CAPITAL PAID UP: $2,500,000 TOTAL ASSETS: Thirty-two Million Dollars RESERVE FUND: $2,500,000

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Next Emperor of Austrie, Least Known Royal Prince, is Man of Strong Character.

(By Ex-Attache.)

Of all the royal personages of Europe there is none that commands just at present such a widespread interest as Francis Ferdniand of Hapsburg. The grave illness of his uncle, Emperor Francis Joseph, broken by age and by sorrow, has had the effect of focusing the attention of the old world and of the new upon his successor, and although the latter is in his fifty-fifth year, the most extraordinary ignorance prevails, not only abroad, but even in Austria and Hungary themselves, concerning him.

In fact, it is difficult to recall any prince who has come to the throne in mature manhood about whose personality, character, political views, tastes, and even environment, so little is known. Indeed, he is almost an enigma, not only to his countrymen, but also to foreign nations, and the political outlook of Europe would appear clearer to the puzzled statesmen in the various capitals of the old world if they possessed more information concerning Francis Ferdinand and had some data on which to base their speculations as to the probable course of the policy which he will inaugurate as ruler of the dual empire.

Before going any further it may be as well to explain how it has been possible for a prince of the rank of Francis Fedinand to surround his existence with such an amount of mystery. It is not that he is secretive or that he has pursued methods of the late King Louis of Bavaria, whose horror of publicity was so great that he was wont to establish his abode in the most inaccessible mountain fastnesses and never to drive abroad save in theave in the middle of the night. It is merely that in Austria a great gulf exists between the reigning house and the remainder of mankind.

Not that the Hapsburgs are arrogant. On the contrary, they are most kindly and unaffected, with even the lowest classes. They are, however, somewhat Olympian in their relations to the aristocracy and to the bourgeoisie, and there is but little of that close and intimate friendship which unites the patriciate to the members of the reigning house in other monarchies. The Austrian nobles are faithful, devoted, and loyal retainers of the Hapsburgs, but always remain in the role of servants. There is no question of their being the peers of the sovereign and his family, as in other countries, and the relations are perhaps best illustrated by the response given by an archduke at a popular fete to a newly-fledged baron, who, with the tactlessness of the parvenus of his kind, had taken it upon himself to deplore the presence of so many of the common herd, intimating that their contact must be disagreeable to the prince.

"Not at all," the later extclaimed, genially. "If we members of the Imperial family were to be restricted to the companionship of people of our own caste we should be obliged to spend most of our days in the vaults of the Capucin Church"—where so many hundreds of the Hapsburgs sleep their last sleep.

Then, too, the serious illness which overtook Francis Ferdinand shortly after the tragic death of Crown Prince Rudolf compelled him to lead for several years a quiet and retired life. It was a malady of such gravity that it was regarded for a time as eliminating him from all consideration in connection with the succession to the throne. Contrary to general expectation, he recovered, and his convalescence was signallized by a romance in which Countess Sophie Chotek, daughter of a former Austrian Minister Plenipotentiary at Dresden and one time lady in waiting to Archduchess Frederick, was the heroine.

Francis Ferdinand insisted upon making the countess his wife. By a morganatic alliance only could he do this, and all sorts of obstacles were placed in the way thereof, mainly of a dynastical, political, and also of a more personal character. The dynastic and political objections to the match were due to the fact that he was destined to succeed the present Emperor on the throne of Austria and of Hungary.

The personal opposition came largely from his relatives, especially from Archduchess Frederick, who, after his refusal to wed Archduchess Maria Dorothea, now Ruchess of Orleans, had counted upon his marrying one of her daughters, and who was terribly disappointed to find that they had been cut out, so to speak, by her lady in waiting. Emperor Francis Joseph, however, ultimately gave his consent to the match upon the archduke's registering a solemn oath on the gospels and in writing, in the presence of the princes of the house and of the great dignitaries of the realm, whereby he pledged himself that on becoming emperor he would never take advantage thereof to raise his morganatic wife to share his throne or would seek to endow any sons born of the union with rights to the crown.

Moreover, he renounced in the name of his unborn children, all pretensions to imperial rank and to the sceptre. The difficulties which he had encountered in marrying the countess, the anomalous position assigned to her as his morganatic wife, whereby she was deprived of any share in his honors as a member of the reigning family, and the affronts to which she was subjected by certain of his relatives, as well as by some of the great nobility, who resented the idea that a mere Bohemian Countess Chotek should become the wife of their future emperor, all contributed to keep the archduke in the background during the first few years of his wedded existence. Also he is exceedingly domestic in his tastes and has been in the habit of devoting all the time that he could spare from his representative and official duties to his wife and little ones.

Of late, however, the countess, who had been created Princess of Hohenberg by the emperor, has taken her place at court among the members of the reigning family—below all the archduchesses—and likewise has become, thanks largely to the support of the church, whose cause she championed, an extremely influential factor in Viennese life. But it is doubtful whether either she or her imperial husband have forgotten or forgiven the treatment which they received both during the engagement and during the early years of their marriage.

Francis Ferdinand, like King Edward of Great Britain, and King Oscar of Sweden, enjoys the educational advantages of a personal acquaintance with the United States, which he visited at the time of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, during his voyage around the world. Travel always broadens the mind and extends the range of intellectual vision, especially here in America, where everything, even nature, is on so huge a scale and where the horizon is so vast. It is, therefore, of particular benefit to those men who, by reason of their birth, are called upon to play a dominant role in the control and direction of the destinies of their fellow-creatures. The voyage was on Francis Ferdinand's own initiative, undertaken because he himself felt that it would contribute to his equipment for the office of monarch, and that he encircled the globe not as a mere frivolous tourist, but as a thoughtful observer and student, is shown by the clever and yet modest record of his voyage which he published for private circulation some time after his return.

It is in the form of a diary, and, while entirely free from all priggishness and pretentious affection, contains on almost every page shrewd comments of appreciation and trite remarks, displaying a far greater breadth of mind and a more liberal mentality that he had generally been credited with; and I may add that all the references therein to the United States are of an extremely friendly and commendatorw nature. This diary is by no means Francis Ferdinand's only venture into literature, and he has to his record several graceful monographs, notably one on the celebrated Field Marshal Radtezky, remarkable by reason of the high souled patriotism apparent in every line of the essay, and two volumes of extremely pretty Alpine poetry.

Like most of his countrymen, he is devoted to music, and is something of a composer, having put on paper for the first time several of those old Styrian melodies which until then had never been written, but merely handed down from father to son throughout the ages. The archduke is also an engineer by profession, is so far as I am aware, the only prince of the blood who has secured his diploma as such, and enjoys nothing so much as driving the locomotive of an express train. He is an expert in machinery and of an inventive turn of mind, sufficiently so, indeed, to have earned for himself a handsome competence, if not a fortune, had he not been in his own right one of the wealthiest princes of the old world.

Francis Ferdinand is recognized as one of the best sporting shots in the Austro-Hungarian empire, the walls of his home at Konopischt, in Bohemia, being adorned with the antlers of some 2,000 stags and chamois.

In some respects Francis Ferdinand is a man of stronger character than his uncle, Francis Joseph. For, whereas the latter has shown himself pliable and has sometimes been brought by persuasion or by mere weariness to yield and to accord his consent to measures of which at heart he disapproved, his nephew obstinately refuses to give way. He is slow and deliberate about taking up his position in a controversy. He has accustomed himself to regard it from every possible point of view, and to encourage free discussion thereof in all its bearings. But once he has formed his judgment nothing can induce him to budge therefrom. He is set in his ideas, which are only reached after mature consideration, and while his prejudices are perhaps strongly developed they are neither numerous nor all of them reactionary. But inasmuch as they influence his policy they are deserving of a brief mention.

A devout Roman Catholic, he is disposed to frown upon those endeavors which are being made to curtail the powers of the church in connection with primary education, and to banish everything pertaining to religion from all public schools. Then, too, he makes no secret of his disapproval of the excessive concessions made to Hungary in the way of autonomy at the expense of the other moieties of the empire, taking the the ground that the latter as a whole has been weakened rather than strengthened by the policy of federation instituted in his uncle's reign. It is doubtful whether he entertains quite as cordial feelings towards the court of Berlin as those displayed by Emperor Francis Joseph.

Finally, he does not conceal his distaste for the alliance with Italy. His antagonism towards the latter is based upon the traditional enmity of the Italians for everything pertaining to Austria, and which finds expression not only among the masses, but also among the classes, and even in the highest political and official circles of the peninsula. That the house of Savoy should have deprived the imperial family of Hapsburg of the vast landed possessions which they formerly owned in Italy, and should have confiscated the temporalities of the papacy, are not the motives of Francis Ferdinand's aversion to Italy, but merely contributory thereto.

If he regards the alliance with Italy as a mere sham, not worth the paper on which it is written, and King Victor Emmanuel's subjects as the most irreconcilable of the foes of Austria, it is because he knows full well that every patriotic Italian is imbued with the determination to add sooner or later to united Italy those portions of the empire of Francis Joseph where Italian is the language spoken, and which are never referred to in the dominions of Victor Emmanuel otherwise than by the expressive name of Italia Irredenta—that is to say, unredeemed Italy.

Francis Ferdinand has three children by his marriage, who bear their mother's princely title of Hohenberg, with the predicate of serene highness. hTe eldest is a girl, who has received her mother's name of Sophie, and the others are boys, Prince Maxmilian, being now 5 years of age, and his brother, Ernest, only 3. Their father is devoted to his children, and has them with him on every occasion. They even used to accompany him when he went out shooting in the big forest around his stately chateau of Konopischt, until he found that this interfered with his sport, as they are so passionately fond of animals that whenever any game came within reach of his gun they would clasp hold of his arms and entreat him not to shoot the pretty animal or bird, as the case might be.

Although from an ecclesiastical point of view the church in the person of the Pope would have the power of relieving him of the obligations of the oath which he made at the time of his marriage to refrain from raising his wife to the throne and his children into the line of succession thereto, yet Francis Ferdinand's sense of honor is so keen that there is no reason whatsoever to suppose that he will yield to the longings of his heart and break the promise which he gave to the members of his house, the government of the dual empire, and to the people. Throughout his reign, at any rate as long as she remains unmarried, his half-sister, Archduchess Maria Annunciata, abbess of the Hradraschin, will continue to play the role of acting empress and of first lady of the empire, to which she was appointed a year ago on the death of Archduke Otto, and on all state functions and official ceremonies the princess of Hohenberg will be obliged to yield the pas to her sister-in-law.

It is Archduke Otto's eldest son, Charles Francis, who is the next in line of succession to his uncle, Francis Ferdinand. The lad, who recently attained his majority on his twentieth birthday, which he celebrated last August at Ischl with his granduncle, Emperor Francis Joseph, has been brought up altogether under the latter's influence and direction, and received the early part of his education in one of the public grammar schools of Vienna, being the first scion of the House of Hapsburg to thus take his place on the benches of these public institutions beside the sons of petty tradesmen, artisans, and laborers, thus laborers, thus coming into close touch and intimate contact with the people over whom he is destined in the course of time to reign.

He has inherited the good looks and striking appearance of his dashing father, but not the latter's moral shortcomings, and is justly regarded as one of the most promising princes of the historic dynasty of Hapsburg.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

CANADIAN PATENTS GRANTED TO FOREIGNERS.

Below will be found a list of Canadian patents recently secured through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D. C.

Any information on the subject will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

Peter Selbach, Cologne-on-Rhine, Germany, explosive cartridge.

Henry T. Rawnsley, Kaponga, New Zealand, harness.

Leonard Yonck, Jambes, Belgium, high power explosives.

Albert metersson, Alby, Sweden, process of continuously producing carbide from lime and carbon.

John W. Tierney, Ashtree, Eng., pneumatic hammer and similar tools.

Emile Fourcault, Lodelinsart, Belgium, apparatus for drawing continuous sheets of glass.

Mrs. M. A. Girardet, Etampes, France, devices for lighting and feeding incandescent burners and for heating apparatus using alcohol and the like.

Rudolf Kron, Golzern, Germany, apparatus for producing lines of furrows in webs of paper pulp, asbestos, and the like.

Write for a free copy of The Inventor's Adviser.

New Publications.

"The Toiler and Other Poems" is the title of a neat little volume of verse by Wm. J. Fischer, Waterloo, just issued from the press of Wm. Briggs, Toronto, with portrait of the author and four illustrations by A. M. Wickson. It is not the first effort of the author, who has before appeared before the public in "Songs of the Wayside." The contents of the present volume are mostly short, few being more than three stanzas in length. Not all of them would be classed as titles to fame, but many of them breathe a true poetic spirit and are well worthy of preservation to Canadian literature, and the young poet should receive a kindly reception at the hands of the Canadian public.

OLDEST BANK IN THE WORLD.

There was a kind of public record office attached to the palace and temple at Nineveh, in which it was customary to deposit important legal and other documents, such as contracts and agreements for the purchase and sale of property, marriage settlements, wills, etc. Among these there were discovered official statements as to the history and transactions of the eminent banking house of Egidu at Nineveh. Assyrian chronology proves that these refer to a date about 2,300 years before the Christian era, when Abraham dwelt at Ur of the Chaldees, as is stated in Genesis. We may, therefore, claim for this firm the reputation of being the oldest bank in the world, at least, of which we have any record, or are likely to have. The accounts are very voluminous, and cover the transactions of five generations of the house from father to son. The firm grew rapidly in importance during this period, during which they attained great wealth; for they had succeeded in securing from the King the appointment of collectors of taxes, a position which in the east always leads to fortune. They afterwards framed the revenue for several of the Assyrian Provinces, with very great gain to the firm.—T. P's. London Weekly.

CASTORVILLE.

Those gentlemen who so ably and willingly helped in the drawing and sawing of the wood at the parsonage were treated to a fine oyster supper on Saturday evening by Mrs. Springer.

On Saturday a football game was played between Caistorville and Tapleytown teams, resulting in a score of 1 to 0 in favor of Tapleytown.

James Fralick has rented the farm belonging to Lawson Parker, in Seneca, and will start fall ploughing next month.

Dancing parties are getting to be quite common in this community.

Quarterly services in the Methodist Church on Sunday, Nov. 3, at 10.30 a. m. Special music.

WOODBURN

The cheese factory is running every other day now.

Joseph Tweedle's apple packers are very busy at present, having sent away over 800 barrels of apples.

Mrs. Matthew Johnson, of Binbrook, spent Tuesday with Mrs. Hugh Johnson, of this place.

A splendid new flag has been presented to the school here by the Daughters of the Empire.

Elton Swayzie, of Basingstoke, has been staying a few days with his father, Ezra Swayzie, here.

FOUND FATHER.

STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF A KINGSTON LADY.

Mrs. Charles Herbert's Father Went Away Before She Was Born and His Wife Died—He Was Told the Baby Was Also Dead—Located in Victoria, B. C.

Kingston, Oct. 24.—Mrs. Charles Hebert, Pine street, has discovered the whereabouts of her father, whom she never saw, as he was supposed to have been drowned at the time of her birth. Her father is T. F. Setterington of Victoria, B. C. Twenty-four years ago Mr. Setterington purchased his discharge from B Battery here nnd took a berth on one of the large vessels bound for Lake Superior ports. He left behind him a wife, who died two weeks after her husband was wrecked on Lake Superior and all hands were supposed to have been drowned, but Mr. Setterington was rescued by Indians and kept by them till the spring of the following year. When he returned to civilization he was informed that his wife and the child he had never seen were dead. The baby, who was taken by her uncle, John Tisdale, Barriefield, was brought up and educated by him. As both parents were thought to be dead the child took the name of Tisdale. When she was twenty years old, four years ago, she was married to Charles Hebert.

A few months ago a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Hebert, who knew of the supposed fate of Mrs. Hebert's father, said there was a man of the same name living in Victoria, B. C., and he was quite sure it was her father.

Mrs. Hebert wrote to the man at the address given her and was pleasantly surprised when she received a letter from him telling her that he indeed was her father.

HERE AND THERE.

Gulph Mercury::—Farmers who want to increase their troubles can do so by introducing to the people of their neighborhood the best thing in Mining Investments. When the farmer dabbles in mining stock he is chasing after a mortgage on his farm that he will never succeed in lifting.

Toronto Telegram:— "Pay when you enter" cars will be a great boon —to the Street Railway Company.

Toronto Star:—A pupil in Elizabeth Street School has been reformed by being treated to a pair of glasses. Ah, yes; but there are other glasses, a pair of which sometimes work the other way.

Toronto News:— If Sir John Masdonald was entitled to public confidence because prosperity obtained under his Administration, so Sir Wilfrid Laurier may lay claim to profit because prosperity has abounded under Liberal Government.

Winnipeg Tribune:— If it wasn't for getting her front hair mussed no girl would object to being kissed against her will once in a while.

Ottawa Free Press:—Mr. Borden is due in Ottawa, Nov. 2nd. Let's see, that's the day Hamilton Tigers arrive here.

Dundas Banner:—The Tigers own Hamilton and Dundas, the mountains and valleys, everything is their's, but don't mention Montreal.

Victoria Colonist:—Chinamen driving pigs through the streets speak English to them. Is this a compliment to "the all conquering tongue" or otherwise?

A Rapid Pace.

(Montreal Gazette.)

From what is gathered from the Winnipeg newspapers, the city has a floating debt of $3,942,000. It has also voted for schemes that call for an expenditure of $5,550,000, and is being by some urged to vote for other schemes that will involve an outlay of $4,740,000. Some conservative persons object to the latter on the ground that the obligations are already sufficiently large. It is probably, however, too much to expect that they were listened to. Winnipeg has not yet reached the stage of development where the taxpayer can expect to outvote the land boomer.

BEER* STEADIES THE NERVES

GOOD beer, used as a beverage with meals, makes steadier, stronger nerves because it helps the stomach do its work better.

Your own doctor will tell you that the right use of beer is good for almost every adult,—women especially.

The little alcohol in beer (less than there is in cider) helps digest food. Get the right idea about beer, and be healthier for using it.

*BEER is a term which covers lager, ales, porter and stout; and, in the practice of Ontario brewers, implies beverages made under most hygienic conditions, from Ontario barley (the best in the world) malt, hops and pure water. 161

Where You Can Save Money

On Saturday, October 27th, we are offering the public a great chance to save money. We are offering our stock of all the latest and most up-to-date Men's Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Ladies' Furs, Men's and Boys' Clothing at prices that will help all to buy and all to be able to procure some.

Men's Furnishings :—

Men's White Night Shirts, in flannelette; regular $1.25 for 79c

Men's Heavy Tweed Working Shirts; regular $1.25, on sale for 79c

Men's Heavy Black Twill Shirts; regular $1.25, on sale for 79c

Men's Stiff Front Shirts, limited quantity; regular $1.25, on sale 79c

Men's Fancy Corduroy Vests, in assorted colors; regular $3, on sale $2.25

Men's and Boys' Clothing:—

We have only a few lines of Boys' Suits left, and we are clearing them off at $2.79

We are offering Men's Trousers, regular $1.50, in elegant Canadian tweed, at $1.15

Men's Worsted and Tweed Trousers in elegant patterns; regular $2.50, for $1.75

We have only a few Men's Suits left; regular $7, for $4.99

Call in and see them; it will pay you.

Boots and Shoes :—

We are offering on Saturday all our different lines of Boots and Shoes in all styles and qualities. A special discount of 10 per cent.

Ladies' Furs :—

On Saturday on your cash sales we will give any customer a special discount of 20 per cent. off any line we have in stock.

Special :—

You can also have a Fur put away and held with a small deposit on same. This gives all an opportunity to get a chance to procure a Fur.

Hats and Caps :—

We have our fall line of Soft and Stiff Felt Hats in stock and can be seen at any time and shown without any trouble, and also to convenience of customers we are offering any Stiff and Soft Felt Hats at a special price Saturday at $2.00

58 and 60 James St. N. Cor. Rebecca St. SWALES BROS. 605 Barton St. East Near Birch Ave.

2 STORES

BELGIAN WOMEN TOILERS

Societies for the advancement of womanhood could find abundant work in Belgium.

To-day the land of King Leopold is perhaps further behind the times in its treatement of the gentler sex than any other country of Europe.

Here woman still does the manual labor of the land as she once did it all over the world. The voice of progress, whose modern note is spelling emancipation everywhere else, has not yet sounded for the woman of the little strip of land 173 miles by 112 that rejoices in the name of kingdom.

The Belgian woman is the nation's farmer, miner, laborer, and mechanic. She toils from dawn till sunset at the heaviest kind of work and none pities or makes an appeal for her.

The little country, of whose existence she is the corner stone, is one of the most densely populated in the world, and every square mile of territory must support 485 persons. That is is able to do so is only because of the industry, the slavish willingness of the women of the country to do the kind of work from which other nations have freed her.

The soil of Belgium is well adapted to agriculture. The once impassable morasses of the Morini and the Menapii have been drained and converted into fertile fields, surrounded by dense plantations. A system of canals helps the Scheldt, and the Maas in their work of irrigating the land, and the variations of climate from very hot summers to extremely cold winters give advantages for the production of varied farm stuffs that are denied to the neighboring country of Holland.

But the seed sown by nature would never be reaped if the work of doing it were to be left to man.

The population of the country, some 7,000,000, is divided into the proportion of three rural dwellers to one who lives in the city and probably the same proportion of women and children as against men who toil in the fields.

Centuries of habit have made man regard the Belgian woman as a natural wage earner. If he is industrious he works in the factory, while she goes out and raises the farm produce that is eaten on his table, and, when there is a surplus, sold.

Young women and old think nothing of working a twelve-hour day in the fields, where wheat, barley, rye, oats, hemp, flax, hops, dye plants and chicory are prepared for the markets.

In the hundreds of acres devoted to vineyards, where is produced a fair, but not famous wine, it is women who do the bulk of the work ,and the gourmand who drinks a bottle of wine with a Belgian label has woman to thank for his enjoyment.

But it is not alone at farming that the women of Leopold's realm toil for their keep.

Incredible as it may seem, they are actually miners, and no small part of the valuable mineral output of the country results from their efforts.

In the United States it has always been a matter of concern with humanitarians that in order that the world might be supplied with coal men must do all the dangerous work incident to mining and getting it to the market. Touching articles have been written on the danger of sinking shafts, of blasting the coal from its natural state with dynamite, of getting it to the shaft and carrying it to the surface.

The miseries of the breaker boys, who sit in the dusty whirl and confusion of the lofty ramshackle bulluding picking the slate from the coal as it moves before them on long chutes, has often been painted as a sad picture of toil and misery that has gone far to give the coal miners support in their various contentions with their employers over the question of wages.

Every now and then some accident, a cave-in, an explosion or a washout, directs attention to the dangers that beset the life of the miner, and an indignant and watchful public forces legislatures to pass laws in order to give the man with the pick every possible protection.

In this country, the miners, subject of so much solicitude, are men, but in Belgian the same dangers, privations and exhausting work are the portion of woman.

In all the Belgian mines women work at the surface, handle coal, push wagons and do the work that breaker boys accomplish in the United States. In some of the mines they are not permitted to go below the surface, but in others they actually compete with the male miners.

So in all the centres of the various minerals, at Liege, where copper is wrought; at the black marble quarries of Dant, the slate quarries of Herbemont and calimine mines of Liege, there will be found women working, and in most cases very grateful for the opportunity.

At the great seats of the linen industry, Courtney and Bruges, in West Flanders, Ghent in East Flanders, Brussels in Brabant, Mechlin or Malines in Antwerp, Tournay in Hainault, women are employed in great numbers and are more skilled than men. But no account of their ability is taken in the wages paid them, which are for the most part pitifully small.

When Dowie, as part of his dream of a modern Zion in the United States, brought a number of lace workers from Belgium with the idea of making a fortune from their work, he made them no extravagant offers of salary, yet their income was as much in one day as it had been in a month in their native land.

But the lot of these linen workers and lace makers is a dream of luxury compared to what some other Belgian women must endure.

It is hard to conceive of a woman brickmaker, but they have them in Belgium by the thousand. Their part of the work is to prepare the clay for the molders who actually make the bricks.

From early in the morning till late evening the Flemish woman or girl sits in front of the mass of wet clay, getting it to the proper constituency. No matter how hot the rays of the sun, no matter how the alterations of temperature, the comparative cold of the morning, and the intense heat of the midday, expose her to rheumatism and other ills, she must stick to her work, day in and day out, and for this toil she receives a compensation that the poorest paid shop girl in the United States would sneer at.

Only a few hours' ride away is Paris, the centre of the world's civilization, and in another direction is England, where the suffragists are carrying on their battle for equal political rights with men, but the Flemish woman knows nothing of this as she digs into her clay. Her mother did the same before her, and she thinks it only her fit portion in the battle of life.

Still another unfortunate section of King Leopold's feminine population finds its livelihood working in the oyster parks. The women don breeches like a man, and labor as hard as the strongest of their sons, fathers, brothers or husbands.

Naturally where this is permitted in Leopold's own realm, that country in which he resides, and of whose conditions he can not be ignorant, it is not to be expected that he would be over scrupulous as to what goes on in the far off Congo, from whence he derives the fabulous income which makes him one of the richest sovereigns in Europe.

Congo native women are still used for doing the heavy carrying of the caravans and they lift and haul loads that would test the strength of the strongest man.

There is nobody to protect hem, none to protect, for the native Congo man has no regard whatever for the comfort of his own. He regards them as inferior to himself in every respect, and only fitted for drudgery.

Nor do the Belgian soldiers protect. They are only for the money they can return to their king from the great rubber industry, and he is too busy with the wiles of the kind of Clep de Merode to bother about justice to woman.

THE BLIND CHILD.

I saw her hands upon her mother's face,
Her eyes were resting 'neath the tender screen.
I felt a thrill of pure accented grace,
Did she not see the things I had not seen.

Theme of reverence, mother and her child,
Purest stream of grace of ancient date,
Sweet as the angels with their service mild,
Who stand attentive at the morning gate.

Silent signals pendent from on high,
Heart to heart, bound with strongest bands,
Pledge of a love which brings us ever nigh,
O, sacramental touch of tiny hands.

Beamsville, Ont. H. T. Miller.

THE SCORCHER.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right I let no one dispute;
Let people get out of my way
When I warn them by giving a toot,
I frighten the teams from the farms,
With goggles I cover my face,
Ignoring the countryside's charms
I go as if shot into space.

I'm out of the constable's reach
Before his authority's shown;
With a whidz and a rush and a scratch
I pass ere my number is known.
I frighten the ebasts of the field;
If children too tardily flee
I can't pick them up to be healed,
Their agony's nothing to me.

I leave crippled poultry behind
And swerve not to left nor to right;
Men curse me, but I never mind,
In a moment I pass from their sight.
I scatter dust over the land,
And leave a foul stench in the air;
There's nothing on earth that's as grand
As to go it like mad, and not care.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mrs. Jones—That old maid next door is the most brazen borrower I know! Mrs. Brown—Indeed! Mrs. Jones—Yes. Why, only yesterday she came over to inquire if she could borrow my husband for an hour to mow her lawn, thrash a man who had insulted her, and discharge her cook.

PILES Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 60c, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.
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