting part of the world.—New York Post.

OLD CONTROVERSY AS TO LONDON'S BEAUTY

Dr. Samuel Johnson, Sir Walter Besant and J. M. Whistler Admired It.

[Montreal Witness.]

It is an old controversy whether London is beautiful or not. Dr. Samuel Johnson and Sir Walter Besant were among the many who thought it so, and Whistler's nocturnes of yellow fog and silver mist, adding to the mysteries of dark bridges and rushing waters and the high tide of life in crooked streets, proves that he is enrolled among the city's admirers. Beauty depends, of course, altogether on the point of view, as we see among certain savages who distort one especial feature for the admiration of their kind. There can certainly be no doubt that London is picturesque. Her climate insures that. Its grimy and its slime see to it that nothing shall look new—that everything shall have the quaintness of time upon it. There is the grotesque to be found in London, and downright squalid ugliness too in places, but there are fine things to be seen in old buildings, bridges, churches, parks, gardens, and all the kaleidoscopic color and movement of the streets. There are, indeed, some of the finest "effects" of light and atmosphere and genre to be seen and no man who knows and loves his London will acknowledge that she is not beautiful. Beautiful or ugly, however, no one ever denies that London is interesting, and those millions who visit it during the King's coronation ceremonies will find it more than usually so. The crowds will be larger and gayer and more diverse than ever, and a London crowd is worth seeing. Already we are reading descriptions of Indian and other foreign princes with Oriental costumes in the royal carriages as a daily sight, and such centers as the Strand must now be teeming with all sorts of nationalities. Still there will be places where quietness can be obtained, old churches in the heart of the city where few ever go, and squares and gardens hidden away from the surging tide of life. But while we are reading about the way in which London is filling up, and wishing perchance that we were there, it would seem that the peace-seekers having trouble with their headgear and are wondering how in the world they are going to keep their coronets on. So that crowns make the head uneasy today, even as they did when Shakespeare wrote a Londoner, and wrote of crowns and coronets and great occasions.

BACKACHE

What It Means and How to Cure It Permanently.

A Most Common Complaint and One Which Is Often Misnamed—It Has But One Cause and There Is But One Cure.

Matane, Que., June 13.—For a long time Mr. O. Dionne, of this place, suffered the most excruciating pains in the back and loins. Nothing that he could get seemed to do him any good, until he was led to use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

This remedy has completely restored Mr. Dionne to good health, and he has no longer the slightest symptom of pain in the back, or any other trouble. It is the most remarkable cure and one which has done much to confirm the already splendid reputation of Dodd's Kidney Pills in this neighborhood.

Backache is Kidney-ache. Pain in the Back is simply the Kidneys crying for help.

Pain in the Back should not be neglected, for if this cry for help from the Kidneys is not heeded, and something done to correct the trouble, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy or Rheumatism is almost sure to follow.

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Backache.

They are a specific, made expressly for the cure of Kidney Trouble.

Lame Back is but a symptom of Kidney Trouble, and therefore Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure it.

Lame Back has often grown into Bright's Disease, the most serious form in which Kidney Trouble manifests itself.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured Bright's Disease after the most eminent physicians have given up.

They have cured, and are curing thousands of the most aggravated cases of Rheumatism, Diabetes and Dropsy.

But do not wait for any of these more serious forms. If your Back aches, your Kidneys are diseased.

If your Kidneys are diseased, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure you.

Use them at once, and your Backache will quickly disappear.

Only Bored.

"Your shell-like ears, have they been pierced?"

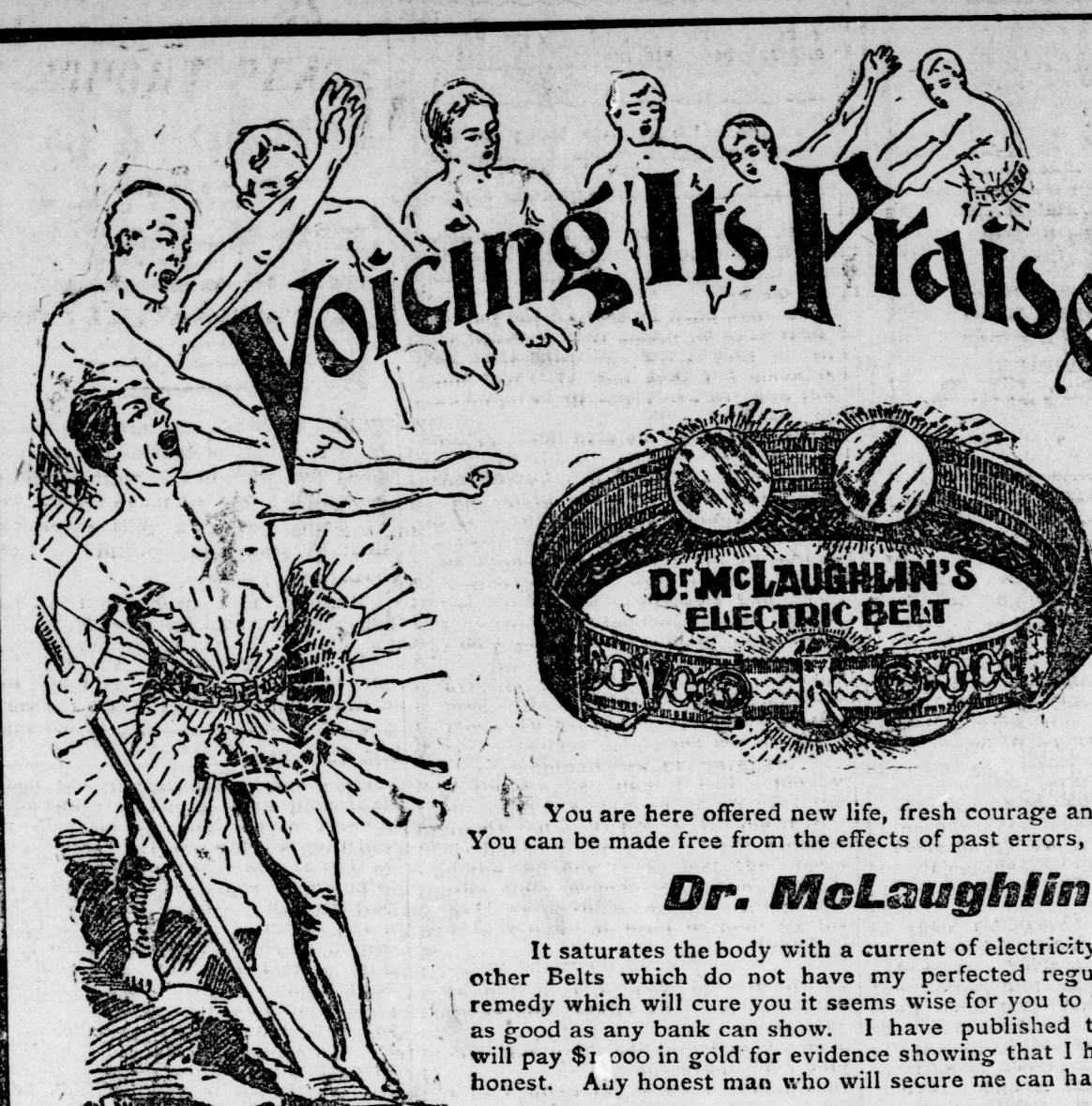
I asked with kind intent. "No, only bored," the maid replied. I wonder what she meant.

HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DISEASES.

Simply apply Swayne's Ointment. No matter what the skin disease, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.

Children Cry for

CASTORIA.



Crushed by a Timber—Now He Is Cured.

Dr. M. E. McLaughlin—Dear Sir,—Before getting your Belt I was not able to do anything on account of my back. It bothered me all the time. I told you before I would not take twice what I paid for it, and I praise you to everyone who asks me about it. The winter before last when I saved shingles there were times when I could hardly move with my back, and this winter I worked at it and never flinched. It was not for your Belt I would not be the way I am. You may print my testimonial in any paper you wish, and use my name as you wish. I will do all I can for you. If you knew the way I was hurt and the timber that fell on me, I am sure you would have said there was no cure for me. I am happy, contented, healthy and strong again, and I both thank and praise you and your Belt, and many others get the relief that I have received. I hear some people who got other Belts say they are no good and run them down, but I am sure I feel that I am shut up for they know how badly I was hurt. I am, your friend, THOS. GRAHAM, Box 522, Ingleswood, Ont., March 31, 1902.

BEAUTIFUL AND TREACHEROUS

Fascinating Natural Qualities of Isle of Dominica.

Its Wonderful Boiling Lake Existed for 400 Years, But Was Discovered Only 20 Years Ago.

There is little doubt that the tragedy at the famous, but seldom visited Boiling Lake of Dominica last December was the first serious manifestation of the awakening volcanic fires.

From that point of view the first victim of the eruption was Wilfred M. Clive, a descendant of the Clive who laid the foundation of England's Indian empire. He met his death while exploring in an idle moment the strange, wild, Caribbean Island of Dominica.

A fascinating, beautiful, treacherous island is this Dominica. The molten lava, sea that underlies the island seethes beneath so thin a covering that, warmed by its fires a vegetation that, sprung up with an incomparable luxuriance that makes it the most wonderful of the world. So the island is a wonderland of boiling water break through, milky white, poisoning the orchid-scented air with deadly vapors, while high up on the mountain lies the Boiling Lake, one of nature's marvels.

ITS RECENT DISCOVERY.

It may seem incredible that on an island only 29 miles long by 16 broad a wonder like the Boiling Lake could exist for 400 years, during which time Caribs, Spaniards, French and English had apparently fought over every square inch of it, without being seen or its existence even suspected. Yet it was only about twenty years ago that Dr. Nichols found the mysterious little sheet of water.

Any one who has visited Dominica can understand, perhaps, how this happened, for so wrinkled is the island with high mountain ranges and deep, sunless valleys, and so impenetrable are the closely woven forests and green tangle of tropic underbrush covering everything there that the journey across the island consumes two full days' time.

Hearing of this strange lake, lying 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, on the flank of Mount Diablotin, the highest peak in the West Indies, Mr. Clive determined to visit it straightway.

So, on Dec. 20, accompanied by Gerald McDonald and a guide, Clive set out from the town of Roseau for Laudat, which was reached at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Leaving McDonald behind, Clive began the climb under the guidance of Jean Jules and Manton Rollins, or, as many visitors to Dominica will better remember them, Wylie and Dugrossin.

The scenery grew wilder and more unnatural at every step. A mighty wave of living green swept down upon them from the hills above, fighting for every inch of the narrow path along the precipice.

The air became heavy with the scent of orchids growing on outspreading limbs, a sheer undecaying rustling, as thousands of creeping things moved through the underbrush, was drowned at intervals by the hoarse cry of the Devil's bird—strange of shape, with long black beak and "feet like

ducks' feet, but armed with terrible long claws," black as Erebus, well named the native Carib name the native Caribs bestowed upon it.

Other strange sounds, not so easily accounted for, were heard. In short, the path stretched through an enchanted forest, filled with hidden dangers for the unwary traveler.

At last the Petit Soufriere was reached, a deep basin, some two hundred feet across, surrounded by hills, green to their summits. It was only a hundred feet down, but a half hour of hardest work was needed to accomplish that short descent.

Then they moved on toward the lake. More weary cutting of giant creepers, often five inches thick. More stumbling over jagged rocks and toiling up almost perpendicular slopes, and then they stood, upon the cliffs above the Boiling Lake itself.

AN ANCIENT CRATER.

It was apparently, the ancient crater of a long-forgotten volcano, seemingly breathing its last awful, expiring breath as they looked. It is this lake whose sudden disappearance, when Pelee thundered, threw all Dominica into wild terror.

About 300 feet wide, the encircling walls rose 100 feet from the water. Generally the lake was covered over with clouds of steam—its temperature was over 120 degrees, but on this December morning, says the one survivor of the little expedition, the air was clear, although the bubbling of its surface, if anything, was more violent than usual.

Wylie, who was an old, experienced guide, was so alarmed at this that he begged Mr. Clive not to go down to the water, but Clive, not to be deterred by any fancied danger, had already started. At first all went well, though the atmosphere was almost unbearable.

Mr. Clive attempted some photographs without success, after which he turned his back to the lake and then lunch was spread. A sudden burst of sunshine induced Clive to return with the guides to the edge of the lake and try to take another photograph, when they again returned to the waterfall.

When lunch was over Clive went down to the shore once more, and scarcely had he left when everything began to look black before Rollins' eyes. Feeling, as he afterward described it, as if he were dying, he started to run but fell down unconscious.

Those few staggering steps probably saved his life, for when he revived he found Wylie lying overcome where he first felt the effects of the gas. Petrified with terror Rollins could not move, but called to Clive, who, running up, lifted Wylie's head from the ground and started to rub his limbs in an effort to bring him to.

"I told Mr. Clive," said Rollins at the inquest, "that I felt as if I was dying, and that Wylie was dead, and not to remain any longer, but to return."

Clive's reply was brief, but unmistakable.

"No, Wylie is not dead; go down to Laudat and get the doctor."

With what alacrity Rollins obeyed this command can be imagined. As he climbed the crater wall he saw the Englishman, unheeding the deadly peril only too plainly visible now, hunting quickly, but without excitement, through the traveling case for the brandy bottle.

That was the last time this gallant gentleman, who would not try to save himself while even a poor negro guide was in danger, was seen alive. From Laudat a party with hammocks and torches started for the lake, while a boy on horseback galloped to town for a doctor. But no doctor could be of use to those who were left in that death trap.

The first relief party could scarcely stand on the edge of the cliff and look down on the bodies below, so strong

had the gases become, and both Clive and the negro were dead beyond a doubt.

Clive lay about fifteen feet away, the half-emptied brandy flask showing he had not ceased in his efforts to save Wylie until the last. Escape was even easily possible, for, strange to say, the first outburst of gas had not affected Clive at all.

For two days the watchers on the cliff were driven from the bodies by the fumes. At last the old volcano consented to give up its prey.

On the island at least this burst of gas is now believed to have foreshadowed the eruption.

Rural Telephones.

The Farm Journal, an American publication, describes how rural telephones, which have become such a factor in farm life, in some parts of the United States, are organized. The article is in part as follows:

Let six, eight or ten farmers each have one-half mile line and connect their houses by telephone. These ten, by some persuasion, can induce ten others to extend the line on this same plan. After forty or fifty are thus connected things will become interesting, and the lines can easily be extended in all directions over your country, and will soon work their own way out into adjacent counties.

The county being made up of a number of local companies, each section or neighborhood erects and controls its own line and 'phones, collects its own tolls, and keeps the line and 'phones in repair.

The lines from the different sections are run to various central points, and there connected by switchboards. Tolls collected from outside parties are usually sufficient to defray the necessary repair expenses, with a surplus left to pay a good interest on investment. However, a small fee is annually collected from each 'phone owner to maintain the switchboards.

This plan is popular, since each section controls its own 'affairs.' If one local company desires to make improvements or changes, they consult among themselves only, and are not compelled to get permission from other sections, or from executive officers living probably at a distance, which would be the case if the whole system was controlled by one general company. However, it has been found necessary, after several local companies are organized, to form a general organization, to meet annually, or oftener, with power to adopt such rules and regulations as they may deem expedient for the good of the service as a whole.

Rockingham county, Va., has the largest rural telephone service in the United States. Three thousand farmers there have 'phone connection, each at a cost of the purchaser of one telephone, building of one-half mile line, total investment of about \$30.

The towns are not organized and wired on this co-operative plan. All within the corporate limits are required to pay an annual rental of \$15. Everybody but Old Peter Tumbledown having 'phones in all the country round, draws the business houses in line, and those who may desire a share of the country custom must take 'phones and pay the prices asked. The income from this source and tolls has been sufficient to collect only from each farmer 'phone owner \$2 per year, giving him free use of all the extended services, branching out into adjoining counties.

The farmer usually is made to carry the principal burden, but in this telephone plan they have the power to make things come their way, and would advise that it be kept a purely farmers' system, owned, operated and controlled by farmers, having no entangling alliances with any party or company whose interest or intentions you may think do not coincide

"Let every man know it." "I will praise the merits of your wonderful treatment wherever I go." "It has been worth its weight in gold to me, and I will never cease shouting its praise."

Such are the messages of gladness sent to me from patients restored to health and strength by my Electric Belt. They come daily, and nearly always after other treatments had failed.

IT CURES RHEUMATISM,

Lame and Weak Back, Sciatica, "Come-and-Go" Pains, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Wasted Vital Strength, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Lost Energy and all ailments resulting from exposure and excesses in young and middle-aged men.

You are here offered new life, fresh courage and the nerves and vigor which belong to strong men. You can be made free from the effects of past errors, excesses and mistakes by

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt.

It saturates the body with a current of electricity which can be felt yet does not blister, nor burn, as do other Belts which do not have my perfected regulator and special cushion electrodes. If you want a remedy which will cure you it seems wise for you to take the one that has cured others. That's a record as good as any bank can show. I have published thousands of testimonials from cured patients, and I will pay \$100 in gold for evidence showing that I have ever used a testimonial which was not true and honest. Any honest man who will secure me can have my Belt and

PAY WHEN CURED.

Men, why will you be weak? Why do you not listen to the echo of the thousands of grateful voices raised in thanks to DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT? Why do you go on from day to day realizing that you are losing your nerve force when you see a cure within your grasp? Reach for it, take it to your heart and feel the life-blood flowing, jumping, dancing through your veins; feel the exhilarating spark of manhood warm your frame, the bright flash come to your eye and the firm grip to your hand—the grip which clasps your fellow-man and tells him that you have found your Mecca—you have regained your manhood.

CAUTION. Beware of old style, burning electrode Belts, which are using an imitation of my cushion electrodes. My office contains hundreds of these old Belts, discarded as useless and dangerous by persons whose bodies have been seared and scarred by the bare metal electrodes. I will make special terms to anyone having one of these old back-burners.

FREE BOOK. My new illustrated book tells about my Belt and how it cures the weakness of men and women. It is worth reading. I will send it closely sealed, free, upon request. Call, if possible, and I will explain my Belt and what it will do. I will give a free trial treatment to every seeker of proof of what my Belt does. Call or write to-day.

FREE TEST

DR. M. E. McLAUGHLIN, 130 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

with yours, as they may cause you to depart from the path you have mapped out.

The object of the usual toll-line company is, of course, to make money, to get every penny possible for the service rendered.

The object of this farmers' plan is diametrically opposite, as they aim to make sufficient only to pay expenses, and have conditions so liberal that the greatest number can afford to install 'phones.

It has been demonstrated that farmers can erect and maintain their own lines and 'phones at very much less cost than the usual toll-line companies can furnish them the service.

Farmers usually can furnish poles from their own timber, and haul and erect same, and also aid in the stringing of the wire, necessitating a cash outlay only for wire, brackets and insulators, total cost of same about \$3 per mile.

As farmers living along the whole route are shareholders, various ones in different sections are appointed to keep a lookout and make any necessary repairs, and in this way things are kept in shape at a minimum cost. Toll-line companies are often placed at an expense of several dollars to travel quite a distance to repair a five-minute job.

Cedar or chestnut makes the most durable pole, but many farmers having oak, to make cost the least possible, cut the poles from their own timber. Twenty-six 24-foot poles per mile make a fairly good line. For one mile it takes 185 pounds No. 12 galvanized wire. The B. B., made specially for electrical purposes will prove the most durable, as it is better galvanized than the ordinary fence wire, and also the conductivity is somewhat better; however, many use the latter and get good service for awhile, at least.

YOU WILL BE HAPPY IF YOU ARE WELL.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Restores That Health and Vigor That Makes Living a Pleasure.

If you are sick and out of sorts in June, it is in your power to make yourself healthy, strong and happy.

There is not the slightest reason why you should go through the hot summer weather feeling sickly, miserable, languid and melancholic. To be well and strong, means happiness and true joy, and this is the season when you should be bright, hearty and glad-some.

If you are sleepless, rheumatic, neuralgic, dyspeptic, or have the shadows of disease hovering over you; if you are not as bright, energetic and strong as you were some weeks ago, the use of Paine's Celery Compound will tone up and fortify your whole system, cleanse the blood, correct digestion, sharpen the appetite, and conduce to restful sleep. Thousands once in a half-dead condition owe their present good health to the use of Paine's Celery Compound. Mrs. E. Rankin, of Courtland, Ont., says:

"With great pleasure I beg to inform you of the good I have received from the use of Paine's Celery Compound. For a number of years I have been in very poor health, and lately I was advised to try your medicine. I used three bottles, and have received a world of good. My severe headaches are completely banished, and the heart disease from which I suffered for 30 years has almost disappeared. I am fully convinced that Paine's Celery Compound is all that it is recommended to be."