THE MARRIAGE OF WONG WA FOY

THE TRUE STORY OF A STOLEN BRIDE.

"Ho a?" (How are you?), said I, as Wong Wa Foy was announced.

"Ho a?" answered Wong, clasping his own slender hands by way of salutation, but not removing the closely fitting skull cap that hid his nicely braided queue, for Wong was too well versed in Oriental etiquette to ever lift his hat.

"I bling Lichee, a few," continued Wong, sinking slowly into a chair. "Miss Ellery like Lichee?" producing a box of selected nuts from the long, wide sleeve of his stiffly quilted gown.

"Since I've learned to eat them, yes," I answered, accepting the gift, and breaking the thin shell from a pulpy raisin-like nut.

"Now, Wong, before we begin to study, tell me all about that button you wear, and what the Chinese papers say of the press troubles in Shanghai."

"No savey——"

"I told you not to say 'savey.' You must say understand.'"

"Miss Ellery understand button? China boys wear reform button. Bime by, China allie same as the United States."

"Yes, I understand that; but what of your frisky Queen? No wonder her head is turned, with almost 400,000,000 people bending to her will. If you only were a Servian, or even a Russian, or Turk, China would have been out of trouble long ago, and the young Emperor have had a chance to uplift the empire. Talk of the down-trodden women of China, our 'new women' can't hold a candle to the Dowager Queen."

"No good too much talkee. Some time Queen die, one time?" came the non-committal reply, while a cynical, half-humorous gleam shot from under the unfringed lids of his almond eyes.

A long pause followed the unexpected answer. Plainly, my Celestial was in no humor to discuss "Chinese reform." I waited; still he did not speak.

"Wong, what is it? You've something to tell me."

The red blood dyed his yellow skin to a swarthy bronze as he answered, with the embarrassment of a man unaccustomed to the society of women: "Some time Chinaman want to malley, allee same Melican man. Miss Ellery savey?"

"Wong!" I cried with feminine delight, scenting an Oriental romance. "But—how can you marry? Not a white girl, surely? Yet you don't know any China woman. There are no Chinese girls here." Then, more gravely, "Wong, have you bought a Chinese girl—paid six or eight hundred dollars for her?"

"No!" thundered Wong, with more than Oriental fervor. "Me no buy Chinese gurl; me lovey she; she lovey me; alley lite! She no lovey me, she go—o, me no want; me no buy wife—no——o," with an expressive gesture of his long, slender hands, as if pushing something abhorrent far from him.

"Now, see here, Wong, you have no 'go between' to take the 'little shoe' and make a match. Chinese men don't know Chinese women. If you have not bought your wife, where did you find her?"

"He velly good gurl. Come to San Flancisco, learn plenty much Clist. He Plisbytelian mission gurl. Some time he go Sunday school; some time Joss house; allee same."

"That may be all right, Wong, but where did you find her?" I persisted.

"Some time Chinese womens go to Joss house on China New Year. Miss Ellery savey 'Kwun Yam (Goddess of Mercy)? Savey 'Tien How (Queen of Heaven)? Chinese womans like 'Tien How, velly much—alle same Clist's mamma. Chinese womens t' 'w ging bouy, thow bamboo splins. Ging bouy, fall, hims top side up, priest say, 'Velly good fortune; plenty much little boy, bime by; heap good man, plenty much money. Min yo own bisness' Miss Ellery, savey?"

"Yes, Wong; you mean you saw her in the temple ladies' day, in San Francisco, having her fortune told. What next?"

"Bime by she come see my bluther's wife, in Butte. She have no papa, no mamma. I no papa, no mamma. I mally allee same Melican man. One week two week, bime by I bling him—savey?"

"I suppose it's all right," said I, somewhat mystified. "See here, though, when she comes you must not take her to your store; you must bring her right to me, and I will arrange for the wedding."

"Allee lite, I bling him. She velly young, Miss Ellery, make him heap good gurl."

"And the boys of our Chinese class, Mar Henry and Mar On, can I tell them?" I asked.

"Too much talkee no good," answered Wong, as he backed out of the door.

The more I thought over the matter, the more was I puzzled. Was she someone's "friend"? I knew that word, so strong and beautiful to us, bore an entirely different meaning to the Chinese mind. Tens of thousands of Chinese women are born simply to be "friends." Few of those brought to America occupy a higher position. With no hand in the shaping of their destiny, they usually accept the inevitable without question, "It is our ancient custom, it is our Chinese way."

Two weeks later Wong brought his heathen sweetheart, and placed her in my care. She was bright and attractive, spoke and read English fairly well, and seemed perfectly at home in her new surroundings. She listened with deference to all I had to say, but absolutely refused to be married in Chinese costume. Her plum-colored tunic and wide flowing trousers must be exchanged for American clothes; only her jade stone earrings and silver-tipped bamboo bracelets were retained, together with the jeweled darts that held back her purple-black hair.

Close questioning convinced me that this was a true love match—no bargain and sale, as I had feared, such as is so common on the Pacific coast. All they asked was American protection and freedom from molestation.

With painstaking care, matrimonial responsibilities, moral and legal, were explained, and a minister engaged, who helped Wong procure his license. The ceremony was set for half-past two, and the young couple departed to procure suitable garments.

With amused impatience the clergyman and a few invited guests waited until 5 p.m. for the chief actors. At last they appeared in full conventional dress, gray kid gloves and fashionable hats, the poor little bride painfully struggling with her unaccustomed finery.

Without further preliminary these two members of an alien race were made one. "What God has joined together let no man put asunder."

Then came an unexpected hitch. In the marriage certificates "Na Loy" was the name given the bride by the clerk of the court. To this she objected, saying. "No name not so, my Sunday school teacher say right name A-n-n-a," and Anna only would she sign.

Vainly the newly married pair searched for a respectable boarding-place among the whites. No one would take the Chinese pair. Lodgings were secured, however, in the American part of the town, and they settled down to housekeeping.

At this juncture I was suddenly called east. Before leaving I took Wong and his wife to church, and bespoke the kindly interest of the Ladies' Missionary Society in their behalf. I also impressed upon them that the minister would befriend them in case of need. Then, secure in the thought that these two heathen at the door would be well cared for by workers in the "hidden field," I took my departure.

Six weeks later I returned, to find that the Chinese bride had been claimed by a Chinese Free Mason of Butte, as his friend and chattel, valued at $800, and spirited away, while her husband had seemingly been swept from the face of the earth, as not the faintest trace of his whereabouts could be found.

Chinatown, though racked to the center, blandly smiled at inquisitive reporters, and refused all explanations. My own anxious inquiries among my Chinese friends were met with polite evasions or abject apologies. "We allee solly Wong make Miss Ellery so much trouble. He steal him wife." To my indignant protests that Na Loy was lawfully married and should be protected by the courts, they answered:

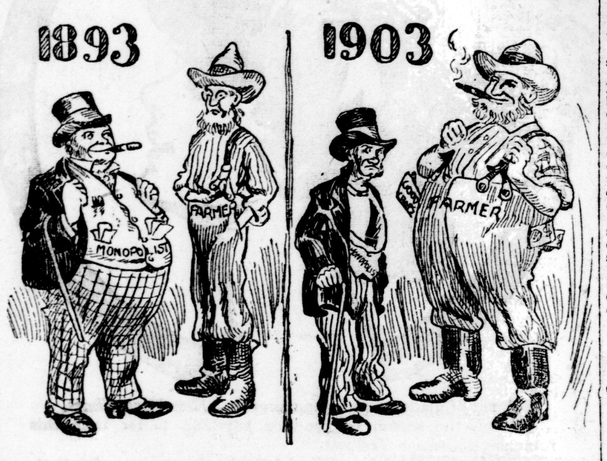
"Wong know better than go to court. Wong go to law, no win, allee lite, he pay cost. You help Wong win, then Chinese paper say, 'One thousand dollars for someone stick a knife in Wong.' You not know what Chinese paper say. No one kill for one thousand, paper say, 'Two thousand, three thousand.' Some night Wong die. No one know, Flee Mason pay, Six Company pay. Wong Flee Mason. No Loy b'long to Flee Mason. Wong steal him wife; tell much big lie. Velly bad."

Somewhere in Butte, Mont., a sweet-faced wife, worse than widowed, drags out her hopeless days in degradation and shame, while her marriage certificate is filed away by the clerk of the court.

Sufficiently enlightened to understand that America was the home of the free, where no slavery could exist, these simple-minded children had sought under protection of our laws to evade Chinese customs. Na Loy, the chattel, had run away from bondage, believing that in this Christian land she would be permitted to lead a clean, virtuous life as the wife of Wong Wa Foy.

What could I do? What could anyone do single handed with the sword of Damocles hanging by a hair over their heads?

"No doubt Wong was killed," said the minister; to which the editor added: "It's hot stuff for a story. Write it up. Have it illustrated in colors."—J. M. Emery, in Washington Star.



DeMar in the Philadelphia Record.
"Turn about's fair play."

An Anecdote of Disraeli.

On one occasion this habit of exaggerated adulation led to so bold an attempt by the fair recipient to turn it to her advantage that he was driven to save the situation in a way that was very far from being appreciated. The charmer, a young lady of "advanced views," finding the great man so exceedingly profuse in his attentions, thought it an excellent opportunity for making him a convert to her utopian ideals, which were of the most daringly democratic order. After a long recitation of her propagandas, she wound up with a fervid appeal to the Prime Minister to immortalize himself by espousing her ingenious panacea for remedying the wrongs of humanity. As she finished her impassioned harangue, with flushed cheeks and flashing eye, Disraeli, who had been silently watching her with apparently the profoundest sympathy and admiration, suddenly dropped his eyeglass and softly murmured, "Oh, you darling!" "If it had been at dinner," she afterward declared, "and I had had a knife, I would have stabbed him!"—Blackwell's Magazine.

STREETS OF DAWSON "PAVED WITH GOLD"

City Rests on One of the Richest Placer Deposits in Alaska.

"The streets of Dawson are paved with gold!" Two prospectors who have just returned from the frozen north confirm the dispatches which have been sent out from Alaska's municipal gem that the streets of that far northern metropolis are carpeted with golden dust. The men are John Bigelow and H. Woolaver. Bigelow is a Denver man, and has been in the north for several years. Woolaver has been in Alaska for eight years, hunting the precious metal, and he says that his coming back to civilization is like the entrance into a strange land.

"The feverish impatience has left Dawson," said Woolaver. "Money is plenty there, business is good and prices are reasonable. Except for the extremely cold weather you would scarcely know it from any pushing western town. People have given up the dreams and excitement and settled down to business. It is, of course, easier to get in and out of the country than formerly, and we are in closer touch with the outside world. When I first went there you were locked up in a great snow vault that had the sky for a ceiling and the mountains for a wall. It was difficult to get in, and dangerous to get out.

"Gold? Plenty of it. New strikes are still being made in unexpected places, but there has been no discovery of another Klondike. In my opinion, there never will be. Before I left intense excitement was created by the discovery that the principal street of Dawson rests upon one of the richest placer deposits of the country. A hole was being dug in front of one of the principal business houses of the city, and the prospector was panning out large pay dirt. It has also been discovered that the streets are fairly lined with gold that will pay to work. The streets were filled in with the washings of some of the mines, and then, too, the spring freshets bring down dirt that carries gold. In some places the streets have been found to be very rich, and this dirt is being taken up to be replaced by other earth, while the street dirt will be washed in the spring, when it is not so hard to get water.

"Of course, in the early days they were not so particular. They took out the coarsest dust and let the rest go. Then other parties came with better machinery, and the tailings were gone over again. Now they are again attracting the attention of companies who have still better apparatus for getting out the gold. Some of the tailings were used for filling the streets, and this dirt is going to be worked over again by the new companies as fast as they can get permission.

"There is scarcely a foot of ground in that part of Alaska that does not carry gold. Some dirt does not pay to work, but the gold is there, nevertheless. There are people there who are not finding gold. There are endless opportunities there, just as there are in every new country. But there are men there, too, who are freezing, hoping and starving, because their pride or determination will not let them return to the States. They have loved ones who are waiting for them, but they will slave and freeze and starve, hoping against hope for 'tomorrow' to bring the good fortune they have been digging so long and patiently for. They are getting old, these men. Gray is coming into their hair. Work and exposure is telling on them, but they are sure 'tomorrow' will come. They know it, and tomorrow comes to these men in some shape or other. For most of them it is the long-sought 'pocket.' But when it is covered up again we put up a rough, wooden headstone at one end. This is life in the Klondike."—Salt Lake Tribune.

MESSAGE TO ALL CANADIANS

That Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure All Stages of Kidney Disease.

Emilien Clouatre Had Backache, Headache and Could Not Sleep — Now He Can Sleep, Work and Enjoy Life — Dodd's Kidney Pills Did It

Val Racine, Que., Nov. 13.—In these days when nearly every newspaper tells of deaths from Kidney Disease the case of Emilien Clouatre, of this place, comes as a message of hope to the Canadian people. He had Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him completely and permanently.

Mr. Clouatre is always glad to tell of his cure. He says: "I cannot do otherwise than praise Dodd's Kidney Pills. They cured me of Kidney Disease.

"I had pains in the back and headache and could not sleep at nights. I got up in the morning more fatigued than the night before. I took nine boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and they cured me completely. Now I can sleep well and work well and my backache and headache are gone. I have had no trouble since I took Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure Kidney Disease from Backache to Bright's Disease. They have an unbroken record of thirteen years in Canada.

World's Most Useful Tree.

Foresters and publicists have known for years the value of the eucalyptus tree. Estimating the millions of cords that are being burned annually, they figure that it will not be many generations till wood will be as scarce everywhere as it is in parts of the great prairies, where they inches through to build their homes with.

The gum trees are equally well known as eucalyptus, or the eucalypts. They are hard woods of remarkably rapid growth and peculiar qualities.

Great forests of these trees are being planted on every continent, and especially on this continent. This important have to use young saplings two or three step has been taken largely as a result of the work of Baron Ferdinand Von Mueller, government botanist of Victoria, Australia, who has prophesied that "eucalypts are destined to play a prominent part for all time to come in the sylvan culture of vast tracts of the globe."

When the trees are five to seven years old, groves of blue gum or manna gum may be cut to the ground for fuel, and they may be cut every six or eight years thereafter. The yield from each cutting is commonly from 50 to 75 cords of four-foot wood per acre.

One seventeen-year grove between Los Angeles and Compton, set in 1880 and cut for the third time in June, 1900, produced 1,360 cords, an average of 80 cords of four-foot wood per acre.

In California the leaves, as well as the wood, are utilized for fuel purposes. A Los Angeles company is making for market bricks composed of blue gum leaves and twigs mixed with crude oil, and the product is reported to be an excellent fuel for domestic use. The entire tree is thus utilized.—Scientific American.

Secret of His Success.

"When I came to this town, thirteen years ago," said the man with the amplitudinous waist, "all my earthly possessions were wrapped up in a red bandana handkerchief."

"And now you own that factory on the edge of the town and two hundred acres of land?"

"Yes."

"May I ask what you carried in the red bandana handkerchief?" asked one, more curious than the others.

"Thirty thousand dollars in cash and government bonds," he responded, reluctantly, for it wholly spoiled the story.—Chicago Tribune.

A HINT THAT POE'S "RAVEN" WAS CHINESE

If a Certain Scholar Is Right It Is Nearly 2,000 Years Old.

Literary connoisseurs have maintained for years, says the San Francisco News-Letter, that the refrain of Poe's "Raven" was of Oriental origin, and some have asserted that he took it almost bodily from a Chinese poem. That he obtained his idea from the Chinese there can be no doubt. A recent argument over the matter has impelled the News-Letter to look the matter up, and in "The Love of Cathay," by W. A. P. Martin, for many years president of the Chinese Imperial University at Pekin, the poem is found. It was written by Chia I., about two years before the Christian era. Chia was Minister of State, and was exiled. During his exile he wrote the following poem, whence Poe, who delved into all literature, probably obtained his idea for the refrain, at least, of "The Raven":

"In dismal, gloomy, crumbling halls,
Between moss-covered, reeking walls,
An exiled poet lay;
On his bed of straw reclining,
Half despairing, half repining—
When athwart the widow sill
In flew a bird of omen ill,
And seemed inclined to stay.

"To my book of occult learning
Suddenly I thought of turning,
All the mystery to know
Of that shameless owl or crow,
That would not go away.

"Wherever such a bird shall enter
'Tis sure some power above has sent her,
So said the mystic book, to show
The human dweller forth must go;
But where, it did not say.

"Then anxiously the bird addressing,
And my ignorance confessing,
Gentle bird, in mercy deign
The will of Fate to me explain—
Where is my future way?

"It raised its head, as if 'twere seeking
To answer me by simple-speaking;
Then folded up its sable wing,
Nor did it utter anything,
But breathed a 'Well-a-Day!'

"More eloquent than any diction,
That simple sigh produced conviction;
Furnishing to me the key
Of the awful mystery
That on my spirit lay.

"Fortune's wheel is ever turning,
To the human eye there's no discerning
Weal or woe in any state;
Wisdom is to bide your fate.
That is what it seemed to say
By that simple 'Well-a-Day.'"

Mr. Martin writes that "the characteristic structure of the ancient Chinese odes is their refrain; that they generally start with a poetic image, such as the cry of a deer or the note of a water fowl, which is repeated at the beginning or end of each stanza, albeit without any clear relation to the poem." Mr. Martin further state that "Green Grow the Rashes, O!" by Burns, is of Chinese origin; also Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break, on Thy Cold Gray Stones, O Sea!"

From London Punch.
"SANCT\ SIMPLICITAS.'

"Auntie, ought Bertie Wilson to have smiled so often at me in church?"
"No dear. Where was he sitting?"
"Behind me."

The United States House of Representatives costs $3,000,000 a year and the Senate $1,400,000.

Your bathroom can be kept spotlessly white with Sunlight Soap.

The porcelain-enamelled bathtub and lavatory, the nickel-plated work, the tiling, the mirrors, ground glass windows and toweling can all be cleansed, polished, and brightened by

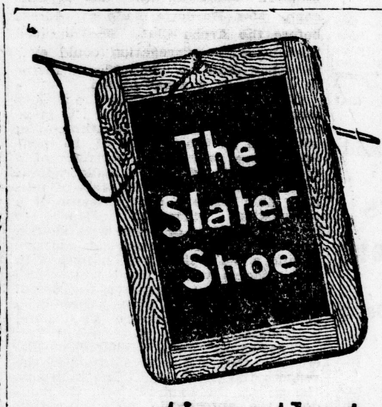
SUNLIGHT SOAP

No other part of your house shows to better advantage the use of Sunlight Soap.

Sunlight Soap, when used according to directions, will do twice as much as common soap.

BUY THE OCTAGON BAR.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA 106



"Advertised Responsibility"

The liberal advertising of many years has created in the public a justifiable expectation that the "Slater" Shoe combines comfort, durability, fit, shape-retention and beauty and to hold its trade its makers are compelled to make it as good as the public expects.

Goodyear Welted

Slater Shoe

For Men - $3.50 $5.00 - For Women

The Slater Shoe Store, 171 DUNDAS STREET ... LONDON, ONT.

Radium $6,000 Per Gram

Radium continues to occupy the interest of scientific men. The extraordinary phenomenon it presents of a tremendous evolution of radiant energy, going on perpetually without combustion, without chemical change of any kind, without alteration of molecular structure, and without appreciable loss of weight—for the loss of weight is estimated at only one gram per square inch of surface in ten million years—is an apparent violation of the law of conservation of energy, and bids fair to revolutionize some long-accepted ideas of matter and force. A vast amount of experimentation has already been conducted with radium and others of the radio-active group of metals—polonium, actinium, uranium and thorium—and much speculation and some interesting hypotheses have been evolved. From these, it is believed, a good deal will be learned about the constitution of matter and the correlation of the vital and physical forces, more, in all probability, than from any substances which have even been discovered before.

Radium bromide is the strongest radium salt yet produced, and there is little of it in existence, the amount having been estimated at four grams. All radium of higher activity than 7,000 has until recently been retained for the experiments of Professor and Madame Curie and their associates, but information has now been received from Director Boulay, of the Societe Centrale, that they expect shortly to put upon the market a preparation of radium, chemically pure, or nearly so, at a cost of $6,000 per gram.—Harper's Weekly.

A Terrible Disease.

A girl of eight years, in company of one of her elders, was passing the Episcopal clergy house at Milwaukee, in which is the office of the diocese of Wisconsin, and the name accordingly in large letters is painted on a front window. As they approached the house she said:

"Now you must put your handkerchief to your nose and run." Suiting the action to the word, off she skipped.

"What in the world did you do that for?" inquired her companion.

"Why," she replied, gravely, "they've got the smallpox there; didn't you see the sign up—disease of Wisconsin?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Pandora Range

Triple, Triangular Grates.

If the grates in a range do not work perfectly the result will be a sluggish fire, slow cooking and a poor working oven.

"Pandora" Range is fitted with special grates—consist of three triangular shaped bars with short heavy teeth which chop off clinkers easily but never dump the live coals, and never break.

This grate is the easiest working and most successful style yet invented and is not used in any other make of range.

Oven is extra large, fitted with thermometer, ventilated, lined with sheet steel and is scientifically proportioned to the size of the fire-box and hot-air flues.

The "Pandora" will bake with less fuel and work than any other range.

Sold by all enterprising dealers. Booklet free.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B.

Wm. Stevely & Son, Richmond Street,
J. C. Park, East London, - Agents.

Malt Breakfast Food

Little and Big People Love It and Call for More.

TRY A PACKAGE. ALL GROCERS.

Surveying by Telegraph.

Photographic surveys are now made with success in cases where other methods would be too slow or too costly. A recent plan employs two exposures taken from different points. The resulting photographs are placed in a stereoscopic measuring machine which combines them and enables the exact position of any point to be easily calculated. The effective range of the instrument is given as about five miles, and it is especially recommended for mapping large areas of mountainous country.—Success.