

FIGHT AGAINST OPIUM

WHICH IS CARRIED ON BY WORKERS IN CHINA.

Local Reform Society Has Been Very Active Since Its Initiation Two Years Ago—Citizens Have Shown a Strong Determination to Put Down the Opium—Miss A. J. Wade Writes an Interesting Letter.

Miss A. J. Wade has written interestingly from Ku-Cheng to the Canadian W.A.s., for whom she labors very earnestly: "We hope that the making known of the brave fight being made here to free the people from the bondage and curse of opium may encourage the helpers at home and stir them up to fresh prayer and earnest effort to bring about a speedier ending to the opium traffic, with relaxation of the treaty obligations which press heavily upon the Chinese people. Ku-cheng raised \$5,280 (Mexican) in three years by voluntary subscriptions to help the Central Government while closing out the opium, until the Government had time to readjust its finances. While the raising of this money was being discussed, the Central Government announced that the opium was to be closed out of the country in three years, instead of ten years as formerly announced. Of the sum mentioned, \$3,000 was raised by the people themselves. Magistrate Qu made himself personally responsible for the balance, and the military commander, Chin, also gave a liberal subscription. When the money was all in hand Magistrate Qu wrote to the Foochow Viceroy and obtained his permission to close not only the opium dens, but the government opium warehouse, which forms the chief distributing centre for the district. Magistrate Qu has taken an active part in the anti-opium campaign, travelling about the country with Dr. Worley, of the American M. E. mission, and making speeches in favor of reform.

The local Reform Society has been very active since its initiation two years ago, and the gentry, literati and citizens have shown a strong determination to put down the opium, and to fight for their cause if necessary. When permission was granted last April to close the dens, the Ku-cheng Reform Society gave a public dinner and held a thanksgiving meeting, attended by the gentlemen belonging to the two missions working here (C.M.S. and American M. E.) and there were signs of rejoicing throughout the city, banners flying, etc. On July 17th, the first day of the Chinese sixth moon, the reform was carried out with general satisfaction. The opium shops in the city were closed, but some were reopened in a few days, owing to a strong protest sent through the British Consul from the firm of Jardine, Matheson & Co., in Foo-chow. This protest contended that by closing all the shops the Ku-cheng magistrate had broken treaty obligations which made opium, once the heavy dues had been paid at the port of entry, a recognized, legitimate article of commerce until the ten years agreed upon between the two governments had expired. It asked that the shops be reopened and the opium trade resumed in the city. This protest was forwarded to Ku-cheng through the Chinese authorities and stirred the whole city with a wave of indignation, culminating in the suspension of all trade one day last week, with a counter-

protest against the checking of reform. The city shops were only reopened after the officials had made a tour of the streets in person, calming the people.

"In the meantime the Reform Society had sent a deputation from Kucheng to Foo-chow, who waited on Bishop Price, of the C.M.S., and others who might have influence, begging that Britain through her merchants would not hinder the local government in carrying out immediate reforms. Bishop Price was most kind and sympathetic; he did all he could, but his letter to the British firm was ineffective, as they considered the matter from a purely commercial view, not from the ground of moral obligation and Christian duty. There seems to be no help obtainable out here in the face of treaty rights, therefore, it is the more urgent that we should work strenuously and unceasingly for its speedy amendment. Bishop Price is, with this view, sending a statement of the Ku-cheng case to the secretaries of the home anti-opium societies.

"The Ku-cheng magistrate, backed by the city gentry, is maintaining determined hostility to the opium, in spite of the protest. All the shops are closed again and the head of the government warehouse, together with five other opium sellers, was caught selling native-grown opium, calling it the foreign drug. They were imprisoned and are to be tried in Foo-chow. Nine-tenths of the opium sold in Ku-cheng is native-grown, imported from other provinces. So the local authorities have every right to suppress it, and are doing so vigorously. In this they are being upheld by the Chinese authorities in Foo-chow and we may win the day, for surely when a city is unanimous in its effort to rid itself of poison, no one should be able to force that position on them, more especially when the interests of the foreign merchants form only a tenth of the whole."

Life in the West on Survey.

Surveying operations in the Canadian West have shown great activity in recent years; immense areas of land, partly prairie and partly bush, have been explored and surveyed into homesteads. Parties, composed of a chief surveyor, assistants, and about a score of men, pack out into the bush and remain there summer and winter, in all weathers, moving camp every few days, with only a tent to crawl into in the worst weather.

A survey outfit may include half-a-dozen nationalities—Canadians, Americans, Europeans, half-breeds, Indians, and even a Chinaman cook. Only those constitutionally sound are taken on at this work. Good "bush-whackers," able and willing to withstand fatigue. Champion walkers and athletes drifted out to the West do not seem to do well at this work; curiously enough the capacity of endurance does not belong especially to the strong in muscle. A lot of the actual work consists in walking—all sorts of it, through undergrowth, brule (burnt timber), and wind-fall, muskegs, and marshes, up and down ravines.

Travelling is always difficult, and especially so in summer, on account of the many sloughs (pronounced "slews"), muskegs, and "soft places." Pack-ponies are used, although not in any way so convenient as a wagon or sleigh. On even an indifferent trail a team (two horses) will pull 3,500 lbs. in a wagon easily, but a pack-pony must not be packed, on an average, more than 150 lbs. Packing is a fine art, and a most necessary one on those North-

West trails. Pack-ponies make almost as much fuss as camels; heavy sighs and groans and despondent looks when the time comes for loading up. They are artful, and manage to blow themselves out, when they feel the cinch coming round, to avoid getting things tight.

The camp cook is a most important man, for only on well-conditioned stomachs can the outfit stand the hard work and weather. Survey parties are notoriously hard on cooks. Sundays are grand days in camp—no work and the best dinner of the week. Many of the boys just roll out for their dinner, and sleep out the rest of the day like a lot of gorged snakes. The camp washing is spread over handy bushes, and those with meecansins to patch and socks to darn get busy. Some of the sufficiently enthusiastic go out to hunt, and with good luck make a bag of birds, or with extra good luck they may bring back some moose or bear steak.

The Press Says a Word.

A clergyman came at a newspaper man in this way: "You editors do not tell the truth. If you did you could not live; your newspapers would be a failure." The editor replied: "You are right and the minister who will at all times and under all circumstances tell the whole truth about his congregation, alive or dead, will not occupy his pulpit more than a very few Sundays, and he will find it necessary to leave town in a hurry. The press and the pulpit go hand in hand with white-wash brushes and pleasant words, magnifying little virtues into big ones. The pulpit, the pen, and the grave stone are the great saint-making triumvirate." And the minister went away in a very thoughtful mood, while the editor turned to his work and told of the unsurpassed excellencies of a hated old reprobate who had just passed away.

Work For Anti-Cruelty Societies.

The stock-whip, in the skilful hands of the Australian, is a formidable weapon. Owing to its great length—the lash varies from twelve to thirty feet—and the shortness of the butt, which only measures eighteen inches, it is an extremely difficult and awkward thing to wield, and the beginner is apt to seriously hurt himself if he does not exercise care when practising. A well-trained stockman, however, can hit a cent every time at ten paces distance, and with the dreaded lash in his hand, cracking like pistol-shots, can keep a mob of wild cattle in check. If used with full force, it will cut through skin and flesh like a knife; but, unless a beast shows distinct vice, the stockman uses it more for instilling fear than for causing pain. It can also be used as a bolas—a Patagonian form of the lasso—and an adept with the whip can catch and hold a beast by causing the lash to curl round its legs.

The Cheerful Giver Registered.

"No, I don't go to church often," a young man declared to the girl he had accompanied to service on Sunday evening, "but when I do go I make up for absences by slipping a five-dollar gold piece in the offering, so that sort of squares me." He whispered, when he dropped a coin about the size of the five-dollar piece in the box as the usher passed it. At the close of the service the minister announced: "The collection for foreign missions this evening amounted to \$3.26." The young man didn't have much to say on the homeward walk.

RECTOR AND MARRIAGE FEE.

The Way the Rector Threatened and Bullied the Poor Bridegroom.

Dr. Anthony Hastings was appointed by Trinity College, Dublin, to Kilmacrenan, one of the old college livings which studded Ulster with huge barracks of houses. He was a relation of Warren Hastings, and well connected on the mother's side; if you had met him on the roads, so they say, you would have known him for a man of good birth and a unique personality, and he is the subject of more stories in that countryside than any man who has lived there for a hundred years. One day, when at Kilmacrenan he went down to the church to marry a couple. There was a great assemblage, and the doctor came in looking very grave in his surplice. The service began, when suddenly the doctor stopped and said to the bridegroom, who had a name of being close-fisted, "There's a matter of money, you know, that's due to me this day; have you it with you?" This was a fee of a half-sovereign which Dr. Hastings never thought of exacting.

The bridegroom was confounded. "Sure, your reverence, I never thought to bring it; I'll send it to you reverence the first thing."

"Have you it with you?" said the doctor. "No, your reverence."

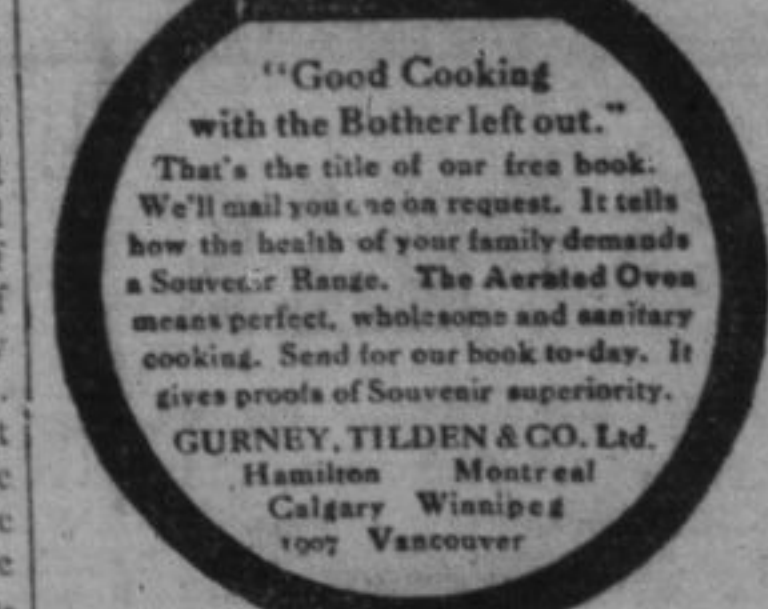
"Then," said Dr. Hastings, with a grave face, "not one of you will I marry to-day; and with that he shut the book and walked away towards the vestry. The bridegroom, who had the neighbors invited and the refreshments ready, was in a terrible way, and clamored entreaties, but Dr. Hastings walked on regardless. "Well, now," he said, "if I forgive you and marry you to-day, will you promise me one thing?"

"Anything, your reverence, anything in the world."

"Will you mind, now, and take the money that's owing to me and buy a new dress for your wife?"

The unfortunate man was only too glad to promise, but Dr. Hastings heaped threats upon him, in case he should go back on his word, before he would go on with the service and marry them off. All this was done with the utmost gravity and seriousness. But imagine a scene like that in the church of Ireland to-day!

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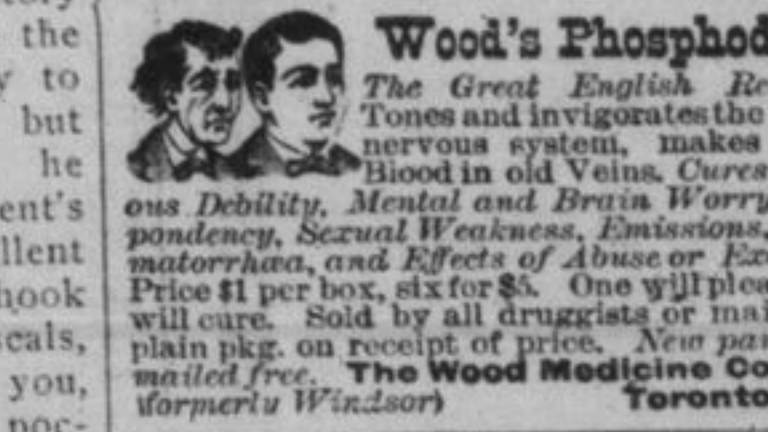


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