

PROGRESS.

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Loyal Canadians Abroad.

Men Who Though Residing in a Foreign Country Think Much of the Mother Land and Canada.

Many people in St. John remember W. S. Baldwin, who some fifteen or twenty years ago went to Augusta, Maine, and has shown his friends over the border that a Canadian can succeed among them. Mr. Baldwin manages to come to St. John once or twice a year to see his relatives and renew his acquaintance with old friends. When here this spring he made a remark to the writer that though he had been in Maine a good long time and found life very pleasant there he had not been persuaded to become an American citizen. Still, at the same time he was quite ready to defend his American friends from unjust criticism and he did so time and again when he heard remarks that they were too boorish.

Baldwin swears by the Kennebec Journal and wherever he goes, the paper follows him. If he failed to receive it any one day he wasn't happy. Now he sends a copy to the editor of this paper to show that there are a lot of right thinking people around him in the state of Maine and, judging from the article he refers to, there are. The article is good enough to print and rare enough to preserve. PROGRESS gives it space with pleasure and with others of Mr. Baldwin's friends, is glad to know that he is surrounded by people who think so much like himself. This is what he sends as a specimen of their expressions.

"If any American citizens feel sympathy for the Boers in the present war that is their own matter. In this country every man is at liberty to think for himself, and, within any reasonable bounds he is free to give expression to his opinions. There is an honest difference of opinion as to which party in South Africa is in the right, but in too many cases the American partisans of the Boers are inspired with an inherited dislike of England rather than with any real understanding of President Kruger's cause or true sympathy with it. This is an un-American condition of things and such an attitude is unworthy any portion of our people.

"Because the anti-English element is so loud in its demonstration of sympathy for the Boers, the impression may get about that most Americans belong to this party. This is wrong. It is not fair to judge the size of this party by its vociferations. We believe that the great majority of Americans feel that England is in the right, that her success in South Africa will best serve the interests of the world, and that her complete triumph there is certain in the not distant future. There are other considerations which ought to appeal to those who are shouting for the Boers, and which ought to induce them at least to keep still at this time. Gratitude has often the quality of duty, and this country never had occasion to feel more grateful to a foreign power than is now due from it to England. Only a few months ago, when the powers of continental Europe were ready and willing to oppose us in the necessary and just war which we waged with Spain, it was England which barred the way. It was only the firmness of her attitude which prevented a foreign intervention that would have made matters most serious for us. Whether it was for the sake of kinship or through selfish motives is another story. The fact remains that England showed herself our friend when a friend was much needed. And now it is ill becomes a part of our people to forget this fact.

"Whatever our relations with England, a century and a quarter ago, they are now of the most friendly character, and it is distinctly to our interests to keep them so. Selfishness, if not the promptings of our common blood, demands this. It is an expression of ingratitude that is altogether discreditable for citizens of this country to hurl abuse and unkind wishes at a country which is now involved in a great struggle, so soon after having saved our own country from serious trouble by an attitude of friendship. So while Americans watch the South African war with interest, it is far better for them to watch in silence than to give utterance to any pro-Boer sympathy, whether such sympathy is really felt or only pretended through distrust or dislike of our mother country."

It is strange that almost by the same mail another Canadian—an old St. John boy—should think much in the same strain and from the city of Lewiston, Me., writes to PROGRESS to express his admiration of Canadians. The enlistment of Canadian volunteers to fight for England in distant lands he thinks has attracted attention to this country. But the letter speaks for itself:

"We who in a foreign land, are only able to read of the patriotic fervor of Canadians and not able to see the many expressions of this, are at least glad to know of the wonderful change that has come over the Dominion. I do not mean so much a change in the real nature of the loyalty of the people but the manner in which that loyalty has been expressed. The people here have heard all Canada shout; they have heard it sing; they have felt the far reaching thrill-wave of patriotism; they have seen Canada 'pay pay pay'; they have heard of Canada's sons dying and fighting and fighting and dying.

The result of all this is a wonderful reconstruction of notions regarding the North land quite unknown here. To-day the people here are just beginning to study the geography of Canada and its manners and customs of her people. They are beginning to respect a people whom they left unloved, because from east to west they were Loyalists. They are beginning to recognize an Anglo-Saxon rival who must be counted on. Canada is up to day in the estimation of the people of the U. S. The business prosperity of the Dominion has contributed no small amount to its prestige. The establishment of the great steel industries in Eastern Canada is considered here as a remarkable national triumph. The recent report of the Bank of Montreal is also highly flattering to Canada.

You must not be surprised if the tourist travel this season is not greatly increased. The consequence of the country having been so well advertised. The soldier boys have done more for Canada, than 20 years of commercial prosperity to make the country known. If the returning soldiers could be reviewed in say Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and the capital, it would be following out the proposed march of the imperial troops through England, and would certainly be a great and drawing event to citizens at home and prospective tourists.

Nothing is lacking in transport facilities in any part of the Dominion and St. John has its share. There is no better steamship service on the Atlantic seaboard than that provided by the Dominion Atlantic Railway which connects or will I understand both St. John and Yarmouth direct with Boston. These two routes offer great inducement for scenic and beautiful advantages. What is needed is something to attract the people to our beautiful climate.

The people here have come to believe in the Canadian soldier to be a superior fighting man. Uncle Sam will now give Canada a little more 'elbow room' it is thought since she has shown herself worthy and able perhaps to take it. From this point of view the Dominion seems like a well consolidated ship of state, newly launched and rigged with a big cargo and on an ocean voyage and of which the whole world will ever be anxious to know its whereabouts. May her voyage be prosperous!

Choose Them in Retaliation.

Some of the policemen are grumbling at the unfairness of the division of favors among the members of the force. At every base ball game two or three men are required to be sure that order is kept and, incidentally this year, to be sure that the umpire is not mobbed or ill treated. The officer like to see the game but they are better pleased when they are under pay and get their dollar and a half for looking on and showing their brass buttons and baton to the unruly ones in the crowd. The men on night duty are supposed to be able to attend the ball games in the afternoon and they do so only it is said that some of them get more chances than others. Perhaps it is too early in the season to make any complaint with justice, but who ever has the say in the matter would please

a number of good officers and satisfy all if the base ball guardians were chosen in rotation from the force.

INDIAN TOWN FIRE BELL.

It is a nuisance as it is—Why not Give it 21-0-10 Connections.

A relic of bygone days, days when our mothers and fathers were boys and girls, still remains in Indian town, namely: the old fire bell at the head of the Public Steps. Whether the local authorities are keeping the ancient danger in position as a curio or landmark is not known, but it certainly does not serve the purpose for which it is intended. The only time its brazen tongue is heard nowadays is when some mischievous boys untie the rope and disturb the immediate neighbors with its ringing. In fact since the war celebrations this has become so frequent an occurrence that the aid of police has had to be sought in order to put a stop to the disturbances. Only the other day a full-grown man was caught in the act of ringing the bell, and came very near being arrested.

Mr. William Brown, the Indian town postmaster, has for many years been the caretaker of the old bell, but now he is a confirmed invalid and cannot look after it, but his daughter has of late proved a vigilant custodian. Her duties have been none too pleasant, that of stopping a parcel of unruly boys and, as above stated, some times childish-acting men, from alarming the people round about every now and then. Nevertheless she has not given the care of bell up in despair, but is determined to have it left alone, even if the matter ends in the Police Court.

From Main street church to Pokiek the people seldom, if ever hear the fire alarm. The nearest bell is situated on the H. & L. station on Portland street and can be heard but very faintly at the Baptist church. Over Indian town hill its sound is lost altogether. Often times the people in that end of town never know of a blaze in their midst until the engines hurry past. Why does not the Safety Board give the old and useless fire bell on the Public Steps electric connections with the other alarms, so as the people can be informed as to the location of a blaze, for often times Indian town people, who work in the city, or have a business in the city have had their establishments in flames and learning of it only through the telephone. If this old bell cannot be made use of, a new alarm should be set up, either in Main street church, the car sheds or on No. 5 Engine House.

PROGRESS

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Undertaken, Made, Re-covered, Reported, Printed by Watters

A WARM NIGHT IN ROOP'S.

How Inspector Jones and the Officers Captured the Bar and Caught Several Frequenters of It.

There was a barrel of fun in Roop's bar on King Square the other night when Inspector Jones and some assisting policemen made a visit to the place. The fun was not particularly enjoyed by some of those present, but then that wasn't to be expected. They were caught and came near making a trip across the square.

Roop hasn't any licence to sell liquor and yet he sells it. The inspector is anxious to put a stop to this business and has tried several times to raid the place. Only once or twice has he succeeded and William was nearly put out of business. Still he keeps on in the even tenor of his unlicensed way and keeps a strict watch on the square and the corners for the police and the inspector.

The entrance to Roop's bar is just about as difficult as a pass in Boerland. Only those who know the way have any chance to pass the doors and get a glass of ale or rye whiskey. There are other entrances but they should rather be called exits. William is always prepared for surprises.

Strange as it may seem the police and inspector this night had no trouble getting in the main house. The door was open. Accidents will happen in the best regulated families and this was one. But it was another thing to get into the bar. One officer went to the back of the house to guard the windows and another went up stairs to prevent any sudden sifting from that quarter. Then the inspector demanded admittance. He got in but not any too soon, and placing a guard over the occupants he went through the house to the kitchen and began to go down another flight of stairs. Just then Bartender Doody came rushing up with two jugs in his hands. The same game of concealment in Mrs. McCutcheon's was being played again, but Doody was caught this time. When on the stand before he made a reputation for himself. He was the most innocent creature on this green earth, knew nothing, did nothing—and he was on his oath. His evidence surprised and disgusted those who heard it. This time the inspector caught him red-handed and he won't have a chance to tell another story.

Then the bar was visited. The ale pumps had disappeared and the last portions of the barrels of ale were gurgling through the taps with the sand. The officers were saved the trouble of moving them. But there were several five gallon jugs of whiskey and five people in the bar. Their names were taken though one party with his face in his hands was quite unwilling to give his proper cognomen. Upstairs in the kitchen there was a wash tub and board and a man was washing a piece of flannel in most vigorous style when the inspector went in. The sight was laughable but the officer was not in a funny humor and he asked "What are you doing there?"

"Washing my shirt" was the reply and the tub a dub, dub went on the same as before.

"Why can't you take off your coat when you do your washing" asked the inspector.

"Never thought of it" was the reply and the washing went on.

"What's your name?"

"Maginty" said the shirt washer.

"Well, Maginty you can spend tonight in the police station or give me your real name and address," and the inspector took out his little book. He got the right name.

He met another man coming down stairs in a hurry and he asked where he had been and what he was doing. He said he was up stairs having a bath and that his name was Pat Griffin. Griffin was treated the same as the other fellows.

Several inmates escaped through a window to a roof nearby and the officer underneath them gave them a pleasant hour or two, but they managed to get off the porch in some way and escaped detection.

There were many other funny features about the raid which was more successful and quieter than any made there yet.

NIGHT PROWLERS IN THE PARK.

An Evil Disposed Class Who Ought to be Stopped.

The need of day and night patrolmen with a law officer's authority has been emphasized of late in connection with Rockwood Park, and it will be a gross injustice

to the decent citizenship of the city if such men are not soon appointed. The capture of the scoundrel Rourke and his hoped for punishment may be a wholesome lesson to the lurking class who frequent the favorite resort.

The need of a policeman in the park is most urgent in the evenings, from 6.30 until all hours. As soon as it grows dusk men and women, youths and maidens and boys and girls flock out there through all the entrances. Respectable residents nearby, or on the road to the park approaches say it is a crying shame the way in which Rockwood is used by the evil-disposed classes and are seriously considering acquainting the authorities in a formal way.

It is these night prowlers that have thrown our beautiful pleasure ground into bad repute after nightfall, and no matter how beautiful the moonlight for a boating party, or how delightful the cool of the evening might be, afternoon picnic parties have to hustle in to town as soon as they hear the six o'clock whistle, so that they may be free from the filthy crowds that flock parkwards soon after, and risk being classed with them.

It is truly a shame that no police protection is afforded at the Park, and if the authorities continue dilatory in the matter it well behooves some of our many christian organizations about town to agitate the matter until the safety of women and children is afforded out there, and the purity of the place brought about.

THEY WANT A TEN INCH MAIN.

The Proposition to Divers so Much Water Not Regarded With Favor.

The request of the Cushing pulp mill people that the city should lay a ten inch main to their property seems to have astonished even those aldermen who were strongly in favor of giving them all possible facilities to carry on their project. This is not quite correct. There were two aldermen who were not surprised. They were Dr. Christie and Mr. George Waring. The latter is employed by Mr. Cushing at the pulp mill and it is quite natural that he should know what his employer wanted and to try and help him to get it. Therefore nobody was surprised that Mr. Waring was such a strong advocate of the proposition to take so much water from the new Spruce Lake main. Was it not put there for the purpose of supplying the pulp mill and not as some people fondly hoped to give the residents of Carleton a sure and certain supply of water? Ald. Waring was elected some years ago to represent the people in Sidney ward and the spathy of the taxpayers has been such that he has been able to take almost any liberty with them and yet not be opposed. In what other city would an employe of any manufacturing concern interested in obtaining concessions from the city be listened to as an alderman at the council board? According to the remarks made by him and Dr. Christie at the meeting of water and sewerage board held recently, the engineer is all wrong when he says that a smaller pipe will supply all of the needs of the Cushing property. In his autocratic way Dr. Christie said the demand must be complied with and with his usual persistence he may succeed in carrying his point. The good sense of the majority of the aldermen is in favor of supporting the contention of the engineer. They do not want to see so much of the water supply being diverted for one purpose. Whether they will vote as they think remains to be seen. The cost of laying this main will it is said be very great—so much that the city cannot afford to spend it for a private purpose. As one alderman remarked to PROGRESS there is no doubt that the Cushing pulp mill will employ a lot of hands and and be of some benefit to St. John but not to such an extent as has been represented. Fairville is a growing place and has splendid stores. The people can buy there to quite as good advantage in many respects as they can in St. John and the dealers there are wide enough awake to purchase in the best market. If the street railway was extended the city would get more of this trade, but as it is at present, but little of the bulk of it comes to the larger centre. Under these circumstances the alderman thought that the city has been very generous toward Mr. Cushing's enterprise. Many people will agree with him.

Armored Trains in War.

What Their Uses Will Be, as Indicated by Their History in South Africa

The most important lessons to be learned from the war in South Africa are those derived from a study of the new war material because that is all of the most modern type, and most of it has never before been tested in actual war. Among new material thus tested may be mentioned the balloon and the bicycle, which have had considerable application. The British, however, are making use of a material which is not only entirely new, but the extended use of which in war was hardly contemplated by the great military nations before this war, namely, armored trains.

In general an armored train consists of a locomotive and cars, covered each with armor plate sufficient to furnish protection against direct artillery fire. The armored sides of the cars have one or two rows of openings for small-arm fire from the interior as well as openings for rapid fire or machine guns. Each car can carry about twenty men, and in order to give the train the requisite mobility it is not intended to have more than from six to eight cars as a maximum; consequently such a train will take about a company (120 to 160 men).

The weak point about such a train is the locomotive, consequently for safety it is placed in the middle of the train. But this necessarily reduces its speed, for the engineer is dependent on the lookout in the forward car for his information regarding obstacles; moreover, he must be constantly prepared to come across breaks in the road. An armored train, therefore, may be regarded as a means of transporting a single company, protected against infantry fire, at a rate of not more than twenty-five miles an hour.

The phrases of a campaign in chronological order are as follows:

- (1) Mobilization and strategic deployment.
- (2) Operations in the theatre of war.
- (3) Minor actions on the lines of communication.

We will briefly consider the possible uses of armored trains in these three stages of the campaign or sections of the theatre of war.

(1) During Mobilization and Strategic Deployment.—The great advantage of being prepared for field operations before the enemy is, induces all nations so to prepare for war in time of peace as to reduce the time required for mobilization and strategic deployment to a minimum, and of course, every means is taken to delay the mobilization and deployment of the enemy. Now, in the early stages of a war the border is guarded by isolated detachments only, and it may become possible, by means of an armored train, to force this outer line and take strategic points in the enemy's country before he can occupy them in force.

This outer line may be penetrated either by surprise or by force. For a former, a cavalry or cyclist detachment would have the advantage, since it could select its own point of attack, whereas an armored train is confined to the railroads. But in view of the great importance of railroads in war to day, it is hardly to be expected that any lines crossing the border will be left unguarded, so that surprise is ruled out any way; here, then, is the opportunity for an armored train, especially as the first troops of the enemy to arrive on the border will probably be mere detachments of border troops or infantry. After breaking through the line the armored train has great advantages over the cavalry or cyclist detachment. It has greater speed, and can carry a greater quantity of material for destruction, and when its work of destruction is done, it can hurry back before the enemy can interfere. Of course, the enemy may prepare to destroy it at some point nearer the border, but the destruction it has effected may warrant the loss of the entire train. An armored train, in such work, had the advantage over an unarmored one that it affords protection against the fire of the enemy's infantry and cavalry detachments and patrols that are sure to be met, and confers a considerable moral effect, besides conveying in safety the explosive needed for blowing up bridges, roads, &c.

(2) During the Field Operations.—In the sphere of actual operations a varied picture presents itself: In the front of the armies are the covering and reconnoitering cavalry bodies, to a depth (at the outset) of two or three days' march; then follows an area covered with the columns of the advancing troops, probably two days' march in depth; and finally the country covered by the trains of supply, also about two or three days' march in depth. All the space in these sections is needed for the

troops, the material and the supplies, and there is no room or occasion for an armored train. But after the enemy is defeated and retires, while our own troops, after the first pursuit, are compelled for some reason (to restore order, to await supplies or reinforcements, &c.) to inaction, the enemy taking advantage of our condition to destroy railroads, &c., then is the time for an armored train again, and its work is much the same as in mobilization or deployment. Indeed, the uses made by the British in South Africa of armored trains have been mainly during these two stages. On one occasion an armored train from Kimberley surprised a party of Boers destroying the railroad, but was compelled by artillery fire to return to that place; and on another, an armored train from that town was used in repairing the railroad. At Colenso an armored train did good service in bringing up a portion of the Dublin regiment in time to relieve a party of volunteers holding a fort. The train from Cape Town bringing guns for Mafeking before the siege was derailed by the Boers and destroyed by artillery fire.

In the vicinity of fortifications, however, will probably be the greatest application of armored trains—in reconnaissance, in destruction of the enemy's works, in the rapid transport of troops or guns from one point to another to meet emergencies, &c. (3) On the Lines of Communications.—In future wars the immense numbers involved in the armies of operation will necessitate supplies being constantly obtained from the home country, consequently long lines of communications will be required. These are particularly subject to raids by detachments of the enemy, since this would require too many troops, which would be taken from the front, where they are most needed. These lines are generally protected by detachments at the most important points, and when any point is threatened the nearest detachments moves out against the enemy. For rapidity cyclists or cavalry would be best, but the former cannot always be used, and the latter are pressing needed at the front. Consequently this again is the place for armored trains, which not only can move fast enough to surprise the enemy, but are also protected against his fire, and also can carry the material for immediately repairing any damage. The immense advantage of armored trains in this section of the field will probably determine their application on a very large scale. They will not only serve the purpose well, but will also economize troops, and thus leave a greater number for the front.

To sum up, then, armored trains will find some application during the mobilization and strategic deployment of the army, very little in the theatre of active field operations, except in the vicinity of fortifications, where they will find extended use; and most of all on the lines of communications where great numbers will probably be employed.

Turkish Time.

A recent visitor to Constantinople reports one custom of the Turks which causes a vast deal of trouble and confusion. This is the Turkish system of reckoning time. A Turk holds that the day begins exactly at sunset; at that time he sets his clocks and watches at the hour of twelve. As the sun has the same habits in presiding over Turkey that he exercises with regard to other localities, it may easily be seen that this system of reckoning time necessitates setting the clocks every day. It appears that a watch which could run for weeks without gaining or losing a minute would be of no special value to a Turk.

The Mean Thing.

There were two typewriters in the room. One was in use and the other was not. The young man sat down near the one that was in use and watched the young woman who was busy with the other. Inadvertently the young man touched the bell of the machine near him, whereupon the young woman yanked the carriage of her machine back and started a new line. The young man chuckled, and a minute later he touched the bell of the machine near him again. The young woman started another new line. The young man laughed and tried it again with equal success. 'Willie,' called the young woman to the office boy when she had taken the sheet out of her machine, 'telephone to the typewriter people to send a man over here right away to fix this machine. It's all out

of order, and I can't for the life of me see what's the matter.'

The young man laughed some more and then made his escape. He has not returned. He is afraid to go back.

THE HOUSE OF AYER.

New Canadian Office of an Old Established Concern Which is Constantly Expanding.

The well known proprietary medicine firm of the J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass., has recently opened an office in the Bell Telephone Building, Montreal, in order to give closer attention to their Canadian business. It is not generally known that they already have a large laboratory in Montreal, having manufactured there for several years. The intention is to make the business thoroughly Canadian and to strengthen their facilities so as to keep pace with a constantly growing demand.

The J. C. AYER CO. are not only one of the largest manufacturing concerns of their kind in the world, but they are among the largest advertisers, spending a million dollars every year in Newspaper advertising.

For sixty years the leaders in regard to family medicines, they are more in evidence today than ever before. The home office has just completed improvements costing \$100,000, which represent new ideas and new methods in the manufacture of Ayer's preparations. They intend that every bottle of the Ayer remedies shall be prepared as carefully as a druggist compounds a medicine by prescriptions and in reorganizing their Canadian facilities they anticipate in advance a largely increased business.

OBSERVED BY A CINNIMON.

Experience of an Unarmed Man With a Huge Bear in a New Mexican Canyon.

'The truth is mighty and will prevail,' remarked Col. Lovett, the veteran Westerner, who tells a great many good stories and always accompanies them with affidavits, 'and it prevails in various ways. Let me tell you how on one occasion it prevailed upon two Englishmen to give up their comfortable places in the smoking compartment of a sleeper. It was down in New Mexico I came aboard at Albuquerque with a very agreeable companion in the guise of a Chicago man. I had only met him half an hour before train time and didn't know his name, but he was a good fellow all the same, and I was glad he was going through with me to his own town. It was a hot day, one of those New Mexican hot days that makes a cake of ice curl up like a feather in a flame, before it melts it, and when we fixed ourselves about our 'berths and got into the smoking room, we found the only two seats by the windows, where there was a breath of air, occupied by two Englishmen, who looked as if they had come to stay. They had been up the country on a hunting expedition, and the stories they were telling were tremendous. But they were not interesting enough to make it pleasant for us away from the window, and I made up my mind to get them out of their nice places if I could, and put two other people in there I knew of.'

'I knew that if I could ever get a story started, they would listen, for they do love to hear a Yankee tell stories, so I waited my chance because they had a lot of good ones themselves. After a while though, there was an opening and I broke for it.'

'Do you remember, Colonel,' I said in a loud voice to the Chicago man who might have been a Major-General for all I knew, 'that little experience I had with a bear some years ago?'

'He wasn't looking for a break like that and first he recoiled, but he sprung back in an instant and lit on his feet.'

'Well, no,' he said, trying to study out the time and circumstances, 'but go ahead with it and if I've heard it I'll stop you.'

'I nodded at him in recognition of his catching on, for I had mentioned to him that I thought we get them out, and started ahead with my story, which I had no idea of beyond something that would have a moving power to it, seeing that most of my hunting had been for mineral deposits.'

'You know—I went on trusting to Providence and talking at the Englishman rather than to my companion, though they were polite enough to stop their own talking and listen to me—I was one of the party that surveyed the last State line between New Mexico and Colorado and one day up in the Taos country I had my experience. I was riding along a mountain trail, and feeling the need of a smoke, I hung my gun to the saddle horn, and taking out a plug out I was slicing off the enough for a pipeful with my pen knife, when all at once my horse reared, almost falling back on me, and I slipped off as he whirled on his hind legs and made off down the trail. In a minute the singing of a rattle just before, coiled up in the road, explained the horse's strange and unex-

pected conduct, and I resolved to put the snake where he would not serve anybody else as he had served me. My gun and revolvers were fastened to my saddle, and my saddle was with my horse going down the trail, but rocks were plenty, and I knew the horse would not go far, so I set to with rocks and finally killed the snake.'

'The Englishmen seemed to think there wasn't much in my adventure and showed signs of summing their own stories, but they recalled that there was a bear somewhere, so they held off and I proceeded. I saw my horse about half a mile away, and after cutting off the snake's rattle which had sixteen rings in it, showing that he was seventeen years old, I went after the horse and my armament.'

'The horse was over on another ridge, and in trying to reach him by a short cut, I got down into a steep ravine and there I scared up the biggest cinnamon bear that I ever saw in my life. Blamed if I don't believe he would weigh a ton, and I know he looked to me to be higher than an elephant as he came toward me, and I was totally unarmed. If I only had my gun I could have put up a fight all right, and got him, but it was only as a last resort that I dared to tackle him with a penknife for a weapon with all the chances against me. There was nothing left me but to run for it and I went off up the ravine like a scared wolf. You see if I had gone up the hill or down it, the bear would have nabbed me in no time, but going along the side of a steep place, the bear's legs are thrown out of gear, with one side so much higher than the other, and a man can outrun him if there is any sort of going. The ravine kept getting steeper on me as I went up it, and I had to keep slanting down all the time and the bear was gaining.'

At last it got to be a regular canon with walls 500 feet high and nearly straight up and down, and I had to take to the bed of the dried-up creek at its bottom, and keep going the best I could. There was a turn in it about a quarter of mile further up and I hoped when I got there that there might be an open for me to take to the side hill again. I looked over my shoulder and the bear wasn't a hundred miles behind me and coming over the rocks lumbering like a Conestoga wagon. I got to the turn all right with the bear about fifty miles behind, and by all the gods, the d-canon stopped short off, with perpendicular walls all around me that seemed to stop only at the sky. There wasn't a crack in them big enough for a gnat to get through, and there I was, not a dozen yards from that old cinnamon, hot and mad after his long chase—Gun and revolvers a mile away on my horse, and me having nothing to defend myself with except a little penknife that you couldn't have killed a chicken with. I don't think I was ever so badly scared in my life, and I shook all over as I felt the bear's hot breath in my face.

'I stopped a minute to get breath. Both Englishmen were bent over eagerly listening and I could fancy I could hear them saying to themselves that the Yankee was going to tell how he tackled a cinnamon bear as big as an elephant and slew it with a penknife.'

'Well,' exclaimed my companion who had become very much interested himself, 'what did you do?'

'Nothing,' I said as calmly as I could, 'nothing; what could I do with only a penknife? The bear ate me up.'

'It took the Englishman about two minutes to get over the strain and catch on. Then they looked at each other, and with faces that did not clearly indicate whether they were more disgusted with me for being a coward or despised me for being a liar, they got up in silence and stalked out of the smoker. The next minute we had the seats by the windows, and I'm a goat if those Englishmen came back to disturb us all the way to Chicago. Which proves,' concluded the Colonel, 'that truth is mighty and will prevail.'

CHINESE NOTIONS OF GUNBERRY.

Lord Charles Beresford's Amusing Account of What He Saw at Shanghai.

Lord Charles Beresford, discussing the opening in China for mechanical engineers, gives an amusing description of Chinese arsenals.

'I would like,' he says, 'to tell you one or two stories thoroughly characteristic of the Chinese. At Shanghai in the superb arsenal under the superintendence of Mr. Bunt and Mr. Cornish, both British mechanical engineers, I saw an Armstrong gun which had had the breech piece repaired in a most clever manner. As a matter of fact, it was really a Krupp gun, but with an Armstrong breech mechanism. On asking for explanations, I was told that the original breech piece had been blown out, and on visiting a fort later on I found out how and why. At this fort I congratulated the mandarin on having the guns (37 ton) mounted in proper positions, and I was afterward shown the powder used. I then said: 'You surely do not use the

powder in those guns?' 'Oh yes,' replied the mandarin 'we do.' 'But it will blow the breech pieces out.' 'Yes it does,' was the reply. One gun on being fired blew the breech off and killed fourteen men, and then they tried the other gun and killed twenty-four men.'

Later on I visited another battery, where there were five six-ton guns. Observing the arrangement of these, I asked the mandarin where his 'front was. The mandarin pointed in one direction, but the guns pointed in another. I mentioned this, and the mandarin nodded, and said he thought there was some mistake. I then pointed out that only one gun could be fired safely in the desired direction. 'Oh, no,' replied the mandarin, 'we should fire them all. At my request the experiment was made, and on pointing the guns around as desired they became an echelon, so that the wave of concussion of one gun would have destroyed the detachment on duty at its neighbor. Knowing this, I placed soldier's hats and clothes about the guns, and on firing the latter in succession these garments were blown sky high. 'You see?' I observed to mandarin. 'Yes,' replied the latter, 'we should have had some men killed, but the shot would have reached the enemy, wouldn't it?'

'At another place there was a 60 lb muzzle loading gun, at which the arrangements were such that the gun was actually loaded in the magazine. Alas! sponged gun or burning bad might, therefore, have blown the whole up. I pointed this out, remarking that I had never seen anything so dangerous. The mandarin smiled, clapped me on the back and said: 'You are the cleverest man I have ever met. That is just what happened last year. We did fire the gun and the magazine blew up. I will show you where.' About fifty men had been killed in this explosion, but no alteration had been made in reconstructing the battery. Later on I went to a powder mill and found there excellent machines of German make. I noticed, however, that there was too much power in the pan, and, further, that the windows were all open and protected by gratings. Hence it was possible for dust or grit to blow in, and getting into the pan, it would be liable, by the friction caused, to start an explosion. I pointed this out and the mandarin replied: 'Yes, it blew up like that last year; this is the new place we have built since.'

'The Chinese were also delighted with me at their arsenal having no European superintendent when I showed them to set their speed and feed gearing for the tools.'

'In one place I found a man boring a 6-pounder gun, and the tool protesting most vigorously the ill-treatment I showed the man how to adjust it, and got it going properly. The workmen gathered in a corner and talked excitedly, I asked what they were saying and was told: 'They are saying that England produces the most wonderful mandarin in the world. We have many, but not one of them knows anything about any of the machinery in the shop.'

Mixed Emotions.

London Chronicle: To illustrate the feeling of Ireland toward the predominant partner, an actor who has lately been touring tells the story of an old wailer in a Dublin hotel.

'When are you going to get home rule in Ireland, John?' was the question. 'See ye here, sorr,' said the old man, 'the only way we'll get home rule forould Ireland will be if France—an' Russia—an' Germany—an' Austria—an maybe Italy—if they would all join together to give these blayguards of English a rare good hosing. That's the only way to get home rule any way.' Then, as he looked cautiously round, a twinkle of cunning and a smile of courtesy were added to his expression. 'And the whole lot of em 'shoved together couldn't do it,' he said. 'Oh—it's the grand navy we've got.'

His Last Witticism.

Of the late Doctor Poor, a missionary in Ceylon, a man of pleasant humor, the New York Observer tells this anecdote:

During one of the periodical epidemics of cholera which swept Ceylon, Doctor Poor was violently attacked. A messenger was at once dispatched for Samuel F. Green, M. D., a medical missionary residing about five miles away. When Doctor Green came into the room, Doctor Poor exclaimed:

'Well, this is a bad prospect! Here is a Poor patient and a Green doctor.'

This was his last witticism.

Housekeeper—Oh, dear! I haven't a cent of change. But you can just leave a 25-cent piece, and I'll pay you tomorrow. Iceman—I don't know about that, lady. Suppose you ain't got the money then? Housekeeper (indignantly)—well, if I haven't I'll let you take your ice back.

Road Agent—Your money or your life! Goldstein (from interior of coach)—How much off for cash?

6 For Additional Society News, See Fifth and Seventh Pages.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres.

Monroe & Co., Barrington street... Mrs. M. Hartrick, of Demeter, Oswego, Co., N. Y.

'The doctor said I must not ride. In fact I could not ride.'

'This is to certify that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best blood-purifier that I ever used,' writes Mrs. M. Hartrick, of Demeter, Oswego, Co., N. Y.

There is no alcohol or opium or other narcotic contained in 'Golden Medical Discovery.' There is nothing 'just as good' as this remedy.

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was the cause. She had not been seriously ill until the morning of which day she was able to rise from her bed, but because so short a while after. She was 77 years of age, having been born Oct. 12, 1823.

Mrs. S. B. Robbins and daughter Minnie went to Hants on this morning, to meet Capt. Robbins, who will arrive from London on the S. & Demara.

ANNAPOLIS. June 12.—Miss McConnell of Yarmouth, is at present filling the position of operator in the W. U. telegraph office.

J. L. P. Robicheau, who has been acting ticket agent at the D. A. S. station here, has resigned his position, and leaves today for the land of the Unanans.

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and Mrs. J. A. Langille of Annapolis; and Mrs. R. A. Crowe of Bridgetown.

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He ran a mile, and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the 'Albert' Baby's Own Soap.

Free Cure For Men. A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, restores the organs to strength and vigor.

Boutouche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Boutouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch.

J. D. TURNER. Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of 'The Workers'.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S 'Oliver Cromwell' (serial).

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of 'The Workers'.

SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Soton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition.

FREDERICK IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration

'HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO,' by Senator Hoar.

NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Puvis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, R. C. PEIXOTTO, HENRY MORTON, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others.

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

TO CURE A GOLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.

No Yankee Humbug but good honest value in Maypole Soap the great English Home Dye DYES ANY MATERIAL ANY COLOUR FREE book on Home Dyeing by applying to A. P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

all kinds of effects in photos and allowing the taking of pictures at a later hour in the day.

That Long Hit of Cunningham's

St. John enjoys the distinction of having some of the finest studios in the whole of Canada...

Among the many songs heard about the streets on Pretoria day last week was a ditty a crowd of street urchins were yelling to the good old tune of 'Dare to be a Daniel.'

St. John may well feel proud of her citizenship generally for her never-failing crop of loyal, as has been demonstrated these months back, and which will continue to be shown as long as Canada and the Empire hang together as one...

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St. John enjoys the distinction of having some of the finest studios in the whole of Canada, equal to any and superior to the great majority...

Blakeley is the captain of Harvard's gymnastic team and a well-known figure about college. The squirrel was captured by him near Wellesley several weeks ago...

Wednesday's city mail brought the following verses to this office from some young man or young men...

These are the verses: 'There's only a few of us left.'

'There's only a few of us left.' This June leaves our party bereft of half its members...

Another Sneak This. There are indeed some pretty low-principled people in this world...

There's an old hotel A Staunch keeper named Cullen. Old Britisher. living away up in the wilds of Bonaventure county...

Grey Haired and young of today but Athletic. need not run away with the idea that they alone belong to the athletic age of womanhood...

Germany's New Port. Emden on the North Sea waters the List of International Trading Places.

A Novel Idea. Mrs. Egerton, an English lady, who did nursing work in Dawson City, carried out an original idea in London...

the campaign was a signal for a tirade upon Mr. Cullen, but as 'Bobs' started in settling up with Kruger, Cronje, Botha & Co., the old Britisher administered the mellow-looking laugh to his 'jumping' French friends...

There are indeed some pretty low-principled people in this world, as an incident on Union street evidenced last Monday afternoon. A baby was playing with a hat brush on a window-sill...

There's an old hotel A Staunch keeper named Cullen. Old Britisher. living away up in the wilds of Bonaventure county, Quebec, who has had his own heart and brain troubles this year over the South African war...

Germany's New Port. Emden on the North Sea waters the List of International Trading Places. Emden, a city of about forty thousand inhabitants, is on the north side of the Dollart, the shallow estuary of the river Ems...

A Novel Idea. Mrs. Egerton, an English lady, who did nursing work in Dawson City, carried out an original idea in London, which greatly gratified the C. P. R. people...

Blakeley is the captain of Harvard's gymnastic team and a well-known figure about college. The squirrel was captured by him near Wellesley several weeks ago when it was young...

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Songs of Praise. Ottawa, Jan. 23, 1899. I have used SURPRISE SOAP since I started house and find that it lasts longer and is better than other soap I have tried.

TENDERS FOR STREET LIGHTING. SEALED TENDERS will be received at the office of the Director of the Department of Public Safety of the City of Saint John, N. B., up to 12 o'clock noon of FRIDAY, the 29th day of June next...

BRANDIES! Landing ex "Corean." Quarts or Pints. THOS. L. BURKE, 25 WATER STREET.

aut the jar received by the locomotive and tender in passing over such joint has thrown them first one way then the other, the regularity of the oscillation conforming with the length of the rail and the reproduction of the joints, and a violence augmenting with increased speed.

Harris Cycle Co. Motor Co., Ltd. Representatives: BURNE & CO. GORTON & SON.

Boarding in the Country.

The woes of the average American tourist who seeks a summer in the country are well described by a writer in the New York Sun who has evidently been securing some evidence on the subject. He claims that there are at least calculation, 25,000 places between Manhattan and the Canada line, where one can have all the joys of Paradise for from \$5 to \$12 a week. The average summer hotel is bad enough, but there are hotels where you can obtain positive comfort; and by consulting a trustworthy information bureau or experienced friends, one may find a host of hotels where the discomfort has adequate compensations but when it comes to boarding houses, and "life in a comfortable farmhouse," let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.

When one finds the right thing in that line, the farmhouse of the summer novel, the experience is ideal. An honest, bluff, genuine farmer, a bustling capable motherly housewife, fine scenery, splendid trees, hammocks, verandas, fresh vegetables, country butter, eggs, milk and poultry, brook trout, white sheets, smelling of lavender; beautiful drives, excellent wheeling cool weather—there's the ideal summer on a farm. It sounds well. There are mortals who assert that they have known the Arcady. Then there are others.

The comic papers have exaggerated the summer-boarding house joke, unduly perhaps, but in the last month the demand for canned goods, from the country trade, has been enormous. Carload after carload of canned vegetables has been shipped to the country towns where summer boarders most to congregate. The wholesale men say that the same thing is true each year, and that the country boarding houses and hotels buy more canned vegetables during the summer than are sold in the cities. The city markets are full of fresh vegetables of every kind from early spring until late fall—and all through the winter. If one cares to pay the price; but the best of the country produce comes to town. The ordinary farmer doesn't take boarders unless he is a thrifty soul with a hunger for shekels; and that sort of a man knows better than to waste his fresh vegetables on his boarders, when he can sell them at a remarkably good price. Hence the carloads of tinned things, and the woe of the urbanite who dreamed dreams of rural joys.

The same thing is true in regard to butter, eggs and cream. Naturally, there are exceptions to the rule, but in the average country household those articles of diet are used more sparingly than by the average city family. If the farmer's wife doesn't make butter for town trade, there's a chance that the boarders may revel in rich milk and cream, but ordinarily, butter making monopolizes the cream, and even the milk is not as good in quality as that sold by the city milkmen. In a Berkshire Hills farmhouse, last summer, the boarders, including a number of little children, had milk so thin that in tipping a glassful of it, the ebbing milk left not the slightest mark upon the glass. Such a case is not by any means rare, and even sadder tales are told. It is a positive fact that a New York family spent last August on a farm in Vermont, and that poultry appeared on the table only once during that time, the unusual celebration being due to the fact that the small boy of the boarding family accidentally killed a hen with his rifle. Yet, every week, young chickens were taken from the farm to the nearest village and shipped to town or the nearest swell summer resorts.

If fishing is good in the neighborhood, one does have fresh fish, but if not, beef and mutton, pork and veal are the diet, and all of a quality that would raise a riot in a city household and send the head of the family to the butcher shop with murder in his eye. The country meat problem isn't as bad as it was years ago, when the farmers depended altogether on local "killing" but even now farm or neighborhood slaughter isn't an obsolete custom. It is no unusual thing for mutton or beef to appear upon the farmhouse table the day after the killing of the sheep or beef, and the condition of the meat may be left to the imagination. Even when the packed and shipped meat is used by the farmer it is poor and tough. The city butcher buys his meat in large quantities and hangs it in his big refrigerators until it is fit to be eaten. The farmer buys his meat directly from the village butcher or from the packer, and as he has little or no refrigerator room the meat is never properly hung and is tough.

Fruit is another thing that is rare upon

the farmhouse menu. The city markets draw from all parts of the country and fruit is cheap in the city long before it is in season in, for example, New England. The city man who has been eating delicious berries and fruit of all kinds go to the country and waits for his fresh fruit until the special variety of fruit peculiar to the locality is in full season. Salads one might expect to have, and usually there is plenty of lettuce, though not the delicious, bleached head lettuce of the city market. But vinegar and sugar or milk and sugar are the rural ideas of lettuce salad dressing and if the cocooning of oil is made to the boarder's depraved tastes, the oil is usually of a quality that runs its utility save for machine and harness use. As for a mayonnaise, it's not to be considered for an instant. Then there's the bread. Surely, breadmaking is the stronghold and bulwark of the farmer's wife. Often she does make good hot bread, but in fully five cases out of ten her "raised bread" is calculated to ruin the digestion of an ostrich and make the city wanderer think sadly of the bakery on his block.

The farmhouse breakfast is bad enough, and the midday dinner is depressing, but the supper is the abomination of desolation: Coal meat, potatoes, preserves and cake. There you have it. Sometimes there are three kinds of cake, all equally heavy, and three kinds of preserves, all equally sticky, but not a relish in sight, and there are times when the boarder would barter his soul for a grilled sardine, or a scratch woodcock or a croquette, or even a scrambled egg. Anyone who has lived through a season of farmhouse suppers and came out with disposition and digestion intact is proof against all culinary assault and battery.

The poor coffee and tea, the ubiquitous pie and the unfailing beans are a part of the home comfort so recklessly advertised. So are the cotton top mattresses. There was a time when the farm house mattress was a husk one, into which the chambermaid or young lady who helped the housewife, disappeared each morning, through a slit in the cover. The making of a husk bed had its its exciting and picturesque features, but there's nothing to be said for the cotton top mattress whose cotton wads into iron like hardness, where it doesn't collect in cobblestone balls. If the climate is cool enough, one may pull out the feather bed and put it on top of the mattress, but in ordinary warm weather the choice between hardness and suffocation is a trying one and perplexes the boarder mightily. Of course there are no bath-rooms and, if one has provided one's rubber or tin tub, getting warm water for it is

an affair of magnitude. On cold, raw days the kitchen stove and the sitting room base burner or grate are the only place of refuge. The house is probably poorly screened and the flies and mosquitoes make life a burden. The barn is too near the house and its orders interfere with the new mown hay and sweet clover fragrance of pastoral poetry. The parlor smells like a tomb and looks like a natural history museum limited; and a stormy day that drives one in from woods and fields is a visitation that calls for christian fortitude and resignation. The air may be as salubrious as the circulars represent, but salubrity comes high at boarding rates, and life among the brown holland and the asphalt and the cable cars takes on a hue of rose.

Everyone tries the country boarding house at least once in his life. If he is wise he will trust no heresy or wily advertisement made for the beguiling of the city folk. He will go to a trustworthy bureau and get ironclad credentials for the farmhouse of his choice, or, if he trusts the advice of a friend who has already tried the place, he will insist upon a written and solemn guarantee, signed and sealed by that friend and witnessed before a notary public. Then he may find the rural haven, the aylvan retreat of his dreams; but other wise, the chances are the astute and thrifty hayseed will do him to a finish.

LAST STRONGHOLD OF THE BOERS

Description of the Final Battleground of the South African War.

Reference has been frequently made to the Zoutpansberg district in the northeast corner of the Transvaal as the last stronghold of the Boers when compelled to abandon Pretoria after defeat in the field; but hitherto hardly has been known about the country and its capabilities for defence.

Officially the district is known as the Zoutpansberg, but it is more commonly called Magatoland, after the chief of the Makatese tribe, which inhabited it up to 1899, until when it was almost unknown to the Boers themselves. A South African correspondent, describing the country, says it is likely to receive attention in the near future, for it is in its fastnesses that the Boers will make their last stand. Swaziland and Lydenburg have been spoken of as the scene of their final resistance, but among the burghers themselves Magatoland is considered an ideal retreat. It has two back doors, so to say, one across the Limpopo in Mashonaland and the other through the Portuguese territory on the east.

The whole country is one great series of natural fortresses, standing amid dense vegetation, in which a commando could remain concealed for a week if necessary without fear of discovery. It is about 280 miles north of Pretoria, of which some 210 miles can be traversed by rail to Pietersburg. From there to Louis Trichardt, founded a year ago as the capital of Magatoland, is eighty miles, the road after the first twenty running through dense bush and offering many difficulties to an invading force.

Magatoland was practically unknown to the Boers until the beginning of last year when they assumed occupation after the defeat of M'Peta by Gen. Joubert. It was the experience then gained of the country by the burghers of the commandos composing the Boer army that first gave them the idea of making it their last resort in the event of invasion by the British. No regular survey of the district has ever been made, but, roughly speaking, the towering krantzies that crown the Zoutpans range and overlook Louis Trichardt and the Klein Spelsenken Kaffirs on the south, viewed from Fort Schutte, for many years the Boer advanced post.

The Magato range, elevated high above the clouds, has a most imposing appearance. Rising from the plain in terraces for about three miles the summit of the range is formed of a mighty overhanging range of volcanic rock descending sheer 500 feet. This extends with a few breaks the whole length of the range, and is absolutely unscalable. Only one road enters the country at Magato's Hooftstad, a distance of four miles from the plain in a direct line. This road is covered by a recently erected fort, and so winding and steep is the track that it could be held by a single commando against an overwhelming force. The mountain slope is covered with forest, many of the trees growing to seventy feet in height. There are two other passes into the interior of the country, one fourteen miles northeast of Louis Trichardt, and Fiangkhon twenty miles southwest.

On the mountains there is an abundant supply of water, and, unless they have been recently removed, enormous supplies of food. The climate is healthy and comparatively cool, but in the valleys during the fever season it is little short of pestilential. No doubt the burghers count on this in the event of the British following them and encamping in the Dwaars valley for any length of time before trying to scale the Magato heights. Their ranks would be decimated by a deadlier enemy than the Mauser bullet. The malarial fog rolls up from the river in the evenings and spreads over the plain to a depth of eight or ten feet, it does not however, kill off right if proper precautions are taken.

Whether the Boers will be allowed to avail themselves of this alpine retreat undisturbed remains to be seen. If they have already occupied it as there is reason to believe they have, they can carry on a guerrilla warfare indefinitely or until the exhaustion of the ammunition. Aided by the impassable bush, the uneven formation of the country, and the eyes with which the range is honeycombed they could stave off defeat for months. It is probable, however, that the British have anticipated the retreat of the Boers to these fastnesses, and that the corps of so called Bushmen from Australia that were sent into Rhodesia through Beira on the Portuguese East African coast were really directed to the Zoutpansberg and not to Salisbury in the north as reported.

One of the Mac's.
The London Outlook revives a true story of the provost of Kirkcaldy, who is

evidently not a purist in the use of language. He has been laughed at for pronouncing "antipodes" as if it rhymed with "modes", and resolved in future to be on his guard.

Sir William Harcourt, accompanied by Mr. L. V. Harcourt, was honoring the burgh with his presence, and the provost had to discuss with his guests the lamentably unsanitary state of the place.

"And you know, sir," said he, "you know how much people nowadays think of mac-ro-bee?"

Again and again did he dwell on the mystic name, until Mr. Harcourt was moved to ask:

"About these mac-ro-bee, Mr. Provost. Are they a local clan?"

His Own Fall.

Col. C. J. Jones, who had a stirring life in the West, tells in 'Forty Years of Adventure,' some of his most picturesque experiences. One of them, at least, has the comic element sprinkled all about. Colonel Jones was greatly interested in the question of preserving our native buffalo, and caught a number of calves, in order to bring them up, with the domestic cow as stepmother. He says:

Some of the calves gave trouble. They did not take kindly to their stepmother. One of them preferred a bottle covered with a rag, and a certain big calf would drink from nothing but a bucket, although he made a very good supper in that way. And strange as it may seem, he would never afterward drink out of any but that particular pail, which happened to be painted white, outside and in.

If any other was offered him, he would butt it over at once, and prance round, pawing at the dirt, until some one would call out:

"Give him the white pail!"
Then when the white pail was brought, he would fall to and make a hearty meal.

Growing Earthworms.

At a recent meeting of the Springfield Massachusetts, Zoological Club a paper was read, giving an interesting bit of experience in growing earthworms.

The lady whose experience was given had read in a work on natural history that if an earthworm were divided, the anterior part would grow a tail and the posterior part would grow a head. She said:

"I took twelve worms and divided them, placing the divided parts of each worm in a separate glass. In less than a month I had twenty two worms, losing only two tail parts. The head parts had grown tails and the tail parts had grown heads.

"A second experiment was made later. I divided two worms into halves and put the four parts into a glass, into which I placed earth but no food, and the head parts ate the tail parts.

Mamma—E'bel, dear, this is Mrs. Lake-wind, from Chicago.

Little E'bel (who has heard things)—How do you do ma'am? How are all your husbands?"



Macar bul

India's Great Famine.

Multitudes Perishing in the Present Appalling Calamity—Its Death Roll Unknown.

If it were not for the war in South Africa all the world would be watching another tragedy, less dramatic, less picturesque, but the most terrible of modern times—the famine in India. Its death roll is unknown. I have not seen even an estimate of the numbers who have perished—and one reads only an occasional official paragraph stating that another half million or so have been added to those who depend for subsistence upon the handful of rice which the Government supplies daily to people who are actually starving. England is too much absorbed in watching the extension of her dominion in South Africa to pay much attention to the perishing multitudes in the most populous part of her Empire. It happens, therefore, that India's appalling calamity is watched with keener interest by America than by the county which rules this far-off dependency. And so it will be, probably, as long as India consents to suffer in silence.

I do not mean to accuse the British authorities of neglect of duty in the terrible emergency. On the contrary, all information tends to confirm the belief that no great public disaster was ever before coped with so energetically and so efficiently by the official resources at command. Lord Curzon has borne the test of an enormous responsibility with credit and honor. Not alone with the famine has he had to deal during this trying year. The plague maintains its grip on the afflicted land and cholera has recently been added to its miseries. Political dangers have further complicated the situation. The country has been almost stripped of white troops, which, in the early months of the war the danger of a Russian invasion seriously alarmed the British Government. Through all this crisis the Viceroy has succeeded in maintaining absolute tranquility, an accomplishment creditable alike to him and to the suffering millions over whom he presides.

No civilized people, it is safe to say, would suffer and perish thus unresistingly, even uncomplainingly. Never before has the philosophy of the East, the fatalism, which the wisdom of the West condemns, furnished so amazing an object lesson. A great nation which submits to suffering and death by hunger without a struggle, however impotent struggling might be, is a spectacle which the Western mind cannot understand. The silence of India is the marvel of the world to-day. Not a cry has been heard, not even a protest. The world's assistance has been received with a thankfulness none the less deep because it also is silent.

And day by day the situation grows worse. Six millions is now the number of human beings who perform the allotted task of stone breaking or reservoir building in order to receive from the Government the means to keep body and soul together. Thousands perish because they are unable to work and their Eastern pride prevents their accepting a tiny dollop of food as pure charity. I refrain from reproducing any of the famine stories from the English press and they are too painful. Most of the papers neglect, almost ignore, the subject, but the Standard this week gives an interesting summary of the situation as it existed in the early part of the present month. The following extracts give a fair idea of it:

'In Madras, which has hitherto been regarded as outside the afflicted area, things are rapidly becoming worse. The number of people on relief works has more than doubled in the space of a fortnight. There has been a little rain, but this came too late materially to benefit the crops on unirrigated lands, which are now in many places given up for lost. Irrigation supplies are generally scanty, and the wells very low in parts. The standing crops are now practically confined to irrigated lands. Pasture is almost everywhere dried up, and the general aspect of the country especially the Deccan districts, is dreary in the extreme.'

'Going from Madras to Bombay, the traveller does not see one single patch of green, so even so much as a blade of grass for hundreds of miles on end. The whole of the Madras and Bombay Deccan is simply an vast expanse of scorched up, waterless upland. In many places hamlets have been completely deserted for months past, simply because there is no water within many miles of them. Springs and rivers, which have never been known to fail before, are now absolutely dry. The Nizam's dominions largely lie in the Deccan country, and it is, consequently, not

surprising to learn that the intensity of the famine in his territory is rapidly increasing.

'Passing to the Bombay Presidency we come to the part of India which, in the opinion of the Central authorities, is the most severely afflicted of all. In other parts, notable in the native States of Rajputana, the mortality from starvation may be greater, mainly because the system of famine relief and the organizer generally in such States is not so good as in British territory; but it is now generally admitted that certain parts of Bombay present the worst famine features in all India at the present time. The latest official reports show that there has been no change in the conditions, except for the worse. There is no abatement of the famine; things are merely getting slowly and surely more disastrous than before.

'One of the most remarkable features of the present famine is that certain districts in the Bombay Presidency, hitherto reputed to be the most fertile, perhaps, in all India, are now the most afflicted. In ordinary times the country around Baroda and Ahmedabad presents an aspect of extraordinary fertility. At the present moment it is in this very tract that the worst features of the present famine are to be found. The people are literally dying of starvation. The greater portion of the cattle, the celebrated breed of Gujarat, are already dead. Everything that human agency can do is being done to keep the people alive, but they have been for so many months past in a low and unenriched state that the mortality in many parts has more than quadrupled. As for the cattle, the government is trying to keep the remnants alive in cattle camps, but the mortality has been terrible, more than 1,000,000 having died in the district of Gujarat alone.

'To add to the embarrassment of the local officials, a severe epidemic of cholera has now broken out at some of the relief works in the Godhra district; and the people, weakened by many weeks and months of low diet, are succumbing to this terrible scourge at a startling rate. In the Bombay Presidency as a whole there are no fewer than two millions of people on famine relief, and the population affected is more than twenty millions.

'To the north and northeast of Gujarat we come to another portion of India almost equally afflicted. The greater portion of the land in Rajasthan is of extremely light character and in many parts is hard to distinguish from desert. In States such as Jodhpur and Bikanir much of it is actual desert. Railways are few and far between and vast tracts are almost completely out of the reach of relief operations. These semi-desert tracts are so sparsely populated and the country itself is utterly hopeless that it is impossible to establish relief works. The inhabitants eke out a mere existence on quarter rations as long as they can and then when physically quite over equal to the strain of a long journey over the sun baked waterless wastes of sand, they try to make their way to the relief works or the big towns, perhaps a hundred miles or more away.

'There is every reason to believe that a very large proportion of these people never reach their destination, but die in the desert, where their emaciated corpses are soon picked clean by the jackals and vultures which hang on their track. Numbers reach their journey's end only to die. In some parts of Rajasthan, it is said, scarce a day passes without a number of people of all ages and both sexes being found dead by the roadside. Their bodies are mere skeletons, with skin stretched tightly over them, and for months past they must have suffered the acutest pangs of hunger. Yet nothing can well be done for them. Those who thus die almost invariably prove to be residents of the remoter portions of the western desert who have delayed too long their attempt to reach the famine relief works.

'It would almost seem that in many instances the people have no wish to live, no desire to continue the apparently hopeless struggle for existence. With that fatalistic tendency which is so marked a characteristic of all Orientals, they argue among themselves that it is their kismet, their destiny and that, an inscrutable Providence having willed them to die of famine, it would be idle to struggle against the inexorable decree.

'The next most afflicted portion of India is the central provinces, which had hardly got over the scarcity of a few years ago before this new and terrible disaster came

upon them. There has been no change for the better in this region. There are now about one and three quarter million of people on famine relief, and the population directly affected by the famine is some twelve millions. Fodder is scarce, and water exceptionally so. The rivers, indeed, are now at a lower level than has ever been known, as are also the various tanks and reservoirs which form the water supply of large cities.

Watch the Skin and Eyes!

They Are Unfailing Thermometers of Health.

The skin and eyes are two unfailing thermometers of health. If the skin has spots, eruptions, an unhealthy pallor or a yellow appearance, and the eyes a glazed look, with yellowish whites, it is high time to purify and cleanse the blood, and regulate the liver and kidneys. Paine's Celery Compound makes pure, bright red blood and relieves the liver and kidneys of the strain that is brought upon them, whenever impure blood is pouring through their substance.

It has been fully proved by eminent medical men that Paine's Celery Compound supplies that needed and appropriate food that overworked nerves are too feeble to extract from ordinary food taken into the stomach. Paine's Celery Compound increases the appetite and puts the digestive organs into shape to pass the food over to the blood in such a perfectly prepared condition that the change into nerve, brain and tissue substance is easily and fully brought about without waste of nervous energy or wear upon the liver, kidneys or stomach.

In a word, Paine's Celery Compound builds up the weak, wasting and diseased body; it gives all the conditions of health that guarantee a long and happy life. No other remedy in the world has ever done such a true and noble work for suffering humanity.

Make trial of one bottle, dear reader; it will convince you that you have found what you most need to make you well and strong.

Canada's First Boy Baby.

How many people know the name of the first white baby born within the limits of what now comprises the Dominion of Canada, or can give the date of his birth? According to the chief Statistician of Canada, Mr. George Johnson of Ottawa, the first white baby born in the territory that now composes the Dominion was neither French nor English. He was born of Icelandic parents who had settled at the base of Greenland's icy mountains and had sailed to the shores of what is now Nova Scotia, to form a settlement in what they called Vinland. The baby, who was named Snorro, was born about the year 1,007, and became the progenitor of a long line of eminent men. Mr. Johnson, to whom we are indebted for our facts, says of Snorro, in the course of an admirable article in the initial number of North American Notes and Queries, just issued at Quebec: 'Any Canadian, who visits Lucerne in Switzerland will be all the more enthusiastic over the colossal lion carved out of the living rock there to be seen, if he recalls the fact that Thorwaldson, the great sculptor whose work it is, was a descendant of Snorro, the first boy baby born of European parents in what is now Canada.—North American Notes and Queries.'

Kerens Was Plucky.

In connection with the marriage last Saturday of Miss Jane Henry of New York to Vincent Kerens of St. Louis a Washington special says:—

Mr. Kerens is the second son of R. C. Kerens, one of the multi-millionaires of the west, and from infancy has been accustomed to a liberal allowance. When he announced to his father last fall that he intended to marry Miss Henry he was astounded by the words:—

'All right, but what are you going to marry on?'

Young Kerens paced the floor in silence for several moments, and then facing his father, said:—

'I'll go to work.'

Again the older Kerens said 'All right,' and the young man, without the influence of his father, secured a position in St. Louis at a salary of \$125 a month. Out of this he was laying up more than he had ever saved out of his large allowance. Promptly at 9 a. m. he was at his desk where he worked faithfully all day.

When Mr. Kerens returned to St. Louis he found his son working, and was so pleased with his pluck that he bought out the whole corporation and made Vincent a present of it. Besides this he decided to

him the Kerens mansion in Vandeventer place, in St. Louis, one of the handsomest homes in that city.

Kerens senior says with great pride:—

'Vincent does not go to work at 9 a. m. He is in his office at 8. It is the same spirit which helped me to make my fortune.'

MARY O'GRADY AND THE CENSUS MAN.

Divvil a Wan Did She Ever Hear Ask Rich Questions but the Doctor.

One of the census enumerators appointed to count the people of East Orange, N. J., is above all things an amiable man. He strives to please and is pained when others suffer. He felt that a heavy trial was about to be laid upon him yesterday afternoon when he confronted a robust mature person who had kindly consented to act temporarily as maid of all work for a family in Mulford street.

'Mary,' said the mistress of the house, who was sitting on the front porch, 'this is the census man. He wants to ask you a few questions.'

Mary placed her hands firmly on her hips, gave her fiery tresses a menacing toss and fixed the census man with a look of defiance. She responded with reasonable promptness to the questions as to her name and birthplace and the names and birthplaces of her parents. Then the census man knew it was time to brace himself. He grasped the piazza rail firmly as he asked:—

'How old are you.'

All the wrath that lay so close to the surface blazed forth instantly.

'Sure 'n I'd like to know what business that is o' yours. How old am I? Th' impudence! Fer two pins I'd—'

'Mary! Mary!' interposed the woman of the house. 'You don't understand. This man is taking the census. You must answer him or you may be sent to jail. Now tell him how old you are.'

'Oh, well, it ye must know ye kin put down fer 23.'

The census man who is a good Methodist, breathed a prayer for the ungodly and set down the lie that was to endure as long as the census should stand.

'Married or single?'

There were further signs of agitation among the unruly auburn locks, but the goaded spinster managed to restrain her inclination to do personal violence as she snapped out:—

'Single of course. I'd like to see the man who could make me anything else.'

'So should I,' responded the census man, eager to fall in with her views. 'Are you a maiden or—'

'Am I maiden?' she screamed. 'Am I a maiden? Look here, young man, I'll stand no more of this.'

She was advancing upon him with full intent to avenge her heaped-up wrongs, but he eluded her and pleaded for an opportunity to explain.

'Don't mistake my meaning. Don't think I intended anything wrong,' he gasped, imploringly. 'I wouldn't insult a lady, indeed I wouldn't. I was just going to ask were you a maiden or a widow.'

'Well, why didn't ye say so, then?' said the woman, now somewhat appeased. 'I sh'd think ye could judge fer yerself. Of course, I'm not a widow.'

'Now, as to your employment; are you generally busy?'

'Busy? Well, I guess if ye'll come in most any time o' day ye'll find me so.'

The census man, deeming it best not to elucidate his meaning shut up his book and made his escape. Mary O'Grady gazed at him intently till he disappeared in the next house. Then turning with a snort, she started for her pots and pans.

'Th' nerve of th' divvie!' she exclaimed. 'I never heard any one but a doctor ask such questions. It's a wonder he didn't want to take my pulse and temperature.'

A Veteran Senator.

The speaker, his subject and what he said conspired to make highly impressive the address of Mr. Vest, of Missouri, when the Senate recently accepted the statues of Thomas H. Benton and Francis P. Blair. The House of Representatives held similar exercises earlier in the session.

Senator Vest, who is almost seventy years old, has for many months been in failing health. His step is faltering, his face deathly pale, and his form shrunken to a mere shadow. He has read in the newspapers at times speculations as to the effect of his death in closely contested legislative battles; for it had fallen to his lot, since his health has been so frail, to hold almost the decisive vote at such important junctures as the ratification of the treaty of peace with Spain, and the dispute over Mr. Quay's right to a seat in the Senate.

In spite of his feebleness Mr. Vest spoke for nearly an hour, standing at his desk, leaning slightly upon it by his finger-tips, but otherwise unsupported. He spoke from memory, and in a surprisingly strong strong voice. What he said of these two Unionists is noteworthy, for he was him-

self a member of both House and Senate of the Confederate Congress.

'No state in the Union suffered more from internecine strife and neighborhood war,' declared Mr. Vest, 'than Missouri. The wounds inflicted were deep and cruel, but today Missouri sends to Statuary Hall the marble images of two men whose public lives were given to the cause of free soil and against the further extension of African slavery.'

After a graphic recital of the stirring events in the lives of Benton and Blair, he closed with these words: 'Mr. President, these men sleep together in Missouri soil almost side by side; and so long as this Capitol shall stand or this nation exist, their statues will be eloquent though silent pledges of Missouri's eternal allegiance to an eternal Union.'

MISSIONARIES IN NORTH CHINA.

Constant Cause of Trouble With Native-Swedes Obnoxious to Russia as Well.

It is a remarkable coincidence that the part of China in which the 'Boxer' organization has its rise is that in which foreign missions and railway construction are most active. The American missions in northern China where the Boxer agitation is strongest have many stations with a numerous personnel which is composed of Americans. There is another society, however, whose stations are scattered all over the country north of the Sikiang or river of Canton, a large proportion of whose missionaries are of Swedish nationality and from Finland. It is called the China Inland Mission and has its headquarters in London in England. Its stations are most numerous in the provinces of Kiang-Si and Che-Kiang south of the Yang-tze-Kiang, and in the provinces of Shanai and Shensi, west of Chih-li in which Peking is situated, and there are stations in the far western province of Kansuh, bordering on the frontier of Tibet and along the great wall toward the Mongolian Desert.

For many reasons, mostly of a political nature, missionary work in China is regarded unfavorably by the population in general, but especially so by the official classes who are intensely conservative of old institutions, more particularly the religious. Now that they seem to have much to fear on the score of the number of converts made by the missionaries, for the average number of converts admitted in the reports of the China Inland Mission is few in relation to the number of missionaries employed and the cost of maintaining the numerous stations. As examples: In the reports for 1890, Kansuh has forty nine missionaries and native helpers and reckons only sixty communicants. Shensi has 107 missionaries and native helpers, with 324 communicants. Shanai returns 210 missionaries and native helpers to 1,218 communicants, and so on in proportions, varying from one and two to five and six converts per missionary and native helper throughout the length and breadth of China. The total number of stations established by the China Inland Mission in January, 1899, was 318, with 713 missionaries and 605 native helpers with 7,147 communicants. As will be seen, these figures do not appear calculated to alarm the Administration; but it is privileged status enjoyed by the missionaries who openly work for the overthrow of the national religion that causes most of the difficulties with which the Chinese authorities have to contend in their relations with foreign powers. But perhaps being obnoxious to the Chinese people and Government on general principles, the Swedish and Finnish element in the China Inland Mission so widely scattered over the north of China, which Russia regards as more particularly within her sphere of influence, is offensive to the Government of the Czar. There is no reason to suppose that the Boxers are acting under foreign instigation of any kind, but if their action tended to the withdrawal of the missionaries and their prop-ganda from northern China it is not probable there would be any regret at the closing of their establishments. From the nature of their work their acquaintance with the language of the country and their native assistants, they are in a position to become intimately acquainted with the condition of the country and public sentiment, and so indirectly to render very valuable service to the Government of the country whose missionary societies employ them. In the present state of affairs in northern China this would be preeminently the case and for this reason it can be understood that the closing of the English missions in particular in northern China would be agreeable to both the Chinese and Russian governments, whether brought about by the Boxers or other agencies.

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