

WORDS OF AFRICA'S BLACKS.

Esse Di-tacti in Stronger It South Africa Than in the United States.

It is natural for people who have grievances to magnify them and often to imagine that they are worse off in their peculiar misfortune than any other people under the sun could possibly be. It is a weakness of the race that manifests itself elsewhere, and has done so in all ages of the world and will do so to the end of the chapter. It is well that it is so, perhaps, as discontent is the touchstone of human progress. A satisfied man or race is doomed to moral and material and intellectual stagnation or retrogression from bad to worse.

The war with Spain has brought to the surface in every State in the Union, and in more than a hundred Afro-American newspapers, in a provoking and aggravating form, all the grievances which have fallen to the lot of the Afro-American citizen in his progress from a chattel slave to the full stature of manhood and citizenship—from a thing without social, political or material status to a man with equal rights with all others under the fundamental law of the land and with a social and material status the nature of which depends almost entirely upon himself, upon his industry and thrift. The fact that in some States of the Union lynch law and separate car laws and restrictions upon suffrage prevail, and are really grievous and burdensome, is made the basis of column upon column of opinion, anathema and what not, with a broad streak of lamentation running through all of it.

It was a favorite habit of the late Frederick Douglass, in delivering a public address, to exclaim, in a sort of tragic attitude and voice, that 'you cannot estimate the heights to which we have risen unless you measure the depth, from which we were dragged! Oh, the depths! Oh, the depths!' The Afro-American editors, who ought to remember this most religiously, are most prone to forget it, especially at this time when the nation needs a united patriotism in which "its" and "ands" have no place whatever. When the public danger has passed away we shall all have plenty of time to present our personal and individual grievances and to seek to remedy them by the creation of a heal by public opinion.

The separate car laws of the Southern States, as I have often said in letters are a positive grievance, because of the sort of accommodation provided under them and the manner of their enforcement. But these separate car laws in the Southern States and the regulations made and enforced under them are not so unjust and oppressive as those enforced in South Africa in the Dutch Republic, or the English Cape Colony. In The N. Y. Sun of June 5 Bishop Turner of Georgia was quoted as to the provision made on the railroads of the Dutch or South African Republic for the native Africans. In the Imro Zantsundu, printed in the Kafir language for the most part, at King William's Town, Cape Colony, the native editor has an editorial in which he makes a startling revelation of the treatment the natives receive from the British railroad authorities in the Cape Colony, and what he says ought to be a source of consolation to Afro-Americans, whose disadvantages in this respect are growing less oppressive every year, and are bound to disappear entirely in the course of time, as they have gradually done in all the Northern and Western States in the past half century. We are rapidly living down the obnoxious condition. In Africa it is just beginning to be hitched upon the native population by the European conquerors, and can only be done away with by long years of protest and agitation, following in the wake of railroad extension and the development of native character, both of which are in their infancy. The editor of Imro Zantsundu is a very intelligent man, and writes Kafir and English with equal fluency and purity. His paper is a four-page, eight-column sheet, with a two-page, six-column supplement. The page is a great deal longer and wider than that of The Sun. The paper used is sky blue. From five to seven columns are printed in the English language, while the remainder, including the advertisements (of which there are twenty-two columns in the issue of April 27) is printed in the Kafir language, of which the editor says: 'The thirst of Kafir literature is beginning to show itself, and should be encouraged in every possible way.' Imro means 'native,' while Zantsundu means 'opinion.'

As to the provisions made for the natives on the railroads of the Cape Colony, the editor of Imro Zantsundu says:

'Travelling by rail, if you happen to be black in the color of your skin, brings with it some discomfort in this country. As a rule, the third class carriage, where a black man is always expected to be, are kept in most filthy condition, and if you happen to have a ticket that entitles you to occupy a



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higher compartment, you invariably meet with humiliating rebuffs.'

This sound identically like a paragraph out of Bishop Turner's Atlantic Voice of Missions.

'We are glad to acknowledge, however,' continues the editor of Imro, 'that during a recent trip to Port Elizabeth the above was not the case. The officials, passengers, and refreshment conductors were most courteous and obliging.'

'The worst sights we saw, however, were at the Rosemead Junction and Tafelsberg stations. In the former place passengers naturally await the arrival of up and down trains for hours, usually during that night. There is no waiting rooms for natives. At Rosemead Junction we saw, in pelting rain and in dangerously cold weather, a dozen or more native passengers who had paid or were willing to pay full value for their seats, stivering in the cold and rain at midnight, some of them huddled together like monkeys in a corner of the open platform, waiting for their train. One of the best natives in Port Elizabeth, Peter Kwevexo, fell a victim to a cold caught while waiting at Rosemead Junction to go home. He reached his family in a dying condition and succumbed in three days after arrival.'

'At Tafelsberg station a poor native woman, with a baby four months old in her arms and three other little children, ranging from two to five years of age, spent a deadly cold night on the open platform, as it of similar lifeless material as the base of grain and cases of goods surrounding them. The poor creatures had spent most of that night there. To say they were shivering is not descriptive enough; they were dead cold. It is a sight the writer would not like to see again.'

'It seems so unfeeling to allow this to continue, and we hope it needs only to be brought to the knowledge of the railway department for the matter to be attended to, and that right early. Their are other stations similarly situated, but these mentioned were the worst: examples of suffering along the route.'

There is nowhere on the main or branch lines of Southern railroads a state of affairs that approaches that in the Cape Colony, and from all that I have been able to gather the same condition prevails on all the railroad lines operated in Africa. Those railroads were not built for black natives, but for white Europeans and freight. All the evidence goes to show that the Europeans in Africa have no respect whatever for the rights or comfort of the black Africans. The advance guard has been bent only upon conquest of territory and the securing of commercial privileges. The teachings of religion and humanity may follow after a while, but the prevailing policy had already done much to embitter the minds of the natives against the Europeans and their religion and thus lay the foundations of race antagonisms which will grow in intensity and seriousness as the natives shall grow enlightened in the civilization of Europe. The greatest element of danger is in the general contempt which the Europeans entertain for the African and the African character. It has been shown that, unlike the red races, the black race does not wither up in contact with the whites, and that it does not truckle under and accept without protest and retaliation, as the yellow races do. The black man stands his ground and resorts to diplomacy as well as violence to protect his interests. This is so far the record in the United States, the West Indies, and Africa. In the United States we have separate cars and waiting rooms in the South. They are a positive hardship and injustice, but their character for cleanliness and comfort is constantly growing better, because public opinion demands it, and it is generally expected that the whole system will gradually disappear. It cannot withstand the growing intelligence and broadening sympathies of the American people, who at bottom love liberty and fear God.

There is a very broad and rich field for activities of British Christian missionaries among members of their own race in Africa, and perhaps the British newspapers, may be inspired by this article to pay some attention to this subject. It is man-

"My busy day"

—the day when housecleaning sets in. If you do it in the hard-working, bustling way, every man, woman, and child wants to get under cover. Do it with Pearlline, and nobody's troubled, not even you yourself. Pearlline housecleaning is quicker, quieter, sooner through with, easier. Saves much rubbing. Saves paint. Saves temper. Wherever you can use water for cleaning, use Pearlline with it and you'll get the best work. And let the children help. They enjoy cleaning with Pearlline, and you'll be training them in the way they should go.

testly ironic to waste all the missionary money and effort on the native blacks in order to save their souls when their bodies are being killed by a brutal policy of exposing them to the elements and starving them on the public highways when they have to travel from one place to another "in third class" kept in a most filthy condition" and operated by Europeans. [—T. Thomas Fortune, in N. Y. Sun.

Putnam's Corn Extractor

Is the best remedy for corns extant. It acts quickly, makes no sore spots and effects a radical cure. A hundred imitations prove its value. Take neither substitutes offered as good nor the close imitations of the genuine too often offered.

"It's Easy to be Wise."

You wore them clattering on your breast My gift, the violet-blue— Two blossoms fell; I kept them, pressed, In memory of you.

I found them in an old worn book, The violet-blue and dried; And dreaming of those days of bliss, The violet-blue days, I sighed.

Would that I were a fool again, And you my folly's prize; Alas! I've vain my longing, since We've foolishly waxed wise.

CAN'T ENJOY LIFE



Because of nervousness, dyspepsia, heart trouble, and loss of people just have to sit and look on while their healthy, vigorous friends have all the enjoyment of a strong and robust body. Dr. Ward's Pills will bring back health, strength, snap, vim and energy to even the weakest and weariest of suffering humankind.

A BAD INVESTMENT MADE GOOD.

I have half a gross of empty bottles upon my shelves. Everything my neighbors and friends would tell me to try I would go straight away to the drug store and purchase. I was in a terrible condition from dyspepsia and liver troubles and was getting worse all the time. I was so discouraged buying one medicine and the other and receiving no benefit that I was about giving up when I bought a box of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, which he said had been highly recommended to him. I began using them at once, when, to my great surprise, I felt better in a very short time and continued them for about two weeks and the least sign of dyspepsia or liver troubles now, and have also gained several pounds in weight.

Signed, ANNIE E. GAUNTLEY, King Street, Berlin, Ont.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for \$2.00, at drugists, or mailed on receipt of price by The Dr. Ward Co., 71 Victoria St., Toronto. Book of information free.



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are made in great variety of styles. Whether tall, slim, stout or short you can get a D & A that will fit you comfortably, and at the same time add a little to the natural grace of the figure.

D & A CORSETS WEAR

as well as they fit.

Sold by most dry goods houses.

FLASHES OF FUN.

'So ye wur toined £1 fur assultin' Clauty' remarked Rafferty.

'I wor,' replied Mr. Dolan; 'an' it wor a p-oud moment when I heard the sintince.'

'Fur whut rayson?' 'It showed beyond a doubt which man had the best iv the contest.'

'The human frame,' said the Professor, 'is being at the High School for Girls, changes completely once in seven years. You' for instance, Miss Budda,' he continued, turning to a pretty girl of seventeen, 'when you are twenty-four, will virtually be Miss Budda no longer.'

'Indeed, Professor, I hope not,' she said with a pretty blush.

Billiken; 'Wha's the matter, Williken? Williken; 'Matter enough. You know' some time ago I assigned all my property to my wife, to—keep it out of the hands of—of people I owe you know.'

'Yes.' 'Well she's taken the money and gone off—says she won't live with me because I swindled my creditors.'

'I reckon,' said uncle Henry, after hearing his grandson reading from a paper that it was the proper thing to bestow a name upon one's bicycle, 'I shan't have to search for a name for that bicycle of mine.'

'What are you going to call it?' inquired the visitor.

'Did you ever hear tell of circumstances over which you have no control?'

'Yes.'

'Well, that's what I'm going to call that bicycle, 'Circumstances.'

A little boy had come to school for the first time. The teacher, to encourage the children to speak, asked them simple questions, such as 'How many feet have you?' etc. The cautious man, however, listened without saying anything. At last the teacher, noticing this, said to him:—

'How many feet did you say you had?'

'Afraid of committing himself, he said: 'Please sir, I didn't say I had any.'

Little Lillie: 'Don't you think, doctor, that I look just like my mamma?'

Mother: 'Hush, child! Don't be vain!'

Lady: 'Are these eggs really fresh?'

Shop Assistant: 'Madam, if you will kindly step to the telephone and call up our farm, you can hear the hens that laid those eggs still cackling.'

An Irish glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom who was standing by began to banter him about his style of doing it, telling him to take care not to put in too much putty.

'Arrah, now, be off wid you,' said Pat, 'or I'll put a pain in your head without any putty at all.'

'We ought to worry more over other people's troubles than our own.'

'I do, I worry over my creditor's troubles.'

'What are they?'

'My debts.'

'Oh, John,' exclaimed the fair young mother, 'I am glad you're home. I have been so worried.'

'Way, dear,' he asked, 'what's the matter?'

'It's about the baby. I tremble to think of it. You know they say children that are too smart never grow up.'

'Yes, yes,' he cried, 'go on! What is it? Where is our darling? What has happened? Go on!'

'John,' she said, putting her arm around his neck and sobbing upon his breast, 'he said, "D. d., today, and he is only nine months old!'

'How is this, John—what made you put the children to bed so soon?' asked his wife, on her return home.

'Because they disturbed me in my writing, my dear.'

'And did they allow you to undress them quietly?'

'No. That one in the corner screamed dreadfully.'

'That one in the corner?' She goes and peeps. 'Why, bless me, what have you done John?—that's Freddie Squal from next door!'

Dressmaker: 'So you are not satisfied with the dress, madam? I fear, then, I shall have no more of your work?'

Customer: 'No; but I'll recommend you to my friends.'

She: 'Surely, my dear, you will consider the matter carefully before consenting to Clara's marriage with Mr. Casman?'

He: 'Cert inly. I shall have his books examined by an expert.'

An officer in the Army, seated at the table d'hôte of an hotel, looking significantly at a clergyman opposite, said:—

'If I had a son who was an idiot I would make him a clergyman.'

'Evidently your father was not of that opinion,' quietly responded the clergyman.

A diner in a restaurant got a fish-bone across his throat, and was very nearly choked. A waiter rendered him a little assistance by loosening his collar and giving him a glass of water. When the gentleman received his bill he was disgusted to find that a shilling had been charged for this slight service.

'What is the meaning of this, waiter?' he asked, angrily, pointing to the offending item.

The waiter looked at it and replied: 'Well, sir, choking's an extra.'

'Let us see some of your black kid gloves,' said a lady to a shop assistant.

'These are not the latest style, are they?' she asked, when the gloves were produced.

'Yes, ma'am,' replied the young woman;

'we have had them in stock only two days.' 'I didn't think they were,' because the fashion paper says black kids have tan stitches and vice-versa. I see the tan stitches but not the vice-versa.' The assistant said that vice-versa was French for seven buttons, so she sold three pairs.



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is always the same. It is the Coffee that is bought by the best families of America, people who appreciate the good things of life and insist upon having them. When you buy Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee you get the Best.

It would be impossible for money or position to procure anything superior.

A HEALTHY WOMAN.



Nine-tenths of all the suffering and disease in the world comes from the kidneys. Yet how few people there are who take any care of these delicate little organs. Backache, lame back, headaches, listlessness, all signs of kidney trouble, are almost universal.

Doan's Kidney Pills

Tone and regulate the kidneys and help them to throw off the poisons from the system.

Mrs. A. Brown, P. O. Box 200, Dresden, Ont., says: 'For years I suffered from dropsical trouble which caused me much distress. I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box of them at Switzer's Drug Store. Before commencing to take them I was unable to button my shoes on account of my swollen condition, but by the time I had finished the first box I could do this without inconvenience. I have now taken a second box and have no hesitancy in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills for any kidney or dropsical trouble.' Price 50c a box, 3 for \$1.50, all Druggists. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

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