

## THE COREAN FEVER.

(WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.)

The "little unpleasantness" existing between China and Japan, and the very truthful and never-contradicted daily newspaper reports of battles between the little heathens, have provided me with an immense dose of what I will call malignant Corean fever.

Waking, I can think of nothing but Corea; sleeping, I dream of Corea; I see before me a fierce-eyed Jap, chasing a little fellow with a plait, or pig-tail,—the latter being the technical name of the adornment.

During the day my thoughts are in far-off Corea, and in the evening I pick up the newspaper to find that the Japanese "get there every time," to use a comprehensive and beautiful Chicagoan expression. The mild-eyed "washee, washee" seems to be about as good as the reputation of the average alderman—I mean the professional alderman. The Jap can see his way on land as well as on sea, and the poor Chinese appear to be all "at sea." It strikes me very forcibly that within a year or two rice will have become a drug on the market. The Japanese are on the march and the Chinese are on the run. The press of a certain little island, with very big aspirations, has intimated to the world in general that this is about the proper season for the European powers to step in and put a stop to the slaughter of the poor, helpless, four hundred millions of Chinese. I am heartily in accord with that humane press, for in spite of his many faults I feel sorry for John Bull because I verily believe that, with all his astuteness, he has managed to possess himself of the wrong end of the rope this time.

I have already stated that I have Corean fever. And so I have. Every evening I greedily scan the columns of the paper until my eager gaze is arrested by the magic word "Corea." Police investigations; heartrending accounts of aldermanic eagerness for the same; the freshest murders; the latest divorce cases,—none of these have the power to charm; 'tis Corea, and Corea alone, that can claim my undivided attention.

Now, to think deeply and wisely of anything in particular, while in my present state, is out of the question; and such being the case, I feel thoroughly puzzled over an item of news, *a la* Corea, and which is as follows:

The other day a reporter of an evening paper had an interview with a reverend gentleman who had just arrived from Corea. This rev. gentleman had spent many years in Corea. He was very fond of Corea and the Coreans, especially the Coreans, but, unfortunately, he had to leave them owing to his being seized with an overwhelming desire to find out for himself what kind of pavement was being laid in Montreal.

Now, to make this fit in with my idea of mission work has caused me so much wrestling with my thinking apparatus, that the latter, being the weaker of the two, has suffered considerably.

The next evening I learned that another rev. gentleman had made his appearance in our city. He, also, had come straight from Corea. The country, he said, was a beautiful one; the Coreans were a beautiful people. Every man, woman and child yearned mightily for the truth as expounded by the rev. gentleman; but, alas, he was compelled to seek a change of climate. He had lived in Corea for eighteen years, but within the last few months his health had broken down, which sad fact, he said, was due to something or other in the air of Corea, and which something or other had a bad effect on his heart. He intended, however, to return in the spring when he expects that the something or other will have taken its departure.

The following night found me again scraping my wits, for I read that *three* more rev. gentlemen had arrived from Corea. They, each and every one of them, solemnly affirmed that it had cost them many a pang to tear themselves from their beloved Coreans, but, all being natives of Montreal, and, having read in an enterprising Corean paper that the Montreal alderman were about to hold a police investigation, they decided that, much as they desired to save the souls of the Coreans, yet their native town held the first place in their hearts, so they had come to help to clear Montreal's moral atmosphere.

Sometime ago I read an article, a very wise and skillfully written article, and it taught me that some become poor be-

cause they were in possession of a happy knack of spending too much money; others become rich by inheriting from their progenitors a remarkable ability for looking after number one, more especially if the aforesaid number one belongs to someone else; and more become very rich by a sort of natural aptitude for voting the right way in Parliament, or in the Council-chambers of cities. This last statement led me to believe that the writer of the article in question had been a disappointed candidate. Be this as it may, of one thing I am positive and it is this: that if one wishes to become insane, let him ponder over matters Corean, and dwell upon the peculiarities of human nature, brought to light through interviews with arrivals from Corea. At any rate, such is my firm belief, and for the future I will eschew Corean views. But wait a minute. The newspaper has just come to hand. Can I keep my resolution? I open the paper. Large type confronts me—Corea! Resolutely I turn from the alluring column and reach the city news. I have won! I have conquered the fever! I read—"Rev. Mr. Savem and family have just arrived from Corea." I drop the paper. I cannot finish the article. It is the last drop in the bucket!

J. M.

## BREVITIES.

The Supreme Lodge of the Knights of Pythias has determined not to allow its ritual to be printed in the German language.

Muley Mohammed, eldest son of the late Sultan of Morocco, has been proclaimed Sultan of the rebellious tribes of the south.

The British court has been ordered to go into mourning until September 21st, as a token of respect to the memory of the late Comte.

The Little Sisters of Charity, an order established in 1891, have just laid the corner stone of a convent in Port of Spain, Trinidad.

It was announced in the four Catholic churches of Pekin, China, that the government had taken measures for the protection of Christians everywhere.

A French newspaper asserts that Emperor William of Germany is attempting to bring about a general conference of European powers in the interest of a general disarmament.

The Japanese won a decisive victory over the Chinese in a battle at Ping Yang. About 20,000 Chinese were killed, wounded and captured. In a naval battle the Japs were again victorious.

The Spanish Anarchist, Salvador, sentenced to death, renounced Anarchism and asked for a priest. He asked pardon of those whom he had injured, said he had deserved his fate, and accepted it with resignation.

The death is announced of Rev. Lord Charles Thynne, brother of the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch, and father of Lady Kennmare. The deceased became a Catholic priest soon after the death of his wife. He was 82 years of age.



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## ART IN IRISH CABINS.

Exquisite Work of Peasants in the Emerald Isle.

In these days of drought—art drought—in the season between the going out and coming in of artists, one turns any place for rare things, and that is how it came about that out of the depths of the Irish Store on Wabash avenue there was raked up the other day some of the rarest bits of wood carving, embroidery and Belleek porcelain in the city.

The carving was, of course, of bog-wood, that wood which soaks in the bogs until it is black as ebony and twice as beautiful. It was in all odd shapes, and the articles were both ornamental and useful.

Owls and other birds of the night looked with ill-omered eyes out of the case in which they stood, and tall candlesticks told eerie tales of Irish homes and Irish bogies. On them were carved the great wolf dogs—the dogs of Ireland long since passed away, save in the traditions of the people.

Fanciful trays and boxes, tiny vases and paper cutters, everything to which the wood carver turns his attention were there; and all the work of the peasants of Ireland. Beautiful to look upon, and yet something one must approach with saddened heart, because each carved leaf and scroll, each tiny feather of bird, each hair of the gaunt wolf-dog, tells the story of a gaunter wolf which ever stands at the Irish peasant's door.

And so with the embroidery. In every stitch it was what we call high art, and yet, said Mrs. White, whose heart and soul is with Lady Aberdeen in her work: "Each stitch, each drawn thread there, tells a story to me of hunger and privations. My countrywomen work these things in peasant homes, where never a ray of hope enters, unless—unless it is the hope of death."

And, looking at them through Mrs. White's eyes, one could no longer see the rare embroideries as one looks at those turned out by machines, but each bit of linen seemed stamped with the individuality of her whose fingers had beautified it. Upon each leaf and flower some woman's tears had dropped, and with the stitches some woman's heart-strings had been woven in the cloth. There were visions of homes of which we cannot conceive; earthen floors and peat fires; of hungry women and wailing children; of men grown desperate with suffering.

But over all and through it all art seems to have held sway—the art of the needle and oftentimes the pocket-knife. Painters and sculptors will probably not be inclined to accept this.

To them art means only the covering of canvas with paint, or the cutting of stone, or moulding of plaster into form, but the layman accepts more. Perhaps it needed the rare embroideries of Japan to open our eyes to the fact that needle-work may encroach upon the realm of art, but having once been opened, they will never be closed.

And so it is that among artists the Irish peasant, man or woman, is not all unworthy to stand. With the needle and with the knife they work, as they have worked for generations, but no longer without recognition.

As for Irish porcelain, that is different. There is no need to plead its case. For the matter of twenty years or more Americans have been proud to own a piece of Belleek porcelain. It is manufactured in Belleek, Lough Erne, Fermanagh County, at the only porcelain works Ireland can boast.

The ware is peculiarly beautiful. The glaze is iridescent, of a lustrous silvery appearance. It is translucent and is like an eggshell in thinness. It is rarely made in conventional patterns, the designs usually possessing all the charms of originality. A favorite shape is that of a shell, and when made in that form it is hard to detect it from a beautiful sea shell, so like the pearly lining is the glazed surface. France and England both try to duplicate the Belleek ware, but have to substitute an artificial metallic glaze to produce the luster of mother-of-pearl.—*Inter Ocean.*

"Why don't you send your husband to the water cure?" "Great goodness! What's the use? He never tastes it no more 'an if it was poison."

Broken—I've had enough experience, and have concluded to stop betting for good and all. I'll bet you 5s. you won't I'll take you.