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There are some women who seem to be perennially youthful. The grown be perennially youthful. The grown daughters are companions as well as children, and the color in the mother's cheeks, the brightness in her eyes, the roundness of her form, all speak of abounding health. What is her secret? She is at the middle age of life when so many women are worn, wasted and faded, and yet time has only ripened her charms. The secret of this matronly health and beauty may be told in the brief phrase, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The general health of woman is so intimately related to the local health of the deleate womanly organs, that where these are diseased, the whole body must suffer. "Favorite Prebody must suffer. "Favorite Pre-scription" dries the deblitating drains, heals ulceration and inflam-mation, cures female weakness and imparts to the delicate female organs matural vigor and vitality. Women who have lost their health and their beauty have been made "robust and rosy cheeked" by the use of this marvelous medicine.

Many men really think women have the sunny side of existence.

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It is amusing to hear young fellows prate about their knowledge of the world.

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John Hungerford

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It was almost certain to happen that way in a regiment going into action for the first time. The officers were raw and the men were raw. After five or six men of Company B had been killed the remainder of the hundred hud-dled together like frightened sheep for a moment and then turned their backs to the foe and bolted from the field. Had the men been veterans there might have been a bit of confusion as the fire got too hot, but there would have been no running away. Had the icers been veterans the company yould not have been stood up there to urnish target practice to the enemy.

A pitiful thing followed. Company B

was branded with cowardice in the face of the enemy. There were over ninety men left, stalwart fellows from the pine woods and forest streams, who had worked alongside danger all their lives, and now they were to be snubbed, even by the company teamsters and the sutler's clerks. They muttered and cursed and shed tears, but the stigma had been put upon them, and they had to bear it. A citizen may be dubbed a coward for not resenting an insult, but he can plead a dozen excuses. Not so a soldier, however. He is in the ranks to fight, and fight he must or become an object of contempt.

Company B cursed and muttered and waited. There would be other battles, and their time would come. Three months later they went into action, with the company banner leading the way and every man singing a war song, and for a quarter of an hour they were heroes. What happened all a sudden no man could afterward tell. Perhaps it was the screams of men as they were hit, or a section of a battery galloping through the line, or it might have been some blundering order on the part of the officers. No

matter what it was, the results were

lamentable. Company B bolted again, and the other men cried. "Yah, yah!"



"SIR, I BEG TO REPORT THAT I AM THE LAST OF COMPANY B."

well for a time, and they had left ten of their number dead behind them, but those things didn't count.

The colonel called the captain up and called his lieutenants cowards; the lieutenants declared there was no fight in the men. The "B" men cursed and muttered and shed tears of humiliation again, but "Yah, yah!" was their greeting from the other 900 men. It was rubbed in on them for a month, and then the colonel detailed them as and then the coloner detailed them as guard to the wagon train. That filled their cup of disgrace. Company B dropped out of sight for four months. The regiment marched, fought and paraded with nine companies. It was as if a finger had been lopped off a hand in some disgraceful brawl.

Autumn was merging into winter, and both armies were advancing for a last grapple before the snow and ice should drive them into winter quarters. There were roads and passes to be held. Wagon trains were sent to the rear, details called in, and squadrons of cavalry and detachments of inrors of cavairy and detachments of in-fantry rode and marched this way and that. One day Company B returned to us for an hour or two until they could draw rations and ammunition. They were a dusty, ragged, dejected lot. Disgrace and humiliation had done their work on both officers and men. They were received as strangers and in silence. That hurt them more than the old cries of contempt, but they bowed their heads and said nothing. They marched away as they came, their feet dragging and their eyes cast down. They were to form a part of the force sent to hold a gap in the moun-tains, and men laughed and said it would give the "B" men another chance

A thousand men, most of them called in of detail and therefore lax in discipling, had been sent to hold a pass which 5,000 of the enemy might your at any hour. They were all that could be spared. Companies were sand-

wiched together to make a regiment, and under the orders of a colonel who meant fight they threw up a breast-work and waited for what was to come. There was riffraff there in plenty, but none in such contempt as the eighty men of Company B. Little or nothing was expected of them, and they were given the left flank.

At the end of two days, as divisions and brigades formed in the valleys and artillery galloped here and there to crown the knolls and hills, the enemy came marching down the pass, hoping to find it unguarded. In this they were disappointed; but, being five to one they swept forward with yells and cheers to brush the thousand defenders aside. The fighting colonel watched the onfall with heart in his mouth. thousand steady old veterans would have given him confidence, but he was looking at the backs of a thousand bummers. He cursed and prayed alternately as he heard the confident cheers of the enemy, but after the first grapple he smiled. The bummers had held their own and were cheering in defi-

"The next attack will be farther to the left," mused the colonel as he saw the enemy gathering again, "and if Company B falls me our whole line will be swept away. It was a shame to send me such men." There was another hot fight and an-

other fierce grapple, and when the lull came the colonel threw up his hat and cheered. The "B" men had not only stood firm, but had shifted along without orders to take more of the brunt of the battle. The orders to the 5,000 men were to break through at all costs. The orders to the 1,000 were to hold the mouth of that pass to the last mad. The fight began when the sun had only half an hour more of life, and it raged at intervals for three hours. Then those in the pass and those behind the breastwork slept or made ready for daylight. The birds had hardly taken wing before the musketry began to volley again Re-enforcements had been sent for, but they could not be up for hours. Meanwhile the thousand

must hold the pass. It is on record in history how the thousand fought. From sunset to darkness, from daylight to high noon, they crouched behind that wretched little breastwork of logs and stones and gave up their places only when they fell back dead. The pass was held.

When the re-enforcements marched up at last they found scarce 300 men crouching there, but they were fighting yet—fighting and dying. And when the enemy had made a last charge and been driven back to try no more the colonel rode down the line to cheer this and that company and to finally ask: "Where is B company? Every man of them has covered bimself with glo-

ry in this fight. I want to shake hands with each and all of them." "Sir," replied a dying man who was propped up with his back to the breastwork and who sought in vain to raise his hand in salute—"sir, I beg to re-port that—that I am the last of Com-

pany B and that I am—am"—
"Dead!" finished the colonel as the man fell back. "And braver men will never die after him!"

Mohammedans of India are very suerstitious. No Mohammedan will take a bath on Sunday or Tuesday. But if one bathes on Wednesday all misfortunes and misery that are in store for him till the next Wednesday will be averted. As a rule, all Mohammedans bathe on Fridays before going to perform the jumma prayers. For don-ning new clothes Saturday, Sunday and Tuesday are regarded as bad days.

If any one dons a new dress or puts on a new cloth or allows his tailor to cut piece of new cloth on these days he will live a miserable life till that dress or cloth gets torn or is thrown away. If a shirt is torn and if the wearer wants to stitch it it must be taken off, for if it is stitched while on the body the person will soon die. A Moham-medan will never allow a barber to come near him on Tuesdays, for Tuesdays and also Saturdays and Sundays are bad days for shaving purposes. If absolutely necessary he will get himself shaved on Saturday or Sunday, but never on Tuesday, as his star is supposed to fall in blood if he does so. If one receives money or some valua-ble thing it is taken with the right hand, for if it is taken with the left the person receiving it is said to forget all about it very soon or to mislay it. A devout Mohammedan will not start on a journey on Wednesday, for it is believed he will never return home safely if he does so. And it is said that even a snake never ventures out

of its hole on this day. Mathematics and Launching. The launching of a vessel is prima-rily a matter of mathematics. In a ship of immense size it calls for a vast emount of calculation before the first step is taken in the actual work. In the first place the specific gravity of the vessel must be figured out so as to allow for the various strains to which the hull is subjected on its slanting journey into the water, with its sud-den plunge as the bow drops from the ways. An enormous amount of data must be collected to fix this center of gravity. The weight of all the material that has gone into the vessel up to the time of the launching, the dis-tribution of this weight, the weight of chains and anchors and other material placed on board preparatory to the launch, must all be considered. When the center of gravity is fixed the sucessful shipbuilder knows just how to build his launching ways and just where to strengthen them. He knows then by a little calculation how long each part of the vessel will be subfected to certain strains and how best to prepare for them. He can figure almost to the second how long the ship will be in sliding into the water.

—Franklin Matthews in Outing.

FOREST GLORIES.

orgeous Picture of Autumn-Tinted Carl adian Maples in the Laurentides-Moose Killed Near St. Alexis.

The glow of an autumn sun on Canadian maples in the Laurentides last week made pictures gorgeous beyond anything the painter with either pen or brush might convey to either eye or senses. One could only gaze in worderment and adore the land of such manificent landscapes, with veneration for the creator of it all. Quite a few Montreal gentlemen and ladies who visit Ste. Agathe have talked of the beauties of tree-clad hills, slashed all with the Agathe naw talked of the beauties of tree-clad hills, slashed all with the flame-tinted maple, softened by the yellow-tinted birch and the deep green cones of the spruce and balsam shooting between like spears. Having seen our own glorious Mount Royal and the woods of Montreal Island with journeyings through the land, with journeyings through the Eastern Townships, one might think he had seen all that there could be of autumnal forest beauties. They were fortunate travelers that passed along the Great Northern Railway last Friday and Saturday—perfect days—and saw the fringe of the Laurentides. The railway is splendidly built and the passenger cars very comfortable and clean. After passing New Glasgow, the blaze of glory of land, with journeyings through comfortable and clean. After passing New Glasgow, the blaze of glory of the woods was with us all the way, even to St. Paulin Station, where we stopped for a dive ibto the heart of the great masses of the woods for nineteen miles, says a writer in The Montreal Witaess.

Lac a l'Eau Claire, sine miles drive tron St. Aloris, was the chiertiya.

from St. Alexis, was the objective point—the country seat of the Hon. George W. Stephens. St. Alexis, was a ten-mile drive from St. Paulin. a ten-mile drive from St. Faum.
The way was along the banks of the
pretty winding river, and the farmers and their homes, the flocks of
cattle and the milk preparations for the creameries were pleasant to see with in two or three places a saw-mill, where the power is good. To see farmers painting their houses means the presence of good times, for paint is a luxury. So, those farm-ers who were doing this were gener-ally fairly well off—the result of the high price for cheese and their ability to produce it economically and good. In St. Paulin there were storekeepers actually laying waver pipes for house service indoors. Generally the farmers were thrifty, and their families well looking. There was no sign of anything but thrift we drove through the sunny air and the glory of landscape, and the sun went slowly down in a sky the blue of which what could picture? Winding hither and beyond ran the

river, its banks very heavily clad with foliage and suggesting a canoe course of pleasant smoothness mile after mile until of a sudden an up-rearing of the hillside showed a fall of more or less torment-like pictures-queness that might easily have been the original that Jan Ridd describes the original that Jan Ridd describes in "Lorna Doone" as the back door to the Castle of the Doones. A pause to examine and enjoy the wealth of color all around, and then the pony carried us swiftly on a detour! of more than a mile. We came through the rear of a farmer's yard. Past byre, barn and home house. Then from the rise we saw Lac a l'Eau. Clairs. It was delightful. The sunlight upon the home house boat-Claire. It was delightful. The sun-light upon the home house, boat-house and bathing-house tinged the white paint with mellow light and the yellow sheen of the mirror-like surface of the lake was only dimpled here and there with a fly or trout ripple. The forest fringes of the lake were reflected vividly, and one might easily imagine from the opposite is-land the lady of the lake and the boat coming to meet us at the silver strand—only the strand was rather of the golden hue. It is safe to say that never in all his life did Sir Walter Scott view a more romantic scene than this. Neither did he hear the cry of the loon—nor the swish and scream of Canadian wild duck. But the sunset left no gloaming, bright as was the setting it gave to the picture, when the shadows were cast

by its going down.

Flip went the fly-cast at early morning, the deft hand dotting the lake surface with the life-like fly hooks tand feathers. Again and again the cast, and here and there the flies danced and flecked, until enly came a leap and the of life from the water. A lusty trout was at its battle for life with the angler at the other end of the line. Five minutes and a beauty three and a half pounds in weight was in the

landing net.

Soon afterwards the same deft hand had captured a three-pounder. That was enough for the hour. That was enough for the hour.

Exploring the lake, inlets or bays, and examining the island wore away much more time than fishing. Then the log fire in the spacious fireplace, the library and the story followed. The farmers had killed a moose three miles on the railway side of St. Alexis, and considered the feat no small one. They had not heard of these principles have been seen for the small one. these animals having leen so far in to the cultivated area before, and it was explained that the incident wa not to be taken as indicating any not to be taken as indicating any increases in the moose family, but merely that one had lost its way and had thus been discovered and shot on sight by the farmer who could get in the first load of buckshot.

Museums for Indian Relics. In Orillia and in Collingwood it is proposed to follow the example of Penetanguishene, and set apart a space in the public library as a mu-seum for the collection of Indian reseum for the collection of Indian relics. Orillia has been moved to this
step by the fact that Mr. C. W.
Hartman of New York, who was in
that locality this summer, went
about among the people and bought
up at small prices a lot of rare Indian relics which he carried off to
New York to be presented to a public museum. There are many private
collections in Simcoe County. tic museum. There are many collections in Simcoe County.

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Brown—They don't usually get a

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TEACHER WANTED-For S. S. No. 11, Chatham Township, male or female. Duties to commence Jan. 2, 1904. Apply, stating salary, to Hugh Cumming, Oungah.

EACHER WANTED-For S. S. No 18, Tp. of Chatham; male or female. Apply, stating salary, until Dec. 19. Duties to commence January 2nd. Apply J. G. Brown, Dresden. 3

PEACHER WANTED-For S. S. No.
10. Lover, male or female; duties to
commence Jan. 1st, 1904. Applications received till Dec. 1st, 1303. Apply. stating salary, to John Richmond, Chatham.

TEACHER WANTED—For S. S. No. 11, Cumden Applications will be received up to Dec. 15th State salary and make application to Arch McDonald, Secretary, Dawn Mills P. O.

TEACHER WANTED-For S. S. No 8. Chatham Township, for 1904. Apply, stating salary and qualifications. Applications received up to Dec. 12, 1903. John Clyde, Sec.-Treas. S. S. No. 8, Turnerville, Ont.

TEACHER WANTEL-For Union S. S. No. 12 and 15, Howard and Harwich. Duties to commence Jan. 4th. State experience, qualifications and salary expected. Applications received till Nov. 27. Apply to E. J. Mooney, Morpeth, Ont. 2w

FEACHER WANTED-For S. S. No. 9, Township of Chatham, holding a Normal second class certificate. Applications will be received to Dec. 15th. Duties to commence in January. Address John T. Holmes, Box 9, Tupperville.

TEACHER WANTED-For S. S. No. 4. Tilbury East, beginning January, 1904; second class certificate required. Please state salary and apply to John T. Hope, Sec.-Treas. S. S. No. 4, Tilbury East, Merlin P. O., Ont.

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