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Ye Quaint Magazine

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Vol 4

DECEMBER

No. 4

YE QUAIN T MAGAZINE,

19

Boston, Mass.

03.

OJO DE BUEY,

THE MARVELOUS MYSTICISM OF
THE OX'S EYE.—A New Problem for
Students of the Occult. : : : : :

From the Semi-Orient comes the wonderful problem of Ojo de Buey, which students of occult research throughout the world are uniting in a supreme effort to solve. To achieve this end every individual interested in occult phenomena is urged to assist by means of personal experience and discovery. Ojo de Buey is a beautiful, jewel-like product turned out from the great laboratory of Nature. In size and appearance it resembles an ox's eye. For thousands of years the natives of the Semi-Orient have known of the virtues of Ojo de Buey and its re- markable talismanic powers, which in these latter days travelers and sailors, while have become known to a few gation are seeing its powers. The natives firmly believe conclusively demonstrated, Buey is effectively protected that the possessor of Ojo de and the Evil Eye; that his Fortunate and Successful in Preserved and that he will be all his Undertakings. But the most wonderful phenomenon connected with this jewel and which is rivet- ing the attention of great minds throughout the world is the power it has of enabling a person gazing steadily at to see, reflected on its pol- ished surface, scenes of the past and future, places re- mote and incidents occurring at a distance or nearby; faces and movements of lovers, friends or enemies, with their varying expressions, appear to the gazer with a vividness that is startling. We have on file many proofs of its remarkable powers which make it of inestimable value to its possessor. Naturally the number of Ojo de Buey is limited, but for the purpose of obtain- ing the experiences of intelligent people they will be distributed among those interested in this country and England. Accordingly, the following offer is made:



This wonderful jewel will be sent in a jewel case with full instructions, on receipt of one dollar, the only condition being that those receiving it write us describing their experi- ences and impressions (except, of course, those of a private character). Any one choos- ing to do so may return talisman within 30 days and receive deposit dollar back.

GEO. E. BENTON & CO., 131 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

A Monthly Journal Devoted to

ECLECTIC MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

George W. Boskowitz, M. D.,
EDITOR.

Assisted by the Faculty of the Eclectic
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RE-OPENED

LUNDIN'S TURKISH BATHS

¶The finest and most modern
baths in the city now re-opened
after extensive alterations and
renovations. Gentlemen week-
day afternoons, all night and
Sunday mornings. Ladies week-
day mornings and Sunday after-
noons.

ADOLPH LUNDIN, Propr.
176 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.
UNDER TREMONT THEATRE

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THE SOUL OF THE CAT.

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He first came to the Golden Hills and went to work in the mines, but he couldn't stand it, for he used to feel the strange white devils at night punching him in the back. That was because he wasn't strong enough to do his share of the work. So

he gave his claim in the Golden Hills to a relative and traveled across the continent to New York, curled up like a mink on a seat of the smoking car.

He was idle for a while, and then he started in to sell soap to the laundrymen, until he finally got enough of the American man's cash to rent a store. He put out his red sign, with fluttering red streamers on it to keep the evil one away, and he became a merchant. That was a long while ago, when he came to look back over it. Every night for years he had crawled into his little bunk, curtained off at the back of the store, and after comforting himself with the opium he loved so well, he had fallen asleep, to dream of pretty Chinese girls tottering on pink clouds across the water and stretching their arms out to him.

He often thought of China and the home life there, and he used to count the money in his trunk and wonder when he would have enough to go



Amateur Photographers

Attention !

For the photo which we consider the greatest curiosity received before January 1st we will give

\$2.50 IN GOLD.

For the best or most interesting photo of animals received before January 1st we will give

\$1.00.

For the best, or most interesting photo of children received before January 1st we will give

\$1.00.

For the most amusing photo received before January 1st we will give

\$1.00.

For every Photo we receive and use we will give one year's subscription to YE QUAIN'T MAGAZINE.

Send only unmounted prints when possible and do not send blue prints. Prepay all postage and address

Photo Contest, Ye Quaint Magazine,

7 Saint Paul Street, Boston, Mass.

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He was idle for a while, and then he started in to sell soap to the laundrymen, until he finally got enough of the American man's cash to rent a store. He put out his red sign, with fluttering red streamers on it to keep the evil one away, and he became a merchant. That was a long while ago, when he came to look back over it. Every night for years he had crawled into his little bunk, curtained off at the back of the store, and after comforting himself with the opium he loved so well, he had fallen asleep, to dream of pretty Chinese girls tottering on pink clouds across the water and stretching their arms out to him.

He often thought of China and the home life there, and he used to count the money in his trunk and wonder when he would have enough to go

back and buy a koon-foo's rank and wear a cap with the red button of the third degree. Then, he thought, he would buy with some of his money, the prettiest girl in the province, and she would have feet so small that she couldn't walk at all unless she had a strong servant holding each hand.

He often played the lottery in the hope that he would win, and he burned prayer-sticks before his kat god that he might have luck, but he might just as well have saved the sticks, for luck never came. So persistently did he lose that more than once he was tempted to let one of the burning prayer-sticks fall over against the god and burn it, but he was afraid lest his deceit should be discovered and the god seek a just revenge.

One day there came into his store a white girl who lived on the top floor of the tenement around the corner. She had hair like the wongshik gold he used to dig out of the Golden Hills.

"Say, John," she said, "me mother's run out o' soap, an' she's up to her neck in washin.' Gimme a bar."

Ling was smitten with a great love. He remembered having seen this girl go past his store many times, but he never had such a chance as this to speak to her.

"You mommee want sope?" he asked. "She washee?"

"Yes; I want er bar, an' I want it quick."

"Alle lite," said Ling, and he clattered behind the narrow counter and pulled out from a shelf two bars of soap.

"You takee two," he said. "No n'gant'sin, you takee; you sabe?" and he pushed the soap and the five pennies she had laid down away from him. Then he went on; "I lakkee you; you heap nice. Lat your name?"

"Gee, what graft," said the girl. "So I get the sope fur nuttin, do I, John? Well, me name's Maggie Sullivan, if yer wanten know."

Ling looked at her with admiring eyes. Then he pointed to the soap and pennies and said simply:

"You takkee. I heap lakkee you, sabe? You clum' glain?"

"Yes, I sabe, John," said the girl, "and I'll come again."

So she went out, and Ling went to the door and looked after her until she had disappeared around the corner. Then he went behind the nar-

row counter and sat down on a stool. He rested his elbows on a pile of paper, sunk his chin in his hands and thought very hard. His thinking amounted to something, for he went to the little cubby room curtained off at the back of the store, and out of the big camphor wood chest he pulled some carefully folded clothes. He was a new man when he came out into the store again and a couple of his countrymen, who had dropped in to have a friendly chat and a smoke, began to chaff him.

His old cloth blouse, with the shiny place on the back where his well-oiled cue had hung, lay in a heap on the floor with his old pow-tai and coarse trousers. Instead he wore clothes of brocaded dark blue silk, and his sandals were like those of a koon-foo. He was not good company to his friends, and they did not stay long and when they had gone he stood in the doorway and watched. A cold wind was blowing up the street. It made him shiver, but he stood his ground and watched for the coming of Maggie Sullivan.

Every day for a week he watched, until on the eighth day he saw her running by with a shawl over her head and a pitcher in her hand.

"Hil'lo" he cried. "Hil'lo, Maggie Si'm'n, you com'ni-chue?"

"Hello, John; how's things? I'll see yer when I get the old man's beer," and she dashed on, while Ling went in and waited.

After a while she came in with a rush.

"You lakkee China candy," began Ling, before she could say anything. "Heap good," and he shoved her a queer little box full of keung toward her. "I lakkee you," he continued, while he picked at the gilt buttons on his blouse. "I bling you nice cl'ose, heap nice, you sabe? Makkee you nice cl'ose, you dless heap nice, sabe? You mally me, you hab heap money."

"Marry you, John? Well, I guess not. Me old women would pull the pig-tail out of your head if she heard you makin' any breaks like that."

"You mally me bimeby," said Ling as though he felt sure that he would win.

"So long, John" she said, as she went out munching the candy. That was the first of the queer courtship. It struck Maggie seriously, and she thought she might do worse. "I don't know but what I'll marry the

Chink," she said to herself. "I'll get all ther clothes an' money that I want an I'll be the boss, you can bet."

There was a cat which used to sleep under Ling's counter. She grew fat on the scraps of chow-chop-suey and chue-yunk which fell from the table, and altogether lived a life of peace. But the day Ling proposed to Maggie Sullivan the cat's manner changed. Instead of sleeping under the counter half the day she took to walking on the counter, mewing uneasily in a wailing voice, which filled the room with a distressful sound.

Then she would pause in her walk, and, sitting on her haunches, glare at Ling with staring eyes. Once or twice he drove her away, but she came back and glared until her eyes turned from green to purple. Once he struck her with his bamboo t'uung, and she retreated to a high self and watched him.

"The evil one possessed her," said Ling and he burned more prayer sticks before his kashat Josh, but the walking of the cat never ceased. She crept under Ling's bed that night and scratched at the matting on the floor; she paraded the room, and her big, shining eyes seemed to light the dark place. From that night the cat was never at rest, and Ling became so stricken with a silent terror that he would go out into the street rather than cross her path.

He forgot about the cat a couple of days later, when Maggie Sullivan came in. She was better dressed than usual.

"Hello, John," she began, "I have had a row with the old woman, and I've clim out. I'm dead sick of gittin' jumped on. Now if you want'er marry me on ther square I'm with you, but I don't want any funny business in mine."

"You mally me?" asked Ling, while a smile crept over his face. "Allee lite, I mally you."

"But I'll tell you, John," the girl went on, "you've got to cut that pig-tail off and wear citizen's clothes. You got to be pretty near a white man. You got to be as white as clothes kin make you, an' you got to treat me white, too, or I'll shake you."

Ling didn't want to lose his cue, and he fought against what he considered a sacrilege, but he found Maggie relentless.

"I curl him up, so," he said as he twisted it about his head, "an' I put-tee on hlat, so," and he pulled an old slouch hat down over his head, "an' nobledy slee hlim, ha!"

No, even that wouldn't do, and Maggie went away saying: "I'm goin' up to a lady friend's o' mine ter stay ter nite, John, an' I'll see you to-morrer an' if ther pig-tail don't go I don't get married, see?"

Ling did not quite see, but he thought a lot. He thought Maggie was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. There was nothing ch'an about her. She had fine blue eyes, a trim figure and a shock of golden hair that attracted the Chinaman. The old cat jumped on the counter and howled and stared at him, and he went out to get away from those green eyes. He went to the Joss house and burned thirty cents worth of prayer sticks and paper. He made up his mind quickly after that, and almost ran down the dark, creaky steps and across to where the tal'-tou'-lo lived and did business.

"Take off this thing," he said when he sat down on the stool in front of the little razors and scissors.

"What," said the barber, "are you crazy, or have the foreign devils got you, too?"

"Cut it off, I tell you. Are you not here to do such work as this?"

"No, that is wrong. I know your mother. What would she say if I did it? Her curses would come to me as well as to you, unworthy son."

Ling ran out while his courage lasted. He went to a Kwang-tung man who lived near Pell street and had no cue.

"Cut this thing off," he said. He did not need to beg this time.

"Ha, ha, laughed the Kwang-tung man, "you are going to be one of us, good," and he picked up a big pair of shears. Snip, and Ling's cue was gone, cut close to his head. Out Ling ran, leaving his cue behind him. He went into his store and sat down to think, when up jumped the cat. Her eyes were yellow this time and she howled mournfully.

"Get away, you evil thing," and he pushed her off with a stick. He did not sleep that night. He dreamed strange things and saw strange sights; he thought of his home in far-off China, and of his mother and the little

Chinese maidens whom he had known before he came to the new country. He smoked and saw faces in the clouds. In the morning his eyes were heavy and red with opium, and he let his hired man do all the work. He lay in his cubby bunk and smoked the opium until he heard a voice. It sounded as if it came from a great distance. It said:

"Hello, where's the boss? In the back room? All right."

The curtains were pulled back and Maggie Sullivan came in.

"Hittin' ther pipe, eh? Well, that's bad fer their blood. How's yer pig-tail?"

"I cut hlim. He's glone," said Ling, half stupidly.

"That's good. I knew you'd come around. The Chinks allers do. Git up if yer agoin' ter git married."

Ling had a vague idea that he was very happy. The opium had brought a peaceful feeling, but he was rather stupid. Maggie sat on the edge of the bunk and the cat walked across the floor with stately tread, glaring at her. She paused at her feet and in one bound was in her lap.

"Hello, pussy," she said, putting her face down and stroking the fur. Like a flash a paw shot out, and five-hooked, sharp claws were unsheathed and dragged across the girl's cheek. She gave a frightened scream, and when Ling looked up he saw three red lines down her face, from which blood was dripping. And the cat walked slowly across the floor with the same stately tread.

"I've got a fine looking face now," said Maggie, "and I think I'll have that cat killed."

"Less," said Ling, "kill him," and he arose dreamily and tried to drive the cat out, but she wouldn't go. He gave it up and cursed the spirit which possessed the cat.

Maggie washed the blood from her face and put on three long strips of plaster, and then they went around to the Five Points Mission, where they were married. The minister, Mr. Boughton, asked them both many questions, and satisfied himself that everything was all right. Before he dismissed them he said he hoped Maggie would be happy. "I hope so sir," said she, "an' they say the Chinks are good to their wimmin." They went back to the store then. There was a letter on the counter near the

scales. It had come from China, and was for Yee Sam Ling. The cat sat near it and would not move. Ling pushed her away with a stick, but she came back. He was afraid to put his hand out for the letter, so he pulled it toward him with his pipe. It was from his native town.

"Your good mother is dead," it said; "the scourge devil carried her away. It was her will that you return and marry the girl she has betrothed to you."

The letter fell from Ling's hands; he looked up and saw the cat still staring at him.

"My mother's soul is there to curse me," he whispered to himself, backing toward the door. "It is she. She has come across the big water because I did not return," and he kept stepping backward.

"The curse has come upon me!" And he felt for his queue. Then he looked at Maggie and saw the marks of the claws. With a shriek he opened the door and rushed out.

"John's gone plum crazy," said Maggie to the attendant. "It's the opium I guess. It knocks 'em all when they get the habit."

Ling never came back, so Maggie patched up a truce with her mother and went back to the tenement. Nobody but the minister knows she is Mrs. Yee Sam Ling, and the new sign which swings over the door of the little store tells every one who looks at it that Sun Quong sells Chinese groceries there.

Sun Quong was the attendant.—*New York Evening Sun.*



A YOUNG GIANT.

Edward Beaupé, a young French-Canadian giant, enjoys the proud distinction of being the tallest man on earth. He is thirty years old, tips the scales at 587 pounds, and stands ten feet eleven inches high, his hands measuring nineteen inches, his feet twenty-four inches by twelve wide. A two-yard tape measure barely encircles his chest.

ODD ADVERTISEMENTS.

Contributions for this Department are solicited. Send the entire page of the paper containing the advertisement if possible.

The following advertisement, printed under the classification "Matrimony," is taken from a recent issue of the Melbourne *Argus*.

"A.—Marriages celebrated any denomination, by clergymen, with due solemnity, in strictest privacy, at Holt's Matrimonial Chambers, 448 Queen st., Melbourne, opposite Old Cemetery, or elsewhere, from 10 a. m. till 9 p. m., daily, Saturdays included (no notice required). Marriage fee, 10s. 6d.; or marriage, with guaranteed gold wedding ring and necessary witness provided, £1 1s. More costly wedding rings in stock if required. Marriage certificates supplied with above marriages are same as those supplied by leading ministers of Victoria."—*Ex.*

An Arkansas printer, in making up the forms in a hurry the other day, got a marriage and a grocer's advertisement mixed up so that it read as follows:

"John Brown and Ida Gray were united in holy sauerkraut by the quart or barrel. Mr. Brown is a well known young cod fish at 10 cents per pound, while the bride, Miss Gray, has some nice pig's feet which will be sold cheaper than any in town."—*The Lyre*.

The following Jack-of-all-trades, if he is a better workman than he is a writer, should not be out of employment for any length of time. He

at least had the enterprise to advertise for what he wanted.

To the people of Glastonbury & Vicinity I William Tennant being out of work at the present time wish to inform everybody that I am prepared to do all kinds of jobbing in the line of Painting & Carpenter work also furniture repairing of all kinds I can clean Paint or varnish chamber sets and all old goods to look like New can bronze clocks ornaments Picture frames &c can fix your old chairs will varnish or Paint them at 15c a piece can make you a step ladder ironing boards wash bench stools bakeing boards shelve and in fact anything from a 5c job to a 5000 job knives & chisels sharpen window glass put in & all odd jobs Promptly added to now don't forget me Will be found at Present in Covills Brick House or address Postal to William Tennant Post Office all goods called for and delivered Promptly.

The following is from the Newburyport, Mass., *News* of recent date.

Found—Sept. 8, nice dog collar with dog in it. If owner don't want them I do. Send dog's name or come get dog and collar. CHAS. J. PARKER, 1 Pearson's Wharf.

This is one from Virginia, and is taken from the *Virginian-Pilot*.

Lost—Two Guinea Pigs Saturday night; black and white spotted; one blind in one eye. Suitable reward if returned to CHARLES BLAND. 1115 Berkley avenue.

QUAIN'T POEM.

A Little Food Debate.

The man from Puget Sound says, "Eat no meat;
 It breeds diseases and is indiscreet."
 "Eat what you want to," shouts the man from Maine;
 "There is no indigestion, and no pain!
 These are but mortal fears, be fearless, and
 Dine off the fatness of the sea and land!"
 "Amen!" says Helen P. while quite a breeze
 Rustles among the saw palmetto trees.
 And Thomas J. remarks, "Since I AM God,
 I eat all substances from cow to cod!"
 "But all the same," says Puget Sound again,
 "Flesh eating always brutalizes men,
 For man's like what he feeds on—" "If that's so,
 Let's all eat lamb, then lamb-like we will grow,"
 Some one puts in. Says Lucy M., "You brute!
 To eat a lambkin innocent and cute!
 And think of all the suffering and woe
 That slaughtered beasts are made to undergo!"
 "Well, sweethearts," chimes in Betsey, "as you see,
 Meatless menus are *good enough* for ME.
 If very hungry, THEN I *eat some air*.
 And—well, my figure's certainly NOT spare!"
 And then his Quaintness rose and took the floor—
 The while he calmly looked his audience o'er
 With all the cultured grace of Beacon Hill—
 And his position seemed to fill the bill:
 "A cast-iron law to all will not apply,
 But every individual should try
 What foods adapted are to him the best,
 And give to other people—needed rest."

—Milo Leon Norton in *The Anvil*.





ASTROLOGY



CONDUCTED BY DR. DEROLLI, HOTEL PELHAM, BOSTON

Lucky AND Unlucky Days for December-January.

These predictions will not fit into every life with accurate details. They are safe deductions from planetary relations and will be found helpful and in the main quite correct. Of course, to get at an individual experience and to take advantage of precise work a chart of each person must be studied.

DECEMBER, 1903.

1. Not a good day to start a matter: day improves after 2 p. m. Better to pay than to borrow.
2. Mixed conditions all day Move prudently in act and speech.
3. By noon a decided improvement begins which will warrant your best activities.
4. Forenoon good, balance poor. Keep out of mischief after 6 p. m.
5. You will make no great headway today, or in things that you start today.
6. Sunday. Featureless.
7. Good for all sorts of business up to 2 p. m. and good for a fight any time after that hour.
8. Bad. Keep cool. Measure words. Morbid. Dull.
9. All right. Here is the day you have been waiting for. Business. Writing. Social. Tip-top.
10. Here's another. Don't let these two days slip by you.
11. Everything slips back. Temper, opportunity, methods, all askew.
12. If you can wait till about 3 p. m. then go it.
13. First-class: a good day for all purposes.
14. Almost as good. Good to ask favors.
15. The latter part of the afternoon is very good. Forenoon dull.
16. While not a very strong day, it is fairly good for conservative actions.
17. Better. Begin matters. Beg her pardon if you have been hasty. She is all right. Don't be jealous.
18. A restless mind all day. Don't get excited and do foolish things.
19. Fairly good. Afternoon is best. How lovely is Saturday night when we have tried all the week to be good:
20. This is the reward for trying to be good—a splendid day for all mental exercises. Acts, decorous. One of the best days in the month. Better go to church even if you have to walk home alone.
21. All right after breakfast. Don't slip and get an injury.
22. Rather a tricky day. Moon plays antics with Mars, Saturn, Venus and Sun. Keep your eyes wide opened.
23. Sun enters Capricorn. The afternoon and evening are quite favorable for any important acts.
24. Good. Get your purse out and buy something for some one less favored. Give to those who cannot give to you.
25. Christmas! And all that the day means. The day is made to order for everything that is nice. Let all of your acts be worthy of day.
26. A little reaction but not bad. A restless and undecided mind is the distinguishing feature. Be calm and it will be satisfactory.

27. Sunday. By church time the day is in good shape. Put on those Christmas gloves and fixings and go to church: but don't be looking round to see what others had given to them. Watch the preacher.
28. Fine. Put your plans into execution. Clean things up and get them into compact shape.
29. Fine up to supper time. Poor evening. Danger of saying just the wrong things at the wrong time to the wrong person.
30. The business part of the day is good. Don't look solemn and cross at breakfast and make somebody unhappy all day.
31. Splendid ending. Best influences. Do it.

We have traveled another year. My best wishes go to you for 1904. Good Luck.

Your stars tell!

DEROLLI.

JANUARY, 1904.

A happy New Year to you. May all good thoughts and helps be yours.

1. This first day of the New Year has no striking heavenly aspect.
2. This also is rather tame, no inspiration for great acts.
3. Sunday. Full moon. Still rather quiet for any help.
4. Better to continue a matter than to begin a new one.
5. Distinctly unfavorable. Keep quiet. Don't argue.
6. It's too bad. Not strong. Better afternoon. Fairly good evening.
7. This is much better. You will be safe for conservative acts.
8. Slumps again. Don't be impatient. I know it's slow.
9. This is better. If you are not impulsive it's all right.
10. Sunday. If it were a week day you could seize a business matter.

11. The forenoon is all right. Pitch in and do it. Stop at 6 p. m.

12. Fairly good. If you have fully considered a thing you can clinch it.

13. Use this day. It has the promise of good things. Good socially.

14. Same as yesterday. If you have had misunderstandings now is the time to make up and be good.

15. Wide awake day. Catch hold and make a success of your plans.

16. Good again. Almost any reasonable plan will work out well. Never imitate a flea. Don't jump. Be conservative.

17. Sunday. All right for the parson and for you. Keep on good terms with the parson. He can marry or bury you. New moon.

18. Good start for a new week. Money. Love. Travel. Health.

19. This is another. Your mind will be clear: acts prudent.

20. Good again. So much for waiting. Your mind ought to be clear and you will be prompt in your decisions.

21. Still another good day. You see that the month improves as it progresses. That's what you should do.

22. Not bad but not quite as strong.

23. The week closes finely. This is a dandy day for work and acts, not quite so good socially. She and you.

24. Sunday. The influences of the stars are good today.

25. Up to 8 p. m. it's all right for any of your plans.

26. Four planets will fight you if you begin an important measure.

27. We get back into good conditions. Jupiter will keep you. Go ahead.

28. Strong again. Good day to begin a thing. Social or financial.

29. Call a halt. I do not see much help in any way today.

30. This is better, specially in the afternoon.

31. Sunday. Don't speak a cross word: or lose your temper or do a hasty act. There are two influences quite unfavorable to serenity.

Y^e Quaint Magazine

Published Monthly at Boston, Mass.

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Finding this notice marked you will understand that your subscription expires with this issue

Entered as second-class matter June 16, 1903, at the post office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

GOLD IN THE RIVER.

Many of the metaphysical and occult journals throughout the country have lent their columns to the promotion of various stock selling schemes, some good, some bad, but mostly indifferent. I have repeatedly been solicited to do the same thing but have as repeatedly refused. Not that I wish to pose as a paragon of virtue but I have honestly tried to make the advertising pages of "YE QUAIN'T" as reliable as possible.

On the back page of this number you will find an announcement by the Rev. Hiram Vrooman of Roxbury, Mass. He has acquired the right to dredge for gold and other precious metals along one mile of the Houtalinqua or Teslin river in Canadian Alaska. Gold has been washing down the mountains into these rivers for hundreds of years and there is no question but that the river beds are very rich in gold, platinum and silver. The gold producing soil is estimated to be *forty feet deep*. A man working by hand makes \$10.00 per day—a dredge can do perhaps ten times as much. Mr. Vrooman has formed a stock company making the capitalization as small as possible. There is water in the river but there is absolutely none in this stock. All that is desired is to sell stock enough to purchase a dredge. With this operating on the river there would seem to be no reason why the earnings should not be large. Anyone having \$25.00 or more that they would like to invest should communicate with Mr. Vrooman at once—the stock will not last long. When your earnings come you can do what you like with them but I can hazard a guess as to what Mr. Vrooman will do with his—it will be spent in humanitarian work of various kinds in which he deeply interested.

BRIEF BOOK REVIEWS

BY QUAIN TICUS

I believe that book reviews should, as a general thing, be short and to the point. What is wanted is a brief hint as to what the book is, and then you will be able to judge if you are interested in it.

The New Thought Simplified; by Henry Wood. I had just sat down to write a review of this book when I happened to pick up the *Conservator* and read Mr. Traubel's review. It is so good that I am going to put it in here and save myself labor and give you a treat besides. "Henry Wood is not always poised at the same level but he is always poised. In this case he has deliberately toned himself down. He has in consequence lost somewhat of the suavity of his most exalted mood. But he has gained in simplicity. Here is a sort of mental thought bible for beginners. This is the alphabet of the matter. This is necessary to what is to follow. Wood has a way of leading without appearing to lead. The first thing you know you are going his way. You do not know why or how. But you are going. And you look to see whether Wood is doing the business. And you see nothing suspicious. And you say: "No." You flatter yourself that what is being done you are doing. Which is considerably true though technically subject to deductions. Wood is all the time repeating the "password eternal" and you do not know it. Which is what Wood wants. For Wood is rather bent upon having you prove certain things yourself than having these same things proved by him. He helps you to summarize. But the proof he knows you must and will find in yourself. All these results are achieved in so serene a fashion that your pulse is kept perfectly normal. You find yourself saying Mental science is dead easy! It is no science till it is dead easy, sure, so all of a sudden you are a selfcurist. You are first having a disease and curing it. Then you are going a step further. You are not having the disease. What's the use of having the trouble to cure? Wood does not make an extremist of you. He keeps you on the calm high road. He does not pull or push you into untraversed solitudes. He leaves you where you are. In the city. On the farm. At sea. It makes no difference. For what is done is done through the right you. And the right you may exist in any condition of experience. When you are once keyed in your own tones you are certain of your harmonies. Nothing can further disturb the

equities of your faith. Wood is a cloud compeller. He contests that fame with Jove. When he says the word the clouds are compelled to go. A man said to me the other day, "Wood is good stuff. But he is not great." I do not know. The more I know about greatness the less I am satisfied with it. I do know this. I know that Wood has written a whole lot of books. Sane, salient books. Books that are absolutely cloudless. Books without a complaint. That certainly is greatness of a kind. An enviable distinction. Else is greatness and distinction all humbug and cant. Wood is often wrong. Sometimes he differs from Traubel. That is hard luck for Wood. But Wood seems to take his hard with his easy luck without reproach and without glee. If you are sick go to Wood. The sicker you are the more he will help. If you are well go to Wood. The weller you are the more he will help you. Wood could not help but help. He has you to help him help." Boston: Lee and Shepard.

Next Month.

The answer to the anagram SIMON PETER IN TEARS will be published next month. Send in your answer this month.

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Rough on the Ralstonites.

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Weather Predictions.**DECEMBER, 1903.**

Soon after the opening days warmer weather and throat troubles will appear. Rain followed by snow with high winds. Don't wear too thin clothing for changes are quick and sudden cold may appear on the edge of a warm day. From the tenth for a few days, probably including the fourteenth very marked changes particular in northern states, snow, sleet, high winds, extreme cold. Very peculiar positions of planets occur from 17th to 20th and we shall have in that period a full assortment of every thing that the winter market encourages. Heavy overcoats, long legged boots and all sorts of winter furnishings will be needed. If you like to shovel snow and get a lame back you will have a chance from 19th to 21st. In fact the whole latter portion of the month is full of disturbing influences. Travel will be impeded and important journeys should be made with full allowance of time for broken schedules and tedious waits.

JANUARY, 1904.

The earlier part of the month will have several serious disturbances, with severe cold and many quick changes but all tending towards uncomfortable conditions. From third to sixth a cold wave should work eastward with very low readings in the N. W. About the time of the New Moon which comes on the 17th, there should be sleet and rain followed in most sections with more severe cold. From the 24th to the 27th, peculiar conditions will appear in West and Middle States and probably in Southern coast. Heavy blows will do much damage. Note also the condition the 29th and 30th. There will probably be anxiety if not actual loss of life and property on the ocean. Poor time to journey.

These weather predictions are made by
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