

FOUND A STRANGE RACE

COMMANDANT OILONE, TWO YEARS IN TIBET, REPORTS DISCOVERY.

Reports From Moscow, Russia, Say That Celebrations Have Kept Muscovites Busy Lately—The City Was a Very Gay Place on the Czar's Birthday—Ceremony Took Place in Ancient Cathedral.

Commandant Oilone has returned to France after two years in Tibet, where in the northwest he discovered a strange race, the Hsifani. Though nominally under the suzerainty of the Chinese emperor, they have never been subjugated. In contrast with the rest of Tibet the land is generally fertile. Grass grows almost everywhere and even among the highest mountains (19,000 feet) the slopes are so gentle and regular that there are few places where a man may not ride on horseback. For this reason the Chinese have never been able to subdue the Hsifani. Having a social organization, like the clans of Scotland, and being mounted on horses which are a cross between the shaggy Mongol and the finer Syrian stock, which they ride with skill, they filibuster against each expedition which the empire sends against them.

Their raising of sheep, horses, goats and yaks and their trade in skins give them all they want to live upon. They are sober in habit and practically live upon tea, which they drink with melted butter and barley meal. They win their arms by forays and will ride several days and as far as six hundred miles, to surprise a caravan. Besides the long lance, each man carries a gun which is fitted with a forked stand, such as was on the eighteenth century musket, and so are able to take good aim. They live in tents and wear no other clothing than sheep skins in the rough. Their religion and customs are peculiar to the race. They have made a 'salad' of several theologies. They practice simultaneously Buddhism, Brahminism and a primitive religion not unlike that of the ancient Greeks and early Scandinavians, worshipping the spirits of the rivers, plains and mountains. So pious are they that they never drink before invoking the spirit of the four points of the compass or of the mountains which lie in such directions. Their chief deity is the Anie-Matche, spirit of the highest mountain of their country, and they pray to him, curiously enough, both for good and for evil actions. For them he represents strength; virtue is represented by Buddha.

Letters from Moscow, Russia, say that celebrations have kept Muscovites busy lately. First came the unveiling of the Gogol statue, placed near the favorite walk of the author. Then followed the Emperor's birthday, Ascension Thursday and the great feast of Saint Nicholas. Business was transacted on but four days of the week.

On the Czar's birthday the city was gay with flags and everybody was at the Kremlin. At 10 o'clock the bells of the Ivan Velika tower, thirty-four of them, announced the arrival of the governor and staff. First sounded the Big Bell, weighing sixty-four tons, which is rung on only state occasions; last to speak were two silver bells, gifts of Catherine II. But the Great Bell of Moscow was silent. Its weight of 185 tons, with girth of seventy feet and thickness of two feet; has been its own undoing. Twice it has fallen since it was first rung in the sixteenth century. The fragment broken in the last fall is seven feet high and weighs eleven tons. Keeping company in the Kremlin with this bell that never was rung, is a cannon which never was fired. This King of Guns, as it is called, was made in 1886 and weighs 36 tons. Its calibre was too large and its metal too weak to make it of use.

The religious ceremony in honor of the birthday took place in the ancient Cathedral of the Assumption, where the coronation of the Czar had been held. In the royal treasury nearby are the coronation robes, making a gorgeous spectacle of the imperial figure. While mass was in progress outside, in the big square facing the magnificent monument of Alexander II, the troops were holding another religious service. This was a living reproduction of old Muscovite scenes—the Russian bishop in trailing robes, high hat and long hair, the sacred ikon and the rugged-faced Cossack soldiers. Every state act is interwoven closely with a religious one. The government relies upon the church, which is supreme with the peasantry, the bulk of the nation. It is religion carried to the threshold of superstition and in homage to sacred pictures.

The Kremlin is the heart of Holy Moscow. Within its fluted, white brick walls are palaces, churches, monasteries and fortifications, now crowding one another and now separated by wide squares. Whether viewing the Kremlin from the bell tower from which Napoleon and his staff watched the conflagration, or from the opposite bank of the Moskva, one sees a worthy picture to hang on memory's wall. Moscow's site, though not high, has elevations here and there, the most prominent, the Kremlin hill. The walls follow the windings of this hill, forming an irregular triangle that is broken delightfully with massive gateways and bulwarks. Every gateway has its history, mostly a bloody one. From a projecting tower Ivan the Terrible watched the public executions which have given the name to the square, Red Place. Close to this awful spot is a church that in architecture and coloring is the most bizarre Christian temple the world knows. It is a mixture of Gothic, Moorish, Indian and Byzantine. It was built by this terrible Ivan, who had the architect's eyes put out that he might never plan a second like it. At the entrance, where the hill slopes down from the church, a drainage for the lifeblood of Ivan's victims, is now the rendezvous of Moscow's pigeons, hundreds of which are fed, as in St. Mark's at Venice.

Four of the five chief gates of the Kremlin have chapels attached. When the Emperor arrives at the Redeemer gate, the state entrance to the Kremlin, he dismounts, enters the tiny chapel, and prays. This tiny shrine is richly decorated and contains the most prized ikon of Russia, a Byzantine study of the Madonna and Child. Above the gate hangs a picture of the Redeemer, beneath which no man passes with covered head; rich or poor, gentle or simple, since the Alexis brought it from Smolensk in 1647. Once a man omitted, wilfully or not, the pious custom; he was seized and compelled to pass uncovered through the gateway fifty-four consecutive times. The gate is formed of double walls, between which are passages and staircases of wood and stone. Almost opposite this famous gate is another through which the French entered and left the fortress. This

tower is gothic and the bridge is protected by a barbican, a large white tower, with battlements formerly furnished with gates and portullis. Along the road of the departing French is the handsome Christian temple in the world. Our Saviour's church was built at a cost of 15,000,000 roubles by the Empire of Russia in gratitude for the withdrawal of the French. Its five gold domes are visible from every part of Moscow and from Salutation Point on the Sparrow Hills, where the French caught their first glimpse of the white, gold-crowned city and cried, "Moscow, Moscow!" The exterior is decorated with forty-eight marble high reliefs and the twelve great bronze doors have elaborate carvings. The interior, lighted by sixty windows of soft, yellow tones, is a beautiful, harmonious picture. The church is in the form of a Greek cross and its spaciousness carries with restful effect the gorgeousness of decoration which seem to load down the older churches of Moscow.

TAKING OF AN OATH.

Many the Forms Are Recognized in Canadian Courts.

There are nearly as many forms of administration of the oath in the court of law as there are religions. An interesting contribution is the annual report of the inspector of legal offices, Osgoode Hall. The common law requires the administration of that particular form of oath which the person himself declares to be binding on his conscience, while he is always allowed to adopt the ceremonies of his own religion. It must, however, be according to some religious ceremony or other.

A Christian is sworn on the gospels or the whole of the New Testament. A Jew is sworn upon the Pentateuch, with his head covered, though some testify with the head uncovered. The form of oath is the same as to the Christian, except that the conclusion is: "So help you Jehovah." There is much ceremony when a Mohammedan is sworn. The witness first places his right hand flat upon the Koran, puts his left hand on his forehead, then brings the top of his forehead down to the book, touching it with his head. He then looks for some time steadfastly upon the book. But Mohammedans object to taking an oath. In India they are, with Hindus, permitted to affirm. English authorities suggest the proper way is to take their affirmations.

To accidental people the form of oath of the Chinese, what about to give evidence, presents interesting features. A Chinaman should first be asked if he is a follower of Confucius or of Buddha. If the former, then the oath is: On entering the box he immediately kneels down, and a china saucer having been placed on his head, he breaks it into fragments. The officer then says: "You shall tell the truth, the whole truth (the saucer is cracked), and if you do not tell the truth your soul will be cracked like the saucer."

If he is a follower of Buddha the ceremony is: "I declare as in the presence of Buddha, that I am unprejudiced, and if what I speak shall speak false or if by coloring truth others shall be led astray, then may the three Holy Existences, Buddha, Dharma and Pro Saugha, in whose sight I now stand, together with the devotees of the twenty-two firmaments punish me and also my migrating soul."

A Parsee upon being handed a copy of the Zendavesta, places his hand on it and repeats the oath: "I swear that the evidence I shall give shall be the truth, by God, God Almighty, God Omnipotent, the God Almighty." Since a copy of the Zendavesta may not be procurable he may be sworn by any other form of oath that he declares is binding on his conscience.

Then there is a special form of oath where the crown or attorney-general are concerned as parties in civil matters. It follows: "The evidence you shall give to the court (and jury), between our Sovereign Lord and King (or between His Majesty's Attorney-General) and (A.B.) shall."

Here is the interpreter's oath: "You shall well and truly interpret any explanation made to the court (and jury), and the witness of all such matters and things as shall be required of you to the best of your skill and undertaking—So help me God."

As many of the better class of witnesses refuse to kiss the court Bible, mainly for hygienic reasons, and that the courts are favoring the adoption of the Scotch form of oath, it is of interest. The method is far more solemn and impressive than the ordinary form of oath. The witness with uplifted right hand repeats after the judge, who also raises his right hand, the adjuration: "I swear by the Almighty God, as I shall answer to God at the great day of judgment, that I shall tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

China Is Regionless.

In the villages of Shantung (one of the most ancient homes of Chinese civilization) comparatively little visible sign of religion is seen. In each village there is at least one small temple, used commonly as a storehouse for coffins as well as for farm implements and produce, where it is the proper thing to go and burn incense on certain occasions. In the street is often an old, decrepit, sacred tree (Sophora Japonica) hung with inscriptions of thanks and praise on paper or cloth. Where two roads meet it is inscribed: "A stone from the great mountain is bold to undertake (the responsibility) or some similar charm. On certain nights of the first month the visitor thinks the stars have fallen from heaven as the whole countryside is lighted up with two little candles in front of every grave—a beautiful and touching sight. The religious observances done in private are simple, brief, and too often perfunctory.

Moderate Use Not Beneficial.

Dr. Henry Williams, an expert and not a fanatic, writes for McClure's magazine this lesson in health: "I am bound to believe on much evidence that if you take alcohol habitually in any quantity whatever, it is to some extent a menace to you. I am bound to believe, in the light of what science has revealed, that you are tangibly threatening the physical structures of your stomach, your liver, your kidneys, your heart, your blood vessels, your nerves, your brain; that you are unequivocally decreasing your capacity for work in any field, be it physical, intellectual, artistic; that you are in some measure lowering the grade of your mind, dulling your higher aesthetic sense, and taking the finer edge off your morals; that you are distinctly lessening your chances of maintaining health and attaining longevity; and that you may be entailing upon your descendants yet unborn a bond of incalculable misery."

ARE FORECASTING WAR

JAPAN AND CHINA ARE MENTIONED FOR A CONFLICT BY WRITERS.

Two Thousand People Vaccinated at Philadelphia, Following Smallpox Epidemic—Lesson For Canadian Boards of Health.

The quidnuncs are forecasting war between Japan and China. Assuredly the demands of Japanese statesmen for colonization privileges in Manchuria, irrespective of China's natural objections, and the arrogance of the Japanese press are dangerous provocations. The humane and civilizing influences of Christian missionaries may decrease under absorbing warlike contemplation of the people. The whole spirit of Japan is devoted to paying off the crushing war debt, trebling its army corps, strengthening its navy and generally getting in shape for contingencies with other powers. The taxes exacted are almost as crushing as the debt. The citizen with an income of \$50,000 or over pays 68 per cent of it to the government, keeping, say, only \$16,000 out of \$50,000 for his own use. The tax is graded down till the man with an income of \$500 pays 17 per cent only. The average tax is 30 per cent, yearly on all moneys received or earned. The submission is marvellous. In any European nation a tax of even five per cent would precipitate a revolution.

Following the discovery of smallpox in the home of Charles Krimmle, Philadelphia, Penn., his seven-year-old son, being ill, physicians vaccinated two thousand people in the neighborhood. Two hundred policemen's services were required to rope the district, besides forty doctors. Canadians who complain of the half-way, halting precautionary measures of Canadian boards of health can learn a lesson from the discipline of larger places. The Philadelphia plan is the very best for the people themselves, cutting off disease instead of having to fight it later at cost and suffering in several quarters. Canadian officials can also borrow strength for firmness and action by studying how communities having large interests at stake protect themselves.

The word "bedlam" is a corruption of "Bethlehem" and originated as a synonym for chaos when the House of Bethlehem, occupied by a sisterhood of London, became an insane asylum. The treatment of the insane in the sixteenth century was not well understood, and, according to theories then prevalent, it was necessary to frighten the patient out of his lunacy. All sorts of awful expedients were resorted to, among them "surprise floors," which slipped from under the feet; surprise baths and floggings at the periods of most severe illness; hence "bedlam," the result of incorrect spelling, possibly, came easily to stand for awful things.

In Ohio is a little hotel, at Ashtabula, the Stoll House, and as each guest is seated for dinner the waitress places a carnation before him with the menu card. Years ago Mr. Stoll's life was centered in a beautiful daughter. She took great pleasure in distributing at dinner carnations to the boys of the road who Sundayed there. Death took her away, and from that day to this the carnations are a feature of the excellent table not only on Sundays, but every day. "Somehow," said a diner, "I have looked on a carnation with reverence since a visit there."

Grasped His Opportunity.

The well-fed American, says Henry Briggs, a trader in China for twenty years, can have no idea of the utterly bare life of the Chinese rice-picker. It is at the best perpetual semi-starvation. In years when the crop is short men grow into the likeness of skeletons. Infant female children are smothered as a religious duty, to save them from the pangs of death by famine. Yet in the midst of this want they are brave and cheerful, and are kind and considerate neighbors, helping and nursing each other, with tenderness.

One autumn, in a year of famine, Mr. Briggs went with two English travellers to shoot ducks in the rice swamps. They lost their way, and after wandering for hours, met a Chinese of the lowest class. He conducted them, after two hours of hard plowing, through the mud of the swamps, back to their starting place. The man was thin and weak, and pale with exhaustion. Hence it was a liberal handful of money they offered him, more than he could earn by two years of labor, for wages in China are incredibly low. To their astonishment, he refused to accept any reward. The reason he gave was that Confucius had ordered his followers to show kindness to their brother men. "We are so poor," he said, "that the chance rarely comes to us to obey him. No such chance as this has ever before come to me. I will not lose it." Nor was this a solitary case, but the habitual temper of the people. Such incidents lend weight to the statement often made by those familiar with China, that continued seizure of territory by foreigners, and interference in domestic laws and customs, have roused the Chinese to a fury quite at variance with their usual temper.

Wonderful Underground Village.

Deep in the salt mines of the hamlet of Williska in Austrian Poland, some eleven miles from Cracow, lies a veritable underground village which dates away back to the days when slaves first opened these mines in 1334. It is a busy subterranean human hive, all the busier in contrast with the sleepy hamlet above. In fact, all the life of the settlement is concentrated below ground. The air is clean and the temperature that of a warm spring day. The centre of the mine is situated in a sort of court which forms a railway station. Here all the railway lines which intersect this huge mine meet. Men and women go above ground to do their marketing, and meet in this court on their return to gossip and compare their bargains. Children play about in the shade of the grottoes and sail boats in the gutters, running with salt water. These gutters were made hundreds of years ago and get rid of the moisture which runs from the upper floors of the mine, and lead down to the very bottom, forming a huge salt lake, the water of which is gradually pumped off and distilled to obtain salt. So difficult and expensive is it to light up the whole mine, that visitors must make up a party of at least thirty, and pay sums according to their number. No less than 260 steps lead down to the second floor of the mine, just over the salt lake, and it is there that the chapel of St. Anthony stands.

Very little is needed to make a happy life. Let not thy mind run on that thou lackest as much as on what thou hast.

EUTOPIA FOR WOMEN.

A Little Village, in England a Haven for the Agriculturist.

Forty years ago the name of Victoria Woodhull was well known in the United States. Its owner was one of the group of American women who first aroused agitation against the laws that deprived their sex of an adequate part in discharging the affairs of the nation. Victoria was nominated for the presidency. She did not win, or come near it. No one thought she would. But the novelty of seeing a woman's name on a ticket furnished a sensation and made her fame national. Defeat at the polls did not lessen the energy of this resourceful woman. Beaten there, she determined to succeed in business, and she and her sister, then known as "Fanny Claffin," now Lady Cooke, of London, England, went to New York, and started the brokerage firm of Woodhull & Claffin. This, too, was a novel enterprise for women. But, far from being mere experimenters, the two sisters showed themselves uncommonly shrewd business women, and soon built up a big trade. Then they branched out into the publishing business with the "Woodhull & Claffin Journal." They also became contributors to the most important publications of England.

A host of suitors sought to win the sisters. Mrs. Woodhull married, in 1879, John Bidolph Martin, an English banker, member of one of the oldest firms of Lombard street. Mr. Martin always backed the campaigns of his wife with heartiness, and in the battle for women's rights, which has made greater strides in England than anywhere else, she has had a leading part. At the death of Mr. Martin his millions went to his wife, as well as the beautiful estate at Norton Park in Worcestershire. With this inheritance Mrs. Martin is striving to transform the village of Bredon's Norton into a centre of culture, equipped with all the conveniences of modern civilization. When she and her daughter came into possession of the place, they found it like many English agricultural villages, in a dilapidated condition. The school was mismanaged, and the villagers were as much cut off from communication with the outside world as though they had been in the middle of Africa.

The two women saw the need of attracting a better class of cultivators of the soil, and devoted wealth and energy to the proposition. The handsome old manor house was restored and turned into a women's agricultural college. Competent teachers were put in charge, and already the better class of women studying agriculture there has grown to the number of fifty. The estate has been partitioned off into small lots, ranging in size from five to twenty acres. These will be allotted according to merit, the more thrifty and skilled to get the bigger farms.

An interesting thing about the school is its club feature. Tired women from London can run down and spend a few days in the old country house. At the same time they never need lose touch with the remainder of the world, for telephone connects them with their London interests. The library is one of the largest and best selected in England, and virtually every magazine published in the English tongue is to be found there.

Young, Though Full of Years.

At forty-nine, Gladstone had not yet got into his second volume. Many interesting modern lives extend into the third and fourth volumes of years and accomplishments. Lord Gwydyr, who recently died in his hundredth year, not only attended the debates in the House of Lords until a few months of his death, but also the meets of the hunt club on his estate in Suffolk. He was five years old at the time of the Battle of Waterloo, and four when the British troops marched into Washington.

At the patriarchal age of ninety-two, Sir Theodore Martin last year delivered an impressive message to his countrymen on the danger of breaking with all tradition; and Mr. Powell Frith of the Royal Academy, who recently celebrated his ninetieth year, declares he never was in better physical condition in his life.

Princess Pauline Metternich, now nearly eighty years old, has recently given a superb fancy dress party at her palace in Vienna. The great salons were transformed to represent a huge aquarium, with rocks, coral and seaweed; while all the guests came dressed as denizens of the deep—lobsters, fishes, oysters, and crabs which walked only backward. Princess Metternich for the past forty years organized the leading charity balls of Vienna, and her leadership has been so successful that she has raised for philanthropic purposes over two million dollars.

Another wonderful veteran is the old yew-tree of Howth Castle, near Dublin, which after the storm and stress of centuries succumbed a few weeks ago to old age. Its death probably hastened that of the old earl, Lord Howth, who fully believed the legend that the fortunes of his house were identified with the life and prosperity of the yew-tree.

An Irish chieftainess of the sixteenth century once stopped at Howth Castle for refreshment. She found the gates closed for the dinner-hour, and in revenge kidnapped the infant heir of Howth, whom she met on the way back to her ships. The child was not restored until his father bound himself and his successors by solemn oath never again to close his gates at dinner-time. This promise has been literally fulfilled, and even accentuated by the great gates being solemnly shut just before the dinner-hour and then flung wide open.


Be Good To Old Age.

"If there is one time in life when love is appreciated more than in another, it is in old age," says one whose heart is very tender toward those who face the setting sun. "To me there is nothing more pathetic than the aged. They are as a rule set aside as useless, their life-work done, and it is not thought necessary to extend to them the little courtesies of life, to cheer their hearts by affectionate caresses or acts of love, and yet none need or long more for love or petting than do the aged. They live in the past, the shadows of the future before them, and their inward cravings see no reason why the old-time kindness should die out. A writer has beautifully expressed it: 'Age softens the heart, and the soul pines for the touch of the hand that would stroke the golden locks of a parting child.'"

The great essentials of happiness are, something to do, something to love, and something to hope for. No taint of sickness in his sympathy, no want of salt in his love.—Said of Archbishop Benson.

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