

THE CITY OF CAPE TOWN THE GREAT COLONIAL CAPITAL OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Views of a City Now in the World's Eye—A Spot Where All the Continents Meet—Pictures of the City and its Life—something of Past, Present and Future.

Cape Town has outgrown its name. When you get a city of 100,000 inhabitants, the commercial and political metropolis and capital of a vast country, it ceases to be suburban. It is metropolitan.

It may be said of Cape Town that it is not only metropolitan, but cosmopolitan. There are a few Asiatic cities which may surpass it in the variety of national and racial types to be met in their streets, but they are few and there are none where these are brought so clearly out or set in such sharp and striking contrast.

This was not so true a quarter of a century ago, when Cape Town had less than 50,000 people. Since the rush to the South African gold and diamond fields this condition has grown more marked. Cape Town has become one of the gay capitals of the world.

A score of years ago it was rather a prosy place, with not a few of the evidences of civilization and culture, but with small inducement to the tourist to linger, after seeing the castle and the government house and the fine park, with its stately oaks of many centuries' growth, between the government house and the botanic gardens.

All this looked like a corner of Europe dropped down near the end of the African continent, but if one objected to traveling so far to find himself in Europe still, there was little to console him for the disappointment.

To be sure, there were the Malays, a picturesque addition to the English and Dutch population. And the Malays had brought into the religious life of the place what was even more picturesque than themselves.

THE TOURIST OF THE DAY. If he was lucky enough to be in the neighborhood of the Mohammedan mosque, could see what any tourist equally lucky can see now. After the Monday clangor of what the true Moslem calls the "infidel bells" of Cape Town, the Muezzin would appear at the top of the mosque. Through the brilliant sunshine of that inter-tropical climate the hundreds of eyes of the faithful would be strained up toward him.

Down on the docks, where the Malay longshoremen watched for the uplifted hands, and the Lascar sailors, aboard ship or on shore leave, cast their eyes aloft with more veneration than they ever contemplate a topeggallant sail, there came so much of a hush in the roar of waterside traffic that, as the mosque stood on the first of the two great terraces on which Cape Town is built, the faithful could at times hear the chant calling them to prayers. And as the traveler was liable to meet the Malays everywhere—in the open booths of the commercial part of the town, or as caterers and itinerants of all sorts in the residence streets, higher up and further back, there was a comfortable sense of security in the thought that, without getting far enough from Europe to run any risk, one was enabled to see the heathen at his devotions. Cape Town was then, and is more now, one of those spots on the map where, "through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day."

As one of these spots, of which there are not many, Cape Town has an interest peculiarly its own. As the capital of the British Colony, which fronts the hostile Boer frontier, and the port toward which many British troop ships are now moving, Cape Town has become

A GREAT NEWS CENTER. We read of a Premier who outlines the government policy in the Parliament at Cape Town, and is interrogated by the opposition just as the Premier at London is. The other day we read of the landing of British troops at Cape Town on their way to the front, and the wild cheering of the thousands who lined the streets through which they marched, and many wondered what sort of city it is so far below the tropics, and so near that Cape of Storms, the dread of which was much of the inspiration of Columbus' voyage to discover a shorter and less perilous route to India. That he discovered a new world, and not a new road to an old one, accounts for the beginning of Cape Town. The Portuguese never made any settlement there though they always put into Table Bay, the Cape Town harbor, to prepare for the dangerous trip around the Cape of Good Hope. When the Dutch began to double the cape, in going to and returning from their East Indian possessions, they established a supply depot there, but finding that the country back of the town was fertile and easy of conquest, they began the rearing of a new Dutch colony, with the port on Table Bay as its entrepot and chief town. Such was the beginning of Cape Town.

When the place fell into the hands of the English in the first years of this century, it was a miserable village at the foot of the first slope on Table Mountain, which, rising at Table Bay, where it attains an eminence of about 1000 feet above the sea level, continues to rise as it recedes toward the south, until, in the promontory which is called the Cape of Good Hope, it reaches a height of 3582 feet. The town is distant from the cape about fifty miles. It fronts Table Bay to the northeast, and for perhaps half a mile back from the water the ground rises but slightly. Then begins the elevation of

TABLE MOUNTAIN but the height of 1000 feet, reached within the limits of Cape Town, is reached gradually by two slopes upon the sides of which the town, or rather city, is built. The streets of Cape Town are laid out at right angles. Many of them are well paved, and nearly all of them which are given up to the uses of residences of the wealthy and middle classes have a decidedly European appearance. What strikes the traveler as the most marked difference in architecture of the buildings is the number of private houses in Cape Town which have thick, heavy walls and flat roofs. This is decidedly the Eastern fashion, and smacks nothing of Europe, but the number of such houses in Cape Town occupied by Europeans is not a surrender of Europe to the Orient, but to the climate. Climate may not modify the European type to any appreciable extent, but it forces the European to some concessions for his own comfort, and one of these is the thick walled and flat-roofed house in Cape Town. There are gardens on some of the roofs, and some of the houses surround central courts, such as you sometimes see in Mexico or countries farther south. These houses in Cape Town are modern compromises with what is perhaps the most remarkable climate in the world.

Cape Town is nearly on the same parallel of south latitude, as Valparaiso and Santiago, in Chili. People who rave of the climate of these South American cities, and of the equable temperature of that zone, can not find much fault with the variations of temperature at Cape Town. The variation from the extreme cold season to that of extreme heat is but 18 degrees, the mercury only rising from

58 IN WINTER TO 76 IN SUMMER. The west slope of the South African mountain range is watered in winter by the rains which the Northwest Atlantic winds bring with them. The eastern slopes are watered by the summer winds blowing off the Indian Ocean. These are winds which should cool Cape Town, and which would cool it if they brought over the mountains such cooling rains as they have showered upon their eastern slope. It is the remarkable peculiarity of these South African winds, however, both of these which blow from the southeast and the northwest, that they only fertilize that country lying on the side of the mountains nearest the sea out of which they come. The northwest Atlantic winds, which make the Cape Town winter, do not carry over the mountain tops their wealth of waters, and the tropic winds which come hot over the Indian Ocean leave their deluges of warm water on the eastern slopes of those mountains, and, freed from the only element which had tempered their fierce heat, go shrieking down the opposite mountain side toward the Atlantic, taking Cape Town in their course, already parched and dry from weary rainless months. It is well, then, that there are the thick walled houses with the flat roofs. The Government House is one of these, and as it is there the official records of temperature "in the shade" is taken, it is easy to understand a record of 76 degrees while outside the temperature is much higher.

But though for, perhaps, a quarter of the year Cape Town has siesta weather, the siesta is unknown in Cape Town. It is hard to find a busier place in all the British colonies. The streets leading down to the docks and slip are always thronged. There is

BUSTLE AND ACTIVITY. everywhere. There was more business at the city front before the completion of the Suez Canal than there has been since. The rise of Cape Town, in fact, began after England's acquisition of India and the development of her trade there. Then Cape Town was a port of entry for every vessel bound to or from India, and this was true not only of English ships but of those of other nations bound for points in Asia. It was during these years of maritime prosperity the splendid breakwater in the harbor was built, and the fine docks and ship constructed. Since the Suez Canal was opened to navigation there has been a great falling off in the number of port entries at Cape Town but the harbor remains and must always remain an important one in the world's commerce. The development of the South African country and the sale and exchange of its products afford the basis of an ever growing trade. The English had a monopoly of this trade for many years, but now there are many Americans in business at Cape Town and not a few Dutch. The Jews are numerous enough to have erected a magnificent synagogue, and there is hardly a faith without its temple. Even the Chinese, within the last few years, have put up a little joss house near the water front. The Roman Catholics have a splendid cathedral, the seat of a Bishop, and among the other denominations represented in the church architecture of the place are the Episcopalians, Lutherans, Wesleyans, Congregationalists, Dutch Reformed and Free Church, the last an off-shoot of the Dutch Reformed. These church statistics are confirmatory of the commercial statistics, according to the accepted truth that religion and commerce flourish most together.

THE PORT OF CAPE TOWN possesses more than fifty vessels, with a tonnage of more than 500 tons. All the railroads yet built in South Africa run to Cape Town as a terminal point, and it is in the opening years of the new century, which are to bring a period of great development to that land, will lead to Cape Town, as all roads

in ancient days led to Rome. It is hardly to be doubted that the early years of that century will see the construction of the Cape to Cairo railroad, now being promoted on European bourses. In the meantime the South African export trade, of which Cape Town is the port, is growing and hold out the strongest assurance of the city's future. Cape Town has nearly doubled in population since the discovery of the diamond mines at Kimberley and the great gold fields in the Rand. Immediately after the gold discoveries it was believed that Cape Town was to be the Frisco of the South African gold fields. The era of railroads has made new Friscos impossible, and the extension of an old line to Johannesburg, on the edge of the gold fields, disappointed the high expectations of the Cape Town boomers. But the certainty of the great future development of South Africa, a fact made patent to many of the successful prospectors, and to some of the largest investors in the South African mines, led to heavy investments in the real estate market at Cape Town. Among the best of the assets left by the dead plunger, Barney Barnato, were the titles to realty in Cape Town, on some of which ornate modern buildings had been erected.

The last few years have brought some transformations to the city. This is particularly true of buildings in the business section. In former years the store buildings, and in fact every style of building in the heart of the city, had the look of similar structures in an English provincial town; solid and many of them with some pretensions to elegance, but all of them wearing

THE COLONIAL LOOK of being able to know and keep their proper stations, as enjoined in the parody of the English church litany. Now there are buildings in Cape Town rivaling some of those in London's more modern streets and throwing in the shade everything to be seen in any of London's old-fashioned places. If once the visitor to Cape Town thought himself in Europe, it will not be long, as things are now going until he will think himself in the U.S. Hundreds of French families settled near the Cape soon after the revocation, and the large majority of them near Cape Town, where they went into arboriculture and wine growing. Inter-marriage with the Dutch families has not extinguished the French names. There is a gayety in the burgher society of Cape Town which one impressed with exaggerated stories of Dutch solemnity can never understand until the story of the French refugees is told.

There is a fine intellectual life in Cape Town. The wealthy Boer families from up-country send their sons and daughters to the Cape Town colleges and universities, of late years, in increasing numbers; but what is equally important, or perhaps more important as to the future history of South Africa and Cape Town, the sons of some of the native chiefs of the up-country are sent there for a finished education. They show you, at Cape Town,

THE OLD CASTLE on one of the heights, with walls, turrets and bastions, after the most approved mediaeval fashion, and tell you that Cetewayo, the Zulu King, pined for an event some of the Zulu youth have to his death there. Since that mournful event from Cape Town institutions of learning.

Besides the castle, there is the Gowers. Standing back of the Botanic Gardens, already referred to, is the museum and library, perhaps the finest to be found in any colonial city in the world. The Supreme Court sits in the government building, with the judicial dignity of courts in England, gowns and all. The avens which, in running from Government House to the museum, passes the gates of the fine park, with the splendid oaks, of ornament House, where the Colonial Parliament sits when in session. Cape Town has about one-fifth of the population which the Cape Town folk are so proud, is the Cape Town promenade. Of a fine afternoon the promenaders make a brave display of wealth, beauty and fashion. This is much more notable since the era of gold and diamonds.

THE PERSIAN CARPENTER. He Sits Upon the Ground While a Work.

In accordance with the invariable custom of all eastern artisans, the carpenter sits upon the ground while at work. Instead of a bench, a strong stake is driven down before him, leaving about ten inches above ground, and upon this he rests his feet. The facility with which the work is executed while in this position has always been a matter of surprise to European workmen.

In the royal arsenals English tools are used and a better system of working has been introduced under the superintendence of British officers, but in the native workshops the workmen are still to be seen squatting on the ground, and being used to this position from infancy and their tools being formed to work with more efficiency when used in this way, any alteration is scarcely to be expected. Their principal tools are the frame saw, adze, planes, hammers, nails and a few smaller tools.

ALARMED. The young man, with all due regard for conventionalality, hastened to say: "I have done nothing but think of you since I saw you last."

She, having the strange hyper-practicality that is eating out of the heart of romance in this day, immediately asked, with much alarm: "Good gracious! Have you lost your job?"

LEARNING TO DO WITHOUT.

The man who has learned to do without has taken the first step toward wealth.

In the present age of the world man's wants, and woman's too, are legion. They are numberless as the sands upon the seashore.

The fact of it is, man wants almost everything he sees, and the limit is never reached because he goes right on seeing till he finishes up his life course.

Half the people in the world are engaged in fashioning, manufacturing, designing and putting upon the market for sale things which the other half spend their lives in desiring and buying. This is all right, if the purchasing party has the means for these expenditures and the money is burning his fingers so that he must let go.

But the man of moderate means—the man on a small salary, the mechanic, the day laborer—ought to learn, first of all things, the lesson of doing without.

Did you ever stop to think how worse than useless are so many of the articles upon which the people of your acquaintance are lavishing their hard-earned money?

Quantities of the things which are purchased because they are pretty, because they attract the eye, and because "everybody has them," are entirely superfluous, and after a short time become tiresome, and we tell ourselves how foolish we were to buy them!

Look around you over your own house, over the houses of your friends, and count up the things you see that are not in any way essential to comfort or convenience. You will be surprised at the rapid swelling of the sum total.

The more things one has in a house the more laborious housekeeping becomes, and our housekeepers are nearly murdered as it is, if we credit their doleful confidences.

"But," somebody says, "you must feed the thirst for art and beauty; and it is every woman's duty to make her home just as beautiful and artistic as she possibly can."

This is all correct; but when a house is turned into a museum, of all the things under the sun which ever wore the form of beast or bird—which ever flew through the air, or roamed the earth, or was dug out of its bowels, or which swam in the sea, and you are afraid to plant your foot anywhere lest it crush out some curio, or specimen, or old fossil,—then, from such a home made beautiful in that way, good Lord, deliver us!

Then, again, nobody should have anything too good for use, unless it is kept in the most remote chamber in the house in a glass case.

Let us have comfortable chairs and sofas, in which it will be a delight to repose, and in the knowledge that nobody's peace will be blighted if a tidy is skewed round or a bit of fringed tinsel is ripped off somewhere.

A man—and when we say a man we mean a woman also—needs to turn his back on the five and ten-cent allurements which everywhere spread their nets for the unwary. These five-cent "rackets"—excuse the slang, just for once—pick away more collateral than one has any idea of.

"Only five cents!" Fatal phrase, whose specious seductiveness has bankrupted many a man's cash account, and hopelessly flattened out many a sorely tempted woman's pocket-book. Learn to do without. There is no necessity of buying some "pretty little thing" every time you go on the street. Save something against the time when sickness, or disablement, or old age, shall overtake you, as it surely will, unless death steps in ahead of it.

But our friends tell us, "We mean to have a good time as we go along. And so we take no thought for the morrow, just as the Bible tells us."

You can have a good time, and still not spend on follies everything you earn. You can be just as happy without these nonsensical nothings which do not survive the season, and which next year will have become worthless rubbish.

It is every man's duty to dress well, to live well, to be comfortable, if he can; but there are hundreds of things he buys which he does not need, and he should learn to do without them.

The people who, without regard for the morrow, have a good time as they go along, are the people, generally, who save nothing against adversity; and they are the people for whom thrifty souls are continually called upon to head subscription lists, or to make up purses, "because," the promoters of the charitable enterprise tell us, "they have been so dreadfully unfortunate."

ORIGIN OF FASHIONS.

Not a few famous fashions owe their origin to the endeavor to conceal deformity of some leader of society. Patches were invented in England in the reign of Edward VI. by a foreign lady, who covered a wen on her neck. Full bottomed wigs were invented by a barber to conceal an unnatural protuberance on the shoulder of a Dauphin. Charles VII. of France introduced long coats to hide his ill-made legs. Shoes with very long points, fully two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, to conceal a large excrescence on one of his feet. When Francis I. of France, was obliged to wear his hair short, owing to a wound in his head, short hair became the fashion of the court.

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