JOHN BULL'S "WHITE MAN'S" BURDEN

WHAT ENGLAND IS DOING WITH HER NUMEROUS COLONIES IN SOUTH AFRICA

LONDON, Nov. 13.—(Special correspondence.)—John Bull is the modern Sinbad the Sailor. The hero of the "Arabian Nights" was loaded down with the one Little Old Man of the Sea. John Bull has eight black, brown, yellow or white lumps of humanity on his shoulders to every man, woman and child in Great Britain, and his colonies cover the globe. He is the boss colonizer of the nations, the boss landgrabber and people-grabber. In one way or another he has gotten a title to one-fifth of the land on the earth's surface, and he governs more than one-fifth of all the world's people.

It costs John a pretty penny to keep up his outside establishments. He has an army of 100,000 men scattered here and there through his various dependencies; he has established the biggest navy on earth to defend them, and he has piled up a national debt of enormous proportions.

At the same time, the English believe their colonies pay. They say they could not exist as a manufacturing nation without them. They rely upon them for their raw materials, and they sell them a great part of the British home products.

The English colonial trade is enormous. In imports it gives Great Britain [illegible]000,000 worth of raw materials and food stuffs every year, and this is more than the country gets from any place else outside the United States. As for us, we furnish John Bull the cotton with which he is clothed, and we spoon-feed his corpulent frame. In exports he sells his colonies a full half billion dollars' worth annually, which is about one-third of his whole foreign trade.

British Trusts and Colonial Stocks.

The British invest to a large extent in colonial securities. A look at the stocks sold here on the exchange shows that the undertakings represented are scattered over the globe. The market goes wild over the diamonds of South Africa, the gold mines of the Rand and the wool products of Australia. You can buy stocks in enterprises of almost any of the colonies. There are coffee syndicates from Borneo, tea syndicates of Ceylon and India, sheep stocks from the Falkland Islands, clove companies of Zanzibar, and, indeed, so many different trusts devoted to foreign investments that a page of this paper would not hold them all.

Great Britain has now more than $4,000,000,000 directly invested in the colonies. Much of this is in loans at a low rate of interest, the government substantially guaranteeing the dividends. Some of the larger syndicates are under the patronage of the King. The British North Borneo Company, which is selling land and laying out coffee and rubber plantations about Sandakan, governs the country for England. It has built railroads and telegraph lines, and is selling lands under the guarantee of British protection.

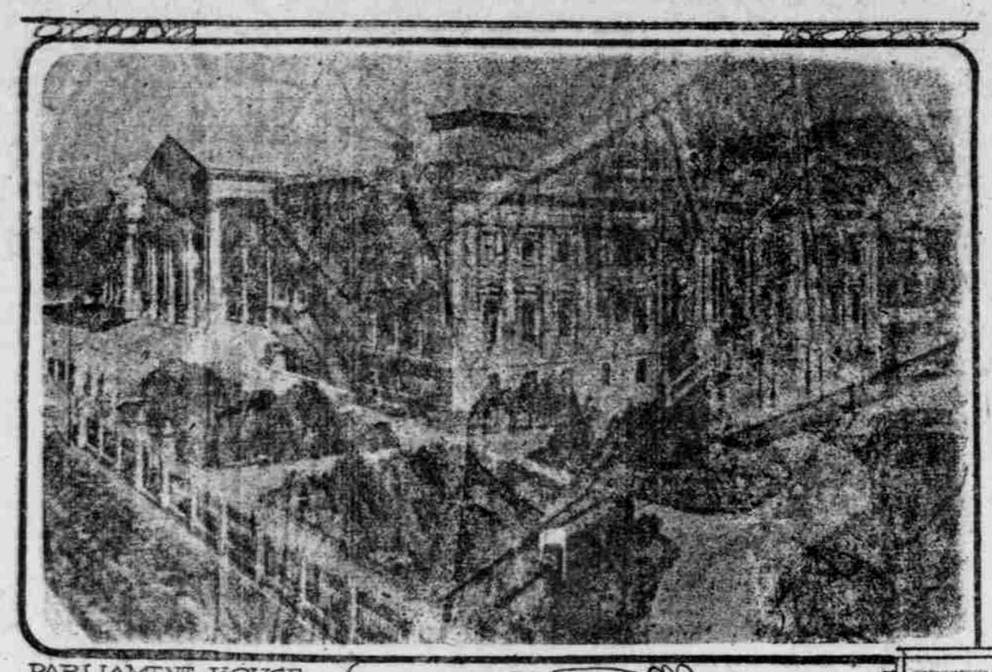
The British South African Company has been practically controlling Rhodesia, an enormous territory in South-Central Africa. It has a capital of $25,000,000, and its revenues are several million dollars a year.

The British East African Company, which has been operating in Zanzibar and along the east coast of the continent, has acquired hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory, and that added to the empire by the British South Africa Company is ten times as big as Pennsylvania. These companies have surveyed more than 10,000,000 acres of land. They have built towns and villages. They have laid down railroads and telegraphs, and are opening up commerce in every direction.

Another colonizing company is operating along the Niger. It began with a capital of $5,000,000, and has made treaties with more than 300 African kings. It has a river fleet, and has established trading stations. Through it the British have gained a territory ten times as big as the State of New York, with a population of 20,000,000.

The British in Africa.

But this is by no means all that the British are doing in Africa. They have already taken possession of the very best lands of that continent, and are making improvements in nearly every territory, including Egypt, which they practically own, they have about one-third of all the land in Africa, or in all a territory larger than the whole United States. Cape Colony is bigger than Texas. Natal and Zululand are larger than Maine. Basutoland is bigger than Vermont, and Bechuanaland is more than ten times as big as Indiana. The Transvaal is about twice the size of Illinois, the Orange River Colony is as big as New York. Rhodesia would make eight states like Missouri, and East Africa, including the Nile basin, is alone about one-sixth as large as the whole United States. In the western part of the continent Nigeria is twice as big as California, Lagos and Yoruba are just about three times as big as New Jersey, and the Gold Coast province, on the land behind it, is not quite so large as Minnesota. Sierra Leone is four times as large as Massachusetts. Gambia is as big as Porto Rico, and Egypt, with the Soudan, governed by the English, has 1,000,000 square miles, or one-third as much territory as the United States proper.



PARLIAMENT HOUSE AT CAPE TOWN

A KAFIR WOMAN

A CAPE COLONY KAFIR

NATAL'S NEW TEA PLANTATION

Britain's New African Railroads.

These states are scattered throughout the continent, and the English are planning railroads for nearly all of them. The greatest enterprise is to extend the railroad from Cairo to the Cape, but there are also many minor lines. In Lagos, off the west coast, a road 125 miles long has been constructed. It cost $5,000,000, or about $40,000 a mile. Other roads are now being laid out on the mainland, just opposite, and also in the Gold Coast nearby.

In Nigeria roads are planned from the coast to the interior. This country is one-tenth the size of the United States, and has connection by caravan with the Mediterranean through the Desert of Sahara, and also by the Niger with the sea. It has a large population, and a railroad will open up considerable trade. The Germans, French and Belgians are also building railroads inland from the West African coast. The English are making wagon roads, and are extending their telegraph lines.

South Africa is rapidly growing. It has a boom since the close of the Boer war. A large number of new settlers have come in, and new towns are going up in the Transvaal, Orange Free State and in Rhodesia. New railroads are under construction, and there is a steady growth in commerce and trade. The imports from the United States are increasing, and they now amount to tens of millions of dollars a year. We are supplying many of the locomotives, cars and steel rails for the new roads. Our steel dumping coal cars are being used, and our wagons are doing the treking over the high plains. American plows are coming in, and a great deal of the clearing is being done with American axes.

The towns of South Africa have all modern improvements. We sold 5000 arc and incandescent lamps to one city quite recently, and the larger places offer a market for our street-car equipments. The countries are new and many of them are being settled by Europeans, who have the same wants that we have, creating a demand for our goods.

The trade towns are rapidly growing, and there will soon be substantial cities in the south central part of the continent. Take Buluwayo. It has now more than 5000 people, and it waxes like a green bay tree. It is almost 1450 miles from Cape Town, but it has banks, clubs, public buildings and a hospital. It has daily newspapers with telegraphic news from all over the world, and as the capital of Matabeleland it promises to be a good-sized city. It is the same with Salisbury, the principal town in Mashonaland. Its population at the last hearing was about 2000, and it had already a race course, a turf club, good hotels, a public library and daily and weekly newspapers.

The great railroad development of the next few years is to be in East Africa. There are already extensive roads at the northern and southern ends of the continent, and these will be connected by the line from Cairo to the Cape. About half of the way has already been covered, and the total distance will be only 5000 miles long, or not longer than the trans-Siberian railroad, with its Manchurian connections. Of this, only 200 miles will pass through foreign territory. That will belong to the Germans, cutting their lands in East Africa. The remainder will be entirely British, or under British control.

One-fourth of the new construction will be along navigable waters, and it needs only 1500 miles more track to enable one to go by steam on cars and boats from one end of Africa to the other.

At present trains go from Cape Town to Buluwayo, or just about as far as from New York to New Orleans. From there it is 650 miles to Lake Nyanza, which is 240 miles long and is navigable for steamers. Goods and passengers can be transferred to the lake and carried to its upper end, where a railroad 180 miles long will bring them to Lake Tanganyika, giving 400 miles more of navigable water communication on that lake.

From the top of Tanganyika 300 miles of track will connect with Albert Nyanza and its 190 miles of water communication, landing passengers at Dufile on the Nile. On the Nile a hundred miles or so of railroads will be necessary to pass some of the upper rapids and cataracts, and then there will be 1000 miles of navigation to Khartum. Indeed, I am told that an additional 1200 miles of railroad would fill in all the breaks in steam transit from the Mediterranean to the cape.

Cecil Rhodes estimated that $50,000,000 would pay the actual cost of completing the all-rail route to the Mediterranean sea. He figured that the road could be built for $15,000 a mile, which was the cost of a large part of the roads to be built in Africa. He said, however, that double that amount would be appropriated for it, so that the probability is that the average cost would be $30,000 or $40,000 a mile. The Germans, who are building railroads from the east coast of Africa westward toward Lake Tanganyika, estimate that their roads will cost them on the average $30,000 a mile. They have to climb the hills to the high plateau of the interior, and their country is very rough. The Uganda railroad, which runs from Mombasa, above Zanzibar, to Lake Victoria, has cost something like $20,000 a mile, and the Congo line, built by the Belgians, cost $50,000 a mile.

On the other hand, the roads in Bechuanaland have been made for $15,000 a mile, and in Rhodesia at an average cost of $19,000 per mile. At $20,000 a mile, $30,000,000 would complete the connections with the lakes and the Nile, and $90,000,000 would build the entire road giving an iron track from one end of Africa to the other. Such a railroad will have connections with all parts of Africa, east and west. Short lines will be built to the Congo, and also to the east coast at Zanzibar, Mombasa, Beira and Durban.

Cape Town, Kimberley and Durban.

The metropolis of South Africa is Cape Town. It has, with its suburbs, about 90,000 people. It has fine public buildings, good residences, electric lights and street-cars and every sort of modern improvement. Kimberley, the center of the diamond industry, has 30,000, and Durban, the capital of Natal, is doubly as large.

These three towns are great commercial centers. Something like $90,000,000 worth of goods are annually landed at Cape Town, and more than $300,000,000 worth are sent away. This is exclusive of specie, and, now that the gold mines of the Transvaal are again producing heavily, the shipments of the precious metal will be large.

The trade of Kimberley is chiefly in diamonds. It exports millions of dollars worth every year, although the quantity is now limited to the demand by the diamond trust.

All diamonds of value in Africa are controlled by the De Beers Consolidated mines. This company is a diamond monopoly. It has a capital of $20,000,000 and it declares dividends of from 40 to 50 per cent. It is now producing something like $70,000 worth of diamonds every day, or from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000 worth a year. Since its beginning it has handled about $400,000,000 worth of diamonds, and it has enough in stock to supply the world for some time to come. The De Beers trust employs about 8000 blacks and 1000 whites, paying out a quarter of a million dollars every month in wages alone.

New African Industries.

The English are setting out a great many experimental plantations in Africa. They are establishing tea, coffee and cotton estates in the different colonies. In Natal there are a number of large tea plantations, which annually produce more than a million pounds of tea. The Clifton estate has 5000 acres, and is worked almost entirely by native labor. The tea is picked by men and women and carried into the factories on their heads.

In Western Africa there are successful cotton plantations, and experiments with cotton are being made in Eastern Africa as well.

Rhodesia has some of the best grazing lands, and many Englishmen are now going there to rear cattle. The land is sold for 40 cents and upward per acre, and 1000-acre farms bring all the way from $1,200 to $10,000 each. There are many towns going up in that territory. The buildings are made of brick, with wooden cottages in the suburbs. The people live comfortably, and it is not an uncommon thing to find a piano or a billiard table in a private house.

In Natal more than 200,000 acres are now cultivated. In the Orange Free State there are several million acres of farming and grazing lands owned by Europeans, and the same is true of the Transvaal, about which so much has been written within the past few years.

Gold and Copper.

The mineral wealth of the English possessions in Africa is enormous. There are big coal mines back of Durban, and the gold mines vie with Australia and the United States as the greatest producers of the world. Many of the colonies have not been prospected as yet, and there are already 5000 square miles of gold fields being worked by 200 different companies and syndicates. Uganda, which lies north of German East Africa, between Lakes Victoria and Albert Nyanza, is said to have gold, iron and copper in paying quantities. The state is about as big as Kansas and is now reached by railroad from Mombasa. The English capital is Entebbe, on the northern shore of Lake Victoria.

There is gold in the British colonies of West Africa, new fields having been recently opened up at Ashanti. There are said to be old mines in Rhodesia, which are now to be reopened, and the Transvaal alone can produce $50,000,000 or $60,000,000 worth of gold per year.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

(Copyright, 1903.)

IRELAND, PAST AND PRESENT

Better Relations With England Are Certain

DUBLIN, Nov. 15.—(Special Correspondence.)—John Morley, in his life of Gladstone, refers to the "aimless destiny" of Ireland, but he probably did not know that a thousand years before Ireland was known throughout the world as the "Island of Destiny." I never visit this old land but the spell of that destiny weighs upon me. In my mind's eye I see again the panorama of its wondrous history, so glorious, so unique, so tragic that no epic poet has yet been born capable of portraying it.

The tribes that congregated on the shores of the Ionian Sea and peopled its islands did not have much of the world's wealth, but somehow they grew or developed into a nation, and they gave to the world a literature, an art and a civilization which has influenced and which will influence the world forever. The Slav and the Goth, and the Hun and the Tartar never felt the touch or the of Grecian civilization or of Greek genius. They were equally unamenable to Roman civilization. But to the west of Europe, in an island girt by stormy seas, dwelt a people speaking a Celtic tongue who possessed a civilization superior to that of Greece or Rome and a literature of a glorious and transcendant character. That was Ireland when the Christian dispensation was given to the world. Turanian tribes existed in Ireland before bold and adventurous Celtic clans mastered the country. But from the conquest of Ireland by the Celt till the Norse pirates became masters of the seas, Ireland developed a civilization that must ever stand alone in human annals. When Greece was eclipsed and Rome fell, Ireland alone kept the lamp of learning aloft—a beacon-light to the world—and from her shores went forth the missionaries that won to the cross and to civilization the barbarian conquerors of the Roman Empire. But the bold pirates of the Northern seas had no respect for the religion and learning of ancient Ireland. In fact, the shrines and wealth and affluence of Ireland tempted them, and a terrific conflict, lasting for centuries, between the Irish and the Norsemen, left Ireland greatly prostrate in the twelfth century.

It was then that a horde of Norman adventurers precipitated themselves on Ireland and usurped some of her fairest fields and cities. Those Norman adventurers were a mighty race. It was Norman chivalry that saved Europe from the yoke of Mahomet. It was they who freed Italy from the tyranny of the German Emperors. It was Norman genius that gave England a place in the forefront of the world's stage. And the Normans that entered Ireland became in time more Irish than the Irish themselves. The race in which flows the blood of the Celts of Ireland and of the Normans of Ireland has never been surpassed or equalled in the perfection of physical development. The Norman Irish and the Norman English are as different types as Russian and French. The Duke of Norfolk is typical of the one, the Earl of Fingall of the other. Howard is essentially an Englishman, Plunkett is essentially an Irishman. Norfolk is an excellent type of man, but not exactly the man that you would want to accompany you on a fishing trip or on a hunting excursion; nor would you care to see him seated near you at a beefsteak dinner. Earl Fingall, on the other hand, is just the fellow that you would love to have on a yacht or on a wild hunting trip through Colorado or Wyoming. The Howard is grave, sedate, dignified, with an air of responsibility always present, while the Plunkett never seems to know that there is such a thing as care and responsibility in the world.

It took four centuries for these Normans fully to coalesce with the Irish. And then England underwent another revolution. It was both religious and political. A despotism and a new religion were born at the same time, and Elizabeth took it into her head that a new religion was necessary for Ireland also. She could not get the Norman Irish to see things in her way. In fact, they, like the Celtic Irish, preferred the old religion to the new. It was more poetic, romantic and venerable, and those were qualities ever dear to the Irish heart.

So Elizabeth gathered around her a horde of adventurers, and she sent them over to Ireland and confiscated some of its fairest valleys and parcelled them out among the fellows who were to plant the new religion and the despotism of the Tudors in Ireland.

Sir Walter Raleigh and Edmund Spencer were two of the favorites on whom she bestowed the lands she robbed from others. Happy for the world of letters that Spencer came to Ireland. The mistiness and the melody of Ireland filled his soul and inspired the incomparable "Fairy Queen."

Raleigh began in Ireland the career that eventually ended on the scaffold and when the executioner's ax had done execution on Raleigh, Ireland felt that then was avenged. Turkish brutality in Macedonia today does not equal in ferocity or atrocity the cruelty practiced by Elizabeth's adventurers in Ireland.

At last the people rose throughout the island as one man and chased the whole of them beyond the seas. Dublin and Kinsale were the only towns left in Ireland to Elizabeth.

Ireland had a chance at that moment to become a free and independent nation. But "destiny" willed it otherwise. Why English statesmen conceded every demand of the Irish chiefs. Full enjoyment of the rights of property and freedom of worship and no more attempts at the confiscation of property or of the churches of the people.

Unhappily for themselves the great chiefs O'Neill and O'Donnell were induced to accept these terms and to believe in the bona-fides of the Cecils and other great Ministers of Elizabeth. James Stuart succeeded her immediately. He repudiated the terms and the Irish chiefs and treacherously sent orders for the arrest of The O'Neill and The O'Donnell. They escaped to the Continent and James confiscated their lands and gave them away to his English and Scotch favorites.

A generation later the Irish again arose and chased the English beyond the seas. Charles I was then King, and he promised all kinds of things to the Irish if they would be good, and if they would help him against his Parliament and Cromwell, and the Irish, torn by conflicting counsels, entered into a new alliance with a Stuart King. Cromwell sent that King to the scaffold, and then came over to Ireland, which he wasted with fire and sword. Cromwell's career in Ireland is the darkest page in England's history. He sold 40,000 Irish soldiers as slaves in the Barbadoes. He ordered all the men beyond the Shannon and he parcelled out three Irish provinces among the fanatics and adventurers in his camp.

But somehow Cromwell's policy of extermination did not work. The Cromwellian troopers among whom he parceled Ireland evidently married Irish maidens, for a generation later all Ireland was again in arms fighting for another false, fleeting, perjured Stuart.

And then followed the Orange conquest of Ireland. A new treaty was made between the Irish and an English king. It was the famous treaty of Limerick. It guaranteed to the Irish civil and religious liberty as well as the enjoyment of their property.

No sooner had Sarsfield and his soldiers set out for France, however, than England violated the treaty and William III made a fresh confiscation and distribution of Irish lands among his own needy Dutch and English followers. And so had we in this ancient land confiscation after confiscation. In fact, Ireland became a land of master and slave, and it continued that for 250 years. The priest and teacher were outlawed. The government gave a reward of £20 for the head of a wolf or for the head of a teacher or a priest.

The tyrant seized the magnificent cathedrals built by the ancient Irish and turned them over as places of worship for the followers of Cromwell and of William of Orange. And these did not leave an altar in Ireland for the Irish to worship at. In fact, the new rulers of Ireland thought that its conquest could never be complete till they had torn out the old religion from the heart and till they had succeeded in starving the Irishman intellectually and making his mind a blank. And for 200 years this policy had full sway in Ireland. The Irish peasant was a slave that toiled and labored all his life to keep the descendant of an English, Scotch or Dutch or French adventurer in luxury. His soul and his intellect were starved. Hundreds of thousands fled the land and took service in the armies of Spain, France and Austria. More escaped to the British colonies and sowed the seeds that ultimately blossomed forth into the American Revolution.

The exiles took terrible vengeance on England whenever they faced her troops upon the battlefield.

Sarsfield was in the van of that final charge at Nuremberg which drove William from his entrenchments and inflicted on him terrible defeat. But it cost France and Ireland dear for the gallant Sarsfield was wounded to death, and the sword that might have changed the history of the world fell from his lifeless hand.

It was Lally and not Marshal Saxe that won the imperishable glory of Fontenoy, and Lally would have given France the empire of India had not Du Barris and the Pompadours undermined him at home and finally sent him to the scaffold.

The treatment which Lally received from France and the Bourbons is typical. Four hundred thousand gallant Irish soldiers perished on the battle fields of Europe while fighting the battles of France, and yet France has never shown anything of appreciation or gratitude toward Ireland. It is true that she crowned some of the Irish exiles with laurels, but Spain gave to the Irish a far larger and better field, and so did Austria and Russia.

But it is not with the exiles that I am concerned now.

To those who follow this story, it will be clear that Ireland was divided into two classes or into two camps. Class, race and creed hatreds were thus born. Decade after decade they grew till Ireland presented to the world the most pitiable spectacle ever witnessed by man.

Picture the children of the old race cherishing memories of a glorious past, and yet compelled to submit to the scorn and contempt of the descendants of adventurers whose sole title to distinction was inherited plunder, fraud and treachery.

Picture the most intellectual race in Europe deprived of all facilities and opportunities for intellectual training; conjure up all the horrors born of human stupidity and human hate and then you will have an idea of what English statesmanship reduced Ireland to.

Then also will you understand some of the strange things in Irish character and history.

A few days ago William Lecky died in London and his ashes were brought over to Ireland and buried in Dublin. Lecky was the descendant of one of the Elizabethan adventurers. He was of a race planted here a half century before the Mayflower bore its precious weight across the sea.

And yet Lecky was not esteemed an Irishman by the vast majority of his countrymen. No man that ever lived did more to vindicate the Irish race than William Lecky. He was of the race of the oppressor and he continued in alliance with it till the angel of death summoned him away, but his intellect was clear as the sun at noonday and when he wrote history he told the truth just as he saw it.

Hence his history of England and his history of Ireland were revelations to the world. Had I the chance I would put Lecky's volume on the American Revolution into the hands of every Canadian and American student. It has no parallel. It is graphic, vivid and picturesque and set down as if by the hand of the recording angel. Mommsen and Freeman, I consider the two typical historians of the age. But the bias of hero-worship was in Mommsen, while Freeman wrote right on as a chronicler should write. Froude would have surpassed them all but for some fatal bias. Read his life of Cæsar and you have one of the most charming stories ever told in prose. But his "Mary Stuart" is far less the Mary Stuart of history than the Anne of Austria of Dumas is the woman who was the Queen of France.

Lecky was more profound and learned than Froude. Both he and Freeman deemed Froude a romancer and not an historian, but it is a singular tribute to Lecky that his writing on Irish history have been the most terrible indictment of the English in Ireland ever written. Recollect that to the last he was an ally of the Irish ruling class. But the truth fascinated him, and he gave it to the world.

Michael Davitt accidentally met Lecky one night in the House of Commons. Both happened to be dining at the same table. They had never met and each had used strong language against the other. To Americans and Canadians who go back 20 years Michael Davitt is, of course, a familiar and interesting figure. But millions have come on the scene since then for whom Michael Davitt is only a name and for them I must explain.

Michael Davitt some 30 years ago was growing up in a beautiful Mayo valley, a curly-headed child of rare sweetness and love. He loved the flowers, the green fields, the crystal streams, the stars and the sunlight. He was happy as a lark and the peasant's cottage that he called home had been in the family for 800 years.

One day the minions of English law came along and dragged the Davitt family from beneath the ancestral roof-tree and as the child was driven away by his wretched parents, the last thing he saw was the burning roof-tree of the Davitt homestead.

The memory of that burnig roof-tree, of the lares and penates going up in smoke never left Michael Davitt. His parents took him to an English manufacturing town where there was smoke and dirt, and brick walls and a muddy stream polluted with chemicals and where he pined for the green fields and crystal streams of holy Ireland.

While still a child he had to go to work. He had to grow up almost in a factory, and one day while he was dreaming of the green hills of Ireland, a monster machine seized his right arm and tore it off.

When he grew to manhood, he hated the tyrant that was crucifying his country, and he told everybody so. But the tyrant did not like being abused, so he put his agents to work and he had Michael Davitt condemned to ten years penal servitude in a convict prison. The tyrant sent him to the chain gang and the company of malefactors in order to convert him from the evil of his ways. Davitt endured seven years of that slow martyrdom and then he was set free. Immediately we find him on the Mayo hillside proclaiming to all the world the emancipation of the Irish farmer from the tyrant yoke of England. A quarter of a century ago Michael Davitt founded the Irish Land League. Its one great act was the land for the people.

Half marked and branded as felon and convict he returned to the spot from which tyranny had driven him to inaugurate a campaign that would end for ever the slavery of the Irish peasantry.

He was immediately abused, slandered and hounded at by Irish landlords and English ministers, so they canceled his ticket of leave and sent him back to a convict prison.

But today Davitt is justified before all the world for every plank in the Mayo land platform of 1879, which Michael Davitt formed, is now the law of the land.

A vast social revolution has been effected and effected without bloodshed and Michael Davitt really inaugurated that revolution.

Michael Davitt is one of the dearest and sweetest characters I have ever known. He is simplicity personified and he has a kindly, noble and generous heart. To understand this superb character, it is necessary to see him in his own home with a Californian wife whose idol is the martyr and hero whom we of the past generation know as Michael Davitt.

Now listen to Lecky and Davitt exchanging views on Ireland at that dinner table in the House of Commons. They are alone, but the waiters are taking it all in. Members come to the door and listen, or look and go away.

Cromwellian Ireland and the Ireland of old have got together and they are glad they met. It is an omen of glad things to come. In fact, a new Ireland is being born. The Cromwellian and the Williamite are realizing that Ireland and not England is their country and that Ireland's happiness and prosperity ought to be their first aim. England itself realizes the awful crimes and blunders associated with its Irish government. It realizes that the hour has arrived to put the relations of the two countries on a satisfactory footing, and unless I misread the signs of the times there will be tremendous shuffling of the cards between England and Ireland and that soon.

P. A. O'FARRELL.

The Pith of the Programme.

New York Sun.

He searched the programme through and through,
And came across a joke or two.
It was an easy task to find
By whom the costumes were designed,
Who made the wigs, and who supplied
The drinking water, purified;
From whom the carpets were obtained,
And who the floor so nicely stained;
The exclusive piano used—nay, more,
He learned the name of every store
Which he had never known before.
"Patrons," he saw, "desired," "invited,"
"The management would be delighted,"
And many other compliments,
Worth anything from 50 cents;
And then—he came across at last
What he was searching for—the cast!

Baby Mine

Every mother feels a great dread of the pain and danger attendant upon the most critical period of her life. Becoming a mother should be a source of joy to all, but the suffering and danger incident to the ordeal makes its anticipation one of misery. **Mother's Friend** is the only remedy which relieves women of the great pain and danger of maternity; this hour which is dreaded as woman's severest trial is not only made painless, but all the danger is avoided by its use. Those who use this remedy are no longer despondent or gloomy; nervousness, nausea and other distressing conditions are overcome, the system is made ready for the coming event, and the serious accidents so common to the critical hour are obviated by the use of **Mother's Friend.** "It is worth its weight in gold," says many who have used it. $1.00 per bottle at drug stores. Book containing valuable information of interest to all women, will be sent to any address free upon application to

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Mother's Friend