

exercise of long-suffering charity.

In conclusion, we think that this nomination of the Hon. Hugh John's Government is worth as much as, not to say more than, the appointment made by the mutual agreement of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Hon. Thos. Greenway.

But we are independent in our judgment, the Free Press is not. Perhaps therein lies the secret of the difference between our appreciation and that of the Free Press.

Only a Woman's Story.

BUT IT WILL BRING HOPE TO MANY SILENT SUFFERERS.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION—HEART WEAKNESS — AGONIZING PAINS AND MISERY SUCH AS WOMEN ALONE ENDURE MADE THE LIFE OF MRS. THOS. SEARS A BURDEN.

Just a woman's story. Not strange because it happens every day; not romantic or thrilling, but just a story of misery and suffering such as, unfortunately, too many women endure in silence.

For several years Mrs. Thomas Sears, of St. Catharines, felt her illness gradually but surely gaining a firmer hold upon her system, and ultimately she almost despaired of recovery. To a reporter who called upon her, Mrs. Sears said:

"What I have suffered is almost beyond description. My illness has been gradually growing upon me, and eighteen months ago I found myself almost helpless. My nerves were shattered, my heart weak and my entire system seemingly broken down. I had no rest night or day; the little sleep I did get did not refresh me. I was in constant agony, and only a woman can understand what I endured as I tried to do my household work. Any sudden noise would frighten me and leave me in a condition bordering on collapse. At times I experienced attacks of vertigo, and these seemed for a time to affect my memory. The least exertion would leave me almost breathless, and my heart would palpitate violently. I had no desire for food of any kind, and yet I had to force myself to eat to maintain life. I treated with three different doctors and spent much money in this way, but without avail, and I was in a condition bordering on despair. I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in December, 1898, I consented to do so. I first got four boxes and noticed a change for the better after I had finished the second box. When the four boxes were finished there was a great change for the better, and I then procured another half dozen boxes. Before these were all used I was again enjoying the blessing of good health. There can be no doubt of my cure because months have passed since I discontinued taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and during that time I have never felt the slightest symptom of the trouble, and I cheerfully and strongly urge other women who are suffering to use this wonderful medicine, feeling sure that it will cure them, as it did me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all forms of weakness. The blood is vitalized, the nervous system is reorganized, irregularities are corrected, strength returns and disease disappears. So remarkable have been the cures performed by these little pills that their fame has spread to the far ends of civilization. Wherever you go you will find the most important article in every drug store to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

A NEPHEW OF FATHER M'CARTHY.

The subjoined extract from the Liverpool Daily Post of Jan. 8, 1900, refers to a nephew of the Rev. J. McCarthy, O.M.I., of St. Mary's Church, Winnipeg:

Mrs. Bridget McCarthy, of 41 Hart street, in this city, has received the following letter from her son:

Sterkstroom Camp, Thursday, Dec. 14.

My dear Mother—I am glad to tell you I've survived one battle. As I said in my last letter, we were going to attack the Boers, and we did. It was at Stormberg, on last Sunday, after marching all night, so as to attack the enemy at daybreak. We were taken unawares, as our guides proved to be traitors. They led us right into a trap, and just at daybreak, as we were marching along beside a very steep hill, all of a sudden a terrible fire was poured into our ranks, and before we had time to return the fire there was a terrible lot of our men shot down. So we immediately wheeled into action, and let them have a dose of shell, which did not have any effect, as the enemy were entrenched all up the face of the hill, and we were only about 150 yards away, so that their fire was cutting our ranks up. So we had to retire further back so as to get a better position for our guns. In doing so we had one of our gunners shot dead, and our major shot in the leg, and also a lot of our horses shot. So, with great difficulty, we came into action again, and did some grand work. We dropped shells into the trenches, and killed a great lot of the enemy. The Royal Irish Rifles and the Northumberlanders attempted to charge the hill, but were shot down as they advanced. We were hardly able to stand after the night's march, and not having a sleep for 36 hours; besides, it was raining all the time, and we were fairly worn out. But still we fought for eight hours. Our force was too small for the Boers, as they were out of the infantry's reach. So our infantry had to retire with great loss. Still we kept up our fire, with the enemy's bullets whizzing round us as thick as rain. As our wounded tried to raise they were assailed by a shower of bullets, and killed where they lay. They also fired on our ambulance as they went to fetch the wounded off the field. So at last we had to retire, leaving our dead and wounded on the field. It was a terrible sight to see the poor fellows falling all round. Our major had his wound dressed, and mounted his horse, and fought with us to the last. I don't know exactly how many were killed. We lost about 700 in killed, wounded and missing. The Boers lost heavily. I am glad to say I am in good health, and we are going to attack the enemy again to-morrow or Sunday, and we won't come away until we capture the Boers' position, and I am sure it will be a terrible battle. I don't know how I was not hit, as the bullets passed my head every second. We were very lucky. I would be a dead man to-day, only the Boers' guns fired plug shells, which did not explode. Several dropped right in front of my gun. Our party was only 2,000 strong, but this time we will have five batteries of artillery, and God help the Boers. If I am alive, I will drink your health in a glass of water on Christmas Day. Your loving son.

If taken in time the D. & L. Emulsion will surely cure the most serious affections of the lungs. That "run down" condition, the after effects of a heavy cold is quickly counteracted. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

THE STONE OF DESTINY.

Written for THE REVIEW by an English Banker.

Forming part of the Coronation chair in which, for very many centuries past, the kings and queens of England have been crowned, is a block of red sandstone about twenty-six inches long by sixteen inches wide, around which have clustered innumerable strange legends, and to which is attached a long history covering quite three thousand seven hundred years; a history which appears to be so well founded on fact that, as has been observed by a noted historian, "Modern criticisms has not cared to meddle" with it.

This stone is believed to be the very identical stone which Jacob "put under his head" at Bethel, and upon which he was resting when he saw the wonderful vision related in the Scriptural records, and received the Divine promise that "his seed should be as the dust of the earth" for multitude. It is related that the patriarch anointed the stone with oil and set it up for a pillar, after which it appears to have been carried to Egypt by the patriarchal family, subsequently forming the base of the Ark of the Covenant.

After the destruction of Jerusalem the stone is traced to Spain, where it appears to have remained about four centuries, subsequently being carried to Ireland, doubtless by the Milesian founders of the Irish race, who were of Spanish origin, who placed it on the hill of Tara, the Irish kings being crowned thereon. (Many of the traditional legends referring to this epoch in the history of the stone are too childish to relate.)

It having come to the knowledge of the warlike Picts that this wonderful "Stone of Destiny" was in the hands of the neighboring Irish, a raid appears to have been made, and the stone was captured, and after, according to some accounts, having been lodged at Dunstaffnage, was finally placed at its last Scottish resting place, Scone, where it remained until the end of the thirteenth century. Here the Celtic kings were crowned, sitting on this almost sacred stone, the barbaric splendour with which these coronations were carried out being fully described by the old chronicler, Fordan.

After resting here for several centuries the Scone stone was carried off by King Edward I, to the great grief of the Scotch, in the year A. D. 1296 and was deposited at Westminster Abbey, where it now remains, every King or Queen of England, having been since that date crowned thereon. This capture is quaintly recorded by an old poet as follows:—

And as he came home by Skoon away,
The regal chayer of Scotland then he brought,
And sent it forth to Westminster for ay,
To ben there ynn a chayer clenly wrought
For masse priestes to sit in whan hem owt.
(M. S. BOD, SELD.)

And there that world-renowned relic of the great past still remains, carrying our thoughts backward through the long vista of time, all through the glorious vista of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the gradual rise and advance of the greatest and most powerful Empire the world has ever seen; all through those wonderful thirty-three years when the Majesty of Heaven condescended to dwell with us in human form, and in order that we might live, to die a terrible death, within sight of the great Temple where that very stone probably rested; all through the chequered history

of the Jewish race, right up to the time when almost the first founder of that splendid race received the Divine promise, which has been so marvellously fulfilled.

And may long years yet roll by before the Stone of Destiny is again called in requisition, and may a gracious answer be vouchsafed by the Almighty to that continuous prayer for the welfare of a beloved monarch from three hundred and eighty millions of her subjects—God Save the Queen.

Messrs. Elder Dempster, Limited, have chartered three of their great fleet to convey Imperial Yeomanry, and, as far as present indications go, the embarkations will take place at Liverpool. The three boats in question are the steamers Lake Erie, which has just arrived in the Mersey from the builders; the steamer Montagle and the steamer Mount Royal. These three vessels have been surveyed by the Imperial Yeomanry surveyor and have come through the ordeal with flying colors. They are all first class boats; indeed it would have been impossible to obtain vessels better adapted for the carriage of horses. The Lake Erie in particular is a splendid cavalry carrier. Her high between decks and shelter decks admirably meet the requirements of the service for which the vessel has been chartered. It is expected that the three vessels will sail on dates between the 15th and 20th inst. Mr. A. L. Jones, the principal of Messrs. Elder Dempster, Limited, who has done so much by gratuitous "extras" to add to the comfort and enjoyment of the soldiers who have sailed to the Cape on one or other of the vessels chartered to the government by this firm, is personally interesting himself in the matter

of the fitting out, provisioning, etc., of the ships which are engaged to carry the Imperial Yeomanry. It is, therefore, needless to say that everything possible which can conduce to the pleasure and happiness of the Yeomanry whilst on the water will be provided. The Elder Dempster liner Prah, which has arrived at the Cape from the River Plate, succeeded in landing all her horses in good condition. The Montfort (Elder Dempster transport) is expected back at Southampton from South Africa in a day or two. She is ordered to take out another lot of troops. Messrs. Elder Dempster intimate that parcels for British soldiers in the war will be taken free of charge by any of their steamers going to South Africa.

We claim that the D. & L. Menthol Plaster will cure lumbago, backache, sciatica, or neuralgia pains quicker than any other remedy. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

THE Very Best

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The D. & L. EMULSION

The D. & L. EMULSION is the best and most palatable preparation of Cod Liver Oil, agreeing with the most delicate stomachs. The D. & L. EMULSION is prescribed by the leading physicians of Canada. The D. & L. EMULSION is a marvellous flesh producer and will give you an appetite. 50c. & \$1 per Bottle. Be sure you get the genuine. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited, Montreal

The Last Call For Premiums

The subscribers of THE REVIEW are reminded that the time limit to get the premiums expires on March 1. After that date, all those who have not paid subscriptions beginning Jan. 1 last, will have to pay \$2 for the current year. Paying this year's dues after March 1 will not be considered as paying in advance, as it will then be 2 months behind. Subscribers will please act accordingly.