

DON'T UPSET THE KING

YOU MAY BE SORRY FOR IT IF YOU SHOULD.

His Majesty Has a Way of Punishing People of Whom He Does Not Approve.

"It doesn't matter now-a-days if a man does make Royalty angry. The King can't do anything to him."

These words formed part of a speech delivered by a mob-orator the other day. The perfervid gentleman thought he was right; but he was making a big mistake. It is true that the King neither could nor would inflict on those who offended him the savage and cruel punishments inflicted by the sovereigns of the past on those who got into their black books.

For all that, however, if his Majesty were disposed to exercise all the power which the strict letter of the law gives him, he could make things extremely unpleasant for those of his subjects who were rash or foolish enough to rouse his anger.

A trio of daring members of Parliament recently criticized the King for visiting the Czar. They were not asked to the next Royal garden party, though all the other "faithful Commons" received invitations. It was the general opinion that they had been excluded as a punishment. Whether this was the case or not, it is not going too far to say that the King has the power practically to shut anyone of whom he disapproves out of first-class Society.

THE SOCIETY WITH A BIG "S"

A lady was possessed of great beauty and a famous name, but her conduct displeased the King. He let it become known that he did not desire to meet the fair delinquent again. She had been invited everywhere, and had reigned as a Queen of Society until then; but thenceforth one great house after another was closed to her. Those who hoped for the honor of entertaining his Majesty dared not countenance the lady, who was "barred."

When a lady or gentleman is presented at Court the hall-mark of high-toned respectability is, so to say, set on them. No circles are thenceforward too exclusive for them. But if the King chooses to command that such and such a person shall not be presented at Court, then full social success can never be attained by that person.

Worse than all, if anybody has actually been presented, and then falls under the Royal displeasure, King Edward can command that the presentation shall be announced as "cancelled" in the Court Circular. Such a cancellation is far worse than being publicly expelled

from a fashionable club, and almost invariably

MEANS SOCIAL RUIN.

The King has no power to remove from the Bench a judge who has angered him; but he could do a good deal towards preventing any aspiring barrister from becoming a judge or a K. C. All such appointments are nominally in the gift of the Lord Chancellor, but they are subject to his Majesty's approval.

The King is the supreme head of the Navy and the Army, as well as of the Church. In the eyes of the law, every officer holds his commission direct from the sovereign. Such a commission when the applicant has duly qualified for it, is seldom, very seldom, refused.

But the King has the power to prevent its being granted, if he sees fit. There was a case, hushed up as far as possible, in which the son of a great family made himself rather notorious while a cadet at Sandhurst. The fact came to the King's ears, and a hint caused the offender to be sent to the Colonies. The Army was closed to him.

It is, of course, the Prime Minister who selects the ecclesiastics whom he considers would be fitting candidates for mitres and lawn sleeves. But if his Majesty said "No!" the nomination would fall to the ground.

THE KING'S PREROGATIVE.

The King is absolutely the only person who can give a title in the British Empire. He can create knights or peers simply because he pleases, and can decline to confer these honors if it is not his pleasure. All that the Prime Minister can do is to submit to his Majesty a list of those upon whom he thinks peerages, baronetcies, or knight-hoods should be conferred. But the King has the right to strike out any names to which he objects, and substitute others he wishes. Quite a number of undistinguished "Misters" are to-day lamenting that they are not entitled to be called "my lord" for no other reason than that they failed to find favor in Royal eyes.

WIRELESS WONDERS.

Telephonic Communication Without Wires.

What wonderful power there must be in the electricity of the air! The exclamation naturally rises to the lips as one reads of the latest inventions—the primary principle of which is the utilization of the electric waves of the atmosphere. A few years ago Marconi astounded the world with his wireless telegraphy, and lately Mr. Lee De Forest, the inventor of the wireless telegraph, and certain French naval officers, have been showing what can be done in the way of telephonic communication without wires.

A few months ago Mr. De Forest installed his latest apparatus in the Eiffel Tower, and his voice could be distinctly heard at Marseilles, more than 500 miles away. Many of the ships of the United States navy are equipped with his apparatus, enabling the officers to talk easily at a distance of forty miles, and the inventor claims that he has invented machines by which ships can talk to one another over a distance of seventy miles.

An even more amazing invention, perhaps, is that of Senor Torres Quevedo, a Spanish engineer, who has made a study of wireless telegraphy as an agent for the propulsion and direction of ships and balloons from land. At a certain trial, Quevedo, from a transmission station on a flat roof of the Maritime Club, Bilbao, controlled the movements of a vessel in the harbor. All sorts of evolutions were executed by the craft under the controlling influence of the inventor.

Even this is not the end of wireless wonders, however, for during the past year Dr. Hans Knudsen, a young Danish engineer, resident in London, has been demonstrating how photographs, drawings, and handwriting can be transmitted through space without the aid of wires. By means of Knudsen's transmitters and receivers, it is not at all improbable that in the near future we shall be able, by means of a special typewriter, to take a simultaneous copy in London of a letter dictated, say, in Manchester or Liverpool.

Furthermore, by a certain change of mechanism, not only could such a letter be simultaneously copied, but it could be set in type ready for printing. That, at any rate, will be one of the principal features of a demonstration which the inventor hopes to give in this country shortly.

Could anything exceed the politeness of the Irish caddy? An old lady called for a cab, and said to the driver:—"Help me to get in, my good man, for I'm a very old lady, you see." "Begorra, ma'am," was the reply, "no matter what age ye are, ye don't look it."

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

The Lady of the House Had an Exciting Experience.

The mouse was a very little one, but the lady of the house was none the less disturbed by its unexpected presence in the library. It was the first mouse that had appeared on the premises for a long time. The maid was enjoying her evening out. The man of the house was away on an errand, and not to be expected back inside of an hour. And yet there was the mouse! The lady of the house was not lacking in courage. She remembered that somewhere in the kitchen, whence the cook had departed to spend the evening with a sick relative, there was an old mouse-trap, and she determined to catch the mouse.

She found the trap, a round red one, with five holes for mice to enter, baited with cheese from the pantry, and carried it back to the library. There she placed it on the floor, and sitting down on the couch drew up her feet and awaited developments.

The room was silent. Presently the mouse came out cautiously from the corner. The smell of the cheese attracted him, and he approached the trap.

"I just tucked my feet under me," said the lady of the house afterward to a startled and admiring group of friends and relatives, "and watched him. I really felt just like a murderess, but I knew somebody'd got to catch him, and I didn't want to be silly. Perhaps that's the way Lady Macbeth felt, but I'm sure that old Scotch king wasn't as cunning as that poor little mouse.

"Well, my dears, you should have seen the way little Mr. Mouse took his time about it. He looked that silly red trap all over, peered in the holes one after another, and finally made up his mind which was the best door to the dining-room. Then he gave a little hop, and in he went.

"My heart gave a little hop, too, but nothing happened. I could see his hind legs and his tail sticking out, and the way he shook I knew he was just gobbling cheese as if he hadn't had a square meal for a week. That made me feel meaner than ever, and every second I expected the trap to go off and catch him by his poor little neck.

"But—would you believe it?—the old thing didn't go off. When I had got so worked up waiting for it that I was all ready to shout and make him get out before anything happened, out he came.

"He sat up on his hind legs, like a squirrel in the park, and actually wiped his whiskers with his paws, for all the world as if he had a little napkin in them. And then he went back inside the trap and began gobbling as hard as ever. He'd have eaten every bit of cheese in it if just then George hadn't come in and frightened him.

"George looked at the trap and then at me, perched on the couch.

"My dear," he said, "whatever are you doing?" "Oh," said I, "I've been having a perfectly lovely time, feeding the dearest little mouse you ever saw. I'm really glad the trap didn't go off."

"There wasn't much danger that it would," said George. "It wasn't set."

COAL BUCKET FELL ON HIM.

Couldn't Walk for Two Months.

Worker Owes His Restoration to Zam-Buk.

Mr. Daniel Goddard, of Bay Street, Sault Ste Marie, Ont., says:—"While employed superintending the unloading of a coal vessel at Collier's Coal Dock, a heavy coal bucket in descending into the vessel to be re-filled suddenly overturned, grazing my left leg and scraping the flesh off to the bone. I was compelled to discontinue work and go home for treatment, where I was confined for about two months.

"When able to get out again I got cold in the wound, inflammation started, the wound opened again, and for another month I was unable to move about. I tried all manner of things to get ease and get the wound to heal up, but nothing seemed able to do it. Not only did everything I tried seem useless so far as healing went, but I could get no ease from the aching and the burning pains. At times I was just about crazy with the intense throbbing pains, and night after night got no sleep whatever.

"Not until my wife began applying Zam-Buk did I find relief. When applied to the injured member this balm quickly soothed the pain, and as we continued using it each day brought an improvement. The throbbing pains were soon banished, the inflammation and soreness relieved, and the wound thoroughly cleansed of all poisonous and unhealthy matter.

"Healing then began, and in a wonderfully short time—considering the seriousness of the wound—Zam-Buk effected a complete and lasting cure. I have since had no trouble with the limb at all, and it is as sound and strong as before the injury."

Zam-Buk is a sure cure for cuts, lacerations, burns, eczema, ring-worm, cold sores, chapped hands, poisoned wounds, festering sores, bad legs, and all skin injuries and diseases. It is also a cure for piles. Druggists and stores everywhere sell at 50c. a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, on receipt of price. You are warned against harmful imitations sometimes represented as "just as good and cheaper."

NATIVE LANDS IN AFRICA

KAFFIRS OWN MUCH OF THE LAND IN NATAL.

How the Little Village Communities Manage and Cultivate Their Holdings.

The Kaffirs own land all over South Africa, writes Frank G. Carpenter. In many places the land still belongs to the chiefs, subject to the rights of their tribesmen, and the chief has no right to sell or trade it away. In Southern Rhodesia the native commissioners assign the land for huts and grazing, giving each kraal so much. When Cecil Rhodes died he ordered that the natives on his farms be undisturbed, and large blocks of Government lands have been set aside for agriculture in different parts of Rhodesia. In Natal something like 3,000 acres were transferred to a trust more than fifty years ago, and this trust was to give all the rents and profits from it to one tribe.

THEIR OWN LANDS.

A few years later another native trust was given two million acres, and this is still administered for the Kaffirs of Natal. Within the last few years the native lands have been fenced off from those of the Europeans, and the boundaries between the tribes defined. In that colony about one-half of the negroes live; native lands have been fenced off from \$5 to \$25 per hut to the owners of their farms, which consist of from 1,500 to 5,000 acres each. One of these farms will have a group of natives upon it, and the group will be governed by its hereditary chief or headman. Every kraal will cultivate from five to ten acres of land, and the remainder is used for grazing in common.

IN A KAFFIR KRAAL.

I had a good chance to see something of the wilder Kaffirs during my stay in Matabeleland and Bechuanaland, and I also met strange tribes who are allied to them in Northwestern Rhodesia. Nearly all the natives live in what are known as kraals. These are mud villages, surrounded by mud walls or fences of brush.

Among the Zulus these kraals are circular in shape, with the cattle pen in the centre and the huts running around it. In Matabeleland they are somewhat irregular, and in other regions they are built like a horseshoe with a cattle kraal near the opening. The cattle are herded during the daytime and are always kept in the kraals at night.

VARIOUS HOUSES.

The kraal usually contains all the houses of the village. These are of different shapes, in different localities. In Matabeleland they consist of a frame-work of twigs woven together and plastered with mud, and in Zululand they are thatched down to the ground. In many parts of Rhodesia the houses are made of a framework of sticks, smeared with the clay from the white ant hills. This is a natural cement and is used for all sorts of buildings. In that country the negroes have granaries of mud, and they also make pigeon houses of it and put them on high poles to protect the birds from the wild animals and dogs. The ordinary granary is the size of a hog-head or larger. It has a hole in one side, which is stopped up with clay after the grain is put in. In Zululand the grain is kept in huge baskets inside the huts.

OWN SEVERAL HOUSES.

In a kraal like this one man owns several houses, corresponding to his number of wives. In the principal hut he will live with the "great wife," and on the right of that will be the hut for the spouse known as "the wife of the right hand," while on the left will be that devoted to the "wife of the ancestors," whose children are supposed to carry the honors of the family. If there are other wives their huts are built farther over.

WIVES' FIELDS.

In the same way each wife has her own garden or field, which she cultivates, and for which she alone is responsible. The women do all the planting, hoeing and reaping, and the more wives a man has to work for him the richer he is.

As far as the stock is concerned, this is usually cared for by the men. Milking time it at 11 o'clock in the morning, and then the men, stark naked, do the milking. They take the milk in water-tight baskets to their huts and pour it into skin bags, where it is allowed to stay until it ferments. The Kaffirs never drink fresh milk, but they eat their koumis or fermented milk with their boiled grain or mush. They always have their big meal at noon, when the men eat first and the women and children take what is left.

LA GRIPPE'S VICTIMS

Left Weak, Miserable and a Prey to Disease in Many Forms

La Grippe starts with a sneeze—and ends with a complication of troubles. It lays the strong man on his back; it tortures him with fevers and chills, headaches and backaches. It leaves him a prey to pneumonia, bronchitis, consumption and other deadly diseases. You can avoid La Grippe entirely by keeping your blood rich and red by the occasional use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If you have not done this, and the disease lays you low, you can banish all its evil after effects with this same great blood-building, nerve restoring medicine. Here is proof of the wonderful power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills over disease:

Mr. P. E. Paulin, Collector of Customs at Caraquez, N. B., says: "In the winter of 1907 I had a very severe attack of la grippe, which broke me down entirely. I had to take to bed for several weeks. During that time I employed a doctor, but without benefit, in fact I seemed to be getting worse and worse. I did not sleep; suffered from night sweats, and had no appetite. I was really a physical wreck. On a former occasion I had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for general debility, with great benefit so I decided to again try them. I sent for half dozen boxes and began to use them at once. When taking the second box I began to feel quite a change in my condition. I was able to walk about the house and my appetite was improving. From that on I gained strength every day, and before the six boxes were done I was able to return to the office and attend to my work. Now I enjoy the best of health, and although 63 years old, am feeling quite young. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a splendid medicine for troubles of this kind."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blood-making, nerve-restoring tonic. In this way they cure anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, and partial paralysis. They are the best medicine in the world for the ailments of girlhood and womanhood. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CONTRAST WITH RUSSIA.

Francis McCullagh, special correspondent of the London Daily News, sends this interesting comment from Constantinople: "In this matter of a re-awakening, or, rather, a creation of a national self-consciousness, the Turkish revolution has produced results curiously different from those produced by the recent revolution in Russia. Some days ago a tremendous sensation was created among all classes of the population here when some drunken foreigners pulled down the Turkish flag, and great enthusiasm is always caused by the playing of the national anthem.

"In St. Petersburg, on the contrary, the Russian flag was detested by the revolutionists, and so strong was the prejudice against the national hymn that, after an officer had shot a student dead for refusing to stand up when it was played in one of the leading restaurants of St. Petersburg, the chief of police forbade the playing of it as likely to cause trouble.

"The explanation is, of course, that Abdul-Hamid has himself become a revolutionist, whilst Nicholas II. was always an enemy of reform."

A MOTHER'S AID IN THE NURSERY.

Every mother should be able to treat the minor ailments of her little ones. Prompt action may prevent serious illness—perhaps save a child's life. A simple remedy always at hand is therefore an absolute necessity, and there is nothing else so good as Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, cure simple fevers, expel worms and make teething easy. Good for the new born baby or the well grown child, and guaranteed to contain no opiate. Mrs. L. W. Smith, St. Giles, Que., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation and other ills of childhood, and find them the best medicine I have ever given my little ones." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"I purchased a bottle of Scott's Emulsion and immediately commenced to improve. In all, I think I took 14 bottles, and my weight increased from 133 pounds to 184 pounds in less than six months. I know from personal results the efficacy of Scott's Emulsion."—FRED. R. STRONGMAN, 417 Bathurst St., London, Ont.

Let us send you a copy of Mr. Strongman's letter. He had a trying experience, had got run down

Scott's Emulsion

built him up, as it has thousands of others. The strengthening and flesh-producing properties of Scott's Emulsion, are unequalled by any other preparation, and it's just as good for the thin, delicate child as for the adult. Be sure to get Scott's. It's been the standard of the world for 35 years, and is worth many times the cost of the numerous imitations and substitutes.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Let us send you a full copy of Mr. Strongman's letter, and some other literature on the subject. Just mention this paper.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., W. Toronto