

## Present Danger of Spain.

A writer in the London Daily Chronicle declares that Carlism is no longer a danger to the present dynasty of Spain. The stories of Carlist risings and Carlist intrigue which so regularly appear in the English newspapers are described as merely what the ministers at Madrid would have us believe, forwarded through the agency of foreign correspondents who accept whatever news the ministers give them or cull material from Spanish newspapers, which are rigorously censored, and edited with the ever present apprehension that to reveal the truth is to invite suppression.

This year, says the writer, there has been an attempted Carlist rising; such an idea, he declares, has never been entertained seriously in Spain, and he describes 'the first outbreak' in Barcelona in the following fashion.

'I had the pleasure of meeting last week in Barcelona one of the Civil Guard who had resisted the attack and quelled this dangerous uprising of the people. He was one of eight saviours of his country. An undisciplined crowd of some thirty peasants approached the guard house. My informant claimed for himself the distinction of having shot the chief of the band upon which the followers ran away, flinging down their arms in their flight. Some of the fugitives were captured by one or other of the eight Civil Guards, and, although they had been bribed on the Carlist emblem, vigorously denied that they were followers of Don Carlos, or were inspired by any idea of revolution. This battle is the sum total of active hostilities. The 800 warriors concentrated in the mountains at Berga are a mere myth, an official excursion into the realm of fancy. The revolution has had no existence outside the government offices of Madrid.'

The government is charged with fashioning this 'airy castle of a revolutionary movement,' in order that it may have a pretence for the suspension of the constitutional guarantees throughout the country, making it possible to exercise an effective censorship over the press, and enabling the military governor of each province to deal with political charges, and so to conceal their significance. His travels in the Spanish provinces have convinced this writer that Carlism has no dangers for the present monarchy, although he recognizes that Carlist sympathies and traditions are still revered by the older peasants of the Basque counties, and to this extent may be considered as one of the factors of unrest.

'Yet,' he proceeds, 'the danger to the established monarchy is a real and instant one, the wave of revolution comes flooding in through many a silent creek and inlet; within two years it is not improbable that the present regime will have to fight for existence and will find itself ill supported by the corrupt expedients by which it has hitherto been laboriously sustained. The events of the past few months may well seem the fingers that are writing upon the wall of the king's palace that the days of the monarchy are numbered, that its rule has been weighed and found wanting.'

Some months ago the very serious condition of affairs in Catalonia was fully pointed out and the writer in the Daily Chronicle finds in this the evidence of oncoming revolution.

'We have heard much,' he says, 'of this last Carlist emeute; we have heard little of the far more ominous disturbances that have lately troubled Spain—of the prolonged resistance to taxation in Barcelona commencing fourteen months ago, for the time overcome, but twice involving a suspension of the constitutional guarantees of Catalonia and the declaration of a state of war in the capital of the province, of the street warfare at Valencia, of the riots in Madrid itself.'

It is not widely known how the national hymn of the French Republic was greeted with cheers by the dark-haired, tawny-skinned, reticent Catalan artisans at Barcelona, and how the national anthem of Spain was received by them with hisses; how they boycott the Castilian language, and pay homage to a provincial flag, how the tour of the young king in the summer, from which much was expected, proved a dangerous fiasco, and had to be abruptly terminated; how he was greeted with silent hostility or ill-suppressed expressions of disloyalty in many of the cities he visited. These are signs worth observing, spontaneous uprisings, spontaneous expressions of disgust with the prevailing system of government. Not only the commercial magnates and the shop-keeping class, but

the united mass of the artisans and laborers in such centres of industry as Catalonia, Valencia and Bilbao—indeed, every section of the industrial community of Spain—are arrayed in hostility to the powers that be; and those powers are at once unwilling and incapable of conciliating them, nor could they gratify their demands without such a radical change of policy as might excite opposition scarcely less difficult to cope with.

'Carlism, in the event of a revolutionary uprising, may be trusted not to assist the present monarchial regime; probably many of them would promote turmoil in the hope that their cause might be benefited by disorder. But in antagonism to the government are more substantial and actual forces, all the sentiment of discontent and disgust which is justly aroused against a system that is permeated by corruption degraded by misadministration and has borne the fruit of national disaster and defeat. The Queen Regent has never drawn to herself the affections of her people, well though she has deserved them. She is of Austrian birth; she holds aloof from the national spirit of the bulfight; the Spaniards have a saying which expresses with even greater bitterness the opinion of Tacitus when he wrote of a German tribe: They are sunk even below servitude; they obey a woman. The boy king has the ill luck to be the thirteenth Alfonso, nor does he seem to possess the qualities or physique to attract the devotion of a Spaniard, while his health is a matter now of grave anxiety. The regent and the king are made responsible for the sins and shortcomings of their ministers. The friends of the monarchy are most and fervently faithful, its enemies irrationally disaffected, or rationally convinced that almost any other conditions will be preferable to those now prevailing.

'The unamed passions of the Valencians already this year have stained with blood the narrow streets of the city. The republican artisans of Catalonia, undemonstrative, ploddingly industrious, of whom Napoleon declared that never had he encountered a race that possessed more fully the power of resistance, are now eagerly absorbing the aggressive theories, political and commercial, of France. They watch with sullen contempt Spain's loss of her colonies and nurse an implacable hatred toward a political system that warps and crabs their commercial enterprise by ill-conceived taxation, and sacrifices the prosperity of their province to the interests of the southerner whom they despise.

## "77"

Danger of Pneumonia.

Our old winter enemy, Grip, is at hand, and in his wake will follow his twin brother. What is termed an "ordinary cold" is usually the first warning, and in a few days Pneumonia follows.

The main trouble is centered in the neglect of the first symptoms. The latter are more ominous of evil in proportion to the age of the patient. Past fifty years of age Pneumonia is a very fatal malady.

The man who gets thoroughly chilled after exposure to inclement weather must needs concern himself as to the ultimate outcome, especially if high temperature, cough and difficult respiration supervene. The only safety lies in the prompt use of "SEVENTY SEVEN," Dr. Humphrey's famous Specific for the cure of Grip and the Prevention of Pneumonia. At all Drug Stores, or by Mail, 25c.

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'Spain's colonial disaster must ultimately, indeed, prove more damaging to Catalonia than to any other part of the kingdom. Concurrent circumstances, however, for a time have deterred the inevitable trade crisis. It is only now her manufacturers are beginning to feel the strain. Minister at Madrid are becoming uneasily aware of the approaching calamity; they fear the moment when the Rumbera, the striking boulevard of Barcelona, will be swarming with hungry artisans locked out from the still busy factories that line the Mediterranean coast.'

### FLU FROM CHINA.

Col. Five Returns to France, Where it Was Said that Boxers Had Murdered Him.

Over two years ago the Belgian Government decided to investigate commercial possibilities in China. So Col. Five, whose capacity and energy had been well tested on the Congo, was sent there. With him went the engineers Henrard and Ledent and the Messrs. Spingaert, father and son. They went to Tientsin and then to Peking, where they lived a year and a half studying Chinese and making other preparations for a long journey of research. It was in November, 1899, that they left Peking to travel through China.

The mission took the train at Peking, the temporary terminus of the railroad from Peking to Hankow; then they travelled along the surveyed extension of the line, meeting Engineer Ossent, who was grading the road bed with many natives. He was later killed by the Boxers. They kept on their way to the Yellow River and followed the Imperial road west to Sigatua, the capital of Szechuan, now famous as the place where the Emperor and Dowager

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Can you arrange these eleven sets of jumbled letters into the names of eleven Canadian cities? If so, you can have a share of the above prize, provided you comply with our one simple condition. This is no easy puzzle to be worked out in a minute, but by patience and perseverance you can probably get eight or nine of them correct. To the person sending us the best correct list will be given \$100 in cash. To the sender of the second best list \$50 in cash. To the sender of the third best list \$30 in cash, and to the sender of the fourth best list \$20 in cash. Should two persons send in equally correct lists, the first two prizes will be divided between them (each getting \$75). Should three persons send equally correct lists the first three prizes will be divided between them (each getting \$60). Should four persons send equally correct lists the whole amount of \$200 will be divided between them (each receiving \$50, and so on in like proportions. There is no deception about this. The money has been deposited in the bank for this purpose and will be paid to the successful contestants immediately upon the close of the competition. If you can make out anything like a complete list, write us at once, enclosing stamp for our reply, which will be sent by return mail. Write very plainly. Address Toronto Publishing Co., Jordan Chambers, Dept. 11, Toronto.

Empress have been living since their flight from Peking. They were now in the heart of Northern China, but they kept on westward, ascending the Wei tributary of the Yellow River. At last they reached Lan-chow, the capital of Kansu province, which was to be their headquarters for a long time. They divided into two groups to make a study of the mineral resources of the province.

For some time they were hard at work in various directions from the capital. One party crossed the border to Lake Kuku-nor, on the edge of Tibet. They also travelled to the northern edge of Kansu and looked out over the plain of Mongolia. Just after the parties had met again and were about to return to Lan-chow they came across a Chinese telegrapher who had formerly been in the service of the elder Mr. Spingaert. From him they learned the first news of the terrible massacres in Shantung and Pechili.

The man told them that an order had been sent to massacre them and to seize all their supplies. On learning this news Col. Five decided to hasten back to Lan-chow, but hesitating that the Boxers intended to burn the Catholic mission at Kan-chow, sixty miles to the west, he made a detour and informed the priests there of their danger. Before he reached Lan-chow all the natives along the route had learned that the Chinese near the sea were killing foreigners. They received the party of Frenchmen with ill-disguised hostility. The white men might have been attacked if it had not been for the weapons they carried. The Viceroy at Lan-chow told Five he must leave the country in three days. The Frenchmen feared they would be marching to their death, but in vain they showed the passport given them by the Taong-li-Yamen, and asked permission to remain. They were told they could not be protected in the city and must obey the order to depart.

On Sept. 6 last, the little expedition of five Europeans and seven Chinese servants all armed to the teeth, left Lan-chow to make their way north across the frontier and over the Mongolian plains to Urga, the great meeting place for traders from China, Siberia and Thiberia. Five be-

lieved that he and his men would be safe at Urga. At any rate it was the shortest route out of China and it was necessary to leave the country, without delay.

So for fifteen days they marched northward among villages that were wild over the news of war between China and the white devils. They passed through each town with drawn sabres and revolvers in hand. The attitude of the people was invariably menacing, but the party was not actually attacked. At last they reached Mongolia where they hired camels for the journey to Urga. They had no further difficulty with natives, but suffered terribly from cold as the temperature sometimes fell to thirty degrees below zero.

Finally they reached Urga, where they found Russians in plenty and soon they were able to go on to the Trans-Siberian Railroad where they took the first train for home. They have been received with great rejoicing in France where the report had several times been published that the entire party had been killed by Boxers.

### So Is Control.

It is easy to misunderstand and easy to be misunderstood; and sometimes, happily, it is easy to give and to accept an explanation.

'I did think I would never come to see you again,' said a cousin of the prominent society woman who had come to the country to visit her and was about to start homeward. 'It's kind of you to ask me, of course, but I remember that when I was at your house in the city, two years ago, you did not seem glad to see me. You were kind and hospitable, of course, but I remember you did not smile once during the entire two weeks of my stay.'

To her astonishment, her city cousin burst into a fit of laughter.

'Maria,' she said, 'just before you came I had the misfortune to break the porcelain "crown" from one of my new front teeth, and as my dentist was out of town on his vacation, I had to wait for his return. I didn't dare to smile when any one was looking at me for fear of showing the ghastly metallic "back" to which the porcelain had been attached. It was a strain, Maria, but I was equal to it, and I did not want to have to explain.'

And her smile, now without a mechanical flaw, reinterceded the renewed invitation.

### Supernine.

In 'Worldly Ways and Byways' Mr. Elliot Gregory has narrated a story of a complacently tactless and snobbish person, of a type happily unfamiliar even in the most fashionable society.

She, for it was a lady, importuned a painter for a sketch. After many delays and renewed demands he presented her one day, when she and some friends were visiting his studio, with a delightful open-air study simply framed. She seemed confused at the offering, to his astonishment, as she had not lacked assurance in asking for the sketch. After much blushing and fumbling she succeeded in getting the painting loose, and handing back the frame, remarked:

'I will take the painting, but you must keep the frame. My husband would never allow me to accept anything of value from you.'

Then she smiled on the speechless painter, doubtless pleased with her own tact.

### A Dublin Flower.

Not long ago as the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were driving through Dublin, a corpulent man ran alongside their carriage for such a distance that the duchess stopped it, and asked the man his wishes.

Puffing very little for one who had run so far, the man replied that it had long been his desire to get a good look at their royal highnesses.

'But how do you keep up such a pace?' asked the duchess.

'Oh, sure, ma'am, haven't I been chasin' pigs all me life?' said he.

A reply which surely indicated that a poor courtier had been spoiled to make a good pig-jobber.

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