

IN CHINESE SLAVERY.

Traffic in Women Carried on in San Francisco.

'The Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution has been a dead letter in California and the coast States for twenty years and is to-day,' said a man who has made a close study of the Chinese. 'Women and children are sold at the block as in ante-bellum days. They are not sold publicly, but so far as the Chinese community is concerned the sale is open enough, and influential companies are formed and exist for the purpose. Efforts have been made to crush the traffic, and, strange to say, when we were defeated, it is by unscrupulous white lawyers.'

'There is a regular business of importing women, though it is not carried on now with a tenth of the boldness of a decade ago, when women were put up in the "Queen's Room" in San Francisco, which was nothing more nor less than an auction room, and knocked down to the highest bidder. The business as it is carried on now requires some skill and more capital, and by the time a girl is landed she has a value of from \$2,500 to perhaps \$3,500, the latter sum having been paid in several instances in San Francisco. The scheme works in the following way: We will assume, and I will give you an actual case, withholding the name, that is a little town outside of Canton lived a woman named Kan Koo. She was a hard-working woman, respected but very poor. She had a daughter who was noted for her beauty and various domestic virtues. One day an old woman stopped at the house when the mother was away and had a talk with the girl, praised her beauty and soon made herself so interesting to the young girl that she was asked to come again. The invitation was accepted when the mother was again away, and the woman began to fill the girl's mind with stories of wealth and splendor, comparing her present condition with that of others who were not half so richly endowed by nature. Finally the girl expressed a wish to possess some of these riches, and the woman immediately asked her why she did not marry, adding that she had a friend in America who was a merchant prince and who desired to marry and that she could arrange it; but the girl's mother must know nothing about it. To shorten the story, the girl was captivated with the prospect of a rich husband, and agreed to run away and be married in America; then she could return. So one day when the mother came home her daughter was gone, and the only information she could gain concerning her was that an old woman had been seen visiting the house.'

'Now to follow the victim. The old woman was the Canton agent of a San Francisco women-importing company, a wheel in the machinery. She took the girl to Canton, gave her rich clothes, which she said were presents from her husband to be, and finally banded her over to another agent, who was to accompany her to San Francisco. Once aboard the steamer the girl met a number of others, some of whom were there under the same convictions, others thinking that they were merely going to another part of China. The transportation agent now had about three weeks in which to educate his various charges up to a standard whereby they would be able to pass the officials at San Francisco. The girls were told that the Americans were doing their best to prevent Chinese girls and women from obtaining husbands, and that if they made a mistake they would be thrown into jail; so they must answer as directed. Thus Kan Koo's daughter was told to pretend that she was the wife of Zoon Kay; that she was married at No. — Sunshine street in April, 1898, and that she had been on a visit to her parents and was now returning to her husband. The girl was drilled over and over again until she knew perfectly what she was to say and was thoroughly terrified at the prospect of making a mistake. Other girls who have been trapped and discover it are intimidated by threats of the white devils to whom they will be cast on arriving in America if they make any mistake in their lesson, and tears and bewailing have no effect. Finally the vessel arrives and the most careful examination is made by the agents of the law. The women pass muster and are handed over to another agent, who, the transportation man says, is a friend of the coming husband. The girl is now in the hands of the direct agent of the society. He takes her to a boarding house and provides her with fine clothes and endeavors to familiarize her with a life of ease and semi-dissipation. The husband is a long time in appearing; the agent is doing his best to find a buyer who is willing to invest \$3,000. The girl is finally told that her husband is going to meet her at a certain place, and, making an elaborate toilet, she goes forth. A few years ago all such girls were taken to what was called the "Queen's Room," where they were knocked down to the highest bidder with the ceremony. Though

police intervention things are now carried on quietly; but the girls find herself in a room surrounded by men—friends of her husband, as the ruse is still kept up. Finally she is sold to a Chinaman, who announces that he is her husband, and in this way the girl is deceived until the man places her in some resort and she learns when too late that she is entangled in a web that binds her, body and soul.

'Hundreds of girls have been entrapped in this manner. Some make a great and continued outcry and are rescued after great difficulty by the agents of the various American missionaries who are engaged in the work. The struggles to rescue girls from their owners would not be believed, perhaps, were it not for the proof found on the pages of the court records and the books of the baptist, methodist and presbyterian missions of California. The difficulty in stopping the traffic has been the complete organization of the slave companies, and when a woman is rescued she is sometimes taken back and several persons killed before the affair is settled. One of the most recent cases illustrating the fact that the parents of girls sold them comes from Vancouver, a hot-bed of Chinese slavery. An old fellow named Quong had made some money in the mines in the early days and sent to China for his wife. In the meantime he had formed another alliance, and when wife number one came he retired from business and kept the two women at work washing gold in a placer, while he spent the proceeds in enjoying life as became a Chinese philosopher. The women worked hard all day and washed the clothes of the miners at night, so he made what is technically known as a good thing out of it.

'The old fellow had two daughters, 13 and 18 years of age, and he soon began to canvass the country for a buyer for them. He found a miner on Soda Creek who offered \$200 in cash for the oldest, which was accepted. But how to deliver the girl was the question, as if the sale was discovered they would all be arrested. The man began a series of intimidations that demoralized the girl, and one day he boxed her up in a coffin-like box, punctured with holes. Two white men called for the box, which was placed on a sled and hauled away. The weather was cold and at night the men stopped at a house for food, leaving the boxed girl on the sled. There her moans attracted the attention of the women of the place, who threatened to expose the men. The latter merely laughed and said that they were getting \$135 for it. They went on unmolested and delivered the girl, half dead, while the women reported the case to the police.

'The slave-dealing societies of San Francisco are, as I have said, well organized and rich, and when an effort is made to release a slave they proceed just as you would if some one made a desperate attempt to make you give up ownership of a \$3,000 horse and turn it loose. First they fight the case on bogus charges. The girl's life is threatened and every effort is made to induce her to return. If a Chinaman has a hand in it he is denounced and hatched men or professional murderers are perhaps hired to kill him. Finally the girl is charged with theft and a dozen witnesses are found to swear to anything required of them; the writ of habeas corpus is brought into play and the girl is taken to court, an American lawyer being employed by the slave company to make the fight, often with the effect that the girl is returned to her captors or goes to jail under some bogus charge. These crimes are going on constantly, and the truth often cannot be published, so offensive is it.'

WHERE TO LOSE A TREASURE.

The Best Place is a Paris Cab for the Cabmen are Honest.

If a man must lose his purse somewhere, perhaps the best place is in a Paris cab. Major Arthur Griffiths, writing in Cassell's Magazine, tells of some wonderful stories of money recovered after being thus lost. He said that the cabmen of Paris are honest enough,—possibly in spite of themselves, for they are a rough lot,—and are carefully looked after by the police. As a result, some curious instance of self-denial on the part of these poorly paid servants of the public have been recorded.

One night a rich Russian, who had gone away from his club a large winner, left the whole amount, ten thousand francs in a cab. He was so certain that he had lost it irrevocably that he returned to St. Petersburg without even inquiring whether it had been given up.

Some time later he was again in Paris, and a friend urged him at least to satisfy himself as to whether the missing money had been taken to the lost property office. He went and asked, although the limit of time for claiming lost property had almost expired.

'Ten thousand francs lost!' said the official. 'Yes, it is here;' and after the proper identification the packet was restored to him.

'What a fool that cabman must have been!' was the Russian's only remark. The comment spoke ill for public morality in Russia.

On another occasion a jeweller in the

Palais Royal left a diamond parure worth eighty thousand francs in a cab. The police, when he reported his loss, gave him little hope of recovering the treasure. Not only were diamonds worth sixteen thousand dollars a great temptation to the cabman, but worse still, the loser did not know the number of the cabman, having picked him up in the street instead of taking him from the rank; and more unfortunate yet, he had quarrelled with the driver, for which reason he had abruptly left the cab.

The case seemed hopeless, yet the cabman brought back the diamonds of his own accord. The quaintest part of the story is to come. When told at the prefecture to ask the jeweller for the substantial reward to which he was clearly entitled, he replied:

'No, not I; he was too rude. I hope I may never see him or speak to him again.'

All cabmen are not so honest as this, yet a great deal of treasure finds its way to the prefecture, whither everything found in streets and highways, in omnibuses, theatres, cabs and railway stations is forwarded. In one case an immigrant, who had made his fortune in Canada, and carried it in his pocket in the shape of fifty notes of ten thousand francs each, dropped his purse as he climbed on to the outside of an omnibus.

The conductor picked it up and restored it with its one hundred thousand dollars intact. To be sure, he was rewarded with two thousand five hundred dollars, but the temptation he overcame was great.

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Mrs. Hopper, of Thornhill, Ont., one of the many thousands of women who sing the praise of Paine's Celery Compound as a blessing to women, says:

'With very great pleasure and satisfaction I wish to add my testimony to what has already been said in favour of Paine's Celery Compound. For a long time I suffered from general debility, nervousness and rundown system. Having heard of Paine's Celery Compound I determined to give it a trial, and I am happy to say it has done more good than I can express. For ten years I doctored with other medicines without any good results; but after using Paine's Celery Compound I am perfectly restored in health, can eat well, digestion is good, and my sleep is sweet and sound. Altogether, I am a new woman. I always recommend Paine's Celery Compound to my friends.'

TOOK HIS HAND.

How a Criminal was Saved by a Kind Action.

'He took the blind man by the hand,' says the Evangelist Mark. One day, while conversing with Lord Shaftesbury, the eminent philanthropist, the Rev. Newman Hall quoted these words as an illustration of the emphasis with which the evangelist speaks of the hand of Christ, in order to indicate His friendliness and sympathy with the unfortunate.

'Yes,' said the kind-hearted nobleman, his eyes moistening with emotion, 'and that reminds me of an event in my own experience. The chaplain of a jail sent to me a young man who was just out of prison for burglary, hoping that I might say something to encourage him in his professed desire for a better life.'

'He had seemed incorrigible, having been in jail twenty-two times. Rather a formidable visitor for a private interview! Some time afterward the chaplain told me that the young man was really reformed, and had related the interview, and added:

'But it was this broke me down—he elapped me on the shoulder and said, "Jack, we'll make a man of you yet!" That slap—like Eva's hand on Topsy's shoulder—broke down the criminal, because it showed him that a man far above him, a good man, a nobleman, was his friend. The incident helps us to understand something of the influence of the Great Teacher's touch and hand, so often referred to in the records of His life.'

FLASHES OF FUN.

It is the silent man that is usually worth listening to.

'What are you treating me for, doctor?' 'Loss of memory. You have owed me a bill of £10 for two years.'

'Dad: 'That is a tobacco plant, my boy.'

Tommy: 'Indeed! But I don't see any cigarettes on it.'

A local band broke up in a fight, and a member who was banged on the side of his head with the trombone says he has no ear for music now.

Her Father (from the head of the stairs): 'Ethel, is that young man gone?' Ethel (in an ecstatic stage whisper): 'Awfully, papa.'

Magistrate: 'What passed between yourself and the complainant?'

O'Brien: 'I think so, a half dozen bricks and a lump of paving-stone.'

Dr. Kurenone: 'You are suffering from nervous prostration. I'll have to give you a sleeping powder.'

Benedict: 'No. Give it to my wife and the baby.'

Signs.—Clara: 'Dolly must have been talking badly about me.'

Maudie: 'Why so?' Clara: 'When I met her she kissed me twice.'

Buyer: 'Yes, the horse is a good one, but I don't like his long head.'

Captain Racer: 'Why, that's his best point. Look at the chances you have of winning by a nose!'

'You look bad this morning, Mr. Tumley, observed the landlady.'

'Yes; I didn't sleep well last night.'

'Insomnia.'

'No; didn't go to bed.'

She: 'Then you are willing to fulfil every one of my wishes?'

He: 'Yes, without any exception.'

She: 'Well, then, marry my mother; she is a widow.'

A French lady, of very elegant figure, recently asked why she always had such enormously stout servants. Her answer was characteristic.

'To prevent them wearing my clothes when I am away from home.'

Violinist proudly: 'The instrument I shall use at your house to-morrow evening my dear sir, is over 200 years old.'

Parvenu: 'Oh, never mind that. It's good enough; no one will know the difference.'

'Excuse me, but it seems to me that I must have met you before. Are you not a brother or near relative of Major Jones?'

'No; I am Major Jones himself.'

'Ah, indeed! That explains the remarkable resemblance.'

Magistrate: 'Do you mean to say such a physical wreck as he is gave you that black eye?'

Complaining Wife: 'Shure, yer worship, he wasn't a physical wreck till he give th' black eye.'

Parke: 'I have a joint account in the bank with my wife now.'

Lane: 'Good! You make an even thing of it, eh?'

Parke: 'Yes; I put the money in and she draws it out.'

Greathead: 'Ha! ha! Burglar broke into our house last night—he! he!—and stole my wife's Ascot bonnet—ho! ho!'

Ascum: 'What's so funny about that?'

Greathead: 'Why, don't you see? The burglar has got himself into debt. The bonnet hasn't been paid for yet.'

'Love, do come here and see what baby has drawn on this paper. If he isn't going to be the greatest genius you ever saw!'

'I don't see anything in that scrawl. What on earth is it?'

'Mortimer, I'm ashamed of you! Can't you see that the darling is drawing an art poster?'

Division in the nursery.—'Well, dear, I hope you shared the cracker with your little brother?'

'Oh, yes, mother dear! I gave him all the mottoes. He is so fond of reading, you know, and I—I only ate the sweet inside.'

All the difference.—Did you ever go to a military ball?' asked a lying maid of an old veteran.

'No my dear,' growled the old soldier. 'I once had a military ball come to me, and what do you think?—it took my leg off!'

A clergyman says: 'I once married a handsome young couple, and as I took the bride by the hand at the close of the ceremony and gave her my warmest congratulations, she tossed her pretty head, and, pointing to the bridegroom, replied:—

'I think he's the one to be congratulated.'

The nurse on duty in a certain London hospital was giving the little ones their last meal for the day. All save one were patiently waiting their turn to be served, the one in question being a little rosy-cheeked convalescent, who was calling lustily for her portion.

'Aren't you just a little impatient, Dorothy?' inquired the kindly nurse, with just a little tinge of correction in her tone.

'No, I'm not!' retorted Dorothy, promptly. 'I'm a little she patient!'

The story is told of a country parson who said to the village tailor: 'When I want a good coat I go to a London tailor for it. That's the place. By the way, do you ever go to church?'

'Oh, yes, occasionally.'

'Where do you go?' 'Well, when I want to hear a good sermon I go to London for it. That's the place.'

'You claim that you were insane when you proposed to her?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Can you prove it?'

'Yes, sir.'

'How?'

'By producing the plaintiff in court and letting the jury look at her.'

Curate: 'I never saw such a set of idiots I had to preach to this morning.'

Mabel (one of the congregation): 'I suppose that is why you kept on calling them "Dear beloved brethren."'

Save the Babies.

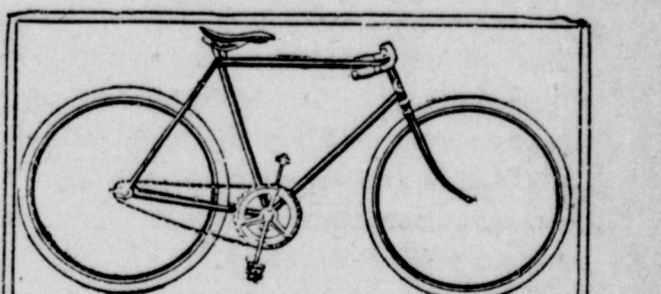
Thousands of them die every summer who could be saved by the timely use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.



There is not a mother who loves her infant but should keep on hand during the hot weather a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

There is no remedy so safe and so effective for the diarrhoea of infants, and none has the endorsement of so many Canadian mothers who have proved its merits, and therefore speak with confidence. One of these is Mrs. Peter Jones, Warkworth, Ont., who says: "I can give Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry great praise, for it saved my baby's life. She was cutting her teeth and was taken with diarrhoea very bad. My sister advised me to get Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I got a bottle and it cured the baby almost at once."

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