

### COURTSHIP OF SAVAGES.

The Way Young Hottentots, Zambesi Beas and Youthful Dyaks Win Wives.

Among the land Dyaks no youth dare venture to pay addresses to a maiden unless he can throw at her feet a netful of skulls, it being necessary for him to prove his prowess by killing a few men, women or children. Among these tribes the lover offers the maiden of his choice some betel nuts. If she accepts he is happy, but if she refuses and says, "be good enough to blow up the fire," it means that he is dismissed. Sometimes the courting is carried on through a medium of a sort of Jew's harp, one handing it to the other, asking questions and returning answers.

When a young Hottentot goes courting, to render himself more attractive, he paints his nose, cheeks and forehead with soot. Among some tribes of Madagascar the boys decorate their long locks with leaves, flowers and feathers, "only in order to please the women." The natives of New Britain blacken some of their teeth and knock out others, knowing that otherwise they run the risk of being refused by the ones of their choice on account of ugliness. A woman in that beautiful land would "scorn to accept the addresses of one possessing white teeth, like a dog or a pig." A girl who has arrived at a marriageable age has her teeth filed.

The beaus of Zambesi file the middle teeth in the upper jaw into the form of a swallow's tail. In one province of Tasmania a rebellion nearly broke out when orders were once issued forbidding the use of ochre and grease, for the young men feared the loss of favor in the eyes of their countrywomen. Among the Guarayos of the suitor, when courting, keeps for days close to the cabin of the mistress of his heart, being painted from head to foot, and armed with his battle club.

The Melanesian women do the courting. When a girl likes a man she tells his sister, and gives her a ring of string. The sister says to her brother, "Brother, I have good news for you. A woman loves you." If willing to go on with the affair, through the sister, an appointment is made and following dialogue takes place:

The man says, "You like me proper?"  
The woman says, "Yes, I like you proper, with my heart inside."

Unwilling to give himself away rashly he asks, "Now, you like me?"  
"I like you altogether. Your skin good."

The girl, anxious to clinch the matter, asks when they are to be married. The man says, "To-morrow, if you like." There is a mock fight when they tell their relatives, and everything is settled.

In Maori land the girl generally begins the courting. The love token which the girl throws at the feet of her lover is a little bit of flax made into a sort of half knot. "Yes," is signified by pulling the knot tight, "No," by leaving the matrimonial noose alone.

### SYMBOLIC LANGUAGE

What an Educated Chinese Has to Say About It.

The Chinese language is a purely symbolic language, all other languages are phonetic or alphabetical. In all the phonetic languages the sounds that are heard in the spoken language are analyzed or split up into a few elementary sounds, which by combination, form words. To each of these few elementary sounds an arbitrary sign on paper is assigned and these signs constitute the alphabet. Thus, in any European language, and in any other language, except Chinese, the sound of the voice in speaking is the basis of the written language—they are all phonetic. If the same sound is used to represent two or more ideas, this makes no difference, the appropriate letters of the alphabet are used, and the writer relies upon the neighbouring words to prevent absurdity.

The Chinese written language is totally different from this. It has no alphabet at all, and no approach to an alphabet, but proceeds on a different basis, which will be best brought home by a simple illustration. Recently in Belgium a traveller had occasion to examine a railway time table, and there found that certain railway stations where refreshments might be procured were marked by a little representation of a wine cup.

This is Chinese writing. What mode of writing could be briefer, or more to the purpose, or more unmistakable? You see the drawing of a glass, it stares you in the face, and you know that refreshments there await your exhausted frame. The symbol expresses an idea quite apart from the spoken utterance of that idea.

The chief disadvantage of any phonetic system is that since the writing follows the sound, and sound of a language is constantly changing, the written languages changes, too. This change is less rapid since the discovery of the art of printing, but there is still a gradual change. There is no fixity, no element of permanency in such a language. But symbolic language never changes. As long as the idea to be expressed remains the same, it is expressed the same way. The work written in Chinese thousands of years ago can be read now with ease and certainty.

### EACH MAN IS A FIGHTER.

SOME INTERESTING INFORMATION ABOUT BRABANT'S HORSE.

Leader of This Brave Band of Colonial, Every Bit a Warrior—A Glimpse at His Camp—Able Old Man.

He makes a picture fit to fill an artist's eye, and never had a portrait finer setting than this old warrior had when first I saw him. He stood upon the jagged edge of a little rough and rocky kopje, watching the forward movements of his troops upon a stony height, where Britain's enemies lay waiting the onslaught. Behind him, in a hollow, which looked like a dimple in the cheek of Nature, lay his camp, the camp of the famed colonial division. There everything that spoke of military order and strict discipline failed to catch the eye, chaos reigned, like some uncrowned despot, horses straggled hither and thither, dragging their raw hide tethering reins through the grass beside them. Niggers sprawled in the sun like toads on the muddy margin of a silent swamp, saddles and bridles lay strewn around like dirt heaps waiting for the dustman in a played-out mining town, camp cooking fires flickered in the wintry sunlight between the tents, which sprawled about the place like the crew of a North Sea whaler on the floor of a drinking den.

The soldiers within the lines lounged around with pipe in mouth, expectorating with a skill born of long practice at the eye of some wandering mule or drowsy son of Ham. Others squatted about examining with loving care the magazine of a fondly favoured rifle. Others, with heels cocked upwards between the spokes of waggon wheels, their heads and hips buried in the soft, warm grass, read the ancient newspapers, frayed with much handling from man to man, and threw with rough strong voices the scraps of news they gained to comrades loafing about on ant-hills or piles of blankets. An

UNSOLDIERLY LOOKING LOT of soldiers these, if one is to judge them by the look. There is more than a suspicion of untidiness about their dress, something almost slovenly in the way they hang around. But he is a poor observer who does not notice the splendid development of their and sinew, the clear cut of the powerful shoulders, the depth of chest which tapers to the waist, proof positive of strength and activity. The hard, brown faces, clean as an athlete's in full training; the bright, bold eye, which glitters unflatteringly in sun or shade, speaking of ready watchfulness in time of trial; the firm snap of the jaws, which stand like mute monuments to hours of danger faced with manly courage. A drill sergeant's heart would ache to look at them, but a fighting general would ask for no better men at his right hand when the tide of battle was running against him. Such was the camp that lay behind the greatest of Colonial Generals. Around him, to the right and left, Nature's masterpiece in Africa, the black, burnished, barren mountains, in front of him—the foe. What better framework for a portrait could a soldier ask than this; his friends beside him, the enemy in front, and overshadowing all the massive handiwork of the Great Creator?

The shadows lay beneath, the sunlight kissed him where he stood, a hale old man, upon whose face sixty-five long stormy years had cut their tracks, as rivers leave the imprint of their passage down the gorges and the glens in Scottish mountains. The soft slouch hat, cocked jauntily to shade his face, laid bare a portion of his head, showing his hair as white as driven snow. The face beneath the sombrero's brim was keen, sharp featured, full of life and fire. The pale blue eyes, steady and true, no sign of fading power in

THAT WAN, WORN FACE, though the moustache that hid the upper lip was as white as a girl's baby's conscience. His figure, just a shade below six feet in height, built as a cavalryman's should be for speed, strength and endurance, without a solitary ounce of waste flesh from head to heel. He wore no ornaments, no fancy gew-gaws, everything about the man was simplicity embodied. The yellow-brown khaki cloth jacket fitted his body as if he had grown in it. Over his shoulders he wore his field-glasses, slung ready for use. His lower limbs were encased in close-fitting corduroy pants and riding boots. His brown hands were glistening with gloves. A fine figure of a fighting soldier he looked from the crown of his hat to the glittering spurs at his heels. Good as he looked, his record stands well worthy of his appearance. He comes of a Devonshire family, and when merely a lad he purchased a commission in the British army and followed his regiment to South Africa when only seventeen years of age. He sold out of the army just before the great Indian mutiny broke out, and when his old regiment was ordered out to that theatre of horrors he did not accompany it. Later on he returned to England and married Miss Mary Robinson, daughter

of Canon Robinson, of Canterbury. At the age of 25 he returned to the Cape Colony and joined the Cape Corps as captain. When this corps was disbanded and reorganized he threw up soldiering and took to farming. He also took an active interest in politics and was returned to Parliament for the district of East London, a position he has held ever since without a break.

The first war with natives, known as the Gaika War, promptly brought him to the field, and he served right through it as a captain. Then followed a spell of peace, which was broken at last by

THE RISING OF THE BASUTOS, and once again the English soldier laid aside his reaping hook and took up the sword, serving right through those stormy times as colonel of the First Cape Yeomanry. When Lord Roberts raised him to the rank of general a throb of pride went through every British heart in all South Africa, for every man in all the land knew well that he but reaped what he had so fearfully sown, and had not garnered where another had ploughed. He did not ask other Englishmen to send their sons whilst his own remained at home in comfort. One of his boys, the eldest, Lieutenant Arthur Brabant, fell dead at the head of his men—the Imperial Light Horse—at Elandsbaagte, in the beginning of the war. His youngest son, Guy, is a sergeant in Bayley's Horse; and his second eldest, John, is now serving as a lieutenant in Driscoll's Scouts, and there is no keener man serving under the Empire's flag in Africa.

### SAVED THEIR BOY.

HE HAD BEEN WEAK AND AILING FROM INFANCY.

As He Grew Older His Trouble Seemed to Increase and His Parents Thought Him Doomed to an Invalid's Life. Dr. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS CURED HIM WHEN Hope Was Almost Departed.

From the Post, Thorold, Ont.

Mr. James Dabaud and wife are two of the best known residents of the town of Thorold, where they have passed many years. In their family they have a little son, who, although but ten years of age, has experienced much affliction, and his parents expended many a dollar in the search for his renewed health—all in vain, however, until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought into use. A Post reporter hearing of the cure called at Mr. Dabaud's cosy home and received full particulars from Mrs. Dabaud. "I am pleased," said Mrs. Dabaud, "to have the public made aware of the facts of my boy's case if it is likely to help some other sufferer. Charley is now ten years of age. In infancy he was a delicate child, but from four to seven he scarcely passed a well day. At four years of age he began to complain of frequent headaches, which later became almost continuous, and soon symptoms of general debility developed. His appetite was poor and he grew pale and emaciated, and the least exertion caused a severe palpitation and fluttering of the heart, and dizziness. At times there was considerable derangement of his stomach; a blueness of the lips and a shortness of breath. He would often lie awake at night and rise in the morning haggard and unrefreshed. During his illness he was treated by two doctors. Both differed in the diagnosis of his case. One said it was catarrh of the stomach, and while his treatment was persisted in there was no improvement. The second also attended him for some time with no better results. Some time after my attention was attracted by my aunt to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and about September, 1897, I procured the pills and he began taking them. We had long before come to the conclusion he would be an invalid for life, but believing it a duty I owed to my child to procure all means of relief, I was determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. The good effects of the first box was apparent, and five boxes were used, which were taken in about six months' time, when he was strong and well, and could attend school, and play and frolic as other healthy boys do. As every symptom of his old trouble has vanished, I consider his cure complete. The pills have certainly done him a world of good, as nearly three years have since passed away and he has not seen a sick day in that length of time. I shall ever feel that we owe our boy's health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and believe that their prompt use would relieve much suffering."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are just as valuable in the case of children as with adults, and puny little ones would soon thrive and grow fat under this treatment, which has no equal for building up the blood and giving renewed strength to brain, body and nerves. Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to try something else said to be "just as good."

The New Tea, Ceylon and India Green Tea, is rapidly growing in favor with Japan tea drinkers, because, though it is similar in taste to the finest Japan tea, it is infinitely more delicious and far more healthful in use. It is being introduced by The "Salada" Tea Company in their well known sealed Lead Packets and they say it is going to displace Japan tea just as "Salada" black tea has displaced all other black teas.

### THE TOWER OF BABEL.

SUPPOSED ANCIENT GREEK DOCUMENT THROWS LIGHT UPON IT.

The Dimensions Vary From Those Hitherto Believed to Be Correct—Re-Built by Nebuchadnezzar.

For centuries scientists have been endeavouring to ascertain the exact dimensions and the other secrets of the architecture of the Tower of Babel, but, though many ingenious theories have been broached and some valuable facts have been gathered, no authoritative statement in regard to the famous tower has been forthcoming until now, when it reaches us in the form of an ancient Greek manuscript, which was recently discovered by M. de Mely, the distinguished French archaeologist. The exact date of this manuscript does not seem to be known, but M. de Mely and several of his colleagues of the Academy of Inscriptions who have examined it are confident that it is one of the oldest in existence and that the facts contained therein may be accepted as historical.

To the modern world this ancient document is of value because it contains a very clear description of the Tower of Babel, the Tower, it says, was eighty-four kilometres distant from Babylon, and its basement or first story was 184 metres on each side and seventy-five feet high. In the middle was a square tower, constructed of six stories, placed one above the other, and at the summit was a small sanctuary.

The height of these stories was 67 metres, and an exterior stairway, containing 356 steps, led to the sanctuary. These steps, of which 305 were fashioned of silver and 60 of gold, were designed to represent the 365 days of the year. Furthermore, the seven stories were intended to correspond to the seven days of the week, and also to the weeks of the year, since 365, the number of the steps, divided by 7, the number of the stories, gives us 52, the number of the weeks in each year.

Furthermore, a very old legend says that the various stories were painted so as to represent the planets which are supposed to rule over the days of each week. Thus the lowest story was painted black, this being Saturn's color; the next was painted orange, in honor of Jupiter; the third was painted red to represent Mars; the fourth, was of a golden hue, the sun being symbolized in this fashion; the fifth was painted yellow in honor of Venus; the sixth was blue, this being Mercury's color, and the seventh was silver, in honor of the moon.

Sir Henry Rawlinson, the famous Orientalist, after long investigation concluded that the tower was composed of seven stages, each of which was an exact square, and that on the seventh was placed the ark, or tabernacle.

The dimensions of the building he gives as follows:—First story, 272 feet each way, and 28 feet in height; second, 230 feet each way and 26 feet in height; third, 188 feet square and 15 feet high; fourth, 146 feet square and 15 feet high; fifth, 104 feet square and 15 feet high; sixth, 62 feet square and 15 feet high, and seventh, 20 feet square and 15 feet high. The height of the ark he places at 15 feet and he thinks that it covered the entire seventh story. The original height of the tower, he says, was 156 feet.

Now, a comparison of these figures, with those in the Greek manuscript will show a striking discrepancy in some important particulars. Sir Henry evidently had an admirable conception of the tower as it existed in the time of Nebuchadnezzar, but if the Hellenic writing is correct the dimensions as given by the English archaeologist and as reproduced in Mr. Palmer's model are not accurate. The building, according to these newly discovered data, was evidently of greater height and width than Sir Henry Rawlinson imagined it to be.

A fact, however, which should be borne in mind is that the existing ruins of the tower, which are known as Birs Nimrud and which may be seen in Barsippa, a former suburb of Babylon, cannot properly be said to represent the original building, since they are merely the relics of the old tower as restored by Nebuchadnezzar. About the original tower we know very little, except what the Bible tells us. Tradition says that it was a sanctuary of Nebo or Nabu, the special god of Babylon, and, according to Herodotus, the upper tabernacle was furnished with a bed, which the people believed was used by their god as a resting place. Long before Nebuchadnezzar's time the wonderful old building had begun to crumble into

ruins, and one of his first acts after he ascended the throne was to order that it be restored with great splendor.

The present ruins consist of a huge irregular mound, which rises abruptly from a wide desert plain and which is crowned by the ruins of a tower, the height of mound and tower being 153 feet. Most of the bricks which have been excavated from this mound bear in cuneiform characters the name of Nebuchadnezzar, and on one of them is an inscription which says that a former king had built this tower, but had not completed the uppermost story, and that the people had abandoned the building ages ago.

Now the suggestion has been made that the dimensions as given in the Greek manuscript may be those of the original tower and not of the building as restored by Nebuchadnezzar. This, however, is not likely to be the case. In the first place, there is ample testimony that the original building was practically in ruins when Nebuchadnezzar began his work of restoration, and it is hardly probable that any authentic description of it was handed down from generation to generation, and in the second place, there is internal evidence that the author of the Greek manuscript was referring to the tower or its ruins as they existed in his own time.

## Neuralgia

is Rheumatism of the face. Uric Acid left in the blood by disordered kidneys lodges along the nerve which branches from the eye over the forehead, and across the cheek to the side of the nose. The cause is the same as in all Rheumatism—disordered Kidneys. The cure is likewise the same—

## Dodd's Kidney Pills

(Copy of a letter which appeared in the Ceylon Observer.)  
"CORRESPONDENCE."  
Colombo, Aug. 15, 1900.  
To the Editor of the "Ceylon Observer."  
Dear Sir,—I have carefully examined and tasted the small sample of Tea marked "Salada" Pure Uncolored Ceylon Green Tea you sent me last night and find it as is stated.  
The tea has exceptional leaf fragrance and draws a choice, flavory, cowslip water, somewhat resembling a best grade Japan.  
As a specimen of what Green Tea should be in the cup it would be almost impossible to improve on it.  
If Ceylon planters will only be careful to ship Greens up to this standard of excellence, the capture of the American and Canadian markets is certain and assured.  
Yours faithfully,  
Signed, F. P. STREET.

### BEECHER'S WISE ADVICE.

The advice once given to his son by Henry Ward Beecher is deserving of high consideration. It was as follows: When working for others sink yourself out of sight; seek their interest. Make yourself necessary to those who employ you, by industry, fidelity and scrupulous integrity. Selfishness is fatal.

You must not go into debt. Avoid debt as you would the devil. Make it a fundamental rule: No debt—cash or nothing.

Make few promises. Religiously observe the smallest promise. A man who means to keep his promises can not afford to make many.

Be scrupulously careful in all statements. Aim at accuracy and perfect frankness, no guesswork—either nothing or absolute truth.

Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody expects of you. Keep your own standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Never pity yourself, be lenient to everybody else.

Concentrate your force on your own business; do not turn off. Be constant, steadfast, persevering.

### Hay Fever Victims.

Here's a pointer for you. It is not hay that excites your malady—but a virulent microbe. Kill the microbe, the fever ceases and health returns. Stomach medicines will not kill it, neither will ointments, washes or powders. These foreign substances cannot go where the microbe builds its nest. Catarrhazone will go for it carried by the air you breathe and wherever air goes Catarrhazone cannot help but go; that means that it goes to the most minute air passage in the head or throat. Catarrhazone gives relief instantly, it cures absolutely in twenty-four hours—its net. Druggists sell Catarrhazone, or we will send it to you in Canada or United States, post and duty paid, for \$1. N. C. Polson & Co., Mfg. Chemists, Kingston, Ont.

Among some war relics of Spion Kop recently received by a resident at Croynon were two 12-pound Boer shells. Their weight aroused suspicion, and the police, who were communicated with, had them examined at Mitcham road barracks. It was found that they were live projectiles, the fuse of which had failed. They were placed in a cold bath.

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### A CANARY BIRD'S FOOD.

A great many canaries die of over-eating. A gluttonous bird should be given a limited supply of food, and prevented from gorging himself, a practice which will in time bring on fatty degeneration of the heart, a disease which carries off a great many fine cage birds before their time. It is a mistake fatal to the health of the bird to give it cake or any rich food. Seed and a little green food, like fresh chickweed, lettuce or watercress are all that is desirable. Change the water in the bird's cage twice a day at least in summer. Change the food daily, so there is no danger of the bird getting sour food. A canary should be kept in a room of even temperature. It is a foolish mistake which is fatal to the bird to imagine that it is better off outside of the cage. A bird that has been brought up in a cage, and very likely was hatched in a cage, is as helpless to take care of itself as a little child put adrift in the woods. Such birds fall victims to the sentiment of those who turn them out.

Roubaix, France, had a million dollar fire.

W. P. C. 1044

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