

# The Late Dowager Empress of China

(Fortnightly Review.)

Truth becomes stranger than fiction, history more fascinating than romance, when the late Dowager Empress of China is the biographer's theme. For Tsu Hsi was one of those massive world-figures—demigods of Fate one might perhaps term them—whom the ancients were wont to worship and the moderns are willing to immortalize. As a Hibernian admirer of hers once remarked, "We have to go back to very ancient times for a parallel to Tsu Hsi, and even then we do not find one." A sketch of the main episodes of her living and dying, her reverses and triumphs, painted in color, sufficiently deep yet faithful to the tones of history, would stir the souls of impressionable readers with strong emotions. For despite many serious defects of mind and soul, Tsu Hsi was not only a commanding personality in her age and country, but she was also endowed with some of the sterling qualities of absolute greatness. Like the green leaf of the lotus that sprouts up from the slime she raised herself aloft by innate virtue, tact and will-power from nothingness to a dizzy height, where she maintained herself for forty years in spite of the rigorous prohibition of her country's laws and the stern disapproval of her country's enemies. Alone she fought the battle of individuality against a nation of 400 millions of living men and myriads of the dead, whose spirits are still quick and influential there. And by dint of energy, resourcefulness and perseverance she scored a signal victory over them all.

Seventy-four years ago, one of the busiest, wealthiest and most populous haunts of men was Hankow, on the Han-Kiang. Even at present it is one of the most prosperous parts in China, but in those halcyon days its inhabitants, counting the population of the two adjacent towns, numbered several millions, with not a white-skin among them. That, however, was before the rebel Taipings destroyed it, before foreign consuls were admitted, when only sailing ships and houseboats plied on the river. One sultry evening in August, 1834, a quaint Chinese houseboat, bearing a widow with her two daughters, and a coffin, was moored to the left bank of the Han-Kiang. The lady's husband had been serving the Crown in the province of Szechuan, and he had died in Peking, his body had to be buried in the latter place. They had halted there on their way to Peking. Their stores were exhausted, they lacked the wherewithal to replenish them, and, bereft of funds, had but slender hopes of pushing on to the capital. And the widow's only chance of saving her little family from starvation seemingly depended on her reaching Peking. For there she intended to petition the authorities to admit her little daughter to the palace as a candidate for the imperial harem. The girl's qualifications were her Manchuk extraction, her rank as daughter of a third class official—of him whose body was now being conveyed to its native soil—her comeliness, aptitudes, and grace. Presentation at court under such conditions is more than a mere privilege—it may be the starting-point of a brilliant career. From among the numerous girls upon whom this honor is conferred, the Empress Mother selects for the future Emperor's first lawful wife, two other spouses, nine concubines, and a goodly number of handmaids. Hence hundreds of families that possess the requisite qualifications strive after the honor for their daughters.

Next day about noon another boat lay alongside that of the widow. On board was a functionary from the province of Hupeh, who had just been appointed to the post of Tao Tai or Governor, and was on his way to the capital to do homage for this mark of favor. A new Governor is a monarch in miniature, and many officials of his province make an early bid for his favor. First in the field here was a city judge, Wu Tang by name, who despatched his servants with refreshments and a present of about \$20 in money. The messengers, boarding the wrong boat, presented the widow with the edibles, the coin, and the good wishes of their master. Pleasantly surprised, the lady mentally set down the offerings as tokens of the gratitude of some friend of her deceased husband. She accordingly charged Wu Tang's messenger to express her indebtedness to their master, and to say that she would be most pleased if he could do her the favor to come and receive the expressions of her gratitude.

The servant returning delivered the widow's message to Wu Tang. Wu's anger knew no bounds. He engulfed them and threatened the thief one with death. But his wrath subsiding, he consulted a certain councillor of the tribunal, who advised him to look upon the money as lost, and to call on the widow. Boarding the houseboat next morning, the judge performed the traditional ceremonies before the coffin. Meanwhile the lady came out of her apartment, fell on her face before him, and offered her heartfelt thanks for the kindness which had prompted him to help her in her hour of need. The presents he had sent would enable her, she said—to reach Peking, where she hoped to arrange her affairs. She could not thank him adequately in words but "as a token of my gratitude and devotion, I hereby give you my eldest child as your adopted daughter." Now in China to give one's child to be adopted is a mark of gratitude for a favor too great to be ever repaid. Thereupon the lady made a sign to her eldest daughter—

## A GIRL FULL OF LIFE AND CHARM AND GRACE—

who, glancing with wistful awe upon the strange benefactor, prostrated herself before him and called him father. Wu returned the greetings, recognized the child as his daughter by adoption, and soon after took his leave. The same day the houseboat sailed down the Yangtze, bearing the girl, whose name was Jehonala. (At her birth, a Chinese girl receives a temporary name, which is generally suggested by

an object just seen by one of the parents—as, for instance, a flower. Six or seven years later another name—containing a flattering allusion—is substituted for this, but nobody may utter it excepting her grandparents, parents, and professors. Her brothers are not excepted), on to the high life, where, under the name of Tsu Hsi, she was to grapple successfully with circumstance.

Twenty years later the curtain was raised on the second scene of this little drama. Meanwhile a deep dent had been left on the history of the Celestial Empire, deeper than any the preceding hundred years had made. Hankow had been destroyed in the Taiping rebellion, which cost the nation twenty million lives. China, therefore, an embalméd corpse, enfolded in silk ceremonies, covered with ancient inscriptions, was being slowly shaken out of the lethargy of ages. Monarchs had come and vanished, the dynasty had been endangered, the throne shaken, the empire itself had well-nigh gone to pieces. But Wu Tang had survived all changes, plodding tamely on with the flawless serenity of spirit which so many of his countrymen seem to hold ever at command. Dogged perseverance and length of service at last won recognition. Wu Tang was promoted and transferred to the province of Kan si. Joyful he set out on a visit to his new chief. But the Marquess Tseng—a polished man of the world and moderate reformer—was disgusted with the denseness of his new subordinate. Tseng, who was striving just then to gather around him a band of enlightened workmen, had no use for Wu Tang as sub-prefect, and deemed it his duty to get the appointment quashed. The Viceroy accordingly dismissed his visitor curtly, and despatched a damaging report about him to Peking.

In the fullness of time there came a strange reply. Tseng was informed that the Empress-Tseng had been pleased to raise Wu Tang from the post of sub-prefect to that of Prefect. At this the Viceroy marvelled. The Empress, he concluded, could not have received his report. He therefore wrote again. Quicker than before came the answer. It was another edict of promotion. It now pleased her Majesty to appoint Wu Tang to the post of Tao Tai, or Governor. The mystified Viceroy sent for Wu Tang. "Who are your influential friends at court?" he asked. "I possess no friends, no influence, no acquaintances there," was the answer, and its accents carried conviction. "Then it is a mistake after all," the Viceroy argued, as he turned the matter over in his mind, "and it must be set right. So he despatched another letter to the Empress, this time asking that her Majesty would vouchsafe to honor Wu Tang with an audience."

Shortly afterwards the new Tao Tai was summoned to Peking. On the morning fixed for the audience he entered the palace in trepidation, his eyes downcast. In front of the imperial throne, congenitally with custom, he fell upon his knees. The Empress came forward her awestruck subject to rise up and draw near. Startled at the voice, which caused a dim memory to flit before his eyes, the new Tao Tai did as he was told, his gaze riveted to the floor. "Look into my eyes," was the next behest. A hasty glance brought back Wu Tang's thoughts to years gone by, and he recognized in the all-powerful monarch the girl who had once prostrated herself before him as his adopted daughter on the site of old Hankow. The helpless little Jehonala had become the mighty Tsu Hsi. And he trembled with tumultuous emotions. But the Empress, in caressing accents, told him how glad she was to meet again the benefactor whose friendly hand was once stretched out to help her from among the weird shadows of the grey world, at sight of which her child's heart was swelling. She then dismissed him to his post, promising to turn a deaf ear to all calumnious denunciations of him.

But to return to her early career. Soon after her father was laid to rest in his native soil, Jehonala was presented at court. The maiden's good looks, blithe temperament, grace of gait and bearing, and those winsome ways that elude analysis and are conveyed by the word charm, induced the palace authorities to receive her. Accordingly she entered the "sacred precincts," which no girl candidate, once admitted, can ever quit alive. Like the Roman vestals, they are cut off from the world whose pleasures they have renounced. During several months of probation under the eye of the Empress Mother, their aptitudes are noted, their defects corrected, their manners polished. They are taught Manchuk, are initiated into the ceremonies and rites of ancestral worship, and trained to conduct themselves as beehives future companions of the mightiest mortal on the globe. The names of those whose shortcomings appear glaring or incurable, or whose positive qualifications seem inadequate, are gradually struck off the list of candidates, and even of the many who are allowed to compete, relatively few are ultimately chosen. Jehonala's name, however, remained on the books to the last, rising in relative position as time went on.

On the decisive day the lists of the lucky were issued. One girl was gazetted Empress, two became lawful spouses, and the little orphan with the magnetic eyes, soft feline ways, royal felicity of utterance, and imperial voice

WAS MADE A CONCUBINE of fifth rank. A splendid success for the little maiden who had had such a narrow escape from starvation, this might well seem but a poor start for one whom Fate destined to raise to the throne of China. For concubines enjoy few privileges. They are cloistered in a pavilion, where they fill in their day with sewing, embroidery, breeding silk-worms, sauntering about the spacious grounds, or boating on the garden lakes.

## CORNS CURED PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

They rarely receive their parents, and never anyone else. If, however, one among them becomes the mother of male offspring, she has established her right to a high-sounding title during the remainder of her life. A tablet over her grave, and household worship after her death. And that seemed the dizziest height attainable by Hsien feng's fifth concubine, who was then a winsome girl of sixteen.

Five more years rolled over the Empire of China and the harem of Hsien feng, and the fifth concubine had become a favorite. The Son of Heaven, yielding himself more and more to the soothing spell of the daughter of earth, made her his boon companion, his solace in trouble, his counsellor at all times. Within the harem she began to discharge certain of the functions which belonged of right to the chief spouse, yet without arousing the envy of her rival—a meek, loving, devoted wife, who felt remorseful regret that she had not yet borne her lord and master a male heir. At last the fifth concubine presented the Emperor with a boy, and rose at a bound to the highest position in the Empire. Festivities were organized at court, wild rejoicings followed in the capital, and an amnesty was granted to criminals. The Dowager Empress assigned a separate palace to her mother of honor, who was thereupon promoted to the rank of a "western consort"—the first spouse being termed the eastern. On the happy mother the Court also bestowed the name of Tsu Hsi, or "elementary benefactor."

At this period of her career, Tsu Hsi, native chroniclers tell us, was a girl with the budding charms of an ideal woman. Prepossessing in person, she was so kindly in manner and suave of disposition that she won every heart, persuaded every hearer, disarmed every enemy. All who came in contact with her described her as a fascinating talker. Her language abounded in witty sallies, quaint notions clothed in rare words, embellished with poetic images, bright with bursts of musical laughter. People loved to listen to her, were proud of her notice, and captivated by her smile. While she spoke an intense fire lighted her eyes, kindled her mobile tongue, and as one of her countrymen puts it, "made her lips drop honey." People of character were drawn towards her despite their will, and clever statesmen were swayed by her despite their intelligence. A magnetic force seemed to go out from her, hypnotizing her environment, and making instruments of all who came within the radius of its operation. It was thus that while supplanting the chief spouse in the affections of the Emperor, she contrived to win her friendship and to keep it. And it is worth noting, as a proof that she eschewed foul means when fair methods were obviously adequate, that that same lady, with whom she lived and worked in amity for many years, died a natural death in 1891. The eunuchs, who are all-present, all-powerful, and permanent elements at court, were the next to yield to Tsu Hsi's fascination. Their obedience was prompt, thorough, cheerful, their co-operation precious and their taciturn partook of the nature of religious worship. And in this boundless devotion of the powerful body which carried out all the palace revolutions, lies a clue to much of what seemed mysterious about her marvellous success. The Empress remained their staunch friend until her death. Last year, when reforming or abolishing other antiquated institutions, she refused to meddle with the eunuchs.

Another five years passed into history and a high dragged the Manchuk dynasty with them. The Taiping rebellion, which stirred the nation to its foundations, made upon the mind of Tsu Hsi a deep and lasting impress. Its victims are computed at twenty millions. The foreign invasion of China administered another painful shock. For the first time in history, it was borne in upon the rulers of the Empire that their naive faith in their superiority to the rest of

MANKIND WAS A DELUSION. The Anglo-French campaign against China culminated in the capture of Peking, the humiliation of the imperial family, and the insertion of the thin edge of the wedge of western civilization in the massive realm of the far east. But in the midst of the wild confusion at court there was one person who remained cool. When the Emperor was making ready to flee his capital, and his shattered courtiers were urging him to lose no time, Tsu Hsi strove to hold his ground and make a fight for the rights of his house and his empire. But her advice was disregarded, and Hsien feng repaired to Jehol in Mongolia. Tsu Hsi, ever a model spouse, followed her lord and consort, zealously guarding her priceless treasure, the five-year-old son, through whom she had won title, dignity and power, and bereft of whom she would again become the merest cipher—secluded for the remainder of her life in a palatial prison.

Such was the political debut of the charming woman who, as a pretty maiden, had a few years before so narrowly eluded the grip of misery on the banks of the Han-Kiang River. Within that brief span she had raised herself to a loftier eminence than that once occupied by Semiramis or Cleopatra, Catherine II, or Maria Theresa. She held the destinies of a fourth of the human race in the hollow of her hand. And she bore good fortune splendidly. In the new as in the old role, she was simple, ready, resourceful. That she retained her modesty is proof that she was deep-rooted, for her advisers did their utmost to cure her of it. Fitness for great opportunities and a capacity to create lesser ones were among her main characteristics. Success never seems to have intoxicated, nor failure to have demoralized her. In politics, which may be described as the art of the possible, Tsu Hsi, like the world's great statesmen, was an opportunist. She made the most of changing circumstance, and when unable to alter conditions to suit her plans, she modified the conditions. Hence she has been charged by the Conservatives with con-

cessive readiness to humor the whites, and by reformers with barbarous, unscrupulous hatred of everything that was neither.

## CHINESE NOR MANCHU.

In truth, she merely utilized the foreign element for the good of her empire, her dynasty, her personal wealth. It was ever her way to use mankind as a bridge over which to pass to her goal, and having reached it she generally tried to draw her people after her.

During her first regency Tsu Hsi, then in the flower of her age, indulged, it is said, in the passions of a Messaline and the cruelty of a Bluebeard, putting several of her obscure favorites to death. A priori the story may be true. It is safe to assume, however, that many acts of the regent, which Europeans would condemn and Chinese condone, have been magnified by enemies into heinous crimes. As a western critic once cautiously put it, "half the calumnies spread about the lady are in all probability untrue." Doubtless Tsu Hsi perpetrated crimes enough to kindle raptures of moral indignation in the West. But it would be well to remember that she had not only no scruples of any sort, but no indwelling source of any. A conscience formed no part of her equipment. She dwelt beyond the domain of right and wrong.

Thus Tsu Hsi, who was the first Empress, was also the last autocrat of China, an autocrat by nature as well as by law. In a country where centuries of peaceful toil and military quiescence had contributed to the decay of energetic passions, she was an epitome of much that was great in healthy human kingship. And her death was worthy of her life. Such was Tsu Hsi's zeal for the public service that during her last agony she insisted on being present at a state council, and, lying dressed on her couch she took such part in its deliberations as the rapid advance of her malady permitted. For the freshness of her soul was unimpaired in a body that years had enfeebled and disease undermined. "I can bear no more," were the last articulate sounds that passed her lips. A few minutes later the columnar figure that had dominated China for over forty years had faded to a memory and a shadow. And the Dalai Lama bent down over her pale, rigid face in silent prayer.

E. J. Dillon.

## Need No Longer Fear the Knife

### Gravel Easily and Naturally Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Joseph Pelrine Who Suffered the Terrible Pain of Gravel for Nine Months Tells How the Old Reliable Kidney Pills Cured Him.

Port Felix East, Guelph county, N. S., March 22.—(Special.)—That you need no longer fear the knife if troubled with gravel or other urinary troubles is the glad news that Joseph Pelrine, a well-known young fisherman here, is telling his friends.

"I suffered intense pain from gravel and other urinary troubles for nine months," Mr. Pelrine says. "But seven boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me completely. I heartily recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone who is suffering from gravel or urinary troubles." Dodd's Kidney Pills cure gravel by curing the kidneys. The urinary organs are entirely dependent on the kidneys. If the kidneys are not in good working order they cannot filter out the uric acid of the body and causes gravel. Healthy kidneys dissolve the stones and they pass off in the urine. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure gravel.

## THE BIBLE.

(Montreal Gazette.)

Rev. S. P. Rose, of Winnipeg, is now adding to the list of Methodist clergymen who deny the complete historical accuracy of the Bible. This sort of thing is becoming rather common to be sensational, but is none the less occasion for thoughtful consideration. There are included in the Bible books of history, of poetry, of philosophy and of teaching. It in its present shape is the result of the rejection by learned and thoughtful men of books that at one time found acceptance among Christians and Jews and even among Mohammedans. Learned and thoughtful men may find other parts to be rejected or viewed as figurative expressions rather than a record of facts. It would be well, though, that when a minister feels himself moved to condemn, amend or reject, he should be sure that he is learned for the task and should proceed to it only after due thought and with reverence. The book is a foundation and only careful hands should touch foundations.



Everybody Willing.

George—Holy smoke! just look at that young lady kissing the poodle! Harold—Yes, I see. Who wouldn't lead a dog's life?

## Genuine War.

Two muscular individuals were hammering at each other in the ring. "Horrible!" ejaculated a tender-hearted spectator. "Horrible, nothing," said the regular pugilist. "If you want to see a real war get next to them when they divide the purse." Philadelphia Ledger

## REFLECTED SCALD CAUSED MONTHS OF AGONY.

### Spent Dollars in Vain but Zam-Buk Cured Her.

Following we give the testimony of a lady who if she had known of Zam-Buk earlier would have been saved nine weeks' agony: Mrs. Frederick Bryant, of 189 Railway Avenue, Stratford, Ont., says:—"I scalded my foot while preparing supper. Next day the skin came off and my foot was in a serious condition. I could not wear my shoe and had to lay up for nine weeks. During this time I used dozens of salves but none did any good. In fact the wound developed into a running sore. I got no rest day or night from the pain. At this point a supply of Zam-Buk was obtained and a few applications had immediate effect in soothing the pain and irritation. A small supply proved sufficient to heal the scald, although I had spent dollars in other remedies. My skin has now formed nicely over the open area."

Zam-Buk is the most wonderful and effective remedy I have used, and I advise others to use it."

Zam-Buk is equally effective in curing burns. Mr. Geo. Gilmore, caretaker of the E. Clements Block, Winnipeg, testifies as follows:—"I sustained a series of bad burns while attending to the large furnace which heats the buildings. One burn on my wrist was particularly bad and gave me great pain. I applied some Zam-Buk, and in forty-eight hours all the remaining part of the burn was a slight scar. Zam-Buk seemed to draw the pain away like magic. It is a splendid balm to keep handy, its healing powers being simply marvellous."

There is nothing to equal Zam-Buk as a family balm. Its uses are so wide. It has been proved a sure cure for eczema, ringworm, ulcers, abscesses, piles, bad leg, suppurating wounds, cuts, bruises, chapped hands, cold cracks, and all skin injuries and diseases. Rubbed well into the part affected it cures rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, etc. All druggists and stores sell at 50c per box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, on receipt of price.

## RAT DRIVE IN INDIA.

### Result of a Systematic Campaign in a Bombay Town.

Bombay deals with its rats wholeheartedly and scientifically. The city chosen—Kamatipura—was divided into three circles, which were again divided into several blocks.

The first circle was in charge of the Chief Inspector of Health, assisted by four inspectors and two deputy health officers. In this circle there were 303 houses, comprising 1,423 rooms, and these were served with 2,846 baits and 425 traps. Baits were also placed in 77 gullies.

The second circle was the largest, and was placed in charge of Dr. Sirah Cawajji. It comprised twenty-six blocks, with sixty-nine houses and 4,375 rooms, and 8,750 baits and 1,181 traps were brought into requisition, besides baits for ninety-eight gullies. The third circle in charge of Dr. Shroff, was divided into nineteen blocks. It included 264 houses, with 4,023 rooms, which were served with 8,046 baits and 1,070 traps. Altogether 19,842 poison baits and 2,670 traps were laid.

In one day 833 rats were delivered up, and as the poison does not always act immediately it is likely that a great many more have since been discovered. After the recovery of rats all the gullies are flushed and cleaned and the houses and rooms washed with pesterine and otherwise disinfected.—Times of India.

## THE FAIRY HOUNDS.

### Superstition of the Night Chases of the "Dandy Cogs."

In some years stoats appear to be more numerous than in others, and they are seen not in ones and twos but in dozens, hunting together in small packs. The late E. T. Booth, of Brighton, when shooting in East Lothian in the autumn of 1893, met a pack of stoats which attacked a terrier he had with him and would not be driven off until he had the dog between them had killed more than a dozen.

Stoats will hunt together from cent and in full cry like a pack of hounds, one always keeping the line and followed closely by the others. This sight has been recorded by different observers, who have also seen weasels hunting in the same way.

There is a popular notion in the west of England that little fairy hounds, locally called "dandy dogs," and these are said to be weasels, "promoting the country folks call 'fairies,' the word 'vaury' and 'vair' Some of them declare that they have seen and watched the chase with awe.—From the London Daily Graphic.

## Dining With the Hangman.

In "The Comic Side of Crime" in the February Strand Magazine, Harry Furniss tells a somewhat startling story of the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, a well-known figure in Bohemian society in London some thirty years ago. Wingfield was a man of a particularly morbid turn of mind and made quite a friend of Marwood, who was at that time the official hangman. He once invited this interesting character to take dinner with him at Powerscourt, his beautiful Dublin estate; and as Wingfield was anxious that his domestic staff should not discover who his guest was, the conversation did not turn, during dinner, on criminals or hanging. His butler was an old and valued servant, and when he was in the room Wingfield was careful to refer only to general topics and avoid the one which he and his guest had met to discuss. But to the host's horror, the hangman kept looking at his watch, and once or twice, when the butler was in the room, he would say:

"Ah, they're giving it to them now. Yes, yes; it's about time now it was over."

Wingfield was on pins and needles lest his guest should, in his excitement, disclose the names of the poor victims. As soon as they were alone, he said: "Who are they? I didn't know there was any execution on to-day." "Well, I should think not—or I wouldn't be here." "But they're criminals of some kind—flogging, eh?" "Flogging? Criminals! Bless you, no, sir. I was looking at my watch 'ere to time the presentation of prizes at my girls' school. To-day one takes a fast prize and the other a second!"

## MONKEY THIEF

### Concensed in Master's Pocket He Managed Many Thefts.

Following a shabbily dressed man, whose visits to various establishments were always associated with theft, the Paris police have stumbled on the extraordinary fact of a monkey being employed for shoplifting purposes.

On Tuesday afternoon the man entered a large emporium, and was soon inquiring the price of different trinkets. As the salesman was answering his questions a queer-looking head was seen to peep out of a pocket of his overcoat, and soon a pair followed, with the result that several rings left that particular stand, entering into the selfsame pocket with the paw, and then the head.

Presently the visitor, after thanking the salesman for his information, moved on to a counter where lace was laid out in tempting array. The employee was requested to show some of the most valuable samples, and once more the head and paw emerged from the pocket, and one of the finest pieces promptly disappeared into that recess.

The detectives walked up to the visitor, and at once arrested him. They also captured the monkey, for such it was, which he had trained to grab at goods while he was keeping the vendors engrossed by his questions as to prices and quality.

The man, who is an acrobatic performer at fairs, perceiving that the game was up, submitted mildly, but his companion did not take his own arrest so philosophically, and resisted fiercely.

The man was taken to the depot of the Prefecture of Police, and the larcenous monkey to the pound.

## A TRAITOR'S PUNISHMENT.

### Lieut. Ullmos Easy Life as a Prisoner on Devil's Island.

The first man. A Paris contemporary observes, lost the earthly paradise by a fault, and man to-day has found it by a crime. Ex-Lieut. Ullmos, who was condemned as a traitor and who is now on Devil's Island, is the person referred to, and if our contemporary is not misinformed the assertion is not very wide of the mark.

The ex-Lieutenant has a nice little cottage; his costume is white flannel, and he wears white boots. He rises late, spends a long time dressing. His toilet table, we learn, is laden with scent bottles, and in the room is a portrait which bears a strong resemblance to La Belle Lion. His study is well equipped with books, theatrical and other reviews, such as one would find in a country gentleman's house. Books on philosophy also find a place, the ex-Lieutenant's favorite writers being Kant, Fichte and Schelling.

After breakfast Ullmos walks about his little domain, feeds his fowls and gives instructions to his cook. Nearly every day a launch brings fresh meat from Ile Royale, and to guard against stormy weather and the non-arrival of the launch the Lieutenant has, we are assured, a well stocked larder with eggs, preserves and charcuterie in abundance. After breakfast he takes a rest and then has a walk under the coconut trees. Then he sits under the beautiful sunset and possibly thinks of Dreyfus in this little solitude. At lunch he can have plenty of fresh milk and cheese, for he has a herd of goats. After dinner the ex-Lieutenant and his guards play cards, and before retiring the chef—who, like Goldsmith's of drawers, "contrives a double debt to pay"—transformed into a valet de chambre, asks the prisoner for instructions for the next day. The correspondent who furnishes this account was surprised at what he saw, and so we think will be his readers.—From the London Globe.

## USING PURGATIVES INJURES THE HEALTH

### In the Spring a Tonic is Needed—But Not Harsh, Drastic Medicines.

A spring medicine is an actual necessity to most people. Nature demands it as an aid in carrying off the impurities that have accumulated in the blood during the indoor life of winter months. But unfortunately thousands of people who recognize the necessity for a spring medicine do not know what is best to take, and dose themselves with harsh, gripping purgatives. This is a serious mistake. Ask any doctor and he will tell you that the use of purgative medicine weakens the system but does not cure disease. In the spring the system needs building up—purgatives cannot do this; they weaken you still more. The blood should be made rich, red and pure—no purgative can do this. What is needed in the spring is a tonic, and the best tonic medical science has yet discovered is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine actually makes new, rich blood. This new blood strengthens every organ, every nerve, and every part of the body. This is why they cure headaches and backaches, rheumatism and neuralgia, and a host of other troubles that come from poor, watery blood. That is why men and women who take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills eat well, sleep well, and feel bright, active and strong. If you need a medicine this spring try this great reviving tonic, and see the new life, new health and new strength it will put into you. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## He Explains.

"Why is it, professor," asked the young man with the bad eye, "that when Christopher Columbus discovered this country he didn't settle down and stay here?" "Doubtless you are aware, my young friend," answered the professor, "that the Spanish form of his name was Cristoval Colon." "Yes, sir." "Well, a colon does not mean a full stop. We will return now, young gentlemen, to the consideration of the last case."