The Greatest Cura For

CANADIAN PORTE

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

ADDRESS TO THE SOLDIERS

SOLDIERS from the army and navy, once soldiers but now again citizens, we hail you today as our benefactors and deliverers. We welcome you home from the fatigues of the march, the wearisome camp, and the awful ecstacy of battle. Through four terrible years you have looked without quailing on the ghastly visage of war. You have patiently borne the heats of summer and the frosts of winter. You have cheerfully exchanged the delights of home for the hardships of the campaign or blockade. Not only the armed foe, but the wasting malaria has lurked along your resistless advance. You know the agony and the transport of the deadly encounter. How many times, standing each man at his post in the long line of gleaming sabres and bayonets, every hand clenched and every eye distended, you have caught the peal of your leader's clarion, and sprung through the iron storm to the embrace of victory! But all that has passed away. The mangled forests are putting on an unwonted verdure, the fields once blackened by the fiery breath of war are now covered with their softest bloom, and the vessels of commerce are now riding on all the national waters.

TOUR EMPIRE

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The carriage, the grouns, the cries for succor, the fierce onset, and sullen recoil, the thunders of the artillery, and the missiles and sullen recoil, the thunders of the artillery, and the missiles screaming like demons in the air, have given way to paeans, civic processions and songs of thanksgiving. The flag of your country, so often rent and torn in your grasp, and which you have borne to triumph again and again, over the quaking earth or through the hurricane of death in river and bay, rolls out its peaceful folds above you, every star blazing with the glory of your deeds, in token of a mation's gratitude. We come forth to greet you—sires and matrons, young men and maidens, children and those bowed with age; to own the vast debt which we can never pay, and to say, from full hearts, we thank you—God bless you!

young men and maidens, children and those bowed with age; to own the vast debt which we can never pay, and to say, from full hearts, we thank you—God bless you!

But while we thus address you, you are thinking of the fallen. With a soldier's generosity you wish they could be here to share in the hard-earned welcome. Possibly they are here from many a grave in which you laid them after the strife; pleased with these festivities, and with the return of joy to the nation, but far above any ability of ours either to bless or to injure. You may tarnish your laurels, or an envious hand may pluck them from you. But your fallen comrades are exposed to no such accident. They are doubly fortunate, for the same event which crowned them with honor has placed them beyond the possibility of losing their crown. Many of them died in the darkest hours of the republic; others in the early dawn of peace, while the morning stars were singing together. But victory and defeat make no difference to them now. They have all conquered in the final triumph. Their names will thrill the coming ages, as they are spoken by the tongues of the eloquent; and their deeds will forever be chanted by immortal minstrels. They were together "brave men," who repose in the public monuments, all of whom alike, as being worthy of the same honor, the country buried, not alone the successful or victorious; and justly, for the duty of brave men done by all, their fortune being such as God assigned to each."

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taste. All these qualities must be taken into account

TION, Fred. I can speake these cigarstall day without any ill-effects. Why is this cigar so different from all others?"

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