Reasons Which Impelled Britain to Invest the Soudan.

A Brief Sketch of the Man Who Headed the Triumphant Invasion of & Stronghold of the Dark Continent-Inner Life of the Mahdi and Khaiifa -The Route Followed.

The man at the head of the victorious allied British and Egyptian forces is Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener, aide de camp to the Queen and Sirdar of the Egyptian army. The General got a commission in the army in 1871, when he was 20 years old. He is yet a young man for the important position he is filling. In 1874 he went out to the holy land on an expedition of survey under Major Conder. In 1877 he surveyed the whose of Galiles. He surveyed the Island of Cyprus and in the Nile expedition of 1884 he was deputy



GEN. SIR H. H. KITCHENER.

assistant adjutant and quartermastergeneral. He fought at Suakim in 1888 and at Toski in 1889, and was rapidly promoted.

CONDITIONS IN THE SOUDAN.

Tacts Impelling the Sending of Britain's Victorious Expedition.

The present situation in the Soudan is the outgrowth of the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon and the massacre of Hicks' army. The Soudan, formerly belonging to Egypt, was taken by the Mahdi, and General Gordon, the Governor, was put to death. That was in 1885, and not a moment since then has the British public or the British Government rested satisfied with the Soudan in the hands of

the Mahdists. The Mah'li was a religious fanatic, whose followers are no less fanatic and their fighting qualities are perhaps the best described by Kipling's poem to "Fuzzy Wuzzy." When the Mahdi died Abdullah Bin Sayd Mohammed, one of the Mahdi's Khalifas, proclaimed himself successor, and he had made a cunning and cruel ruler. Omdurman, his capital city opposite ruined Khartoum, on the Nile, was built by the Mahdi's followers

after the fall of the older city.
Some idea of the inner life of the Mahdi and the Khalifa is found in the remarkable experience of an Austrian officer named Slatin who, while acting as governor of a province in the Seudan under Gordon, was captured by the Mahdi and held a prisoner many years. The following facts are taken from Slatin's book, "Fire and Sword in Soudan:"

One March merning in 1895 the mess of the Egyptian and English officers in the service of the Khedive at Assuan, the last outpost of civilization against the Mahdists, was just beginning to bestir itself, when there arose a hubbub cutside, and breathless runners from the desert clamored that a white man, who had escaped from the power of Khalifa, was coming. The officers scarcely could drep their coffee cups when there staggered into the mess a gaunt and haggard man, clad in a torn and dirty jibba, or Mahdist coat, whose skin was so bronzed by exposure to the sun that the Egyptians who gathered about were not more swarthy. In the full glare of the morning sun, rising through the ever cloudless sky over the yellow wastes, through which ran the green ribbon watered by the Nile, he stood, and the officers belped

the bundle of bones and rags to a chair.

The return of "The Man Who Was" in Kipling's story was no more dramatic than this actual return to the land of white men of Rudolph Slatin, or Slatin Pasha, as he is known. Sixteen years before the young and dashing Austrian officer had gone out into the wilds of Africa as governor of the great province of Darfur. For twelve years he had been a slave in the hands of the Mahdists. suffering every indignity that the ingenuby of the Mahdi and his successor, the



MAP SHOWING ROUTE TAKEN BY THE SIRDAR.

Khalifa, could invent. The officers gave food to him and dressed him once more as a white man. They rewarded those who had guided him to Assuan, and the mess rejoiced over him as one back from the dead.

It was the information brought by Slatin of the Rhalifa and his followers that made the British resolve to send out the present expedition for the reconquest of Khartoum and the equatorial provinces, and for avenging the death of Gor-don. Slatin was loaded with tavors by the Khedive and went along with the expedition, attached to the intelligence department, to meet once more the bar-

baric tyrant whose slave he had been. Slatin was a young lieutenant in a crack Austrian regiment when he went to meet Gordon at Khartoum and was sent to rule over Darfur. He was twentyawe years old, full of fire and ambition

with what seemed a brilliant future be-fore him. When the Mahdist uprising occurred Slatin tried his best to held his province of Darfur, and fought many battles to keep it for the Khedive, but finally, with the annihilation of the army of General Hicks Pasha in November, 1683, he was left isolated without hope of succor, while between him and Egypt tossed the great black sea that had arisen with its thundering waves to wipe ent the civilization which had been

planted in the upper Nile.

In December, 1883, he surrendered and was thenceforth the slave of the Mahdist ruler. Now and again he would be treated with favor, and then again be leaded with chains and made to live as meanly as possible. The Khalifa used to like to have him wait outside his door in the morning until he came out to go to the mosque, and then to have Slatin fol-

lew along in his train.

After the death of the Mahdi one of the Khalifa's amusements was to make Slatin walk behind his horse as the barbaric potentate rode through the streets of Omdurman, and as he passed along through the multitude he would cry out to them to look upon the Christian who once ruled over Darfur and was now de livered into his hands. The Khalifa enjoyed this little diversion the more as he and his tribe were from the province over which Slatin had been governor.

When Khartoum was taken Slatin was living in a hut at Omdurman, heavily chained and exposed daily to the insults of the mob. After the taking of the city some Dervishes came to him with something rolled in a cloth, and, commanding him to stand forth, they unrolled sudden ly their bundle and showed him the gory head of Gordon. Afterward he learned how Gordon had died. When Kharteum fell and the Mahdists were swarming through the city Gordon came down the stairway of his house and demanded the leader of the invaders. He was speared to death where he stood, and his head cut off to show to the Mahdi.

Slatin's escape from captivity is like a story of the "Arabian Nights." One day a man, disguised as an Alab trader, passed him in the street and whispered to him that he had been sent by Major Wingate, director of military intelligence, Egyptian army, and Baron Heidler, Austrian ambassador in Cairo, to help him to escape. They managed to have several interviews, and finally one zight, after the Khalifa had gone to bed and the city was asleep, Slatin mounted a donkey and rode to where the faithful Arab, Hussein, had camels in waiting. Then a long and hazardous flight began, which, after much suffering and many perils, ended in the officers' mess at Assuan.

Next to the fall of Khartcum and the murder of General Gordon, the one occurrence in all the long and bloody history of the Soudan that makes Englishmen feel like taking vengeance is the massacre



of the army of Hicks Pasha and the killing of that able commander himself. He met his death on Nov. 2, 1883, and the British have never forgotten the debt they owe to the followers of the Mahdi for that affair.

William Hicks entered the Bombay army as an ensign in 1849, and served in Bengal during the campaign of 1857 to 1859. He was a member of the First Beloech battalion and staff officer to the Punjab movable column. He went through the Abyssinian campaign as a brigade majer, and was gazetted lieuten ant-colonel in 1875 and honorary colonel in 1880. When in 1883 Baker Pasha was requested to secure the services of retired officers for the expedition which was being prepared to march against the Mahdi he appointed Colonel Hicks to the

post of chief of staff. On Sept. 9 of that year Hicks Pasha, with more than 10,000 men, began his march up the Nile from Omdurman, keeping close to the western side of the White Nile. The General decided to strike scross the desert to El Obeid, trusting to the surface pools for water. For several weeks all Great Britain was eager for news of the army under the Pasha, but none came. When at last word reached Khartoum, it was learned that through the treachery of a guide Hicks Pasha and all of his men had been trapped, surrounded and destroyed, without a man left to tell the tale.

Map of Kitchener's Route. The map above shows that part of the Soudan in which General Kitchener and his treops are operating. The history of the expedition begins in March, 1896, when the British Government decided it would be wise to make a demonstration with military force from the frontier at Wady Halfa into the Soudan. Wady Halfa is 600 miles from the City of Caire. The Khedive took great interest in the expedition and rendered all the assistance be could to General Kitchener, who was made Sirdar, or general, of the Egyptian army. These British forces, supplemented by some thousands of troops from the native army in India, in all about 25,-000 men, have marched up the Nile for two years and have fought several battles with the Mahdists. The advance was made through the cities shown on the map strung along the Nile. At Ferkeh the Dervishes received a severe defeat from the Egyptian army. The British catpured Suarda and passed on to Absarat, but its progress was delayed by storms, which destroyed the newly laid railroad. Dongola was occupied on Sapt. 22, 1896, and the British loss was little. General Kitchener, with his men, is now at Khartoum. The army has pushed to that point along the green borders of the Nile or over the desert routes indicated by the black lines. From Cairo to Omdurman, which is built on the banks of the Nile opposite the ruins of Khartoum, the distance is about 1,000 miles. so it will be seen that General Kitchener has not precisely an easy time of it. The country all about, except the green

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border of the river, is desert, and the

sands bite and sting.

Tuen Tson Hsi, One-Time Slave, Dowager Empress of China.

Her Name Signifies "Good Luck," But Her Success Was Due More to an Active Brain Than to Fortune-She Is Now the Most Powerful Woman in All the World.

Who is the most powerful woman in the world? Not Queen Victoria, upon whose wide bounds of empire the sun never sets; not the Empress Consort of all the Russias; not any leader of an acknowledged salon; not the wife or adviser of some strong statesman; not any great worker in the cause of women. Not a wit, a beauty or a scholar! Not in any of the favored or enlightened countries does the most powerful woman in all the



DOWAGER EMPRESS OF TUEN-TSON-HSI, CHINA.

world held sway, but in a land where it is almost a disgrace to be a woman, where wemankind are despised, downtredden, ignorant and helpless. This makes the contrast sharper; the thing more marvelous stupefying in its magnitude. The most powerful woman in the world is neither young nor beautiful, nor good. She is no traveler, and she has never gone to college. She is old and ugly, wrinkled and ill-tempered, but she controls millions of people with an iron hand; she dictates the policy of a nation and makes or mars destinies. She is tue Dowager Empress of China.

The Empress Dowager of China was in no wise born to greatness; neither was it thrust upon her. She achieved it in the face of what would seem utterly insurmountable difficulties. She was not of the court circle; there was no one to introduce her to the eligibles of the time, so that it was unreasonable to expect her to wed a man of rank. She was never a debutante, nor a girl graduate; she was merely an ignorant little slave, with a good deal of what goes for beauty in China, and an intellect sharpened by adversity. Her parents were obscure, her life hard.

The story of Tuen Tson Hsi reads like a romance, and an impossible one at that. In China it is believed that only undergoing punishment are bern into the bodies of women. If a man lives evily and dies in his sin, he is born again as a woman. But if he undergoes sufficient expiation of his wickedness he is suffered to be a man the next time he travels back to earth. With a belief like this as a basic principle, it is easy to see why girl babies are not welcome, and are often drowned at birth, like so many helpless kittens. That anything so mean and despicable as a woman should by any chance get to the heaven of their gods few sood Chinamen believe. So when little Tuen Tson Hsi was born it was hardly surprising that her disappointed father thought it might be just as well to drown the mite there and then, especially as he was poor, and it is a waste of good food to feed girls. But the mother pleaded, and being a good sort of fellow, in spite of his poverty, the father relented, and her pretty name, meaning "good luck," was given to her instead of a costly layette or a christening mug. Names are cheap, and in this case the title was prophetic, though for her first childhood there seemed nothing but drudgery and hard living for the

little Tuen, except that she grew pretty. Not pretty according to western ideas pernaps, but round and piquant, with bright, sharp eyes, set in slantwise, and a firm little red mouth. Tuen was of a practical turn of mind, and when a rebel uprising burned the father's hut and ravaged his plot of land, it was she who solved the problem of how to live. She suggested that her father sell her.

Horrifying though it sounds, there was oriental good souse in the proposition. She was young, she was capable. When fairly well fed she was certainly good looking.

This was the first instance of her ability to lead. Her father acted upon the idea, and he made a good bargain, as she advised. He sold her to ne less a personage than the Viceroy of Lu Chang. The deal showed him to be possessed of good business ability, and this quality had the daughter inherited in good measure. Probably when he sold her he realized a little of this, and felt that girls were not

to be so utterly despised after all. Tuen Tson Hsi, the little "Good Luck," went into the viceroy's kitchen as a sorub girl and general maid-of-all-wo.k, but at last she had plenty to eat, which, combined with an excellent conscience, or no conscience at all, which some people say is still better, she grew plump and pretty again, and you may be sure her alers mind did not fail in its activity. She was not called Tuen Tson Hsi for nothing, and her first move was to win the favor of the vicercy's wife and to be promoted from the kitchen to the embroidery frame. Now had her chance come. It fell to her task to embroider a robe for the viceroy, and so well did she do it that her master deigned first to be pleased with the work and then with the worker, and it began to be shown that even a servant girl could do much to disrupt a household, provided she was young and pretty and clever enough. It was that way in scriptural times, and the custom has not died out yet, even in more civil-

ized countries than China. Having ebtained some favors, Tuen began to ask more. But it was not jewels or rich dresses or leisure which she implored at the end of the viceroy's scepter. It was a stranger favor still, and one which thrilled him with apprehension, for she begged him to be allowed to learn to read. For a servant girl and slave to want to read was a little short of pre-

posterous; it was as though a cook had suddenly requested singing lessons from Mme. Marchesi. Still, absurd as the request was, the infatuated vicercy granted it, and pretty Tuen Tson Hsi drank deep of the literature China provides for its high-caste women, which chiefly consists of exhortations to discharge all their duties as daughters, wives; mothers, sta

ters, and especially as daughters in-law. so Tuen progressed, and as she got prettier and smarter so she made trouble in the vicercy's calm household, and the wise man, proceeding on the principle of "anything for a quiet life," one day dressed his young favorite very hand-somely in imperial yellow silk, and sent her off in state a present to the Emperor, a sort of graceful acknowledgement of a recent decoration of peacock's feathers, which meant that the Emperor had moved the vicercy one notch higher in the social

It was a great trip for young Tuen, this one forty-four years ago, when with a beating of tom-toms and a good deal of other unnecessary fuss she was escorted to the three-walled city of Poking, where, in the heart of the town, are set the Emperor's palaces. But it was a trip for which no return ticket is ever issued. She knew that, once well inside the third wall, she would never issue forth again, nor ever beheld more father or mother or friends of the viceray's family.

From the royal narem, "the palace of earth's repose" as it is called in flowery language, no woman ever departs alive once she has entered, and the Emperor himself rarely leaves the splendid isola-tion of his palace and gardens. Not that the prospect daunted Tuen. In the golden cage she saw another opportunity, for she felt that it was not her fate to "blush unseen." and her purpose never once faltered. Once a secret is spoken it ceases to be

a secret-it is in the air, and the beauty and wisdom of Tuen Tson Hsi was soon discussed in the harem, so by and by the 'son of Huren' himself, the Emperor, began to hear of it, and naturally to be eurious. He saw that she was levely, with a soft, clive complexion, and lips as red as the cherry blossom, which orientals love. As for form, she carried herself like a queen-poor slave girl that she was -perhaps it was all an itle boast of her father's that the blood of Tartars flowed in his veins, and the Tartars are the real aristocrats of China. Having won the Emperor by her beauty, Tuen proceeded to hold him by the force of her mentality. The Empress obligingly died, and after the term of courtesy mourning was over the marriage of the Emperor with Tuen Tson Hsi! Here was a thunderbolt. The old Empress had been of the good Chinese type, worshipful, and of affairs of state all unknowing. She had left a son and

Tuen was different. The Emperor was just old enough to be completely swayed by his brilliant wife, clear headed and practical as she was. Virtually she became the ruler of the immense Empire, and when an indignant statesman ventured to eppose her decrees, as eccasion-ally one of them would be brave enough to do, Tuen promptly ordered the offender's head cut off, not figuratively, but lite ally, with a "short, sharp chop," and this drastic measure soon squelched any active desire to criticize her policy or her methods-it wasn't safe.

Bitter, indeed, was it to the average Chinaman to feel that the real power behind the ruler's throne was one of the despised sex. Yet was Tuen magnetic withal, and won people by her force and charm, even when they had rather not. She was always tactful, dearly as she loved power, and ministers of state grew to respect her ability even when they disliked the woman. Then the old Empero died in the fullness of years, and Tuen became Dowager Empress, with a weak boy for ostensibly reigning monarch.

Now did Tuen Tson Hsl get her real innings. Already she had achieved power through the Emperor, and now it was hers in very truth, for what could a child king be but the most transparent of figureheads? Neither did the shrewd woman exert herself to prepare the young



EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF CHINA. Emperor for his auties in reigning over

the greatest-numerically speaking-nation in the world! She did not beat or abuse him; she worked a more subtile injury, and one for which there could be no swift uprising against her. He was a weak boy, and she simply let him have his ewn. She surrounded him with luxury, with beauties of the harem, with idleness and dissipation. After twenty-six years of this enervating life her stepson is the merest of spiritless puppets in her capable hands. He has never ruled, though he has had the name of ruler, and now the news comes that the powerful old lady has done what no one ever dreamed even she would dare to do-she has openly relieved the Emperer of all power, and all ministers are compelled to take their instructions directly from her. Li Hung Chang for a time practically superseding the Tsung Li Yaen.

This is what the humble slave girl has risen to by means of her beauty, cleverness and diplomacy, to be absolute ruler ever 600,000,000 of subjects, and to have it said of her that she is the Bismarck of China; that in statecraft there is not her

equal in any court in Europe! People used to wonder why canning old Li Hung Chang struck his colors so close to the Emperor's dowager, instead of to the Emperor; now the world nows. Li Hung Chang as chancellor as the only person outside the enunchs and ladies. in-waiting who is frequently permitted to behold her sacred presence, and she lives in strict seclusion in that palace and palace gardens which she entered forty-four years ago. She is new a shriveled, bad-tempered eld woman ef 64, but the few ambassadors who are admitted to her presence are obliged to prostrate themselves to her royal feet in an attitifde of adoration and to do the kotoro, which is to knock the forehead nine times upon the ground in token of abase. ment and subjection. She rules her subjects with an iron hand; she it is who

must be obeyed. It is a wonderful history, and one naturally thinks back the term of 64 years and wonders what difference it would have made to the world's history if one more little Chinese baby had been drowned because it "was only a girl."

Japan is a corruption of the Chinese word Shipken-Kue, which means "root of day," or "sunrise kingdom," because Japan is directly east of China

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