

The Home

WILD GRAPES.

Wild Grape Pie.—Pick from stem and wash 1 pint grapes. Line a tin with good crust, place in the bottom one and a half tablespoons flour and three tablespoons sugar mixed, now add the grapes, pour in enough water so that when you tip the pie the water can be seen readily, wet the edges of the crust, put on a perforated top crust, and bake until brown. Notwithstanding the numerous seeds, this is delicious when eaten with good cream. Wild Grape Jelly.—Remove all imperfect grapes from the bunch, wash the bunches and put over the fire in enough water to start them cooking. Cover and when done press all juice from the grapes. Use the same amount of sugar as juice, but let the juice boil a few minutes before adding the sugar. A quart of an hour ought to cook it after the sugar has been added. The grapes may be picked off if wished. If kept several months, grape sugar may form in it. A preventive of this is to use one-third elderberry juice with the grape juice. The jelly can hardly be told from all grape juice. Wild Grape Butter.—Pick from the stem, wash and put over the fire in a little water three gallons grapes. When cooked by pieces remove from the fire, and as soon as cool press through a colander. Put the mass over the fire with three pounds of brown sugar, if desired sweet, and cook until the desired thickness is reached. Be careful not to burn, and do not cook as stiff as you wish it to be when cold, or it will be thick enough to cut. One-third finely mashed cooked apples may be used with the grape pulp, and no difference will be noticed. This should make a little over a gallon of nice butter. Put in jars and seal. Canned Wild Grapes.—Prepare as for pies and put over the fire with a little water. As soon as done, place in glass cans and seal. Wrap the cans in paper and set in a cool place; four gallons grapes after they are picked off will can two and a half gallons. Fine for winter pies. Spiced Wild Grapes.—Prepare as for pies and put over the fire in the following boiling mixture: One quart vinegar, five pounds brown sugar, half ounce cinnamon, half ounce whole cloves. Sew the spices in a thin bag. This is enough for two gallons prepared grapes. When thoroughly cooked in this mixture, skim out into jars, boil the liquid down thick, then pour over the grapes. Tie tops of jars with paper, if minus lids.

WITH PEACHES.

Preserved.—Choose fine large peaches, ripe, but not too mellow, pure and heavy. Allow as many pounds of white sugar as of fruit, and to one pound of sugar allow a tencup of water. Make a syrup with sugar and water, skim well and add the fruit. Simmer slowly until clear, when done put fruit in jars, boil syrup until rich and thick, then pour over peaches. Seal when cold. Marmalade.—Pare and halve peaches and allow three-quarters pound of white sugar to one pound of fruit. Mellow the sugar with a cup of water, stir it until dissolved, let boil and skim. Add peaches and stir constantly until done. Butter.—Pare and halve ripe peaches and cook until soft in just sufficient water to keep from burning. Press through a colander, and to one quart of peaches add one and a half pounds of white sugar. Boil very slowly for one hour, stirring frequently to prevent scorching. Season with a little cinnamon or almond extract. Jelly.—Choose juicy, tart peaches for jelly. Pare, halve and cook in just enough water to cover. When soft, strain through coarse cotton cloth and measure the juice. To one quart of juice allow one pound of white sugar. Boil steadily for 20 minutes, then add sugar and boil 10 minutes longer, or until firm when a little is tried on a cold plate. One-half apple juice will make a much firmer jelly without in the least disguising the peach flavor. Pickled.—To four pounds of peaches allow 2 1/2 pounds of brown sugar, one pint best vinegar, one tablespoon each of whole cloves and allspice, and half tablespoon mace. Boil the vinegar, sugar and spices together and pour boiling hot over peaches. Let stand 24 hours, drain off syrup, heat to the boiling point, and again pour over the peaches. Repeat three times. Speed.—To every five pounds of fruit, allow two pounds of brown sugar, one quart of vinegar, one ounce each of cinnamon, cloves and mace. Wipe peaches and cook in the vinegar and sugar until tender, but not broken, take out, put in spices, boil hard for five minutes and pour the syrup over the peaches.

YOUNG BEETS.

Boiled.—Wash and cook in boiling water until tender. When done, throw into a pan of cold water, and rub the skins off. Cut in slices, season nicely and serve hot with melted butter poured over. Or they may be served cold with vinegar and seasoning. If very young, they may be served whole. Baked.—Take two boiled beets, cut into dice, season to taste, put in a buttered baking dish in alternate layers with diced boiled potatoes. Put seasoning and little bits of butter between each layer, and cover the top with grated bread crumbs. Fritters.—Cut cold beets into slices. Cover a slice with finely minced raw onion, season nicely and lay on another slice of beet. Dip carefully in egg batter, and fry in boiling fat to a light brown. Serve immediately. Fried.—Cut cold boiled beets in slices and fry in hot butter. Season to taste, squeeze a little lemon juice over and serve at once. Salad.—Chop cold boiled beets into dice. To each cupful add one teaspoon of sugar, a little salt, and vinegar to nearly cover. Equal quantities of diced beet and diced celery make a delicious salad with a simple French dressing. Pickled.—Skin and slice boiled beets, put in a jar, cover with cold vinegar, add one cup sugar to each gallon. Another way is, cut boiled beets lengthwise in pieces the size of rather small cucumbers. Boil equal parts of sugar and vinegar, with half tablespoon cloves, tied in a piece of muslin, to each gallon. Pour boiling hot over the beets. Mashed.—Boil beets in the usual manner, skin and mash thoroughly with an equal quantity of hot boiled potatoes. Add a large lump of butter, but no milk, and season nicely. Put in a hot dish, make a hole in the center, in which put another lump of butter, set in the oven for a minute or two, and serve very hot. This is a favorite New England dish, and is especially relished when beets are young and sweet.

TO CLEAN WINDOWS.

A nice way to clean windows, or the glass in bookcase doors, or cupboards, says a writer in an exchange, is to take a small bunch of cotton batting dampen it with kerosene and wipe the glass all over carefully. After allowing it to stay on a short time, take a soft, clean cloth and polish the glass. You will be surprised at its brilliancy and clearness. There are no streaks to rub off, over and over again, and it can be done in a very little while, without any muss whatever. The small evaporates almost immediately. One can rub the glass all over well, then go about other work, leaving it for several hours, and then it will polish just the same.

A REMINISCENCE OF CAWNPORE.

The Awfulness of Having to Kill One's Own Wife and Children. At this distance and in this environment, writes a London correspondent, it seems that the nations of the earth have permitted all these awful things in China. It may not be so, but it looks very much like a consultation over a dying man, with Russia as the family physician, Japan as the surgeon who could save, and the rest of us a lot of blithering, bungling country doctors, letting him die while we discuss the etiquette of it all. It looks as if the only hope for the women and children in Pekin is that their men will shoot them down when the worst comes to the worst. This thought recalls a ghastly experience I had at an evening reception here recently. I was discussing the situation in China with a white-haired, seared-visaged, soldierly looking man, and I said I didn't see, necessary and human as the act would be under some circumstances, how it could be possible for the men in the legation to shoot their wives and daughters. The man was silent for a moment, his face rigid and white, his eyes gazing into space before him. "I had to shoot mine in the Indian mutiny," he said, quietly. I wanted to shriek out then and there, but only groaned and walked away. Later, a friend who knew him told me the story. He was a major in the army, and during that awful Cawnpore affair he and his family were captured. He shot his wife and two daughters as they were being dragged away by those black brutes; after he had been imprisoned and tortured he escaped, to live a nightmare life. We all recall the Cawnpore story, and people are retelling it now just as if there were not enough present horrors—how those women, the wives and daughters of English officers and officials, had their breasts cut off and were thrown into a pit to die of their wounds and of starvation.

WHERE SHE IS WISE.

Why do you consider woman more intelligent than man? Because she has sense enough not to show all that she disbelieves.

WHY NOT PAK-HORSES?

What earthly reason is there why our mounted infantry and cavalry should not do likewise Pak-horses could be trained to move with the troops at any pace the mounted men could travel, each pack-horse being easily tethered to a rider's saddle, a pack-horse between each pair of troop horses. This would only necessitate the troops advancing in open order as they do now, and as they will always have to do whilst quick-firing guns are in existence. Mounted infantry, cavalry, and guns could thus sweep forward, carrying food with them to enable them to take up and hold positions comfortably until the heavy convoys came up with them. If to-day Lord Roberts possessed the flying pack-horse system of transport this war would not last as many days as it is liable to last months under the ox-wagon system. I have watched, from the very seat of war, the splendid efforts of our most dashing cavalry general, the flying French. No man living is less inclined to grudge him praise for his brilliant work in the field than myself. Yet how often have his best efforts been practically nullified by the absence of provisions to enable him to hold what his genius and his daring have won. He has done superlatively well, but how much better his work would have been if the British Army Transport Service had been what it should have been. If we come to grief in South Africa on any very large scale, the Transport people will be at the root of the trouble, for they muddle nearly everything they touch.

THE NEED FOR REFORM.

What is the use of lying to the nation? Why tell the Empire that it has an Army equipment to be proud of, whilst this festering ruin is our midst? The nation is strong enough, stout-hearted enough to bear the worst, and virile enough to rectify its error. Professional soldiers may sneer, and say that my opinion is merely that of an outsider, of a man untrained to the use of arms possibly, but I have had more practical experience in regard to transport through rough and inhospitable country, more practical experience in handling big bodies of men in country where every pound-weight of food was a serious and suffering. Wherever workmen were in revolt there were tidings of this man of mystery. It was not his

WHY NOT PAK-HORSES?

hand that threw the bomb, but it was his brain that devised the crime, his money that bought the materials. For a while he was the best known man in France, yet few eyes had ever beheld him, and few men knew his nationality. He is a Pole, said this one; he is a Russian said that; and we may cheerfully leave it to the wisecracks of eastern Europe to settle their claims. But he was indefatigable in his desire of blood. "Kill more you brutes!" he is reputed to have said, when he thought his creatures were not giving him value for his money. He was working at Antwerp, he was an inspiration at Lille, and then he vanished. Tried for murder, he was twice condemned, and, at last, a rumor came that he was in a Russian prison. Thereafter an enemy espied him at Geneva, and none can say whether he is dead or buried alive. "It is France that made anarchy possible. For anarchy is the legitimate child of the Revolution, which now appears to us in a true light as the mother of evil. If the lesson of murder had not been taught to the imbecile citizens of the Terror, we might never have heard of its votaries as the highest virtue. The Revolution was that first discovered the grandeur of cowardice, that first saw in the severed head of a girl the symbol of freedom and insists that the Revolution must be taken on bloc as a rebirth of her citizens and her pupils have learned the use of dynamite and the knife. Assassins there were, of course, before the black year, 1789, but they were no better than sporadic imbeciles, and neither Fenton nor Bellingham struck with the weight of a misguided movement behind them. No; the anarchist is a brief century old, and already it is time that he should crawl away to death, and be no more known."

THE FUTURE.

And what is the future of anarchy? Blank for the anarchists, hopeful for us. The international association, which now devises murder in secret, and puts to death its disobedient members, has passed its zenith of brutality. The zeal of the police, and the dying zeal of the agitators, have doubled its risk and halved its ingenuity. They still hold its middle-class meetings, and discuss the works of Herbert Spencer, but it is not likely to renew its forward policy. All that governments can do is to see that the anarchist, when he is caught, has the briefest trial and the severest sentence that can be devised. For, after blood, he best loves publicity.

IT IS A FESTERING RUIN.

LENSONS MIGHT BE TAKEN FROM THE COLONIES.—Pak-horses instead of the Ox-wagon system would soon end the War. Mr. Hales, the Australian special correspondent of the London Daily News, makes a vigorous onslaught on the army transport system. "The transport, he says, connected with the British Army of today is too cumbersome, too unwieldy, too slow. For six months I have been constantly at the front during the present war, and each day has impressed this fact forcibly upon my mind. The first blow in the shape of army reform, will have to be struck there, and it will have to be a deep and a far-reaching blow, for at the present juncture this end of the service is of little more use to our Army than a glass eye is to a heathen idol. If our transport service was any good it ought to have come conspicuously to the front in South Africa, for I doubt if in all the world there is another country where there are so few difficulties to contend with, and so many advantages to be embraced. I am not speaking of Natal, for that country I know nothing of my own observation. The veldt makes magnificent and the kopjes far apart, while there is superabundant grass for horses, mules, and cattle on every hand; there is no timber, there are no heavy forests for the waggon to be forced through, and the ground under foot is firm and springy. Yet with all this in their favour the transport people of the British Army have been as much out of their element as a duck on a dust heap."

THE NEED FOR REFORM.

What is the use of lying to the nation? Why tell the Empire that it has an Army equipment to be proud of, whilst this festering ruin is our midst? The nation is strong enough, stout-hearted enough to bear the worst, and virile enough to rectify its error. Professional soldiers may sneer, and say that my opinion is merely that of an outsider, of a man untrained to the use of arms possibly, but I have had more practical experience in regard to transport through rough and inhospitable country, more practical experience in handling big bodies of men in country where every pound-weight of food was a serious and suffering. Wherever workmen were in revolt there were tidings of this man of mystery. It was not his

LED HAND OF ANARCHY.

TO IT IS TRACEABLE MANY MOST CRUEL MURDERS.

The Anarchist is Valo, Hopeful and Cowardly—After Blood, He Has An Inordinate Craving for Publicity. The assassination of King Humbert of Italy makes of timely interest an article in Blackwood's Magazine on The Real Anarchist, extracts from which are here appended. "The anarchist is a ruffian of feeble brain and weak inclination, who is pursued by a spirit of restless discontent. Sorry for himself, he believes, by an easy transition, that he is sorry for his fellows; and it is this sham sympathy, rooted in selfishness, which generally wins for him the credit of amiability. So the discontent which he fondly construes into a general love of the human race, drives the anarchist to attempt reform, and for him reform means death. Indeed, so narrow is his brain that he can conceive no other remedy for a trifling ill than murder; he would wipe out a spot of dust with blood, and his own war cry is 'Kill, kill, kill!' In other words, his diseased intelligence forbids him to understand the link which binds cause and effect. He recognizes his poverty, and believes that a change of system will ameliorate it; but he can imagine no method of changing a system which appears to him to be the death of an innocent man. That is to say, he does not understand the rules of society's game; he is like a man who would be taken for a gentleman, and yet cheats at cards. So he rushes into the street, armed with dynamite or dagger, and finds heroism in a lupine brutality. Hence it follows that he is of a sanguine disposition. He is of those who hope always that the wickedness of today will be overlooked by the mercy of the morrow, and, in truth nothing need appear hopeless to the brain which detects in an unreasoned crime a cure for poverty."

A VICTIM OF WORDS.

But says his apostolator, at any rate, the anarchist is a man of courage; at any rate, he risks his skin for an idea. Nothing could be further from the truth; he is not brave, this irresolute apostle of slaughter; he is the victim, not of ideas, but of words. Impelled by his ineffectual act by a phrase, he deems no risk excessive, if only he gets a chance to work off a few tags before his judges. His quick, restless mind omits one step in the argument. He sees the crowded court; he is blind to the gallows. He imagines himself for a moment the centre of attraction, he seems to hear the echo of his hollow voice, and he proclaims the foolish sentences which he has learned by rote. And his stupendous vanity blinds him to the last consequence, the early morning and the ghastly counsel, the chill walk from the prison to the gallows, the oblique blade and the fateful basket. These horrors do not appal him, because his self-satisfaction carries him no farther than the speech which he fondly believes will impress the jury. For, indeed, if there were no vanity in the world there would be no anarchists, since vanity is the essence of that stupidist of crimes, which is called political. None but a vain fool would attempt single-handed what he grandiloquently describes as the "regeneration of man"; none but a vain fool would choose for this attempt the ridiculous method of inconsequent assassination; none but a vain fool would overlook all the consequences of his deed save the chance of an ill-deserved speech in a hostile court-house. And, in all the history of anarchy you will not find one practitioner who did not unite in himself the three qualities of vanity, hope and cowardice. "The anarchist, moreover, is commonly half-educated. Rotten before he is ripe, he has extracted from cheap philosophy all that is mischievous. Reeking with murder, he will quote Herbert Spencer, as the devil quoted Scripture, to his purpose. "Such is the type to which the most of 'political murderers conform. Such was the foolish, amiable Vaillant, who thought that an infernal machine thrown into the Chamber of Deputies might call attention to himself and his fortunes. In this he succeeded, and if there were room for cynicism, in the adventure, we might smile at the irony which chose the place and the method. At any rate, the deputies experienced a new terror, even though the machine was wreathed in flowers. Such, too, was the miserable Henry, who comes nearest to our ideal of shiftless, irresponsible half-knowledge. Such, too, was the poor Caserio, who was elevated by his compatriots into a hero of the Sunday school."

ANOTHER TYPE.

"Nor are these the only exceptions to a clearly defined type. There is another sort of anarchist, who works stealthily, not for a resolution, but for the gratification of his own sad temper. Not many years ago there was a mysterious stranger, one Sternberg, who supported the Anarchia of France for the mere lust of slaughter and suffering. Wherever workmen were in revolt there were tidings of this man of mystery. It was not his

WAR ABOUT OPIUM FIRST.

SOMETHING OF THE PREVIOUS TROUBLES IN CHINA.

British Traders Gave Up Many Thousands Chests of Chinese Smoking Drug—Formation of Secret Societies. Prior to 1858 the Taku forts guarding the entrance to the Peiho River and the approach to Tien Tsin, and thence to Pekin, were insignificant and useless buildings, utterly valueless as defensive works; but they were soon destined to play an important part in the history of China and to elicit clear evidence of the unity of the Anglo-Saxon race here and in the United States of America. At the expiration of the charter of the East India Company in 1834, the head of the factory was superseded by a representative of the sovereign of Great Britain, who could not conduct business with the Chinese merchants as the factor of the company had done. The two nations were brought defiantly face to face. On the one side a resistless force, determined to overcome all obstacles to the spread of its commerce, and its conduct as with an equal nation; on the other side was an old Empire, whose history was lost in the mists of antiquity, who having in the past resisted the intrusion of neighbouring kingdoms, felt not her decrepitude and still believed herself equal to the task of excluding the foreigners from her territory."

THE OPIUM WAR.

Troubles first commenced in Canton during the reign of the Emperor Taou-Kwang, between the Mandarins and some English merchants, who persisted in smuggling opium into the country. All business became deranged, and finally the English Government sent out Lord Napier, who died of fever a few months after his arrival in Canton. He was succeeded by Captain Elliott, who, in 1839, agreed that all the opium in the hands of English merchants should be surrendered to the Chinese authorities. On the 3rd of April of that year, 20,283 chests of opium were handed over to the Mandarins, who immediately destroyed the drug, a strong proof of their anxiety to save their people from the vice of opium eating. The demand for the opium and for its destruction was made by Commissioner Sin, whose action in the matter created intense excitement. Captain Elliott left Canton in May, and war between the nations practically commenced although not formally declared until 1840. The war ended in 1842. The Chinese ceded Hong Kong to the British and paid an indemnity of 6,000,000 of dollars and opened the ports of Canton, Ning-po, Amoy, and Fu-Chau to British trade. The country, however, never became properly pacified, and secret societies were formed with the object of restoring the Chinese dynasty to the throne. A youth, said to be the last descendant of the Ming dynasty, was chosen by the conspirators as Emperor, under the title Teen-tih, or "Heavenly Virtue" in 1850. He was, however, a weak leader, and the conspiracy was almost crushed out, when a leader came forward named Hung Se-tueen, bold and skillful. His career was brilliant, successful. In 1852 he proclaimed in Nan King, the inauguration of the famous Tai-ping dynasty, which was finally overthrown, and the rebellion crushed out by Gordon, who successfully trained and led the Imperial troops to victory. NEXT BRITISH WAR WITH CHINA. An outrage on the British gunboat Arrow in October, 1856, caused a renewal of hostilities. Peace was signed at Tien Tsin by Lord Elgin in May, 1858, the enemy being brought to submission. When, however, Sir Frederick Bruce, the newly-appointed Minister to the Court of Pekin, attempted to go up the Peiho, the Taku forts, which had been repaired and strengthened, opened fire on his flotilla with such precision and efficiency as to give good grounds for the idea that Russian influence was at work, and that under the training of Russian instructors the Chinese troops were being prepared for a war with England. Sir Frederick Bruce and the gunboats that accompanied him, retired to Shanghai, and waited for reinforcements. This treachery cost Admiral Hope, who tried to force the passage of the river, 81 killed and 391 wounded. When the fire was most brisk, and it seemed as if the British gunboats could not be brought safely from the range of the new and powerful artillery of the forts, Commodore Tatwell, of the United States navy, who happened to be in the river with an American cruiser, opened fire on the Chinese, using the memorable expression, "Blood is thicker than water."

BRITAIN'S ROYAL PRINCES.

Outside the Prince of Wales, and His Family, Only Three Are Now Alive. The death of the Duke of Edinburgh, who, by the way, was exactly the same age as the murdered King Humbert, both having been born within a few months of each other, in 1844, brings very forcibly home to Englishmen the constant diminution of the number of Princes of the royal blood of Great Britain. It may seem curious that, although the Queen has been blessed with a fairly large family, the number of royal Princes is very limited outside the direct line of succession. Besides the Prince of Wales, his son and three grandsons, there are only three royal Princes now left in England, namely, the Duke of Connaught, his son, and the aged Duke of Cambridge. That, of course, is not counting the young Duke of Albany, who is now to become a foreign potentate, or the Duke of Cumberland, who is also to all intents and purposes a foreigner. Prince Christian is of the royal house by creation only. Without entering into details the fact presents itself that the descendants of Queen Victoria represent all that is left of four generations of the Hanoverian dynasty. Thirteen branches of the royal house have entirely died out. In the direct male line the same process of diminution continues. The Queen has lost two sons out of four and the Princess of Wales two out of three. The late Duke of Edinburgh's son died before his father. The Duke of Connaught has only one son. The Duke of Albany is the only son of the late Prince Leopold. Only five princes are left out of two generations.

What is the use of lying to the nation? Why tell the Empire that it has an Army equipment to be proud of, whilst this festering ruin is our midst? The nation is strong enough, stout-hearted enough to bear the worst, and virile enough to rectify its error. Professional soldiers may sneer, and say that my opinion is merely that of an outsider, of a man untrained to the use of arms possibly, but I have had more practical experience in regard to transport through rough and inhospitable country, more practical experience in handling big bodies of men in country where every pound-weight of food was a serious and suffering. Wherever workmen were in revolt there were tidings of this man of mystery. It was not his

WAR ABOUT OPIUM FIRST.

SOMETHING OF THE PREVIOUS TROUBLES IN CHINA.

British Traders Gave Up Many Thousands Chests of Chinese Smoking Drug—Formation of Secret Societies. Prior to 1858 the Taku forts guarding the entrance to the Peiho River and the approach to Tien Tsin, and thence to Pekin, were insignificant and useless buildings, utterly valueless as defensive works; but they were soon destined to play an important part in the history of China and to elicit clear evidence of the unity of the Anglo-Saxon race here and in the United States of America. At the expiration of the charter of the East India Company in 1834, the head of the factory was superseded by a representative of the sovereign of Great Britain, who could not conduct business with the Chinese merchants as the factor of the company had done. The two nations were brought defiantly face to face. On the one side a resistless force, determined to overcome all obstacles to the spread of its commerce, and its conduct as with an equal nation; on the other side was an old Empire, whose history was lost in the mists of antiquity, who having in the past resisted the intrusion of neighbouring kingdoms, felt not her decrepitude and still believed herself equal to the task of excluding the foreigners from her territory."

THE OPIUM WAR.

Troubles first commenced in Canton during the reign of the Emperor Taou-Kwang, between the Mandarins and some English merchants, who persisted in smuggling opium into the country. All business became deranged, and finally the English Government sent out Lord Napier, who died of fever a few months after his arrival in Canton. He was succeeded by Captain Elliott, who, in 1839, agreed that all the opium in the hands of English merchants should be surrendered to the Chinese authorities. On the 3rd of April of that year, 20,283 chests of opium were handed over to the Mandarins, who immediately destroyed the drug, a strong proof of their anxiety to save their people from the vice of opium eating. The demand for the opium and for its destruction was made by Commissioner Sin, whose action in the matter created intense excitement. Captain Elliott left Canton in May, and war between the nations practically commenced although not formally declared until 1840. The war ended in 1842. The Chinese ceded Hong Kong to the British and paid an indemnity of 6,000,000 of dollars and opened the ports of Canton, Ning-po, Amoy, and Fu-Chau to British trade. The country, however, never became properly pacified, and secret societies were formed with the object of restoring the Chinese dynasty to the throne. A youth, said to be the last descendant of the Ming dynasty, was chosen by the conspirators as Emperor, under the title Teen-tih, or "Heavenly Virtue" in 1850. He was, however, a weak leader, and the conspiracy was almost crushed out, when a leader came forward named Hung Se-tueen, bold and skillful. His career was brilliant, successful. In 1852 he proclaimed in Nan King, the inauguration of the famous Tai-ping dynasty, which was finally overthrown, and the rebellion crushed out by Gordon, who successfully trained and led the Imperial troops to victory. NEXT BRITISH WAR WITH CHINA. An outrage on the British gunboat Arrow in October, 1856, caused a renewal of hostilities. Peace was signed at Tien Tsin by Lord Elgin in May, 1858, the enemy being brought to submission. When, however, Sir Frederick Bruce, the newly-appointed Minister to the Court of Pekin, attempted to go up the Peiho, the Taku forts, which had been repaired and strengthened, opened fire on his flotilla with such precision and efficiency as to give good grounds for the idea that Russian influence was at work, and that under the training of Russian instructors the Chinese troops were being prepared for a war with England. Sir Frederick Bruce and the gunboats that accompanied him, retired to Shanghai, and waited for reinforcements. This treachery cost Admiral Hope, who tried to force the passage of the river, 81 killed and 391 wounded. When the fire was most brisk, and it seemed as if the British gunboats could not be brought safely from the range of the new and powerful artillery of the forts, Commodore Tatwell, of the United States navy, who happened to be in the river with an American cruiser, opened fire on the Chinese, using the memorable expression, "Blood is thicker than water."

BRITAIN'S ROYAL PRINCES.

Outside the Prince of Wales, and His Family, Only Three Are Now Alive. The death of the Duke of Edinburgh, who, by the way, was exactly the same age as the murdered King Humbert, both having been born within a few months of each other, in 1844, brings very forcibly home to Englishmen the constant diminution of the number of Princes of the royal blood of Great Britain. It may seem curious that, although the Queen has been blessed with a fairly large family, the number of royal Princes is very limited outside the direct line of succession. Besides the Prince of Wales, his son and three grandsons, there are only three royal Princes now left in England, namely, the Duke of Connaught, his son, and the aged Duke of Cambridge. That, of course, is not counting the young Duke of Albany, who is now to become a foreign potentate, or the Duke of Cumberland, who is also to all intents and purposes a foreigner. Prince Christian is of the royal house by creation only. Without entering into details the fact presents itself that the descendants of Queen Victoria represent all that is left of four generations of the Hanoverian dynasty. Thirteen branches of the royal house have entirely died out. In the direct male line the same process of diminution continues. The Queen has lost two sons out of four and the Princess of Wales two out of three. The late Duke of Edinburgh's son died before his father. The Duke of Connaught has only one son. The Duke of Albany is the only son of the late Prince Leopold. Only five princes are left out of two generations.

What is the use of lying to the nation? Why tell the Empire that it has an Army equipment to be proud of, whilst this festering ruin is our midst? The nation is strong enough, stout-hearted enough to bear the worst, and virile enough to rectify its error. Professional soldiers may sneer, and say that my opinion is merely that of an outsider, of a man untrained to the use of arms possibly, but I have had more practical experience in regard to transport through rough and inhospitable country, more practical experience in handling big bodies of men in country where every pound-weight of food was a serious and suffering. Wherever workmen were in revolt there were tidings of this man of mystery. It was not his

What is Dr. Chase's Nerv

It was a grand thing for this that such an enterprising Sir Richards secured the agency for New Discovery for Consum

wonderful remedy that has world by its marvellous cures of enthusiasm over it has it, business, and the demand for it. They give free trial bottles to positively guarantee a cure. Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh and Lung troubles, A. its merit. Price 50c and \$1.00. Amelia, this coffee is no acc say a word, Arthur, I have because it comes in such love tincans.

A Deep Mystery.

It is a mystery why you Backache, Headache, Nervous Weakness, Melancholy, Fainting spells, when thousands have Electric Bitters will quickly troubles, "I suffered for years a trouble," writes Mrs. Phoebe Peterson, Ia., "and a lame back so I could not dress myself, I Bitters wholly cured me, and, 4 years old, I now am able to housework." It overcomes the improves Appetite, gives perfect Only 50c at J. E. Richards' drug

A Good Stomach

Is essential to health and hap don't blame the stomach for bill in the liver that is deranged, poisonous bile to remain in causing indigestion, headache action of the bowels. Dr. Chase Liver Pills regulate the liver, k bowels, and by their direct action organs effect prompt and health biliousness, dyspepsia, headach kidney ailments. One pill a dos a box, at all dealers.

World's Champion Hea

"I tried many remedies to c writes W. R. Smith, of Latham, found no relief till I used Buckle's Salve. I have not been trou ples since." Grandest pile cur and the best salve in the world box, guaranteed by J. E. druggist.

Eden.

The Eden public school op the 20th inst. with the usual. The trustees have se assistant Miss S. Procnier mond, the holder of a first-cl fessional certificate. Both have been re-seated throug following pupils won the priz competition in essays on Africa: Third class, Viol fourth class, Arthur Benn class, Alberta Dean. More mental certificates were obt this school this year than previous year. Eight candi Part I, junior leaving, Vienna and Aylmer. The seven were successful: A. I Craven, M. Patton, L. Garu Ross (honors), L. Stilwell, M John Ross was the only Elgin, Oxford or Norfolk who honors on this exam., and 4 years of age. Three candida on the H. S. entrance exa two successful ones were A. and L. Hunt. Those prom third to fourth were: J. R M. Hunt, V. Bennett, G. Elc O. Phelps, C. Jones. Prom second to third were R. Ph Alton, H. French, W. Sind Jones, W. Cuthbert, E. Harp

A Record in Blood.

The record of Hood's Sarae literally written in the blood of people whom it has given good is all the time curing disease stomach, nerves, kidneys and blo doing good every day to thousan taking it for poor appetite, tired fe general debility. It is the bes money can buy.

Hood's Pills are non-irritating, casts.