

A Korean Prison.

In an interesting article upon Korea—the country which Russia covets and which Japan must have—Rev. Robert E. Speer has this to say upon the prisons of that half barbarous land.

The gate was wide open and the courtyard was full of prisoners, and the surrounding buildings were old and tottering. I asked the chief, whom one of the two or three listless attendants called for us, why the prisoners did not run away. "Oh," he replied, "they would be caught and beaten again and kept longer. Now they will get out soon." But as I looked at them I saw they did not run because they could not. The life was beaten out of them. The keepers brought the heavy red cord with a brass hook at the end and trussed up a man with it to show how the beating was done, and then brought us the stiff rods with which victims were pounded over the shins and thighs until the beaten spots were simply misses of festering rottenness. There was a room, black, foul, leprous, in which the men were fastened in the stocks. The Black Hole of Calcutta was scarcely less merciful than this.—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

Native Tribes of South Africa.

The native tribes in South Africa are the Hottentots, Bushmen, and the various Bantu or Kafir tribes. The word Hottentot is a foreign term, and the people to whom it is applied call themselves "Khoi Khoi," which means "Men of Men." They are yellowish brown in color, under medium height. They generally live in small communities in kraals or villages, in huts of wickerwork, covered with reed and grass mats. They practice polygamy, believe in ghosts and witchcraft, and have a form of ancestor worship. The Bushmen are pygmies, about four feet in height, and resemble the Hottentots in many respects. They are a race of Hunters. The word "Bantu" means "people." The Bantu vary from black to brown in color, and comprise all the Kafir and Zulu tribes of South and Central Africa. They have a belief in departed spirits and spiritual agencies, chiefly evil, whom they seek to propitiate by sacrifices. The detection of so-called witchcraft is practiced by a host of witch doctors, and is the cause of great cruelty and injustice. Those declared guilty have their property confiscated, and are put to death by torture. Wives are purchased with cattle, and vary in number according to buying power of purchaser.

How to Stand Properly.

"I read much," says a middle-aged woman whose erect, graceful carriage, by-the-way, is noticeable, "of this, that, and the other thing that should be done in order to stand properly and improve the figure; but I never pay any attention to any of the suggestions. I have never done but one thing in this matter, and that is to follow the advice given to me when I was a girl of sixteen by my grandmother, whose stately mein was the admiration of all her friends, and which I could not hope to better or even achieve. All that is needed, she used to tell me, in order to stand well is to keep the legs straight. Notice yourself a half-dozen times during the day, and you will see how useful is this advice. Constantly the knees are too much bent. The figure sags in consequence, and its lines of elegance are lost. Straighten the knees every time you think of it, and the rest of the figure falls naturally in the proper position."

Making Others Happy.

Sydney Smith cut the following from a newspaper, and preserved it: "When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a let-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving,—trifles in themselves light as air—will do at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured, it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day, that is three-hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year. And supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy, at all events for a time.

Christmas Bells.

There are sounds in the sky when the year grows old,

And the winds of the winter blow—
When night and the moon are clear and cold,
And the stars shine on the snow,
Or wild is the blast and the bitter sleet
That beats on the window-pane;
But blit on the frosty hills are the feet
Of the Christmas-time again.

Chiming sweet when the night wind swells,
Blest is the sound of the Christmas bells!

They are ringing to-night through the Norway firs,

And across the Swedish fells,
And the Cuban palm-tree dreamily stirs
To the sound of those Christmas bells!
They ring where the Indian Ganges rolls
Its flood through the rice-fields wide;
They swell the hymns of the Laps and Poles
To the praise of the Crucified.

Sweeter than tones of the ocean's shells
Mingle the chimes of the Christmas bells!

The Captain Inside.

"Mother," asked Freddie the other day, "did you know there was a little captain inside of me? Grandfather asked me what I meant to be when I grew to be a man and I told him a soldier. I meant to stand up straight, hold my head up and look right ahead. Then he said I was two boys, one outside and one inside, and unless the inside boy stood straight, held up his head and looked the right way, I never could be a true soldier at all. The inside boy has to drill the outside one and be the captain." —Sunbeam.

Two angry men—"I look upon you, sir, as a rascal." "You are privileged to look upon me in any character you desire to assume, sir."

Lawyer—Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?

Witness—No, sir; but I have seen him many times when I strongly suspected he had been at it.

Returned fighter: "And as I was being carried away in the ammunition wagon I—" Listener: "Don't you mean the ambulance wagon?" Returned fighter: "No, sir; I was so full of bullets they put me in the ammunition wagon."

Mistress—I saw you yesterday downtown; you probably didn't see me, or you would have spoken.

Maid—It was my day off, marm, if you'll mind. I wasn't obliged to recognize you, you know.—Boston Transcript.

An English traveller once inquired at an old Scottish farmer—"What station is this?" "Carstairs," replied the farmer. "Oh," says the Englishman, "this station always reminds me of a convict prison." "Weel," replied the farmer, "I dinna ken, for I ne'er was in ane."

Cooke: "It is surprising how nupractical some men are."

Brooke: "Why, how's that?"

Cooke: "Well there's Professor Linguist, for example. He spent the best part of his life acquiring fluency in nine or ten different languages, and then went and married a wife who never gives him a chance to get a word in edgeways."—Tit Bits.

Visitor: "What a fine protuberant forehead your baby has! Did he get it from his father."

Fond Mother: "No; he got it from a fall down stairs."—Chicago News.

"Is she pretty?" they asked of the young man who was speaking of his fiancée.

"Well, I don't want to boast," he replied, "but she always gets a seat on the street-car."—Baltimore American.

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