

Back from the South Seas.

Two English Travellers on Their Way Home—Amusing Features of a War Scare.

Among the passengers who arrived at Victoria, B. C., on the R. M. S. Warrimoo last week were Lord Albert Osborne and Mr. Douglas Hall, two Britishers who are returning to London from an extended tour through the Polynesian group. They are spending a few days in Vancouver, shooting, and will then start home by way of New York. They came out to San Francisco ten months ago and sailed thence for the southern Pacific in the barkentine Tropic Bird, which took thirty days on the voyage to the paradise of the Pacific.

Lord Albert Osborne and Mr. Hall bring back a tale of a war scare from Tahiti. It dates back to the Fashoda episode and the consequent murmuring of war between France and Britain. Great preparations were made by the British at Esquimalt about that time. The warships were hurriedly put in shape, provisioned and equipped for a cruise somewhere, and Frenchmen immediately suggested that it was to Tahiti that the Pheasant, Leander and Phaeton and perhaps the flagship Warspite were to go. The news was telegraphed to the San Francisco papers and to Sydney in Australia, and sailing vessels in due course carried the dread news of prospective invasion to Tahiti.

There was consternation on the island, but the "honneur de la belle France" was not to be allowed to suffer. The Frenchmen, there were but two companies, and the gendarmes who police the islands of the group sharpened their swords and made ready for defence "as long as life should last," they declared. They marched about the streets, crying: "Vive March and!" and "A bas l'Anglais." The tricolor was flung to the breeze, and the band was prepared to be martyred for France in their defence of the Southern isle. A fort was built in the highest altitudes of the mountains in the centre of the island, which rises 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. It was a natural fort, with a picturesquely medieval appearance with drawbridge, etc. To this all the guns that could be obtained were carried and mounted. Buggies and traps carried ammunition, and preparations were made to fight to the finish when the warships came from Esquimalt or Sydney. The French transport Aube, which was lying in the harbor, was brought to the wharf, and the guns were taken out of her and carried to the fort of the Forlorn Hope. Then preparations were made to sink the Aube, and the soldiery gathered in the fort.

When the first day or two of the terror passed business began to be resumed, and the drawbridge was let down, ready for the sons of France to make their retreat when the warships came. It was not until the day following the departure of the Australian mail steamer which brought the news of prospective fighting that the preparations were begun, in order that no word should be carried away by the steamer of the plans of defence. But day after day passed, and the warships did not come. The tricolor was still waving and things were normal. Then came the day of the big scare. Out in the dimness of the night the sentries espied the coming of the warships. The enemy had come at last. It was war.

Out on the horizon the excited group which surrounded the sentry saw four twinkling lights. By the logic born of expectation these became warships to the everish minds of the French and there was a *saive qui peui* for the fort. It was a curious picture as described by those who saw it. Frenchmen rushed pellmell to the mountain fort with bundles of their belongings. Carriages and carts carried the household goods out of the reach of perfidious Albion, and when at last the drawbridge was crossed and breath regained they cried "Vive la France," and took their posts. The night dragged on and the lights came no nearer. But surely the enemy was waiting daylight for the landing of troops to invade France's Pacific island. The sentries peered out into the night, and scarcely a soul slept. At last morning came and with it the supposed warship. They were four native boats, each holding a native fisherman who had been fishing by the light of a torch—the first scare was over.

There was however, a second scare. The Australian mail steamer was late. Several days passed beyond her usual date and still there was no sign. Never before had she been late. Surely this means that at last there was war. Again French Tahiti migrated with its wife and belongings to the fort, but hardly had they taken the

coverings from their guns and posted the natives when in came the steamer and the final scare was over. The martial sons of France received advices of the backdown of their country and the days of terror were over in Tahiti. The fort, however, still remains, and is an object of interest to travellers who visit the southern islands. It is called Fashoda Fort, and the name brings back memories to all Tahiti.

Lord Albert Osborne and Mr. Hall spent two months at Tahiti, and they say the encroachment of the Chinese there struck them forcibly. There is no exclusion law in Tahiti the Chinese are satia monopolizing the small trade. All the small traders are Chinese. The Tahitian is lazy and closes his store daily between 12 and 2 P. M. Not only does the Chinese keep open then but he keeps open at night. Mr. Hall met at Tahiti an Italian, who gains his living by the romantic profession of smuggling. His name is Michelo, and it is he who is credited with bringing the Chinese to the island. He had a small sailing vessel running between China and Peru some years ago and secured 500 prisoners of war, whom he intended to take to Peru to work. Storms drove him toward Tahiti and he put in there. His Chinese below deck fell ill and a number died. He put their bodies overboard in the harbor but the authorities objected. He did not know what to do with his prisoners, so a planter, just starting, took them off his hands to work the plantation. These were the first Chinese in the group. It was supposed that they wrote to their friends in the homeland and more came.

Tahiti is very fertile, but little cultivated. The land is mostly held by native owners who do not till it. There is much vanilla produced there and in the Dangerous group the natives dive for pearls with great success. After their stay at Tahiti Lord Albert Osborne and Mr. Hall chartered a schooner, the Gaulois, and sailed for the Marquesas group, which is sparsely inhabited and seldom visited. These islands are controlled by the French through a few gendarmes, each of whom is in charge of big valleys in which are many hundred natives. They practically carry their lives in their hands. The islanders, however, have not practised cannibalism for some time.

The tourists landed from their schooner at Tai-o-hao, the capital of Nekabavi, the principal island of the group. This was in charge of a French brigadier. The coast was high and rocky and there were no reefs there. Many natives, it was found, had died off as a result of smallpox and measles. They were nearly all tattooed, the men having their faces striped.

Among the limited number of whites at this place was a tattooed white man, an American who had deserted from one of the whaling vessels. An interesting reason was given by this man for his being tattooed.

He wanted to marry one of the landed and wealthy Marquesas Princesses, but she spurned him because he was not tattooed. How could she marry a man who was not tattooed? she said. The deserted whaler went to a tattooer and went through the painful process of having stripes pricked across his body and face. That done, he returned to his bride who was to be, but she fled from him with shrieks of laughter. She said that a tattooed white man looked too absurd to marry—and, rather than face civilization with his tattooed face, the American whaler has remained there. It was said on the island that on one occasion when an American cruiser appeared the tattooed American went on board and proudly declared his nationality.

"What, you an American!" said the commander. "Boatswain, give him five dozen and chuck him overboard."

Whether he got the five dozen is not said, but it is told on all sides that he got the chucking overboard.

The travellers visited Vita-hu, the queen of the Marquesas, who is beautifully tattooed. She has the record of having freed herself in a unique manner from a husband of whom she had tired. She ate him. The fights of the tribes one with another are now, the returned travellers say, opera bouffe affairs. In the last great fight the only man hurt broke his leg in running away. The natives shoot a great deal, but mostly at each others' pigs. They are great pig eaters. On this island the travellers were troubled by big sand flies. They say that this is the only island of the group on which the flies are seen, and the natives have a tradition that they were

thrown on to the island, in a big coconut shell, by a revengeful goddess. Some fine photos of dancing girls and many curious were brought away by the two travellers.

While the Gaulois was anchored in Tawata Bay at another island of the group a Portuguese was spoken with who had been present at one of the last internecine fights. He said that he was in a canoe of one of the belligerent tribes and the boatman saw a native of the other tribe who had been wounded. They called him to come to the canoe and on the native coming chopped off his head and ate him.

After their tour of the Marquesas islands the travellers went to the Fiji group, and after short visits at Samoa and Cook's Island proceeded to New Zealand, where some time was spent among the Maoris. Sentiment at Fiji, they say, was against annexation to New Zealand.

PLANNING A BIG HUNT.

Large Game to be Driven Into a Corral and Captured for Sale or Slaughtered.

Some of the greatest wild game hunts in the history of Colorado, or of the entire West, are being planned by ranchmen in Rio Blanco and Rout counties, on the other side of the Great Divide. A novel feature of these hunts will be the fact that most of the big game will be taken alive and sold to keepers of menageries. The hunts are planned to get rid of the bears and mountain lions that are driving stockmen to distraction. Incidentally, other game will not be overlooked.

In Rio Blanco county, work is now progressing on a big corral on the ranch of Jacob Withington. The corral is built with a wide funnel-shaped entrance. When it is all in readiness the hunters will meet at Withington's range and then scatter out with their hounds, and surround one of the flat top peaks. The bears have been making these peaks their rendezvous. The animals will be driven to the big corral and the most agile of them will not be able to climb over the rough timbers and boulders. Only the bears that attempt to escape on the march to the corral will be shot. The gates will be closed on the captives, and then if there are no purchasers, the animals will be slaughtered.

Circus men and keepers of zoological gardens, however claim that there will be ample demand for all the good specimens of bear that can be captured. They say that all kinds of American wild game is growing scarce and it will only be a question of a few years when it will be impossible to keep the menageries well supplied. The ranchmen of Colorado say that they will be able to supply the menagerie men with all the mountain lions and bears that the amusement business demands. The bears in particular have been numerous and desperate this season. They are mostly big, black fellows, though occasionally a cinnamon comes sniffing his way up from New Mexico, or a grizzly slouches down from Wyoming's sulphur spring baths to try his claws on the Colorado cottonwoods and gather in a few specimens of Colorado live stock.

As a general rule the black bear is the most harmless of animals to everything but a fat sheep or calf. He has no desire to look for trouble in which men are concerned, though when he is concerned he puts up a pretty fight. This season, however, a lad was killed and partly eaten by a black bear in Utah, near the Colorado line, and settlers have decided that their children must be protected against similar occurrences. Accordingly the war of extermination has been planned in the counties where the bears are thickest.

The ranchmen who live under the shadow of the Flat Tops have no set rules about killing bears. As a general rule they will not waste a shell on a black bear, preferring to save the charge for a deer. But when it is decided to kill a bear, the usual way is for two ranchmen to chase the animal into a clearing and then rope it with lariats. By this means the bear is quickly choked to death and there is a great saving of powder and bullets. The roping game is never tried however when the bear happens to be a mother with several cubs trotting along in her wake. On such occasions the ranchman is happy to have a pack of hounds along with him and a good rifle in his hand. Even the most toolhardy ranchers, who occasionally rope a catamount "just for excitement," will waste precious shells on a mother bear, rather than run any risk of coming to close quarters. For the natural instinct makes the black bear a fighter second only to the grizzly. The "yaller streak" which the ranchman always counts on coming to his aid in the case of an ordinary black bear, is totally absent in the case of the mother bear, and there is nothing but fight from the drop of the hat and no craven yielding at the touch of the noose or the sting of the bullet.

Up in Rout county, where no railroad has yet disturbed a region that is bigger

than many Eastern States, the stage drivers occasionally have to put on the brakes, while the horses dance in terror, and shoot a curious bear that blocks the road and delays Uncle Sam's mails. The drivers make nothing of such experiences, which to them are no more thrilling than the commonplace, everyday experience of plunging at a breakneck pace down a steep canon, where the least slip or swerve would convert the heavily-loaded stage coach to matchwood on the boulders below. It is only the terrifying vision of an electric street car that will send the blood to the hearts of these men.

THE MIDDLE AGED MAN.

A Brief Discourse Upon the Subject of Squeaky shoes.

"This matter may not seem to you," said the middle-aged man, "one of grave importance, but it appears, nevertheless, to be a fact that there are, nowadays, not nearly so many squeaky shoes worn as there were years ago; there used to be many; now there are comparatively few. Time and again, for instance, I have seen walking up a church aisle, a little late perhaps, and so alone and all the more conspicuous, a man whose boots squeaked so that the sound of them filled all the church, and the thoughts of every worshipper besides. But he would move noiselessly now."

"There was a time when people didn't object to squeaky boots, when, in fact, they rather liked them. The squeak proclaimed their degree of newness, for the newest squeaked most and people didn't object to your knowing that their shoes were not old and worn out, but new shoes. They used to put into some shoes in those days between the inner and the outer sole, a piece of what was called squeak leather, to make the shoes squeak the more; but commonly the squeaking was caused simply by the chafing of one sole against the other as the wearer walked. Some of these, though, were mighty good squeakers."

"Later there came a time when squeaky shoes found less favor; when, in fact, there were many people who preferred that their shoes should not squeak. This sort of middle period is marked by the appearance in contemporaneous prints of recipes for stopping or preventing the squeaking of shoes. One way suggested was to soak the soles in water; this was said to be effective, at least as long as the shoes remained damp; another way was to drive a tack or two or a few pegs through the two soles so that they could not rub one against the other. And from that, in due course, we rose to the comparatively squeakless dignity of the present day."

"How this has been accomplished, whether the squeaking is now specially guarded against in some manner, or whether it has been largely eliminated as one of the results of the vastly different modern methods of manufacture, or what I do not know; but certain it is that in these days you don't hear anything like so many squeaky shoes as you once did."

SAD NEWS FROM ST. GALL.

Wide Use of Adulterants in Food and Drink Reported in Switzerland.

Some weeks ago an American Consul in Germany conveyed the suggestion to the state department that the annexation of the Republic of Switzerland to the United States would be a very desirable thing for the former, and that there were many persons in Switzerland who were not adverse to a change of allegiance from the Helvetic to the American republic. Very little attention of a serious kind was given at the time to the suggestion, but it found some supporters among those who have come to regard the little Alpine republic as an idyllic constituency, in which jails are few, acts of violence infrequent, and the expenditures of the government nominal.

This encouraging view of the case is, however, rudely overthrown in a communication sent to the state department by the American Consul, Mr. De Boise, at St. Gall, Switzerland, who, while extolling the purity and excellence of American meats and fruits, cereals and canned goods, declares that the adulteration of food is general in Europe, and that in Switzerland laws against it have had to be adopted. He points out that the slot machines in creased the consumption of chocolate, and that accompanying it there has been a corresponding increase in mutton tallow, sawdust and potato meal, three adulterants.

Honey, of which the Swiss have long been proud, is deprived of some of its fame through manufactories for the making of artificial honey, the chief ingredients of which are syrup, meat and corn starch. Swiss cheese is mixed with potatoes ground to a powder, butter is adulterated with carrot juice. Bread, which furnishes 70 per cent of the nourishment of the people of the Swiss republic, is mixed with potato meal and the dough is soaked heavily with water to add to the weight of each loaf. With coffee, tanbark, sawdust, stove

rust and chicory are mixed; and as adulterants for tea, linden, sage and strawberry leaves are used to the great profit of the retailer and to the detriment of the consumer.

The chemical analysis of the beer sold in Switzerland proves it is asserted, that the following ingredients are added as substitutes for malt and hops. Petash, vitriol of iron, alum, licorice, linseed, solution of tartar, poppy heads, guinea grains, camomile, pine sprouts, chicory, henbane and wild cherries. It has often seemed to many persons in the United States that the notions as to the adulterants used in beverages and food preparations must be exaggerated, for the cost of the articles used, generally expensive chemicals is known to be greater than that of the harmless ingredients which they replace, and if the beer of Switzerland continues all the ingredients named by the Consul, it would seem that a like reason for incredulity would exist there. The Consul explains the apparent paradox as follows:

"These substances enable the manufacturers to produce beer cheaper, and some of them help make it heavier and more stimulating. From the large quantity consumed it would seem that this is what some people demand consequently the supply."

Wine is freely drunk in Switzerland and there is a large demand for alcoholic beverages there. The American consul in St. Gall declares that "some of the wine that is consumed has never contained a drop of grape juice and many of the liquors, he adds contain hardly a drop of the genuine article. Potato syrup dissolved in rain water makes, he says, a salable beverage and the desired color and bouquet are obtained by mixing wine acids with cream of tartar."

Child Cured of Catarrh by Catarrhazone

Perth, Ont.—"I cannot withhold my testimony as to the great value of Catarrhazone as a remedy for Catarrh, one bottle having cured my daughter of that trouble. I heartily recommend it to all who are suffering with Catarrh. No house should be without it." Mrs. J. A. Morris.

So pleasant, babies use it, so safe, grandmothers employ it, so certain to cure, doctors, lawyers, merchants, public speakers, rely upon Catarrhazone for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever. Catarrhazone is so cheap, because it lasts so long and because it is so sure to cure that even the poorest can afford to buy it. The only remedy sold with a guarantee—your money back if not benefited. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. Trial size ten cents, N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., Hartford, Conn.

A Fortune Offered.

It is so easy to make money! For instance, a New Yorker advertises "a business proposition thus:

"I have \$50,000 tied up which I am about to lose, but can take up at once if I had \$2500 more to help myself with; to any one who will expend this for me, with out any risk, I will give \$12,500 in 10 days."

Anybody who wouldn't be satisfied with a sure profit of 400 per cent in 10 days must be a plumber, or otherwise grasping.

As to Gold.

"We are an intensely practical people," said the Briton. "We waste no time trying to gild the gold refined, as the saying is."

"No, you simply copper it!" said we sarcastically.

Even if the fellow did not understand our American provincialism he must have gathered from our manner that we were rebuking his sordid materialism.

Cramps, Like Burglars.

come just when they are not expected and are least welcome. One minute cure for Cramps is what you want. Nerviline simply acts instantaneously. Its anodyne power is unique—for its composition expresses the highest medical progress of the age. Nerviline is a true comfort in the family for in all derangements of the stomach and bowels it is an absolute specific. Five times greater medicinal value than any other preparation sold, is Nerviline. Your druggist sells it or can get it.

Clear Case.

First Quick Lunch Waitress—"Say! but that dinky dude is gone on Molly!"

Second Quick Lunch Waitress (enviously)—"Aint he? When he orders 'beans and, drew one and sinkers' from her, he puts such love in it that it sounds like 'Paddy defoy grass. coffee o lay and Parker House rolls!'"

STOP THAT HEAD COLD

In 10 Minutes.

Or it will develop into Chronic Catarrh. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder stops cold in the head in 10 minutes, and relieves most acute and deep seated Catarrh after one application. Cures quickly and permanently. "I have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder with best results. It is a great remedy, and I never cease recommending it."—John E. Dell, Falding, O.