

# YOU SING = =

## CHAPTER I.

Regarded collectively, the Chinese may safely be classified under the head of unpleasant races. Most people who have had personal dealings with them will doubtless admit that, while there are to be discovered among them a tiny sprinkling of really decent men and women, taken "by and large" they are to Westerns at any rate, anathema. And yet, when due allowance is made for environment, and for hereditary peculiarities of many strange kinds—for which, of course, the individual is in no way responsible—it may not be too bold an assertion that the Chinese are a people who only need a little real leadership on Western lines to become a truly great nation. They possess all the necessary qualifications for such a splendid future and few of the drawbacks. Many virtues that are among us only inculcated by much laborious tuition are the Chinese's sui generis. No one will deny that they know how to die; were it possible to teach them how to live, such a revolution would be felt in the progress of the world as it has never yet witnessed. Of course, this does not touch the vast question as to whether such a resurrection of China is to be welcomed or dreaded.

But my intention in these pages is far from that of discussing the economic future of China. Such a task would be indefinitely beyond my powers, besides being utterly unnecessary and out of place here. Besides, I do not really feel sufficiently interested in the Chinese collectively. My story is about a single Chinaman who played a very important part in my own history, and who well deserved a far more powerful testimony than any I am able to bear to his virtues.

But, first, in order to launch my story properly, I must premise that in one of my vagrom voyages, while I was only a young lad of thirteen, I was flung ashore in Liverpool, penniless and, of course, friendless. For many days I lived—or, rather, I did not die—by picking up, bird-like, such unvalued trifles of food as chance threw in my way while I wandered about the docks; but as there were many more experienced urchins with sharper eyes than mine on the same quest, it may be well imagined that I did not wax overfat upon my findings. Unfortunately my seafaring instincts kept me near the docks at all times, where most of my associates were as hunger-bitten as myself; had I gone up town I should probably have fared better.

However, I had put a very keen edge indeed upon my appetite one bitter November afternoon, when, prowling along the Coburg Dock Quay, I was suddenly brought up "all standing" by a most maddening smell of soup with diluted nostrils I drew in the fragrant breeze, and immediately located its source as the galley of a barque that lay near, loading. I must have looked hungry as I swiftly came alongside of her, for the broad-faced cook, who was standing at his galley-door swabbing his steaming face after his sultry sojourn within, presently caught sight of me and lifted a beckoning finger. I was by his side in two bounds, and before I had quite realized my good fortune I was loading up at a great rate from a comfortably-sized dish of plum soup. My benefactor said nothing as the eager spoonfuls passed, but lolled against the door placidly regarding me with much the same expression as one would a hungry dog with a just well-distended belly. When at last I was questioned in a queer broken English that I immediately recognized as the German version. "What was I? Where did I come from? Would I like to go to sea? And so on. Eagerly and hopefully I answered him, much to his amazement; for, like every other seaman I fell in with in those days, he found it hard to believe that I had already been nearly two years at sea, so small and weak did I appear. But the upshot of our interview was that he introduced me to the skipper, a burly North German, who, looking solidly down upon me, between the regular puffs of smoke from his big pipe, said:

"Vell, poy; ju dinks ju like du komm in a Cherman schep—hein?" I faltered out a few words, not very coherently, I am afraid, for the prospect of getting any ship at all was just like a glimpse of heaven to me. Fortunately for my hopes, Captain Strauss was a man of action, so, cutting short my faltering reply, he resumed: "All right. Ve yoost loosd a leedle Engelsen boy like you. He pin mit me more as ein jeer, gabin-poy, und mein vife lige him fery vell. Ju do so goot as him, you was all right. Vat ju call jorselluf—hein?" "Tom, sir," I answered promptly. "Ya; den ve calls you Dahn. But oder poy ve calls Dahn, und so ju zomes al de same for him—sind id?" That seemed to settle the matter, for he turned away abruptly and was gone. I hastened to my friend the cook, and told him what the skipper had said, with the result that in another five minutes I was busy laying the cloth for dinner in the cabin as if I had been the original Dan just come back. A pretty, fair-haired little girl of about ten years of age watched me curiously from a state-room door with the frank straightforward curiosity of a child; and I, boy-like, was on my mettle to show her how well I could do my work. Presently she came forward and spoke to me; but her remarks being in German, I could only smile feebly and look foolish; whereupon she indignantly snapped out, "Schaukopf," and ran away. She returned almost directly with her mother, a buxom,

placid-looking dame of about thirty-five, who addressed me in a dignified tone. Again I was in a hole, for she spoke only German also; and if ever a poor urchin felt nonplussed, I did. This drawback made my berth an uncomfortable one at first; but, with such opportunities as I had and such a powerful inducement to spur me on, I soon picked up enough to understand what was said to me, and to make some suitable reply.

The vessel was a smart-looking, well-found barque of about six hundred tons, called the *Blitzen* of Rostock, and carried a crew of fourteen all told. Each of the other thirteen was a master of mine, and seldom allowed an opportunity to slip of asserting his authority; while the skipper's wife and daughter evidently believed that I ought to be perpetually in motion. Consequently my berth was no secure; and, whatever my qualifications may have been, I have no doubt I earned my food and the tiny triangular lair under the companion-ladder wherein I crept—I was going to say when my work was done—but a rather better term to use would be, in the short intervals between jobs.

Now, the story of the next nine months on board the *Blitzen* is by no means devoid of interest; but I have an uneasy feeling that I have already tried the reader's patience enough with necessary preliminaries to the story of You Sing. After calling at several ports in South America, looking in at Alagoa Bay, visiting Banjowangie and Cheribon, we finally appeared to have settled down as a Chinese coaster, trading between all sorts of out-of-the-way ports for native consignees, and carrying a queer assortment of merchandise. Finally we found ourselves at Amoy under charter for Ho-lo with a full cargo of Chinese "notions." Owing, I suppose, to the docility of the German crew, and the high state of discipline maintained on board, we still carried the same crew that we left England with; but I must say that, while I admired the good seamanship displayed by the skipper and his officers, I was heartily weary of my lot on board. I had never become a favorite, not even with the little girl, who seemed to take a delight in imitating her father and mother by calling me strange-sounding, Teutonic names of opprobrium; and I was beaten regularly, not apparently from any innate brutality, but from sheer force of habit, as a London costermonger beats his faithful donkey. The only thing that made life at all tolerable was that I was fairly well fed and enjoyed robust health; while I never lost the hope that in some of our wanderings we should happen into an English port, where I might be able to run away. That blissful idea I kept steadily before me as a beacon-light to cheer me on. Happily, dread of losing my wages in such an event did not trouble me, because I had none to lose as far as I knew; I did not stipulate for any when I joined.

It was on a lovely night that we swung clear of Amoy harbour and, catching a light land-breeze, headed across the strait towards Formosa. Many fishing sampans were dotted about the sleeping sea, making little sepi-splashing on the wide white wake of the moon. Little care was taken to avoid running them down; nor did they seem to feel any great anxiety as to whether we did so or not, and as a consequence we occasionally grazed closely past one, and looked down curiously upon the passive figures sitting in their frail craft like roosting sea-birds upon a floating log. Without any actual damage to them, we gradually drew clear of their cruising-ground, and, hauling to the southward a little, stood gently onward for Cape South, the wind still very light and the weather perfect. But suddenly we ran into a strange heavy mist that obscured all the sea around us, and yet did not have that wetness that usually characterizes the clinging vapour of the sea-fog. Through this opaque veil we glided as if sailing in cloudland, a silence enveloping us as if we had been mysteriously changed into a ghostly ship and crew. Then a quick strong blast of wind burst out of the brume right ahead, throwing all the sails aback and driving the vessel stern foremost at a rate that seemed out of all proportion to its force.

For a few moments the watch on deck appeared to be stupid with surprise. Then the skipper roused by the unusual motion, rushed on deck, and his deep, guttural voice broke the spell as he issued abrupt orders. All hands were soon busy getting the vessel under control, shortening sail and trimming yards. But, to every body's speechless amazement, it was presently found that entangled alongside by a small junk, a craft of some twenty to thirty tons, upon whose deck no sign of life was visible. All hands crowded to the rail, staring and muttering almost incoherently upon this weird visitor that had so suddenly arisen, as it were, out of the void. As usual, the skipper first recovered his working wits, and ordered a couple of the men to jump on board and unquestioningly, as was their wont, and presently reported that she was unmanned, but apparently full to the hatches of assorted Chinese cargo in mats and boxes. The skipper's voice took an exultant ring as he ordered the vessel to be well secured alongside, and her contents to be transferred on board of us with all possible despatch. Meanwhile the strange mist had vanished as suddenly as it had arisen, and the full bright moon shone down upon the toiling men, who with wonderful celerity were breaking out the junk's cargo and hurling it on to our decks. Such was their expedition that in half-an-hour our decks were almost

impassable for the queer-looking boxes and bales and bundles of all shapes disgorged from the junk's hold. Then they invaded the evil-scented cabin, and ransacked its many hiding-places, finding numerous neatly-bound parcels wrapped in fine silky matting. And, last of all—they declared he must have suddenly been materialised, or words to that effect—they lighted upon a lad of probably sixteen years of age. He showed no surprise, after the fatalistic fashion of his countrymen, but stood gravely before them like some quaint Mongolian idol carved out of yellow jade, and ready for any fortune that might await him. With scant ceremony, he too was man-handled on deck, for the command was urgent to finish the work; the busy labourers followed him, and the junk was cast adrift.

Some sort of rough stowage was made of the treasure-trove thus peculiarly shipped; and, the excitement that had sustained their unusual exertions having subsided, the tired crew flung themselves down anywhere and slept—slept like dead men, all except the officer of the watch and the helmsman. They had at first little to do that night; they kept from slumber, for the wind had dropped to a stark calm, which in those sheltered waters, remote from the disturbing influence of any great ocean swell, left the ship almost perfectly motionless, a huge silhouette against the glowing surface of a silver lake. But presently it dawned upon the mate who was in charge of the deck, that although the vessel had certainly not travelled more than a mile since the junk was cast adrift, that strange craft was nowhere to be seen; and, stern martinet though he was, the conscientiousness of something uncanny about the recent business stole through his shrinking skin and making his mouth dry, until for relief he sought the helmsman and entered into conversation with him on the subject. That worthy, a stolid unemotional Dutchman named Pfeiffer, scanned the whole of the palpitating brightness around before he would assent to the mate's theory of any sudden disappearance of our late companion; but, having done so and failed to discover the smallest speck against that dazzling surface, he too was fain to admit that the thing was not comforting. Right glad were those two men when the interminably long watch was over, and the sharp business-like notes of the bell seemed to dissipate in some measure the chilling atmosphere of mystery that hemmed them in. To the second mate the retiring officer said nothing of his fears, but hastened below, hurriedly scratched a perfunctory note or two on the log-plate, and bundled, "all standing"—that is, dressed as he was—into his bunk, pulling the upper feather-bed right over his head, as if to shut out the terror that was upon him. Slowly the remainder of the night passed away; but when at last the tiny suggestion of paleness along the eastern horizon gave the first indication of the day's approach, no change, not even the slightest, had occurred to increase the mystery whose environment all felt more or less keenly. As the advancing glory of the new day displaced the deep purple of the night, the awakening crew recalled, as if it had been a lifetime ago, the strange happenings of the past few hours. But it was not until the clear light was fully come that the significance of the whole affair was manifest. For there, seated upon a mat-bound case, stamped all over with red "chops," was the Chinese youth, whose existence had up till now been unnoticed from the time he was first bundled on board. Impassive as a wooden image, he looked as if the position he had held throughout the night had left him unwearied, and to all appearance the strange and sudden change in his environment possessed for him no significance whatever. But now, when the surly-looking mate approached him and looked him over with evident distaste, he slid off his perch, and, kneeling at the officer's feet, kissed the deck thrice in manifest token of his entire submission to whatever fate might be dealt out to him. The mate stood silently looking down upon him as if hardly able to decide what to do with him. While this curious little episode was being enacted the skipper appeared, and, hastening to the mate's side, addressed the grovelling Celestial in what he supposed to be the only possible medium of communication—"pidgin" English, which, coupled to a German accent, was the queerest jargon conceivable.

"Vell," he said, "vo telong you piggin—hay! You savvy work, one dime!" Lifting his yellow mask of a face, but still remaining on his knees, the waif made answer: "No Shabbee. You Sing."

To be Continued.

## FRENCH BABIES.

It is not generally known that in France it is forbidden under severe penalties for any one to give infants under 1 year any form of solid food unless such be ordered by a written prescription signed by a legally qualified medical man. Nurses are also forbidden to use in rearing of infants confined to their care at any age any nursing bottle provided with rubber tube. Several other and equally stringent laws have recently been enacted by the French Government, which, despairing of obtaining any increase in the birth rate in their land, are now turning their attention to the saving of the few children that are born.

## MEREPLY A HINT.

Mr. Borem, 11 p.m.—My motto is Pay as you go.

Miss Cutting—Well, I'm willing to lend you a small amount if it will help you out.



# Healthy, Happy Girls

Healthy, happy girls often become languid and despondent, from no apparent cause, in the early days of their womanhood. They drag along, always tired, nervous, hungry, breathless and with palpitating hearts after slight exercise, so that to merely walk up stairs is exhausting. Sometimes a short, dry cough leads to the fact that they are going into consumption. Doctors tell them they are anemic—what means that they have too little blood? Are you like that?

More pale and anemic people have been made bright, active and strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than any other medicine.

Mrs. M. N. Jocas, Berthier, Que., writes:—"My daughter aged fifteen has been restored to good health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She was very feeble, her blood was poor and watery, and she was troubled with headache, aches, poor appetite, dizziness, and always felt tired. After using four boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she is enjoying as good health as any girl of her age, and we are glad to give the credit to your grand medicine. Mothers will make no mistake if they insist upon their young daughters taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Do not take anything that does not bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." It is an experiment and a hazardous one to use a substitute. Sold by all dealers or post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## DELAGOA BAY.

A Bit of History That is Interesting at This Time.

Delagoa Bay was discovered by Vasco de Gama in 1502, and explored forty years later by a Portuguese officer named Capt. Lorenzo Marquez. Until the beginning of the present century Portugal exercised a more or less nominal sovereignty over the bay as well as over the entire coastline of Africa, but had completely abandoned its posts and trading stations on the east coast when in 1822 Capt. Cunliffe-Owen, of the royal navy, obtained from native chiefs a cession of Delagoa Bay to Great Britain. England founded a town on the bay, to which was given the name of Bombay and in 1867 Portugal refounded immediately opposite the town of Lorenzo Marquez, on the ruins of the old-time trading station of that name. In 1869 the Portuguese concluded a commercial treaty with the South African republic, and this brought to an acute stage the dispute as to the ownership of Delagoa Bay. The question was referred to the arbitration of the president of the French republic, the English resting their case on the concessions obtained by Capt. Cunliffe-Owen. In 1876 Marshal MacMahon, then chief magistrate of France, gave an award in favor of Portugal, which was loyally accepted by England, an agreement, however, being concluded between the two nations, according to which England secured from Portugal a preferential right to all of her territory south of the Zambesi, that is to say including Delagoa Bay. For a time one heard but little of Delagoa bay, and then the place was once more brought on the tapis by the conflict which arose in connection with the railroad, now running from Lorenzo Marquez to Pretoria. The Transvaal portion of the line was built by German capitalists, while the forty miles of Portuguese territory were constructed by an American concessionaire, Col. McMurdo, with the help of English capital. Before the line had been opened very long Col. McMurdo suddenly died, and the Portuguese government took advantage thereof to cancel his concessions on the ground that the McMurdo Company had not carried out all its engagements. Both the United States and the English government thereupon intervened, and eleven years ago it was agreed to submit to arbitration the question as to the amount of compensation due by the Portuguese government to the McMurdo Anglo-American Company for the seizure of the line, the arbitrators being selected by the Swiss government. They have failed until now to give an award. But it is certain when granted to be against the Portuguese government, which will be mulcted in heavy damages to the company, damages which it will be unable to pay without the assistance of Great Britain. For the Portuguese treasury is on the verge of bankruptcy.

## BOER CAUTION.

The Diggers' News says the delay in the occupation of Mafeking is caused by suspicion that dynamite mines have been laid on the outskirts and inner circles of the town, and that the section of the town which is occupied by the female population and the Red Cross and ambulance organizations is offering concealment to a large body of British troops.

## CENTENARY OF ELECTRICITY.

"Electricity as we know it" is just 100 years old. In 1799 the Italian scientist Volta gave definite form to the method of producing the current, and it is from his name that we have the term "voltmeter" to describe the instrument which measures the force of the current, and "volt" as the unit of that measurement.

## NINETEEN CROSSES.

They Are to Be Erected on the Tallest Mountain Peaks in Italy to Commemorate the Christian Era.

Among the incidents of the closing year of the century will be the erection on the tallest mountain peak of Italy of nineteen mammoth crosses to commemorate the nineteen centuries of the Christian era.

The carrying out of this idea has its inception in the Rome branch of the International Committee of the Work of Solemn Homage to Jesus the Redeemer. The imaginative piety of the Latins has been followed by the English College in Rome by erecting and maintaining a cross on the summit of Tuscum, and by the Irish College in the same way on the mountain which dominates the panorama of Tivoli. Other mountains around Rome, such as the Montorella, Monte Genaroso, the Soracte, are without the Christian symbol, though they are nearer to Rome and more imposing in appearance than those of Tusculum and Tivoli. The Cross on Monte Taccio has a pious society for its protection.

## POSITION OF CROSSES.

The International Committee, therefore, has determined to place crosses on the Alpine summits of Salsuzo and Ivrea, in Piedmont; Brescia in Lombardy; Udine, in Venetia; Genoa, in Liguria; Faenza, in the Romagna; Pistoria and Grosseto, in Tuscany; Norcia, in Umbria; Anagni and Sulmona, in the Abruzzi; Fossano, in the Marches; San Genaro, Viterbo; Montorella of San Gennaro, near Tivoli and Rome; Marano, near Gaeta, and Otranto, Reggio di Calabria, Calanissetta and Nuora—in other words, a mountain cross for every region of Italy.

## STRANGE FOUNTAIN.

Flat Irons Will Float on the Liquid in the Basin.

A fountain of mercury is the most interesting sight in a big exhibition now being held in London, and it attracts large crowds every day. Mercury, or quicksilver, is nearly 14 times heavier than water, and it must seem strange to see flat irons and large chunks of rock floating around upon its surface in the lower basin. The mercury falls in a constant shower of silver spray from a basin seven feet above the one in which these heavy objects are floating, and it is raised back up into this upper basin by an "endless chain," upon which are fastened 28 tiny buckets, which dip into the mercury and carry it up one after the other. The entire fountain is painted black, and when it is lit up at night the silver rain sparkling black the electric light against a black background is very pretty. Two and a half tons of mercury, costing \$2,970, is the amount used in this remarkable fountain.

## A LOW-DOWN MAN.

Staler—My, my! Here's an account of a man in the prime of life who found a small pimple on his chin. He scratched it with his finger nail, and a few days afterward was taken ill. Mrs. Staler—And died of blood poisoning. I knew of a thing just like that. It—Mr. Staler, softly—No, my dear. Was taken ill with the grip ax—Mrs. Staler—And it settled in his face. I knew a case of lockjaw—Was Mr. Staler—No, my dear. Taken ill with the grip, and—Mrs. Staler—Well, what? Mr. Staler—While he was ill the pimple got well.

## TIR IN KENMORE

Durham Brown's Letter Published Last Week Cause of Comment.

Many of Many Such Cases in Kenmore—World's Kidney Pills Well Known There—Anonymous Corroboration of Brown's Statement.

Kenmore, Jan. 15.—No little comment has been caused here by the publication of a letter signed by Durham Brown, in the papers last week. Mr. Brown is one of the most expert box-makers in the country, his cheese boxes, while models of good workmanship, being turned out in remarkably quick time. He has the reputation of being able to drive one-and-a-quarter inch nails at the rate of five hundred eighteen minutes, and keep it up steadily. Mr. Brown is an enthusiast about Dr. Williams' Kidney Pills. He cannot say enough in their favor. And he means every word of it. His brother also thoroughly believes in Dadd's Kidney Pills, having seen how they benefited Durham. Durham Brown's letter, as published last week, is corroborated by his brother and all who know him.

Many other people in Kenmore know from personal experience the value of Dadd's Kidney Pills. Whether for formerly incurable and fatal malaises, Bright's Disease and Diabetes, or any of the other forms of Kidney Disease—Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Urinary and Bladder Complaints, Female Troubles, Blood Disorders—Dadd's Kidney Pills are considered infallible. Dadd's Kidney Pills are the only medicine that ever cured Bright's Disease or Diabetes, and people here have a wonderful faith in them.

## CANADA LIFE'S NEW PLAN.

As announced some time ago, the retirement of Mr. A. G. Ramay from the offices of President and General Manager of the Canada Life Assurance Company took effect on the 31st of December. The Board of Directors at their first meeting of the year, held yesterday, on proceeding to fill the office of President elected the Vice-President, Mr. F. W. Gates of Hamilton, to that position. Mr. Gates, however, on account of his advanced years and impaired health, felt compelled to decline the distinction, and the Hon. George A. Cox was unanimously elected as President of the company.

It was but just and fitting that the Directors should turn to the man who during these forty years had labored with Mr. Ramay to make the company the magnificent success it is to-day. Starting in as an agent of the company at the age of 21 years, Mr. Cox at once brought to bear on the business that tireless energy and industry which will have ever been characteristic of the man, and to which his position in the world of finance is largely due. Discouragement and fatigue which would have daunted a less courageous spirit only served as an incentive to greater effort when there was a prospect of securing business. Personal convenience was not considered—it was the welfare of the company that was his faithful, energetic service the business grew and prospered. As time went by the company recognized the devotion of Mr. Cox to its

## LONG STANDING ERROR CORRECTED.

Uncle, said one of the children, what is the difference between a cat and an elephant?

I know what is in your mind, child, replied the professor, yet the old answer, to the effect that the elephant can't climb a tree, is not altogether correct. An elephant may not be able to climb to the branches, but he can get as high as the trunk.

The professor said it may be observed in passing, is loaded for all kinds of same.

Father—So my daughter referred you to me? The Suitor—Yes, just as a matter of form.

## POINTS

Figures in girl looks like something else. The opinion no value, but est.

A girl is she refers gloaming. The student finds it faring it down.

Some men carrying a stick on a stick. The student and the fool on a fool.

A bachelor not because but because. Men of be thankful of the plans.

Probably a picture of though the son seen.

Thorne—ever be peace? Bramble—be my wife.

AN UN—He—You—She—This—you have—week to a



## WELFARE.

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