

For Sweet Charity

Annual Ball Given Under the Auspices of the Women's Auxiliary.

Elaborate Decorations, Dainty Supper and Excellent Music Crown It With Success.

The most successful of the eleventh annual ball given under the auspices of the Women's Hospital Auxiliary was undoubtedly that held last night, when from 9 o'clock until late this morning the money dance was prolonged to the delight of young and old.

The decorations surpassed those of any former year, the walls of the ball room being large mirrors embedded amongst the draperies and foliage. A squad of musicians from the ships had been busy for some time in placing flags and bunting, kindly helped by the officers of H. M. S. Warship.

All the incandescent globes were draped with yellow paper, and the effect was very pretty, so many subdued lights setting off most effectively the many handsome costumes worn by the ladies. The hall was under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Joly de Lotbiniere, Admiral and Mrs. Beaumont, captains and officers of H. M. S. squadron, His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Hayward, Captain and Mrs. Grant, and officers of the garrison, Col. Gregory and officers of Fifth Regiment.

The supper room, which was charmingly decorated, was presided over by Mrs. Gordon, who was assisted by the following ladies: Mrs. Tilton, Mrs. F. D. Walker, Mrs. Prothero, Mrs. Bickford, Mrs. Kraft, Mrs. George Jay, Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Machin, Mrs. Bulby, Mrs. Haswell, Mrs. D. Sehl, Mrs. Newton, Mrs. Becker, Miss Carrie Christie, Miss Carrie Austin, Miss Daisy Brooker, Miss Phyllis Green Miss Lowe, Miss Josephine Crease, Miss Turner and Mrs. Newcombe.

The following constituted the reception committee: Mrs. Locke Robertson, Mrs. James Dunsmuir, Mrs. E. G. Prior, Mrs. Charles Hayward, Mrs. D. M. Ebert, Mrs. F. B. Pemberton, Mrs. Cuyler Holland and Mrs. A. W. Jones. The setting out rooms were arranged by Mrs. D. F. Burton, the Misses Pemberton, the Misses Dunsmuir, Prior and Loewen, Mrs. F. B. Pemberton and Mrs. Livingston Thompson.

The floor committee comprised the following gentlemen: Col. Gregory, Joshua Davies, Dr. Hermann Robertson, S. Robertson, B. Gordon, H. M. Grahame, A. J. Dallain, and Dr. Edward Hasell. Music was provided by Finn's orchestra, to the satisfaction of all. A special car service was provided by the tramway company, which proved a great convenience to the dancers.

This evening Bantley's orchestra will furnish music for a Cindarella dance from 7 to 1 o'clock. The tickets have been placed at the low figure of 25 cents. The thanks of the ball committee are due to Weller Brothers for the loan of mirrors, carpets and draperies, and other articles to Fletcher Brothers for the loan of the new Gerhard Heintzman piano which gave such satisfaction; and to Mr. Russel for lamps.

Among the pretty costumes noticed in the throng were the following: Mrs. Bass, in white silk and tulle overdress.

Miss S. Lesser, a very pretty gown of white silk overskirt of tulle; her sister, Mrs. Gaudin, in black lace.

Mrs. Captain Walker, white silk and Honiton lace sleeves.

Mrs. Col. Prior, turquoise blue and velvet trimmings.

Mrs. Nelly Prior, cream taffeta and yellow ruchings.

Miss Maud Prior, a sweet gown of cream silk, with pink chiffon trimmings.

Mrs. J. S. Harvey, in cream brocade, silk and underskirt of tulle; her sister, Mrs. Gaudin, in black lace.

Mrs. Captain Walker, white silk and Honiton lace sleeves.

Mrs. Col. Prior, turquoise blue and velvet trimmings.

Mrs. Nelly Prior, cream taffeta and yellow ruchings.

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Mrs. Captain Walker, white silk and Honiton lace sleeves.

Mrs. Col. Prior, turquoise blue and velvet trimmings.

Mrs. Nelly Prior, cream taffeta and yellow ruchings.

Mrs. Gowen, in white and overskirt of tulle; her sister, Mrs. Gaudin, in black lace.

Mrs. J. S. Harvey, in cream brocade, silk and underskirt of tulle; her sister, Mrs. Gaudin, in black lace.

Mrs. Captain Walker, white silk and Honiton lace sleeves.

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Provincial News

Efforts are being made to organize a rifle company.

Sister Weissie Katzenstein, Supreme Chief of the Rathboun Sisters in British Columbia, instituted Silver Leaf Temple, No. 2, last night, with a charter list of 57 sisters and 37 honorary members.

Archibald Dick, Nanaimo, has been appointed provincial inspector of coal and metalliferous mines.

The supposed murderer of Geo. Roth, of Little Fort, 60 miles north of here, is now safely lodged in the provincial jail.

He arrived here Saturday afternoon in charge of three special constables, having been captured in Cariboo. On Monday morning the Indian was brought before Judge Tunstall and remanded indefinitely.

The prisoner keeps his own counsel and shows outwardly but little concern over his position.

CHILLWACK. The Fraser river is once more indulging in its erratic performances. This time, however, they will be for the benefit of the people. Just above Miller's landing, and near to the cottonwood on the north side, a channel is being cut with it is said, a depth of twelve feet, so that, it is probable, within a few weeks there will be no whirlpool at Miller's. The Royal City has passed through the new channel once or twice—Chillwack Progress.

ROSSLAND. His Lordship Bishop A. Donte will on Sunday blessed the bell and administered the sacrament of confirmation to 23 candidates at the Church of the Sacred Heart.

Joseph Moore, of this city, died on Monday at the age of 23 years. "The water has not been through the hose for fire purposes in the past seven months," said Chief Donald Guthrie on Monday. "The last real fire we had was early in April, and since that time the only alarms that have been turned on have been for burning chimneys or have been false alarms."

NELSON. H. M. Thorburn, of Silverton, was married on Monday night to Miss McLean, of Fredericton, N. B., by Rev. Robert Erew, pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian church. The bride arrived in Nelson on Monday night on the steamer Moyle, and the ceremony took place a couple of hours later.

During the last few weeks the buildings erected near the Athabasca road during last winter's smallpox scare have been entered and ransacked by sneak thieves. Two coats, a table, blankets, stoves and crockery were stolen from the pest house, and six or eight pairs of blankets from the detention hospital.

NEW WESTMINSTER. The latest reports of George Westall, the victim of Saturday's stabbing affair, are favorable. Shortly after being taken to St. Mary's hospital, he recovered consciousness and soon after that surgical treatment was successful in stopping the fearful bleeding. The doctors discovered that Westall has been struck twice, a small thrust in front having penetrated the windpipe, and a slight wound. This was so situated upon the left side, and a cutting down on the left side which inflicted a gash nearly two inches wide, cutting the jugular in its slanting course. This wound has been closed, and except for a very little while, there has been no bleeding since the blow was first assailed. At the police station on Tuesday morning, Thomas Wood, the assailant in the case, was remanded for eight days.

Charles Cardinal, of Surrey, appeared before Magistrate Pittendrig on Tuesday morning, charged with trespassing on the Indian reserve, which adjoins his place. Indian Agent Frank Devlin appeared on behalf of his wards, and it was shown that a good deal of bother had been experienced over this case for some time past. The accused's house is within a few yards of the reservation line across which he had built a road and done a little clearing. The case rested in Mr. Cardinal paying the costs and giving a bond to abstain from further trespass on the Indian lands.

VANCOUVER. Captain Frank Carter of the steamer Stampedo, of Vancouver, and Miss Jessie Sheldon, of Blaine, Wash., were married in a private ceremony at the United States city last week.

The remains of the unfortunate man John Dutton, whose body was found in a vacant lot on Beattie street on Monday night, were consigned to their last resting place on Tuesday afternoon. Several acquaintances of the deceased attended the funeral. It is said that the deceased's father is a respected citizen of Liverpool, England.

Miss Kate McTavish, who arrived at the City hospital a few days ago to take the position of assistant matron, was for nine years matron of the Home for Incurables in Toronto, and has charge of 135 patients. She graduated from the Toronto General hospital in 1892 the same year as Miss Clendenning, the matron of the Vancouver institution.

Capt. C. Gardiner-Johnson, on Monday, received a telegram announcing the death of his brother, Fred, Johnson, of Montreal, Alaska, on the 31st of October last. The deceased was very well known in Vancouver, having resided here for several years.

John Milner, an employee of Ivan Bushong, manufacturer of fire-proof safes and electric supplies, lies at the City hospital with a badly damaged skull. Milner was struck by a falling scaffold in the new fireproof building, corner of Granville and Hastings streets. His scalp was badly cut and he was knocked insensible.

Two bicycle accidents occurred the other afternoon, which might very easily have been attended with very serious results. The first took place at the corner of Hastings and Richards streets, when a young man ran into a passing lady. She was thrown down and some-

what badly bruised, her left knee being pretty seriously hurt. The young man jumped up hurriedly and rode away at full speed, refusing to give his name. Later in the afternoon, M. Wilzinski was taken down one of the west end streets when he was run into by a messenger boy. The boy was more hurt than Mr. Wilzinski when both were thrown off their wheels.

Word was received from Forbes' logging camp, Point Gray, on Wednesday morning, that Patrick Finnigan, a tree feller, was killed about 10 a.m. by the limb of a falling tree striking him on the head. Death was instantaneous. Finnigan was married and formerly resided in Vancouver.

A very pleasant wedding was solemnized at 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning by Rev. M. B. Balfour at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Southcott, 756 Richards street, when their second daughter, Annie Mabel, was united in holy matrimony to Thomas H. Kirk, manager of the Dominion Steam Laundry.

There was tremendous excitement at the police station on Wednesday afternoon. The commotion was caused by the escape of four prisoners. The offenders were four boys, three of whom had been sentenced to six months just an hour before. These were Willie Welling, John Cleveland, stealing clothes from Mr. Rubinowitz's store, corner of Abbott street and Walter street.

The fourth boy, Paul Webster, was undergoing a sentence for a somewhat similar offence. He was seen by John Clough, the day goler, heard the prison cook shouting the alarm. The cook happened to catch sight of the last jail breaker as he vanished through the hole in the fence. John was alone, but he acted promptly and in a few seconds had warned several other boys who were caught on their beds, by telephone. Officers Butler, D. McIntosh, Malcolm McLean and Wylie, were soon hurrying towards the station, and by chance some of them rushed into Carrall street in time to see several of the boys scampering down toward the Union steamship wharf. Butler, Wylie and McLean gave chase, and after a hot pursuit, succeeded in capturing three of the runaway boys. Paul Webster, being pressed by Officer McLean, and under the watchful eye of the policeman followed, and then the boy dived into the water. The officer was not to be glided, however, and he also plunged in and grabbed the runaway before he had gone very far. Both officer and boy were obliged to make a quick change of clothing on reaching the station. One of the boys, John Cleveland, managed to elude the police.

CHAMBERLAIN'S PAIN BALM CURES OTHERS WHY NOT YOU? My wife has been using Chamberlain's Pain Balm, with good results, for a lame shoulder, which has not been better for nine years. We have tried all kinds of medicines and doctors without receiving any benefit from any of them. One day we saw an advertisement of this medicine and thought of trying it, which we did from the post house. She has used only one bottle and her shoulder is almost well.—Adolph L. Millett, Manchester, N. H. For sale by Henderson Bros., Wholesale Agents, Victoria and Vancouver.

QUEEN ENGLISH NAMES. A Few of Those Which Must Not Be Pronounced as They Are Spelled.

The English tongue is certainly among the least phonetic of languages. This observation particularly applies to many of our own English family names, some of which are so interesting that we propose giving a few examples.

In the first letter of the alphabet, for instance, we have such instances as Abernethy, which should be pronounced Abernethy, Alcester, which should be Alcester, although it should be Alcester; Anstruther, which should be Anstruther; and Anchinleck, which should be Anchinleck.

If you want to be correct you should call the hero of Mafeking Bayden Poell, though every one of us of every hundred certainly do not do so.

If we were to be consistent and spell names as they ought to be pronounced, we should have to make the following drastic changes in some prominent B. C. Beauclerc for Beauclerc; Beigham, Beigham; Belinham; Belvoir; Beveler; Beveler; Bethune, Beeton; Breadabane, Breadavill; Beauchamp, Beecham; Brougham, Broome; and so forth.

There are plenty of no less curious examples in the C's. For instance, Callard should be pronounced Kay; Crompton, Crompton; Chalmers, Chalmers; Cresping, Cresping; Chandos, Shandus; Charteris, Charteris; Cheyne, Chayne; Chisholm, Chisholm; Cholmondeley, Chumley; Claverhouse, Claverse; Clowes, Cloos; Cochrane, Cochrane; Colquhoun, Colcho; Compton, Cumpston; Clough, Cloch; Goreux, Gureux; and Crichton, Crichton.

De Batho should be De Bath; de Zoete, de Zote; Cromwell, Crumwell; Elcho, Elko; Falconer, Faw-kaner; Farquharson, Farquharson; Fenwick, Fenwick; Fildes, Fild; Froude, Froud; Geogehan, Geegan; Iddeleld, Iddey; Iveagh, I'vagh; Jeeun, Jue; Knollys, Noles, and Leveson-Gower, Looson-Gore.

Among the M's we have such instances as Maciver, which should be pronounced Macever; McKay, McKay; MacMabon, Macmah; Mafwahring, Manring; Marjoribanks, Marjoribanks; Marlborough, Marlboro; Menpes, Mepes; Menzies, Mingles; Meynell, Mene; Molyneux, Molineux; and Monkton, Munkton.

"Polly, of the Guards," should be called Lieutenant General Polly Carey, and the author of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," Mr. Pin-al-r-o; while the organ grinder would like to be called Earl Tondlet by everybody.

Examples are comparatively rare among the latter letters of the alphabet.—The London Express.

NOT A SURPRISE. It will not be a surprise to any who are at all familiar with the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, to know that people everywhere take pleasure in relating their experience in the use of that splendid medicine and in telling of the benefit they have received from it, of bad colds it has cured, of threatened attacks of pneumonia it has averted and of the relief it has secured from attacks of croup and whooping cough. It is a grand, good medicine. For sale by Henderson Bros., Wholesale Agents, Victoria and Vancouver.

I count myself in nothing else so happy as in a soul remembering my good friends. And, as my fortune ripens with my love, it shall be still thy true love's recompense.—Richard III.

Treasures Of a God

Stock Company Formed to Search For Gold Coins, Bars and Statues

Supposed to Be Buried Beneath the Waters of a Little Distance From Tunis.

To Tunis belongs the honor of being the headquarters of the most extraordinary stock company in the world, the object of which is to unearth the treasures of a mythical or semi-mythical Carthaginian deity, which, according to tradition, have for ages been buried beneath the waters at a little distance from Tunis.

This Punic deity was Eshmoun, who was known to the Romans under the name of Saturn. His treasures, it is said, consists of gold coins, gold bars, jewelled vessels and exquisite statues, and it is valued at not less than 400,000,000. There are many popular legends about it, and the people of Syria are convinced that they are based on truth.

People talked about this wonderful treasure as far back as Emperor Nero's time. Suetonius, in his life of Nero, and Tacitus, in the sixteenth book of his annals, say that Nero sent a fleet to Carthage in the hope of recovering this treasure, about which the stage of the surprising stories from a Carthaginian knight named Cessilius Cassius. The fleet, however, searched in vain, and as a result Cessilius committed suicide. At a later period a new legend arose, according to which the Carthaginians, shortly before the destruction of their city, carried off their costliest treasures and buried them in a subterranean necropolis besides those of the god. This necropolis is said to be under the hill known as Sidin-Hassan, and to be connected with Carthage by means of a tunnel. It is a fact that when the harbor of Tunis was being constructed the engineers found traces of a tunnel, which led toward this hill.

Forty years ago a native of Morocco attracted wide attention in Tunis owing to the fact that from his condition of extreme poverty he suddenly attained a position of great wealth. Daily he squandered large sums of money and there seemed no limit to his riches. He explained that he had suddenly discovered heaps of gold in the bowels of the earth, and he attributed his good fortune to an ancient manuscript, which he claimed, had pointed him to a secret way leading to the chambers in which he had stored for centuries the treasures of the Carthaginians and of their god Eshmoun. A friend, he said, had helped him in the search for gold.

Soon afterward he and this friend left Tunis, and fifteen years later the former returned and made an attempt to acquire a fresh supply of gold. Finding that he could not succeed without help, he entered into partnership with a man named Embarek, as well as with several others, and the result was that he managed to get as far as the door of the subterranean temple in which the treasures were concealed. At this point, however, a quarrel arose as to which should be the first to enter the sacred precincts, and finally a furious fight ensued, which ended in the death of the native of Morocco and one of the companions. The others, terrified at the tragedy, left the place hastily and, having bound each other to secrecy, fled from the city.

All this sounds rather mythical and fabulous, but now we come to solid facts. Two years ago Embarek, who had fled to Morocco, returned to Tunis and looked for those who had accompanied him on the previous expedition, his intention being to endeavor once more to obtain access to the subterranean temple. He found two of his former companions and one night he and they went to look for the entrance to the tunnel which leads toward the temple. As various excavations, however, and other changes had been made in that part of the city, without success, they were unable to find it, and after much consultation they decided to apply for advice to Senor Medina, an archaeologist, who has acquired a wide reputation through his works on the ruins of ancient Carthage.

He was amazed when he heard the story and he advised them to take into their confidence Baron Anselme de Kinsaye, a member of the French Academy and an enthusiastic archaeologist. Tunis was then in Tunis, Embarek told the Baron the story of the subterranean temple and of the countless treasures hidden in its chambers, and his tale was apparently so circumstantial and so true that the Baron decided to join in the search for gold. The first step was to obtain the necessary concession from the government, and this he succeeded in doing through the officials, Messrs. Millet and Geuckler.

The government thereby granted him and his associates permission to make at their own expense the necessary excavations in the place designated, and in return for this privilege the Baron and his colleagues agreed to hand over to the government one-half of all the treasures they might find. In order to avoid any possible misunderstanding a committee was appointed to decide as to the value of any such recovered treasures.

The excavations were then begun, but did not prove as successful as was suspected. Although Embarek and his companions pointed out the spot at which, they said, they had gained access to the tunnel a few years ago, no trace of the tunnel has yet been found. On the other hand, various earthen vessels, Carthaginian lamps and relics of skeletons have been unearthed and a few small relics have been discovered.

For this reason Baron de Kinsaye expressed his determination to continue the work, and, as the necessary funds, because lacking, recently, he decided to form a stock company, the shares of which are to be sold at 100 francs each. Every one connected with the work seems convinced that most valuable treasures will be found sooner or later, and so hopeful is Embarek that he has refused to sell, even at a high figure, his claim to a portion of the treasures. As the pioneer in this enterprise, he is naturally entitled to a goodly portion of whatever wealth may be recovered.—Exchange.

"BOBS" AT BLOEMFONTEIN.

Perhaps one of the prettiest sights in the world was to watch Lord Roberts taking his walk in front of the Bloemfontein Club. The square was thronged with people, crowding and pushing, when suddenly Lord Roberts's little figure would be seen advancing towards the club. In an instant, like a body of trained soldiers and quicker than a crowd met before royalty, this huge body of people sprang back, leaving a large, clear space for the little monarch. It was curious to watch how, though the square was filled with the most interesting people—the pick of nations—yet every eye would be concentrated on one little figure pacing thoughtfully up and down, and adoringly watching his every movement, never swerving for an instant, although General Hector Macdonald might ride up on horseback and say a few words to General French, or Major Rimington would be seen in an animated discussion on the steps of the club with Major O'Meara (Chief Intelligence Officer), while Julian Ralph would be the centre of a little group of journalists discussing a cable they proposed sending to England with the amiable censor, Lord Stanley, and interesting little clusters of people were dotted about the square, where you could see Mr. Winston Churchill drifting from group to group, not altogether at home anywhere.

But every eye was focussed on Lord Roberts alone, as if hypnotised. No stage manager in the world could have managed a scene so perfectly, with such a good effect, though all unconsciously, as the Commander-in-Chief. "I often thought," said the Painter, "how Mr. Beerholm Tree would have loved to occupy such a position on the stage of Her Majesty's, as Lord Roberts did in that square at Bloemfontein."—M. A. P.

THACKERAY AS A CANDIDATE. Parliament has always had a peculiar attraction for men of letters. Thackeray, who evidently did not regard Parliament as a Vanity Fair, stood as a candidate for Oxford at the general election of July 1857. A personal friend had lost the seat, as Thackeray put it, for "two pennyworth of bribery which he never committed," and the author stood in his place. Thackeray was a Liberal, who favored the ballot and triennial Parliaments, and had "no objection to people being amused on Sundays after worship." With no feeling but that of good will toward those leading aristocratic families who were administering the chief offices of the state, he believed the administration could be benefited, "by the skill and talent of persons less aristocratic." Thackeray and his radicalism came out at the bottom of the poll, but the author stuck to his guns, and declared that he would not shrink from them "to be made a Duke or Marquis to-morrow."

Thackeray was not an ordinary candidate. From his hotel window one day he saw his followers fighting their opponents, and rushing into the street, he joined in the fray, defending his political enemies against his own friends. He was disappointed to find that he was not so famous as he had imagined. Oxford knew very little of his books, and many of the electors were perhaps surprised when the name of Thackeray was put to a charge that he could not speak, that "he knew that very well, but he could write." "Perhaps I thought my name was better known than it is," he was heard to say. It was his first and last attempt to get into Parliament; he left politics to look after themselves, and edited The Cornhill.—London Chronicle.

HEROES WHO ARE COWARDS. A General's Recollections of Victoria Cross Men.

"There is perhaps no man about whom there is so much popular misconception as the hero who covers himself with glory on the field or battle," said an old general who has seen half a century of fighting, and has himself been recommended for the Victoria Cross.

"It is usual to picture him as a man of iron nerve, to whom fear is absolutely unknown, a man who is ready to face death with as much equanimity as he would sit down to his breakfast. There could be no more misleading picture of the hero, or at least of such heroes as I have known, and my memory takes me back to the first China war, several years before some of our generals of today entered the army.

"I have known many of these men intimately, but I have not known one who has not scoffed at the idea of having no nerves or of being a stranger to fear. One of the bravest men I ever knew, a man whose reckless daring was the talk of the allied armies in the Crimea, and who won the Cross for Valor at Inkerman, said to me once: "Do you know, I believe I am naturally the biggest coward in the army. I never go into action without literally trembling all over and feeling an almost irresistible temptation to bolt. But, by curiosity enough, this feeling all vanishes after the first few minutes, and I forget all about danger. This is my usual experience; but on one occasion, when I won my cross, I was the bluest of funks the whole time, and if it hadn't been for fear of disgracing myself before my men I almost think I should have turned back. If I showed any courage then it was certainly the courage of cowardice."

"Another thing I have observed—that the man who performs deeds of valor in the field is usually the last man you would suspect of uncommon courage. I have never known a Victoria Cross or a Distinguished Service Order man who was not essentially a quiet, unassuming man without trace of brag about him; and I have never known a boaster or 'swashbuckler' who won any laurels in battle."—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

USED BY BRITISH SOLDIERS IN AFRICA. Capt. C. G. Denison is well known all over Africa as commander of the forces that captured the famous rebel Gallahe. Under date of Nov. 4, 1897, from Vryburg, Bechuanaland, he writes: "Before starting on the last campaign I bought a quantity of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which I used myself when this claim to a portion of the treasures, and I gave it to my men, and in every case, it proved most beneficial." For sale by Henderson Bros., Wholesale Agents, Victoria and Vancouver.