

MADAGASCAR'S IRON RULER.

Return to France of the man who Made a Queen Stand in his Presence.

One of the most interesting and forceful men of France has just returned to his native land for rest and recuperation after some years of very arduous and responsible service. He is Gen. Gallieni, who went to Madagascar in the fall of 1896 to take charge of the country after the great island had been betrayed by the cowardice and incapacity of the Hovas into the hands of the French with scarcely a drop of bloodshed by the natives for their Queen and independence. When Gallieni reached the capital he was proclaimed as Resident General, but it was not long before he signed himself Governor-General of Madagascar, and from that day to this he has ruled the island with a rod of iron. There is no doubt who is the ruler, from end to end, of the fourth largest island in the world. It is Gallieni. France has simply ratified his policy and his deeds. He has been the terror of all who raised their feeble hands or voices in opposition to the new regime. He is acclaimed to-day by all the rest of Madagascar, and that is practically the whole of the island.

The character of the man is indicated by his official intercourse and meeting with the Queen of Madagascar. He had arrived in the country just about a year after the French army entered the capital. After that time things had gone at sixes and sevens and an insurrectionary spirit and then revolt had made great headway among the Hovas. On Feb. 26, 1897, he sent word to the Queen that the Resident General desired to see her at a certain hour on the following day at his office. He believed that the men who were fomenting rebellion were making a tool of the sovereign and he had a most important announcement to make to her.

Ranavalona III. returned answer that the Queen of Madagascar gave audiences only at the palace, where she would receive the Resident General. In an hour she received a peremptory order from Gen. Gallieni to appear at his office at the appointed time, and when the time came she was there. As she entered the room Gallieni arose.

'Madame,' he said, 'as I am the representative here of the power and dignity of the French republic, whose colony Madagascar is, it is fitting that you remain standing to hear the message I have for you.'

Gen. Gallieni then resumed his seat, and the Queen, for the first time in her life standing on an official occasion, listened to the fateful words that abolished forever the throne of Madagascar. The Resident General told her of his proofs that she was in secret alliance with the traitors who were plotting to overthrow the power of France, and for this she was from that hour deposed from the throne and would be exiled from the island.

The poor Queen bore the ordeal bravely showing then, as she had shown before, that she had courage and stamina, qualities that were lacking in her pusillanimous counsellors, who had boasted so loudly of their prowess and invincibility before the French army came, only to flee from the capital as fast as their legs could carry them when the crucial moment came, leaving the Queen to the mercy of the victors. She simply asked Gen. Gallieni that she might be permitted to live on the Island of Reunion, and he granted her request. The next day she went to her future home.

In the proclamation with Gen. Gallieni issued to the people on the evening of his interview with the Queen, he told them of her downfall. 'Royalty has become useless in Imerina,' he said. 'For five months you have been seen at work. I have shown you the meaning of the words: "Madagascar a French colony." They signify that henceforth France is the sole sovereign in Madagascar, and that she does not intend to share this sovereignty with any one. France is the sole mistress in this island. To the Malagasy who labor in peace and are faithful and obedient subjects to France. I shall never cease to give proofs of my good will. To the others, to the rebels, the mutinous, of whatever rank, I shall untiringly mete out the severest chastisement, and other soldiers will hunt them down to their lairs. I have done. Heed my words. You know what I say, that will I do.'

He has kept his words in all respects to the letter. His name has been a terror to all who sought, by refuge in the forests or in other ways to escape allegiance to France. He has ruled the Hovas justly, but with a rod of iron. Some of his acts have made him extremely popular among other tribes. He abolished slavery, and declared that henceforth the slaves were the equals of their former masters. 'You Betsileos,' he said to the people of this tribe when he visited their country and 40,000 of them gathered to hear his words, 'I have seen that if France is strong, she is

generous and kind to her subjects. Scarcely a year ago your people furnished numerous slaves to the Hovas, Sakalavas and other tribes. These slaves have been freed and returned to their families, who thought them lost forever. Everywhere on my journey I have been surrounded by them, pressing round me to express their gratitude.

There is no doubt that Gallieni has done wonders, and, as a whole, the people of Madagascar adore him, even the Hovas, though he has treated many of their leaders with much severity. His soldiers have been among his missionaries. He sent them out among the people whose homes were ruined in the revolt and made them rebuild their houses, and teach French to the natives. His taxation system weighs equally upon all, and this has made him more popular than anything else, for the former tax extortions bore very heavily upon the people. He has established numerous schools, and the French language is the first thing they must teach. Early and late he insists that the people must learn French. 'You are always Betsileos,' he said on one occasion, 'but you are also French and you must learn the French language and dress in clothes of French materials of world wide renown for their quality.' And with all his laws and his severe interference in everything that in the slightest opposes the policy and purposes of France, he lets the people elect their own chiefs and they have a large measure of self-government, and are free to exercise their own religion.

France and her glory and the good of the natives are the inspiration of Gallieni's acts, and there are some discriminations against which the representatives of foreign nations have complained. But the Governor-General is a most faithful promoter of his country's interests, and there are few administrators of colonies in any part of the world who have the genius for that business which Gallieni has shown in his government of Madagascar.

Are You Still in Suffering and Misery?

HAVE CONTINUED DISAPPOINTMENTS MADE YOU DESPONDENT?

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Guarantees Safety and Good Health.

There are thousands of well meaning people in our Dominion who are either adding to their burdens of physical sufferings, or who are making so little progress in banishing disease from their bodies, that they are continually despondent and miserable.

The people we refer to are the men and women who are placing their confidence in the many advertised pills, tablets and sanaparillas and nervines that have little or no medicinal value to commend them.

The ten of thousands in Canada who are at present using Paine's Celery Compound for the banishment of blood diseases, nervous affections, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, liver and kidney complaints, are the wise and prudent. They have been guided by the advice of relatives, friends and neighbors, who have found new life, health and strength from Paine's Celery Compound.

The continued flow of testimonials from cured people is the strongest proof that Paine's Celery Compound is the only salvation of the sick, the one true friend that never disappoints when disease threatens life.

Are you, dear reader, one of the many disappointed ones still in the death grasp of some serious ailment? If you are, we would counsel you to throw aside the useless medicines you are now using and give Paine's Celery Compound an honest trial. The great medicine is a prescription of the ablest medical men that ever lived, and is endorsed by the highest practitioners. You must use it if you would have a new and happy lease of life.

Two of a Trade.

Agitator—'Are you a human being?' Sandwich Man—'What?' Agitator—'I say, are you a human being or are you a chattel—a thing—a soulless creature of flesh and blood, made in the likeness of man, but without any of the attributes of manhood? Do you know the human race exists? You talk, you can stand upright, you wear clothes, you have hands, feet,

head body, and powers of locomotion, yet you voluntarily surrender yourself to wage slavery. At the bidding of some representative of organized greed you place that badge of servitude upon yourself, and without a blush of shame march forth into the light of day to advertise your infamy. Have you sold your birthright for a dog-collar? Where is the manliness, the independence, the liberty that was born in you? Where is the spirit that should nerve you to throw off the galling yoke—' Sandwich Man—'Say, you close that mouth of yours and get out of my way! I'm something of a walking delegate myself.'

Life's a Fret

With rich and poor alike—the rich man in a rush to keep ahead—the poor man in a rush to keep up—and dyspepsia a common companion—Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets keep the stomach sweet, the nerves steady and insure health—they're vegetable pepsin and Nature's most potent aid to keeping well. 35 cents.

The Drama Up-to-Date.

'I tell you my scheme for novelty and doing away with moss-bound tradition in my new melodrama, "The Wealth of Gold," will make a howling success,' said the seedy dramatic author, eagerly. 'Well, you can give me a synopsis of it; don't read the stuff,' said the successful manager wearily, for he had heard this sort of talk before. The author brightened up. 'The first act does not begin,' he said, 'with a rosy cheeked maid dusting the furniture. The second act has no delay in the action of the piece to allow songs to be committed by the Imperial Duplex Quartette. In the scene in the lawyer's office there is no comedy business by the superannuated old clerk with a cold in his head. Finally in the last act, it is discovered that the villain has expired in agony from nicotine poisoning caused by excessive cigarette smoking, and it all ends unhappily with the millionaire's heirs contesting the will; and the lovers quarrel and part.' 'My boy—there was a tremor of pathos in the manager's voice—'name your price. I want that manuscript to destroy, for it aims a blow at melodrama and all the sacred traditions of the stage, in comparison with which all the living pictures are as nought. It is a bad thing, push it back.'

Desperation.

He looked tired and seemed to have worked hard all day, but the tram was already full, and there was no seat for him, so he remained on the platform. At the approach to each street the tired man looked hopefully inside the car. But his feet saddened as street after street went by and the conductor was not signalled to ring for a stop. The tired man lived a long way out, and counted on a seat a good part of the distance. This particular tram seemed to be made up of stayers who showed no inclination to get off. Finally the tired man put his head inside the tram, and exclaimed, in a voice of appeal that went to every heart not made of adamant: 'Great Scott! Have none of yez no homes!'

A Query Answered.

Anxious questioners ask, 'Is there no cure for corns?' We are glad to be able to tell these sufferers that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor will relieve them in a day, and extract corns without pain. It never fails.

Mrs. Smith repeatedly reminded her husband that she owned the silver, that she owned the furniture, and so on, until poor Smith almost wished he'd married a poor girl. The other night Mrs. Smith awoke to hear strange noises in the lower part of the house, and, vigorously punching her husband in the ribs, called:

'John, get up! There are burglars in the house.'

'Eh?' inquired Mr. Smith, sleepily. 'Burglars! Downstairs!' howled Mrs. Smith, as he turned over. Well, I don't own anything.'

After one of the exhibitions by the Indians, a Boston girl undertook to talk to a young Indian brave. 'Heap much fight,' she said. The Indian smiled a stolid smile, drew his blanket closer about his stalwart form and replied:

'Yes; this is, indeed a great exposition, and we flatter ourselves that our portion of the entertainment is by no means the least attractive here. May I ask who it is that I have the honor of addressing?'

The girl was thunderstruck and hastily fled. She had been addressing one of the Carlisle Indian School graduates.

'Your brother? I did not know you had a brother.' 'Oh, yes; or, what is the same thing, I have two half-brothers.'

Face to Face.

Learn about Pearline that way, if you like. Any woman who has been using Pearline in the right way will tell you the truth about it just as strongly as we could. If Pearline has made the washing easy and economical for her, why not for you? Is your case so different from that of the millions of women that are being helped by Pearline? Isn't "washing without rubbing" worth looking into?

Millions NOW use Pearline

FLASHES OF FUN.

A lie on the ocean wave.—A man overboard.

'Is it true, darling, that you gave the minister \$20 for marrying us?' 'Yes; but keep it to yourself. I was never so swindled in my life.'

'That's the girl.' 'But why do you think they are engaged?' 'Because he has stopped taking her to the theatre, and goes to church instead.'

Wicks—'Pon my soul, I believe a bad cook supplies a doctor with half his patients.'

Hicks—'Yes; and a good one supplies him with the other half.'

Patient (about to have his leg removed, cheerfully)—'Well, doctor, I'm afraid that I won't be able to go to any more dances.' Dr. Knifer—'No, after this you'll have to confine yourself to hops.'

She—'Do you remember you said you would do anything I asked when I promised to marry you?' He—'Yes, but I didn't know then how much spare time a woman had to think up things to ask for.'

May—'So you accepted Jack last night, did you, dear? He wanted to bet me you would.' Maud—'He did!' 'Yes. But I told him it wasn't sportsmanlike to bet on a sure thing.'

Grimes—'Yes, I thought if I didn't get her I should be crazy.' Miller—'And you didn't get her and you haven't gone crazy.' Grimes—'No; but the man who did acts as though he had.'

'My horse has reasoning powers, I tell you.'

'In what respect particularly?'

'Well, instead of shying at that automobile cab he edged up to it and kicked it.'

'I once reported one of these waiters for incivility.'

'How did it seem to strike the management?'

'The management seemed to think I had a good deal of nerve.'

Jinks—'Well, I see the French didn't succeed in hissing down the Wagner opera.'

Winks—'Of course not. Nothing less than a thunder storm or a dynamite explosion can down Wagner after the orchestra gets its second wind.'

Wife—'Here are some household bills, dear, that came in today.'

Husband—'Harg it! Why can't you wait until I've had my dinner?'

Wife—'I was going to give you my own bills then.'

The Artist—'See here, how often must I tell you to stand up straight? Imagine yourself an officer in the army—'

The model—'an' how the devil can I imagine myself an officer in the army wid you orderin me around loike that?'

Cassidy—'O! don't see whoi Enghland or Ameriky or Garminy should tink av foightin' over a dam little t'ing loike Samoa!'

Kerrigan—'Ye don't, eh? Then, begorrah! ye're a dom poor dedecimin av an Oirishman!'

Mrs. Harduppe—'John, the butcher we had who lived at the other side of the town has found out our address. He called with that last year's bill and was very impertinent.' Mr. Harduppe (hotly)—'Impertinent, was he? Well, now, we'll just let him wait for his money.'

'So you are a rapid stenographer?' 'Yes, sir.' 'I should think it would be very difficult to take down everything a speaker says.' 'It's not hard when you understand it. I was reporting a speech the other day, and I thought I would try and see how fast I could report, and will you believe it, none of the speakers could follow me.'

First Burglar—'Oh, no! I'm not goin' to rob a poor, lone, unprotected woman!'

Second Burglar—'What's de matter wit' yer?'

First Burglar—'Well, de way dem lone, unprotected women is goin' on dese times de chances is she'd land de hull lot of us in jail.'

Doctor—'James, did that lady in the waiting room come in her own coach or a trolley car?'

Servant—'Trolley car, sir!'

Doctor—'Thanks! I couldn't tell from her dress whether to prescribe three months at Newport or sulphur and molasses!'

Mr. Winterbottom—'Emily, the doctor says all we need for these colds of ours is whisky and quinine.' Mrs. Winterbottom—'Cyrus, if you think you're going to get any whisky down my throat you are much mistaken!'

Mr. Winterbottom—'And I haven't a particle of faith in quinine, so I brought them in teperate bottles. Here's your quinine.'

Mrs. De Fashion—'Is Mrs. De Style at home?'

Servant—'No, mum.'

'Will she be back soon, do you think?' 'No, mum; she'll be away all day, I'm thinking. Ye see, I've given her notice, an' she's gone out ter find a gurrul good enough ter fill my place. Yez might come in an' rest y'rself. There's none o' the family home to talk ye to death.'

Here is a 'personal' that appeared not long ago in a London newspaper:

'Willie, return to your distracted wife and frantic children! Do you want to hear of your old mother's suicide? You will hear of it if you do not let us know where you are. Anyway, send back your father's colored meerschaum.'

And yet we say the Briton has not a very lively sense of humor.



Guess what it is

It is the coffee that never fails to give absolute satisfaction.

The seal which it bears is a guarantee that its purity and strength have not been tampered with, and that it surely is

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SPRAINED BACK!

Sprains, Strains and Injuries of the Back often cause Kidney Trouble.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS THE CURE.

Here is the proof:—

Mrs. S. Horning, Glasgow Street, Guelph, Ont., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are grand. I have not been ill since taking them, which was over a year ago last winter, and can give them my warmest praise; for they restored me to health after 25 years of suffering. Twenty-five years ago I sprained my back severely, and ever since my kidneys have been in a very bad state. The doctors told me that my left kidney especially was in a very bad condition. A terrible burning pain was always present, and I suffered terribly from lumbago and pain in the small of my back, together with other painful and distressing symptoms, common in kidney complaints. I could not sleep, and suffered much from salt rheum."

"When I first commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills I had little or no faith in them, but I thought I would try them; and it proved the best experiment I ever made. I had only taken two boxes when the pain left my back entirely. Three boxes more, or five in all, made a complete cure."

"After 25 years' of suffering from kidney disease I am now healthy and strong again, and will be pleased to substantiate what I have said, should anyone wish to enquire."

Laxa-Liver Pills are the most perfect remedy known for the cure of Constipation, Dyspepsia Bilioussness and Sick Headache. They work without a gripe or pain, do not sicken or weaken or leave any bad after effects.



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