HOW OMDURMAN FELL

Frederick Villiers' Interesting Description of Deeds of That Eventful Day.

Coolness and Courage of the British and Egyptians—Dervish Blind Fanaticism.

Omdurman, Sept. 3, 1898.—Towards midnight on August 31 a tropical rain burst upon us, and for an hour our encampment was almost deluged. Scorpions are not fond of wet weather, and seek cover wherever they can find it. One of these little horrors of the Soudan nestled in a warm corner between my shoulder and the blanket. Unconsciously I happened to disturb him in his slumbers. "Let sleeping dogs lie" says the old maxim. In an instant I was stabbed apparently with a red-hot poinard. My servant came to my assistance with ammonia, which was rubbed into the puncture, and my arm was tightly bandaged up, while my good friend and colleague plied me with whiskey. The paroxysm of pain lasted three hours, then a numbness of the left side set in, and eventually the whiskey prevailed over the poison of the scorpion, and I fell asleep till reveille. I simply mention this rather personal matter to testify that the whiskey and ammonia treatment in the case of scorpion bites is efficacious. We were all excessively damp and uncomfortable for many hours in this, our final march—as it afterwards turned out—before meeting the enemy. The sky was overcast, and the freshness of the morning suggested a first of September in England, and the heaviness of the ground, owing to the previous night's rain, gave color to the impression that we were ploughing through a turnip field on a shooting expedition, no more exciting than that of bagging partridges. Towards 11 o'clock our stiffened limbs began to feel more supple as the sun broke out and the moisture of our rain-drenched clothes evaporated. Soon the sound of distant booming of guns seemed to hasten the pace of the brigade into a brisker step as they trudged over the heavy plain. It was remarkable the effect on the men of this near possibility of a fight. An exultant buzz passed through the ranks as Major Elmslie's battery commenced to pound away at the Omdurman forts. At 12:30 we came to a halt at the village of Kerriri, and from the plateau on which the village stood we could plainly see the ruins of Khartoum and the Mahdi's tomb, a white cone standing out on the horizon. The brigade had but hardly marched on their markers to encampment when our cavalry scouts reported the enemy in sight, and an hour later, a reconnaissance party came in with the news that the whole dervish army was marching on our position. At once our brigade moved forward and took up their position on ridges of undulating ground; the English division stretching from above the Nile south on our left, the Egyptian forces continuing the line north to a narrow creek on our right, forming an oblong square with a mile frontage towards the desert, the gunboats, the Melik, Sheikh, Sultan Metemmah, Abu Klea and Fatteh, protecting our flanks.

NIGHT BEFORE THE FIGHT.

Towards sunset the enemy came to a halt in our immediate front, about two miles away, evidently with the intention of giving battle in the morning. Though rather weary with the heavy day's march, the Sirdar's forces were spoiling for a fight. I never saw men keener, and there was a grunt of disappointment even when fatigue parties were told off to bring in wood to cook their rations, though they had been without a square meal since the night before. Kettles were soon boiling right along the line. The men drank their tea, munched their biscuits and bully beef, and eventually slumbered on their arms, waiting for the dawn. Lights were ordered out shortly after sunset, but the order was not strictly carried out, and many fires were burning far into the night, giving the enemy a splendid opportunity of following their tactics as at Abu Klea, which was to snipe us all night long. However, not a shot was fired, and when the moon rose, flooding the whole landscape with her soft mellow light, nothing but the heavy breathing of the troops, and the occasional amorous bray of the donkey and growling of camels broke the stillness. In the middle of the night I woke up, remembering that I had forgotten to fit up my cinematograph camera with films. This could only be done when darkness reigned, so I aroused my servant, got the apparatus together, and took it down to the gunboat Melik, where I found darkness enough in her stifling foxhold. By the time I had arranged matters and came on deck, it was dawn. An order had just arrived for the commander, Major Gordon, to cover the extreme right flank of the square, and the Melik was steaming along shore to take up her position. Not being able to land, I climbed up to her aft battery, whence I could view the country around. From this position I commanded a most comprehensive view of the whole situation, and it was a sight that will ever remain in my memory. On my left flank was the Nile, a wide expanse of silvery sheen reflecting the most delicate tints of color from the early sun—a shield of amber rising rapidly behind the purple ruins of Gordon's palace in the shady groves of Khartoum. I wondered at the moment it would be my fate today to see the sun set upon the wreckage of the dervish power, and that glorious soldier's cruel death avenged. Glancing to the right, one could see the grey desert, the level plain broken by a sharp conical hill bearing towards Omdurman; then, running parallel to the river six miles away, was a long flat ridge of hills shutting the desert in.

THE BATTLE ARRAY.

The square of the Sirdar's forces faced these lines—the British division forming the left and left-centre, while the Egyptian brigades held the right of the positions. Each flank turned toward the river and was supported by the gunboats, of which the Sheikh, Fatteh, Metemmeh, and Hafin commanded by Lieutenant Bettey, were stationed at the south; while the Melik, Sultan and Abu Klea protected the Egyptian flank to the north, under Commodore Keppel. It was a formidable force that faced the desert that morning, some 22,000 strong, certainly the largest invading army ever seen in the Soudan. But that I knew the admirable fire discipline of that force and the capabilities of the Maxims, the sight of the vast Dervish host steadily advancing to give battle would certainly have opened up a vista of uncertainty. From the beginning there could be no doubt how the fight would end. The Khalifa, always vacillating and uncertain up to the last, had decided to take the very course that meant certain destruction to his army—and that was to attack us while in square formation. In the old days there was always a possibility of fanatics getting into a square if they persistently rushed it. But now, with the superiority of weapons, especially Maxims, the Khalifa's tactics were suicidal. Some say that his intention was to attack us at night, which would have been a novel departure on the part of dervishes, who have a dread of fighting between sunset and sunrise. However, the Sirdar, I believe, fearing this possibility, sent spies into the Khalifa's lines to say that we were coming out to attack him, and this is accepted as the reason they waited, expecting us till dawn. Probably our searchlights from the new gunboats had more to do in keeping them quiet during the night than the Sirdar's spies, for it was afterwards ascertained that at least 10,000 of the enemy threw away their weapons and fled back to Omdurman, crying: "That if the English could control the sun surely Allah was with them."

THE BRITISH ADVANCE.

As the light quickly gained in strength every bush, stone, and patch of grass stood boldly out on the plain and from our extreme left to the hills on our right, over a stretch of country from five to six miles, a line of white surf seemed to be steadily rolling ever onward. Here and there, carried with the tide, were apparently a fleet of fluttering sail, as the white flags of the various dervish rubs, or divisions, clustered round a banner of blue, green or black. Advancing in the eye of the sun, glittering swords and spear heads showed large masses in support of this steadily advancing line of not less than 45,000 warriors sweeping down upon the Sirdar's square as if the men were still slumbering. Then the distant sound of the tum-tums slowly, methodically beating, came across the desert. The patches of red and blue of the dervish tunic or gibba now stood out against the white surf-like line advancing, then above these patches were ebony heads shining with sweat, with the glare of fanaticism in their eyes. On our extreme left and right squadrons of British and Egyptian cavalry seemed to be leading this procession, as they calmly trotted towards our flanks and trailed off to our flanks. Soon little puffs of smoke from the dervish lines told us the fight had opened, as they fired at the retiring horsemen, but no sound broke the stillness as yet. The square seemed still asleep. Presently a blue haze rolled up from our extreme left and the blast of a gun seemed to startle the whole square into activity. The 32nd field battery, known as William's, was first in action, and what splendid action. Shell after shell broke the dogged advance, of the Khalifa's men on our left centre, and ploughed huge furrows through their reserves, massing in a sand hollow in rear; then the Maxims commenced stemming the advance. In a few moments all our artillery was in action, and Maxims at work, the gunboats covering the flanks, shelled the advancing hordes.

A DETERMINED ADVANCE.

Still the advance continued, the dervishes struggling over the hills of dead and dying. With head erect and steady gait they came on, all seemingly taking time and dressing by their standards and white flags. Just when our infantry were getting into action—and I took out my watch to time the slaughter, which I expected to last about ten minutes—a black standard, with its fleet of white sail, moved off to our right, and the dervish line shifted with it. The heavy fire from the square lulled for a moment. What were the enemy up to? Surely they were not beaten. There was no hurry or confusion about the movement, though our guns immediately trained upon the retiring force, and as they spread over the hills to our right, the Melik made some pretty shots, spotting the black hillside with clusters of white gibbas. On a spur of this hill trending towards the Nile, Major Young, with a battery of horse artillery, supported by the Egyptian cavalry, and camel corps, had taken up position, and was shelling the enemy's centre, when the dervishes suddenly debouched through a cleft in the hills towards the Nile. Young was compelled to retire, leaving one of his limbers on the ridge. Too bold in taking up another position further north, he was compelled, after losing seven horses, to leave two of his guns and retire with the cavalry, who had been making a supreme effort to cover the retreat of the camel corps, which, too slow in movement, was now left by the cavalry to fight it out as best they could.

CAMEL CORPS IN DANGER.

At this moment the gunboat Melik, under the command of Major Gordon—nephew of the hero of Khartoum—hastily came upon the scene, and I am not exaggerating the importance of the Melik's arrival by saying that she saved the Egyptian camel corps from utter annihilation. Prince Francis of Teck, who was a convalescent on board after a severe attack of dysentery, though excessively weak, took the foretop Maxim in hand, and with remarkably good aim, played on the enemy while our quick-firing fore-turret gun shelled the swarms of dervish ever augmenting the force moving towards the camel corps. The camel men, under Bimbashi Tudway, behaved with remarkable coolness, not a bit flurried by the sudden movements of the enemy, who were advancing much as if they were marching in column of double companies, and firing volleys at two hundred yards, while swordsmen hurried towards their left flank, completely cutting off their retreat. About six camel men bit the dust in the first few volleys, but the searching fire of the Melik made the enemy waver, and soon they commenced to retire, apparently little disconcerted, though the ground was strewed with their dead and dying, leaving 1,300 slain upon the field. They now slowly trudged northwards, towards the black standard, round which from 15,000 to 20,000 white gibbas glistened in the sun. The situation now flashed on me in a moment. Far from being beaten in their attack on the square, they had cleverly found out our weak flank. The main body had given the British wing a wide berth, though still making a bold show in our front, and were now concentrating for a supreme effort to break through the Egyptian brigades, under Lewis, Macdonald and Maxwell, forming our right flank.

THE LANCERS' CHARGE.

In the meantime the Sirdar, with reckless anxiety to reach Omdurman, and coming to the conclusion that the dervishes in his front, checked by the dervish spear and swordsmen had been on our left front, and as yet had not been in action. The gallant leader of the Lancers, Colonel Martin, taking the lying peridu in a depression of the ground, party for a remnant of the left dervish fire from our square, might retire on the town, sounded the advance, ordering the 21st Lancers screening the 32nd battery and the left flank, to clear the ground of the enemy. With splendid audacity this small body of horse—some three hundred and fifty troopers—commenced the work. Since the beginning of the fight I had noticed about 1,500 frontal attack, gave the order to charge, and a column of dust was all I could see of one of the most brilliant and reckless charges in the history of cavalry. They were too close to the enemy to couch lances effectively, and the casualties of the gallant horsemen would have been fewer if they had discarded these weapons for the swords. Arriving on the verge of the shallow nullah the enemy confronted them, a perfect wall of swords and spears, only too anxious to meet them. With the impetus of the charge a lane was opened up through the dervish ranks, which closed on the horsemen as they passed through, the dervishes hacking the horses with their long swords, and a melee commenced which is probably the bloodiest on record. The troopers shortened their lances, and stabbed and butted their way through the dervish masses, reforming and re-charging. But the enemy still showed a bold front, hamstringing their horses and slashing at all unfortunates who had fallen, till their faces were unrecognizable. One of the troops commanded by Capt. Grenfell was brought down owing to his horse stumbling, and was immediately cut to pieces, which was the case with the majority of men who had lost their mounts. Among the many heroic deeds in this famous charge was another officer saved by a comrade, who dismounted and, assisting him to slip up behind him, rode to the rallying point, saying: "I will do the riding; you can do the shooting," as he handed him his revolver. This plucky charge cost the Twenty-first 23 officers and men killed and 45 wounded; 31 horses killed and 38 wounded.

AN INFANTRY FIGHT.

Almost simultaneously with this daring British exploit, the dervish attack on the Egyptian flank commenced north of Kerriri. Macdonald's brigade had just moved out of square formation to keep touch with the general movement in echelon heading towards Omdurman, when the enemy, from 10,000 to 15,000 strong, rallying round the black standard, came into sight over the Kerriri hills. The General immediately formed two sides of square, with flanking Maxims, and the toughest infantry fight of the day commenced. The dervishes steadily advanced with supreme confidence in their power to destroy the Egyptian battalions, for thousands of these men confronting us had dealt with Egyptians under Hicks Pasha, but this time they soon found that they had to do battle with—though similar material as of yore—an article that had been drilled, disciplined and moulded into a splendid fighting machine by the patience and perseverance of British officers. In spite of the excellence of the Egyptian fire, the dervishes came on, leaving the hills of slain and dying in their wake, still confident that at close quarters the Egyptians must fall back. In perfect touch with each other, the Egyptians steadily held their ground. The Sirdar now seeing the seriousness of this fresh attack, in answer to Macdonald's request for a British regiment, at last sent Wauchope to his support with the Seaforths and Lincolns. Doubling back to the right flank the latter regiment, coming upon the right of the 100th Soudanese, were just in time to prevent a serious diversion, for the majority of Macdonald's men had fired away their ammunition, till they were down to three cartridges per man. At the same time, Tudway's camelmen dismounted from their beasts and joined the fighting line. In fact, Macdonald had not one man too many to stem the sudden onslaught. Three thousand dervishes were either maimed or struggling in their death agony in front of Macdonald's brigade before they showed signs that they had had enough of it, when they began to sullenly retire southward, but not before their cavalry had made a supreme effort to break the Egyptian ranks—a charge in its way as brilliant as that of the 21st Lancers, which had taken place but a few minutes before.

BRILLIANT DERVISH CHARGE.

Four hundred Baggara horse, ostensibly escorting the banners of Osman Azrak and Yakub, the brother of the Khalifa, suddenly made a desperate charge on the Egyptian lines. Starting off at a hard canter, they increased their speed till they raced forward into the very jaws of death—into the sweeping fire of the Maxims. Many reeled in their saddles, their spurting veins clothing their white gibbas with deep red, still swung their Crusader swords with impotent fury at their adversaries, till they lost their balance and toppled over to the ground. Many of their sweating steeds, speckled with foam and blood, continued the charge right home. Others, their horses stumbling and plunging, riddled with bullets, rose from under their dying chargers with shouts of the prophet on their lips, hurried forward on foot till they withered away under the deadly hail from the Egyptian lines. This Baggara charge took place about 10:15 a. m., and practically ended the battle, though desultory firing continued till 2 p. m., when all the brigades, black, brown and white, were en route to Omdurman.

This unlooked for flank attack of the Khalifa on our right raised the battle of Omdurman—in spite of the overwhelming numbers of the enemy—from a mere one-sided butchery to the dignity of a well-balanced fight. The tactics of the Khalifa, after all, were not by any means contemptible; he made a strong frontal attack, while he tried to work round our flanks. On his right the British brigade appeared too strong for him, so he tried the left, which was composed of Khedival troops, the Sirdar unwittingly playing into the hands by the rather premature move on to Omdurman, in breaking up the square and placing the Egyptian brigade in the open, giving the dervishes great advantage, which they at once took. However, "all's well that ends well." It was a lucky day for the combined forces of the Sirdar; their casualties came to 600, while the enemy lay dead on the field no less than 10,835.

AFTER THE FIGHT.

Omdurman, Sept. 5, 1898.—After the dervish final attack on Macdonald's brigade, the Melik was for some time employed in picking up the wounded of the cameiry and cavalry. These poor fellows had dribbled down to the shore and were waiting patiently for help. The majority of the troopers had their saddles and bridles with them, and a few waded up to the gunboat with their dead horses' gear upon their heads, so careful were they, in spite of their wounds, to keep the saddlery dry. We picked up 16 badly wounded men in this way, who by their apparently stolid indifference to pain, reminded me very much of the camel who is supposed to be absolutely nerveless regarding physical suffering, and by his calm, idiotic face, evidently enjoys the same immunity from mental trouble. One trooper calmly handed up his saddle and scrambled on board, then sat down on deck and pointed, as an after-thought, to his head. A bullet had entered his skull. Surgeon-Major Smythe, attendant on Prince Francis of Teck, immediately operated, and unless I had seen this incident I am afraid, though I have been with many curious operations on the field, I should not have been overcredulous. The bullet had passed near the right temple, through the brain, and had lodged in the back of the skull, above the nape of the neck.

Major Smythe cut out the bullet, and a piece of the skull, tied the patient's head up, who all the while had been calmly seated, hardly murmuring during the painful ordeal, took a cigarette from me, which he seemed to enjoy. Out of 16 badly wounded picked up by the Melik and treated by the clever surgeon, only one died, and he was shot through both lungs, showing signs of collapse from the first. Still his wonderful vitality clung to him till evening, when, strange to say, his comrades who buried him were respectfully assisted in their solemn duties by two dervishes, who had surrendered but a few minutes prior to taking the body ashore.

Among the many duties the Melik carried out during the fight was to report the whereabouts of the Egyptian cavalry under Broadwood and the horse battery under Young, which had been so severely handled by the dervishes in their concentration movement north, prior to the final assault on the Egyptian brigade. We steamed down the river for several miles before any signs of Broadwood's gallant troopers could be discovered. When about six miles away we found them near the shore. They had been harassed by the enemy, and, in spite of the men dismounting at every available coign of vantage and firing volleys, they had to retire steadily before the enormous odds. However, in spite of their long, unprofitable march, they hurried up and were just in the nick of time to follow up the retiring Dervishes, who had failed in their attack on Macdonald's brigade, and, eventually these very troopers, in spite of their previous arduous duties, were told off in pursuit of the Khalifa the same evening. As we steamed past the battle field the second time the Sirdar's army were wheeling in echelon of brigades southward, heading towards Omdurman. The storm had swept onward and was dying out in little gusts, as sections and companies fired at any group of Dervishes who showed that the devil was not the only casualty among the wounded. Colonel Francis Rhodes, also acting for the Times, had a severe wound, a bullet passing through his right shoulder, and that veteran, my old friend and companion of many campaigns, Charles Williams, of the Daily Chronicle, had a slight wound over his right temple, seared by a bullet, and a very narrow squeak for his life.

As the sun dipped behind the walls of the corpse-strewn town, and threw us in deep purple shawed, the dome of the Mahdi's tomb stood out against the departing light a mere wreck as the last shaft of dying sun pierced the enormous cavity in its centre made by Major Stewart's lyddite shell from his howitzer battery on the opposite shore.

The day has been an eventful one for the whole civilized world. Gordon was avenged, the Khalifa's cruel reign ended and the death blow to Mahdism delivered.

FREDERICK VILLIERS.

THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

St. James' Church Beautifully Decorated for the Occasion on Thursday Evening.

The annual harvest thanksgiving service was held in St. James' church on Thursday evening. The church has seldom looked so pretty, being beautifully decorated with autumn leaves, fruit, grain and a profusion of flowers, evidences of the care of many willing workers. The thanksgiving service was appropriately begun by the service of matins and holy communion at 11 o'clock, and this was followed by full choral service in the evening at 7, when, in spite of the heavy rain, quite a fair congregation was present. There was a large choir, and the music was rendered in a highly creditable manner, and was much admired. Stainer's anthem "Ye shall dwell in the land," being martinelarly well sung. Too much praise cannot be given to the conductor, Mr. Geo. Jay, or to the organist, Mr. Ross, for the admirable way in which they respectively carried out their parts. The Rev. J. Quennell preached an appropriate and suitable sermon. As so many were disappointed on account of the stormy state of the weather from being present, it is proposed to repeat the service on Sunday evening next, when it is expected a large congregation will be present.

RHEUMATISM.

Thousands Tortured by it, and Hospital Treatment Fails to Cure It.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the Only Sure and Permanent Cure—They Root the Disease Out of the Blood.

Toronto, Oct. 14.—Thousands of patients enter the hospitals here, yearly, to be treated for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Lame Back and kindred diseases or complaints that spring from the ailments named.

In not one case out of every hundred is a permanent cure made. The patients are treated with electricity, massage, oils and liniments, etc., which do absolutely no good.

In every case the disease runs its course, then abates, and the patient is told he is cured, and is then discharged.

After a time the disease makes its appearance again, and again its victim goes to the hospital.

The fault of hospital treatment lies in the fact that it is applied to the effect of the disease, instead of to the cause. Its object is to relieve or banish the pain, instead of removing the cause of the pain.

Now, Rheumatism, Lumbago and the other diseases named above are caused by Uric Acid in the blood. This should have been strained out of the blood by the kidneys. But as they have not strained it out, we know they are defective or diseased. Rheumatism, Lumbago, etc., are therefore the effects of diseased Kidneys.

Remove the disease from the Kidneys and the Kidneys will remove the Rheumatism from the blood.

Now, the only medicine known to man that will remove any and all diseases from the Kidneys is Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills, therefore, are the only medicine on earth that can cure Rheumatism. And Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured every case of Rheumatism for which they have ever been used. Dodd's Kidney Pills have never failed to cure a single case of Rheumatism for which they have been used.

Is this record sufficient to justify you in using Dodd's Kidney Pills if you have Rheumatism? It ought to be. Try them and be cured.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

DOMINION NEWS NOTES.

MRS. SHERMAN.

Washington, Oct. 13.—Mrs. Sherman, wife of former secretary of state John Sherman, suffered a stroke of paralysis this evening, and now lies at her home in a very critical condition.

PRUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.

London, Oct. 14.—The Berlin correspondent of the Standard says the difference between Prussia and the Vatican has been satisfactorily settled, and Prussia will soon appoint a new envoy to succeed Baron von Buelow.

COAL MINERS KILLED.

Tamaqua, Pa., Oct. 13.—Four men were instantly killed and a dozen more or less seriously injured by an explosion of gas to-day in Colliery No. 8 of the Lehigh Coal & Navigation Co., at Coledale, near here.

FRAUDS FOR MILLIONS.

Valparaiso, Oct. 13.—Frauds amounting to millions of dollars have been discovered in the arsenal. Senor Navarro, the chief accountant, has committed suicide.

THURSDAY'S BALL GAMES.

At Pittsburg—Pittsburg 1; Chicago, 2.
At New York—New York, 5; Washington, 3.
At Baltimore—Baltimore, 6; Boston, 5.
At Philadelphia—First game, Philadelphia, 5; Brooklyn, 1; second game, Philadelphia, 9; Brooklyn, 6.

RUSSIAN FLOUR BOUNTY.

Odessa, Oct. 13.—At a congress of mill-owners here to-day it was decided, owing to the decline in exports, to petition the government to grant export bounties on flour, "similar to those granted in the United States and Germany."

LITTLE BIG NAVY.

Stockholm, Oct. 13.—The minister of marine has decided to propose to the riksdag that a credit of 2,000,000 kroner be voted for naval requirements. These will include the purchase of three first-class ironclads, ammunition, torpedoes and submarine mines.

A FOOLISH BOOKKEEPER.

St. Thomas, Ont., Oct. 13.—(Special)—Wednesday afternoon it was discovered that $200 was missing from the safe of Robertson & Lindsay's dry goods store. James Somerville, the bookkeeper, was also missing. He left by the noon train for the east, and was captured at Niagara Falls. He had $160 with him.

NEW MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY.

London, Oct. 13—Henry Paget, fourth Marquis of Anglesey, died suddenly this afternoon. He was born in 1835 and succeeded his half brother in 1880. The heir is his son, the Earl of Uxbridge, who was born in 1875 and who is not married.

CHIEF SAMORY TAKEN.

Paris, Oct. 13—Later despatches from St. Louis, Senegambia, confirm the reported capture of Chief Samory and all his family and chiefs. Lieut. Jacquin personally pursued and seized Samory. This victory concludes the extensive French operations against this chief.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION.

Syracuse, Oct. 13.—The International Typographical Union this afternoon adopted a resolution, by a vote of 85 to 15, to abolish the referendum. The typesetters and electrotypers were granted autonomy, and a request for the same privilege from the photo-engravers was begun by the committee on laws.

FUGITIVE FROM CHICAGO.

Toronto, Oct. 13.—(Special)—Sigmund Schleisinger, formerly a merchant of Chicago, was arrested here to-night at his residence in Rosedale, where he has lived under the assumed name of Wright for two years. The charge is receiving stolen goods.

DR. SEXTON'S CAREER.

St. Catharines, Ont., Oct. 13.—Rev. George Sexton, D. D., died suddenly today from heart disease. He was born in Scotland in 1832, was first an Episcopal and then a Presbyterian minister, and was the author of several books of a controversial nature.

THE AMERICA'S CUP.

Liverpool, Oct. 13.—The Liverpool Post announces that the conditions for the international race for the America's cup have been satisfactorily arranged. The races have been fixed for dates between October 3 and 12 next year, at Sandy Hook.

PULLMAN CAR PROFITS.

Chicago, Oct. 13.—The stockholders of the Pullman palace car company met to-day and increased the capital stock by $18,000,000, to represent, as the resolution averred, $18,000,000 assets not represented by the par value of the stock already issued. The usual quarterly dividend of $2 per share was declared.

MOROCCO DISTURBED.

Tangiers, Morocco, Oct. 13.—Serious disturbances have taken place in Tafilet, which is one of the great subdivisions of the empire, and is used as a place of banishment for political offenders. The large body of rioters have captured the uncle of the Sultan, and according to the latest advices, the rioters were attempting to seize the Sheriffian treasure.

ABYSSINIAN WARFARE.

Rome, Oct. 13.—The Calla Militiare announces the imminence of hostilities between Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia and Ras Mangascia, the celebrated Abyssinian warrior and tributa of Negus, who recently seized and poisoned an envoy sent to him by Menelik's master's wife. Ras Mangascia has asked Italian assistance, which has been refused.

Toronto, Oct. 14.—No change is reported in Sir Oliver Mowat's condition. He is said to be progressing to the doctor's satisfaction.

ATLANTIC WRECKS.

St. John's Nfld., Oct. 14.—The Norwegian steamer Aggie, Capt. Patteburg, from Java for Boston with sugar, arrived here to-day short of coal. She reports severe weather on the Atlantic. A number of vessels have been wrecked.

A TRUCKER'S FORTUNE.

Owen Sound, Oct. 14.—John W. M. G. Shipman, trucker for the C. P. R., received word to-day that he had fallen heir to $7,000 in England. He borrowed a suit of clothes to go to Toronto to receive the money to go to England.

A TRAVELLER'S FOLLY.

Montreal, Oct. 14.—Omer Penner, a trusted commercial traveller and collector for Laporte, Martin & Co., has disappeared. It is supposed that he is short in his accounts, a discrepancy of over $500 having been discovered.

SAVING TURKEY'S DIGNITY.

Constantinople, Oct. 14.—The ambassadors of the powers have transmitted to the Turkish government the decision of their governments on the subject of Crete, which sets forth that, while adhering strictly to their ultimatum, Turkey may possibly later be permitted to maintain a small force on the island as an emblem of Turkish authority.

LORD HERSCHELL.

Halifax, Oct. 14.—The British warship Renown arrived this morning from Montreal and Quebec. Lord Herschell accompanied Admiral Sir John Fisher on the flagship and will remain in Halifax for several days as the guest of Lieut.-Governor Daly.

A HAPPY DUCHESS.

London, Oct. 15.—The Duchess of Marlborough, formerly Miss Consuela Vanderbilt, of New York, gave birth to a son yesterday. Mother and child are doing well, according to latest reports from the attending physicians.

THE PARIS STRIKE.

Paris, Oct. 14.—The railroad workers' union has posted placards ordering a strike, and ordering the strikers from violence, and informing the public that if danger threatens the country the strikers will immediately return to their posts.

A DEAD ROUGHRIDER.

Cincinnati, Oct. 14.—The body of one of Roosevelt's Roughriders was found near the city to-night. The coroner is unable to tell whether it was suicide or murder. His naturalization papers were taken out in North Dakota, givin the name of John F. Sinclair, and previous residence as Canada.

ROULETTE FIXED HIM.

London, Oct. 15.—The Vienna correspondent of the Daily News says: The body of a man named Erard, from Baltimore, was found at Conda mine, near Monaco, on Sunday. He had blown his brains out with a revolver. In one of his pockets was a note saying that he had lost everything at roulette.

THE JAMAICAN TROUBLES.

Kingston, Jamaica, Oct. 14.—The criminal charges against the Maroons have been withdrawn, thus reducing the case against them to one of simple trespass under the civil code. Several of the leaders have been convicted of trespass and fined £2 each. The others have been discharged. The tribe professes satisfaction with the result, and the incident is closed, so far as the Maroons are concerned, but the troops are still maintained in the district.

ONTARIO ELECTIONS.

Toronto, Oct. 14.—Thirty-one election petitions which were filed for dismissal will be heard at Osgoode Hall to-morrow.

The North Perth case has been dismissed, and the South Perth case adjourned till November 11.

A new writ has been issued for the holding of an election in South Ontario, setting aside the previous writ. The voting is set for November 1.

"This new play, Cyrano de Bergenac, seems to be a sporting production."
"Why?"
"It has won by a nose."—Philadelphia North American.

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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LOSS OF POWER.
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