

# AN ELECTRIC DWELLING.

A house without a match in it; a house without a single pair of stairs; a house without a coal scuttle, a dish towel or a chimney; a house without ice, without fire, without smoke—that is the electric dwelling house which is possible now and which, the prophets say, is to be the home of the future. It can go even farther. The house need not have a back yard, or a clothes line, though these things are to be matters of taste. The description of such a home must necessarily be a story of "installs"—instead of this, an electrical that—and when the matter is reduced to its simplest form it will be found that two small, rubber-covered wires are coal scuttles, dish towels and matches. As for the coal, instead of being brought to the house by noisy carts and dumped in the cellar, it will come exactly as a message does to the telephone receiver, over two small wires, and just as invisible and less noisy.

These two small copper wires, carefully wrapped in gutta percha or rubber, are all-important factors. They will be all over the house, in the drawing room and the kitchen, but never seen except in their effect. They will run through the pipes of electric heaters and will lurk behind banks of push buttons, a touch on which will light any floor or the whole house or leave it in darkness in an instant. As for the kitchen range, it will be full of wires and almost every kitchen utensil will have a copper string tied to it.

In the parlor, if it is evening, the visitor will be struck by the glow of light from the many electric bulbs on electrolier or single fixture. He will feel an even, pleasant temperature and breathe air which, while warm, is fresh and invigorating. If he looks for the steam radiator or ugly vent for hot air, he will find only the ventilating duct discharging fresh air into the room and drawing off the foul air, and in corners or elsewhere small box-like affairs of trifling dimensions, the diminutive but powerful electric radiators. If it is summer he will find in the parlor the same pleasant breeze he noticed in the halls, and if he follows a slight whirring sound he will locate the electric fans above his head keeping up a constant circulation of cool air which probably comes from a coil of refrigerating pipes. Here and there about the parlor and other

rooms he will notice switchboards or push buttons where lights and heat may be regulated, the fans set going on the electric carpet-sweeper, the successor to the broom and the handpower, be connected with the feed wires. In the sewing-room, wires will run from one of these plugs or switchboards to the sewing machine which is a queer affair without a treadle, which the seamstress starts or stops by touching the right button on the table. In this case domestic foot-power is done away with and sewing is good fun. The machine can be trusted to do long hems almost by itself, without a guiding hand.

In the nursery the visitor will find electricity rocking the cradle. The baby, of course, thinks it is great sport, and papa instead of trotting him around half the night, waits until the end of the month and settles the bill for so many volts and amperes for rocking the cradle. The two flexible wires, well covered to prevent danger of shock to those handling them, run from the electric roller to the cradle. Papa leans out of the bed and touches a button and the cradle rocks itself without the tree-top sequel. On a table nearby is the portable stove for cooking nursery foods. This stove, like the heaters throughout the house, is controlled by a turn of a screw on the thermostat, by which the temperature can be governed exactly. Sister's electric curling iron probably is hidden somewhere in the nursery.

After all, however, the kitchen of the electric home is the most interesting part, because here there are more electrical "installs" than elsewhere. It is a bright, clean room, with rugs on the floor, and all manner of queer cooking utensils gleaming on the shelves. Electric bulbs flood the place with light, fans drive away steam and the odor of cooking, and all about are wires ready for attachment. One misses here, however, the match box, the coal scuttle, the bundle of kindling wood and newspapers, and the dish pan and dish towel. For ordinary cooking, the cook, the visitor is surprised to find, uses the kitchen table by way of a stove. She puts the tea kettle down, turns a button affair, and in a trice the water is pouring away like mad. A turn of a button, and a frying pan is sizzling or a griddle is ready for the creamy dough. But for baking and such matters the cook has an electric oven, the heat on all parts of which is under absolute control. She mixes her cake with the electrical dough mixer, beats her eggs with a motor-whirled affair, looks in her cook book to find how hot the oven must be, turns a hand on a dial and the oven is piping hot, to stay just at that heat all day long, unless the dial of the thermostat is changed. Next to electrical range is a piece of mechanism—a dish-washing machine. This is an arrangement of wooden baskets, through which soapy water is whirled by an electric motor. A few seconds of this soapy water, then the dishes are soused in water so hot that when the plates are withdrawn they dry by their own heat. The entire process takes five minutes for a meal's dishes, or fifteen a day for dish-washing, which under the old hand regime, consumed two hours, left the servant with a temper of her own and hands read as beet, and charged up to profit and loss many nicks and smashes in fine chinaware.

The electrical laundry machinery, which is there instead of a stationary tub, iron and ironing board, is like the fireless stove and the self-boiling oatmeal steamer in progressiveness. The servant lets hot

water into a contrivance, puts clothes and soap in, touches a button. Ten minutes later she takes the clothes out of the machine, runs them through a self-grinding wringer, hangs them in the drying closet, heated by electricity to just the right temperature, starches them and irons them by machinery. Two hours of electricity accomplishes two days' work by hand, and saves the laundresses' complexions, as there is no fire needed for irons. In cold weather, however, the electric heater keeps the kitchen at the same temperature as the dining room or parlor. Down cellar things are very different in the electrical house from the usual state of affairs in the domestic nether-world. No coals, no ash barrels, no heater, no kindling wood. A touch on a button and the cellar to its very corners gleams with light. It is a large clean, dry, airy room containing groceries and perishable goods and invites you to enter as into a brilliant grocery store. The cellar is transformed from the floor to which the home rubbish settles by domestic gravity, into a neat, light storeroom. Its temperature is kept at a certain point by the almost human thermostats, a combination of a thermometer and some wires which turn the heat on or off as the mercury varies from a fixed point. The advantages of such a house over the hand-power, coal-heated, gas-lighted home of to-day are apparent. With electrical machinery, an hour and a half will accomplish hand work of an entire day. Bedmaking and similar tasks would have to be done by hand, but it is believed that three or four hours' work a day would complete the average servant's task. The absence of any form of combustion for heating or lighting not only does away with coal and ash-dust in the house, but also reduces absolutely the consumption of the air people breathe indoors. With air not vitiated by fires, the indoor health of the family would be better.—Frederick J. Nash in N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

# HUMPHREYS' WHEN IN EUROPE.

When in Europe write or telegraph de la Balze, 32 Rue-etienne Marcel, Paris, and you will receive the Specific wanted or the name of the nearest town where Humphreys' Specifics are for sale. "77" for Grip and Colds. Specific "4" for Diarrhea, very important when travelling. Specific "1" for Fevers, Congestion. Specific "10" for Dyspepsia, Indigestion. Specific "15" for Rheumatism. Specific "26" for Sea-Sickness. A preventive and cure; take before sailing. Specific "27" for Kidney and Bladder. Manual of all mal-dies, especially children diseases, sent free. For sale by all druggists, or sent on receipt of price, 25c. each. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor. William & John Sts., New York. 32 Rue Etienne-Marcel, 32 Paris.

Big sale of crash skirts and boys' cotton blouses, also children's ready-made pinafores and boys' odd pants for to-day and to-morrow at Paton & Co's. 8 2i

# AN OPEN LETTER

To Irish Sympathisers with the Boers.

## 12 QUESTIONS ASKED

By Elmer Elliott in Boston Herald—The Quality of Liberty.

Dear Pro-Boer or Anti-British:

Myself an Irishman by birth, though 'as' one of those degraded beings mistakenly called landiards; a subject of the Queen, and not ashamed of the fact that many of my ancestors and relatives have fought and died for the Empire over which she now presides; as a present temporary resident in this city of Boston, I wish to ask you a few questions, purely for enlightenment and in the interests of truth. You are, I imagine, a fellow-countryman of mine, and therefore you will probably answer my queries with others; that is why I have carefully set out for you my own position, lest you should suppose that I am a mere Anglomaniac.

Now, I want any one among you to tell me, in so many words, citing the source of your information or the grounds for your belief, the following things:

1. As a rational being, can you give me a single and authenticated fact proving that "freedom" under the rule of Mr. Kruger is superior to the same article under Queen Victoria's administration?
2. Can you demonstrate to me that a Roman Catholic is as "free" in the Transvaal as in the British empire?
3. Can you quote me a single authenticated instance in which England has gone to war as a "robber," as a "murderer among the nations," or as "actuated by the greed of gold"?
4. Can you tell me whether England declared war upon the Transvaal or whether the reverse was the fact?
5. Can you seriously suppose that the English government will distribute among its members, at the close of the war, the gold mines of the Transvaal as rewards?
6. Are you aware that those mines are the private property of private shareholders, of whom the English are not the most numerous?
7. Can you refer me to a case where the rule of modern England has set back the hands of the clock which marks the time of the world's progress?
8. Can you prove your assertions that "England is cruel to the Boers"? Do you in the very least degree know what you are taking about when you are making statements of that kind?
9. Will you explain why the best men of your native country hold opinions diametrically opposed to yours? Why the best blood of Ireland to-day is loyal to the Queen? Whether Lords Roberts and Kitchener, one of them a Waterford, the other a Kerry man, are "traitors" be-

cause they wear the Queen's uniform? Whether you class the many thousands of Irish soldiers, the bravest of the brave, in the same category? Pray reply; and, in replying, bear in mind that the father of your "Joan of Arc" was himself a major-general in Her Majesty's service.

10. Will you tell me what grievance the Irishman of to-day possesses? Are you so ignorant of facts as to be unaware that there is nowhere on the face of the whole civilized globe a tenant so secure in his tenure and so hedged round by favorable legislation as the Irish tenant-farmer?

11. What, precisely, do your parliamentary "representatives"—now at last "united" (I fear but temporarily), after more than 10 years' dissensions—seek to gain?

12. Recite for me, I beg of you, what you would do in Ireland tomorrow, deprived of the support of England? In doing so, pray remember that you will be only outlining your program to another Irishman born, and one who has worked hard in Ireland for many years of his life; who has seen much work done there, and who has found it always impossible to raise six pence of Irish money in Ireland for purely Irish enterprises; who has seen the railways, harbors, roads, hotels, everything you wanted and cried out for, neglected yourselves and provided by English money and brains. Don't tell me you have neither commodity in Ireland; I know too much about you as a people, and I know the history of your savings banks far too accurately to be deceived.

Now, dear pro-Boer, expatriated patriot and champion of "liberty," there are 12 questions for you. Unless you are able to furnish to each and every one of them a clear, definite and convincing answer, I beg of you, for shame's sake, for the sake of respect for the intelligence of your fellow Irishmen, for the sake of the dread of being laughed at for vapouring idiots by the rest of the world's communities, to stop talking nonsense. Do you think the sober common-sense of this country cares two pins about your fancied and chimerical "wrongs," or is for a moment taken in by your outpourings of talk on behalf of the excellent Boer? In our own vernacular I say to you "Wisha, don't be makin' an ass of yourself." We are both from the "ould sod," dear friend; and, therefore, I dare to tell you that, had you worked there as you have to work here, you would never have come to America. But you must be a power in politics, Patrick, and over here you get your desire, every four years. But they would think more of you if you could only keep quiet the rest of the time. Those among you who have succeeded here, I notice remain here; in Ireland, at home, only the failures return to us. They are not so enthusiastic, perhaps, as you; and it is not the "returned American" who shouts loudest about the superior freedom over here. I do not know whether it has ever occurred to you to ask yourselves why you alone, as distinct from the Scotchmen and Welshman, the Australian, the Canadian, the New Zealander, the resident of any other place on earth under the English flag, should have found the yoke so galling? I blush for the foolishness you talk.

You tell me a man may say and do as he likes over here, and he can't in Ireland, and all the time you know perfectly well in your heart that England gives you a far, far longer rope than do these United States. What you may shout on the bog-land at home, Patrick, about tyranny, you aren't say here—well you know it. If this state of Massachusetts was solely populated by you, and you went on here as you do in Clare, holding meetings to separate yourself from the Union, praying to Almighty God to help the armies of the enemies of the Union send fighting men to Congress to block the business of the country as none but

England would dream of allowing you to behave—or, rather, misbehave—how long do you think they would put up with it here? Not for long. Patrick, my son, not for long. You are quite safe in making a row over here, but I think it is extremely probable that one fine day when you make too much row, and they get as tired of your childishness as other people have got, you will meet with a rude awakening. And what will you do then, Patrick? When England says: "Well, I put up with this humbug in Ireland long enough; I've given her more than is good for her already, and the best she can do to it is to behave like a spoiled, sulky baby at home, or else go 3000 miles away to spit at me. Now I shall stand it no longer. Ireland, you shall be spanked, and put in the corner and kept on bread and water." What will you do then, Mr. and Mrs. pro-Boer? Doesn't it strike you that until you are prepared to come over and take Ireland away from England, if you can fool America into helping you, you are playing a very silly game? And do you seriously suppose that America is going to pull your chestnuts out of the fire for you, when she looks in and sees that there's no fire, really, but that you have been dancing in front of your own smelter, Notmuch, Patrick. You would like to run both countries, but you don't run either, and that's a wholesome thing for you to reflect on.

So, now, goodbye. Be a good little boy and don't make too much noise over it and you may run away and play at soldiers in Faneuil Hall, or anywhere else as much as you like. But if you think every one who looks on is mightily impressed—why, just keep a bit of one ear open, Patrick, and I expect you'll hear some body laughing, because you're really very funny, you know, and nobody dreams of taking you seriously.

ELMER ARNOTT, Boston.

## THE ONLY HELP.

A Victim of Bright's Disease for Many Years—Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. NEPAWA, June 4.—Mrs. T. J. McKee, formerly of Listowel, came here as a last resort. Had suffered ten years with Bright's Disease. Reported to be past help and dying, her reappearance on the street was a pleasant surprise. The explanation given was that her little boy had insisted that she should use Dodd's Kidney Pills and prophesied that they would cure her. She says:—"From the first few doses I began to feel better, and after taking four and a half boxes, I lay it with heart felt gratitude. I am perfectly cured." Dodd's Kidney Pills is the only medicine in the world that has ever cured a case of Bright's Disease at such a small

She—Oh, Jack, the restaurant so affre, and I just sat perfectly still and finished my luncheon. He—H'm! Somebody must have treated you to ice cream.

Mrs. Newrocks—I thought you said he had such a good address. Miss Georgiana—So he has, mammy dear.

Mrs. Newrocks—Then he couldn't have wrote the address on that letter you just got from him. I couldn't hardly read it.

Caller—Doc, I'm awfully annoyed by rheumatism. Doctor—H'm! You don't look like a rheumatic. Caller—Oh, I'm not. It's my wife.

"Pie," said an eminent public man recently, "is a greater curse to this country than whiskey."

"Pie doesn't break up a man's home, said the temperance man.

"Why?" asked the wife. "Because folks will think our home life one perpetual cat and dog fight."—S lowers and cooler, fresh southerly winds, becoming variable.

# Backache for 18 Years.

Suffered Much—Was Unable to Work or Sleep—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Made Him Well.

Too many endure the misery of backache without knowing that it is the unmistakable symptom of kidney disease. As you value your life do not neglect a backache. It tells of the beginning of the most fatal of diseases—Bright's Disease of the kidneys. Mr. D. C. Simmons, Mabee, Ont., writes:—"My kidneys and back were so bad that I was unable to sleep or work. My urine had sediment like brickdust, and I had to get up three or four times every night. I saw Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills advertised, and decided to give them a trial. I have only used one box, and am a well man again. I can saw wood or do any kind of work and am not bothered with backache or kidney troubles. I also enjoy good rest and sleep, which is a great relief after suffering for eighteen years." Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose. 25 cents a box, at all dealers; or Edmansson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

# GUARD THE DOOR.

Good health is the best asset that any man or woman can have; but good health can only be had by keeping the blood rich and red and the nerves strong. If the blood is allowed to become poor and watery the whole system is weakened and falls an easy prey to disease. To those thus weakened the winter months are especially dangerous. A chill may be followed by pneumonia; a cold by consumption. La grippe finds such people easy victims, and its after effects are disastrous and frequently fatal.

## Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

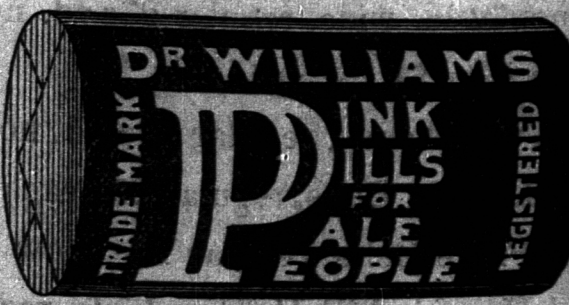
surpass all other medicines as a blood builder and nerve tonic. They strengthen from first dose to last. Through their use pale, sickly people are made bright, active and strong.

It is proved on the testimony of thousands that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure the following troubles:

Anaemia,	Locomotor Ataxia,
Palpitation of the Heart,	Sciatica,
Nervous Headache,	Neuralgia,
Indigestion and Dyspepsia,	Chronic Erysipelas,
After-Effects of La Grippe,	Kidney Troubles,
Eruptions and Pimples,	St. Vitus' Dance,
Pale or Sallow Complexion,	Consumption of Bowels and Lungs,
General Debility,	Scrofula,
Partial Paralysis,	All Female Weakness,
Chronic or Acute Rheumatism.	Loss of Vital Forces.

But remember you must get the genuine—substitutes are worse than useless, they are dangerous.

The genuine are sold only in packages like the engraving on the right, bearing the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.



Sold by all dealers or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

