

Young Folks.

SORE POINTS.

The pencil heaved a weary sigh, and murmured to itself out of sorts: "I haven't felt so out of sorts since—oh, I don't know when!"

"The penknife treats me very ill, it cuts me in the street, and really is extremely sharp. When he comes to meet."

"And when I broke the other day beneath its bitter stroke, I said 'it didn't see the point,' neither did I the joke!"

"With many troubles I'm depressed, my heart feels like lead, the pen moped up an ink tear—'I weep for you,' it said."

AN ENGLISH BOY HERO.

While a boy bugler in England's Fifth Lancers has been rewarded for his pluck at the battle of Elands-laagte, there is one boy whose grit in England's Crimean War made him a name that has lasted even to this day.

This boy, whose name was Thomas Keep, went with the English army to the heights of Alma, preserving the most undaunted demeanor throughout the battle. Shot and shell fell about him like hail; but, notwithstanding the dangers of the day, the boy's heart beat with tenderness toward the wounded. Instead of going into a tent to take care of himself after the battle, he was seen venturing his life for the good of his comrades stepping carefully over one body after another, collecting all the broken muskets he could find, and making a fire in the night to procure hot water. He made tea for the sufferers, and saved the life of a Sergeant and several of the private soldiers who were lying nearly exhausted from want. At Balaklava, again, he assisted the wounded. He did his duty by day and worked in the trenches by night, taking but little rest. At Inkermann he was surrounded by Russians about 20 minutes, and, to use his own words, "thought it was all over with him." He received one shot, which passed through his coat and out at the leg of his trousers, but he was unhurt. He helped, with all the bravery of a man, to get in the wounded. He waited on the doctor when extracting the shot from the man, and on the man before and after. Some of the wounded say they would not have been alive now had it not been for this boy's unswerving helpfulness and kindness in their hours of helplessness.

STEVENSON AND CHILDREN.

Edmund Gosse, an English writer, has a charming paper on Robert Louis Stevenson in his relations to children in a recent number of the *Youth's Companion*. Mr. Gosse is an especial admirer of "A Child's Garden of Verse," and has this to say about one of the notable little poems contained in the volume.

Everyone recollects and delights in "The Land of Counterpane," which begins:

When I was sick and lay abed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my tops beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

All this, we may say, is the imaginative experience of a sick child; but the very close of Stevenson's life he was accustomed to make up adventures as he lay in bed very still, forbidden to speak or move, propped up on pillows, with the world of fancy before him.

He had related a great deal of the temperament of a child, and it was his philosophy to encourage it. When his illness was more than commonly heavy upon him he used to contrive little amusements for himself. He played on a flute, or he modelled little figures and groups in clay; but he could not always be doing this, and when his fingers were tired, he lay gazing down on the white world which covered him, and imagined that armies were marching over the hills of his knees or ships coming to anchor between the blanket and sheet. Toward the end of his life, he complained that he could not care any more about the Land of Counterpane, and to those who knew him best this seemed quite a serious sign of impaired vitality.

A TRUE HERO.

Sometimes it required more bravery to do a little thing all alone than to do some great thing in company with others. Thus a soldier may be a hero on the field of battle, but lack the courage to stand up alone on a platform and make a speech.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his essay on "Heroism," says that genuine heroism is persistence. As an illustration he tells how his little son Waldo on his way to school had to pass a house where lived a French family. The child heard the family talking their native language, which he could not understand, and that made him have a sort of superstitious fear of them. So Mr. Emerson used to walk to and from school with the little fellow.

But one day he decided that the child was old enough to overcome his fear and pass the house of the French family by himself. He went to school with the lad and told him that he must return alone.

After school was dismissed Waldo walked manfully toward home until he had nearly reached the French house. Then he stopped, and, leaning against the fence, began to whimper. Miss Elizabeth Howard, his neighbor, saw him and went to the rescue. "Come, Waldo, I am going your way and you can walk with me," said she.

The child looked up fearfully into her eyes a moment and then said in the most doleful voice: "I don't think that was what my father meant for me to do." Then he trudged on by himself.

TRIFLES SAVED ARMIES.

SOME MOST EXTRAORDINARY FOR- WARNINGS.

Fires, Crabs and Guerillas Have Proved More Valuable Than Howitzers.

One of the most remarkable festivals in the world is that held annually at midsummer in the city of San Domingo in the West Indies, when every inhabitant deems it incumbent upon him to decorate his house with the shells—often richly gilt and garlanded—of the

LARGE LAND-CRABS so abundant in the neighbourhood. The women-folk also through the streets, attired in their best clothes, and wearing as jewellery gold and silver reproductions of the ungainly creatures; while, to crown all, a huge specimen used, until quite recently, to be led captive through the principal thoroughfares, the inhabitants saluting it as it passed with respectful and reverential gravity. The origin of this extraordinary custom is said to have been the good service once rendered to the citizens by the progenitors of the crabs in question, in scaring away a body of English cavalry, the clattering of their claws and shells being mistaken for the sound made by Spanish cavalry.

A somewhat similar story is also told concerning the gigantic tropical fireflies which swarm in the forests and cane-brakes of most of the large West Indian islands. A body of buccanniers, headed by the notorious Thomas Cavendish, were contemplating a descent upon the coast-towns of Hayti, and had actually put off in their boats for that purpose. As they approached the land, however, rowing with muffled oars, they were greatly surprised to see an infinite number of moving lights in the woods which they had to proceed, and concluding that the Spaniards knew of their approach, they put about, and regained their ships without

ATTEMPTING TO LAND.

Ostriches, when seen at a distance, look exactly like irregular cavalry scouting in open order. It was this peculiarity in their appearance which saved an entire British force from annihilation during the Boer War of 1881. The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers were advancing in column, and were suddenly halted by a body of Boer cavalry. The Boers, seeing the British force, and apparently bent on outflanking everyone simultaneously, and the regiment promptly proceeded to form a line. A little later the true nature of the supposed "cavalry patrol" was discovered; but simultaneously the main Boer army, which had been lying concealed in the bed of a dry stream, and a thousand yards ahead, opened fire, imagining, of course, that we had somehow been warned of the trap which they had prepared for us. As it happened, the Boers were in a very overwhelming strength, and but for the lucky—and, under the circumstances, quite pardonable—mistake, the Inniskilling would almost certainly have been cut to pieces. As it was, they had to stand a siege of many weary weeks, and were only rescued at last, in the very nick of time, by reinforcements sent round by sea.

THE DUTCHMAN WERE THEN, OF COURSE,

not nearly so strong numerically as they are at present, but their method of fighting seems to have been much the same. Their skill in taking advantage of every bit of cover was as marvellous, and came as a revelation, to our officers and men; and also their wonderfully accurate shooting. Indeed, just at first the Irish regiments, for one, were very far from being struck so often, and nearly always in a vital part, was due to anything but a series of unlucky accidents. After the first day or two of the siege, however, they very far better, and grew very shy of showing themselves within view of the Boer sharpshooters.

Every reader of this article has doubtless recalled for himself the hackneyed story of the goose that saved Rome, but comparatively few probably are aware that the city of Quebec was warned in a similar manner of the approach of an enemy force. The incident occurred in 1775, when the town was being besieged by the American provincials, under Montgomery, and the details are preserved in the municipal archives.

Indeed, these stories of besieged towns warned by birds of the approach of an enemy crop up again and again, and are no doubt for the most part true. Every species of fowl—and especially every species of waterfowl—is able to detect the approach of strange footsteps when yet very far off, and invariably gives noisy notice, a trait in their character well known to all park poachers. A carefully-planned Moorish attack against Valladolid in Spain, failed for this reason; and a portion of the Castle of Gurre, in Sweden, built by Valdemar I. in commemoration of a parallel incident, is called the Goose Tower to this very day. During the American Civil War, too, the screaming of a flock of guinea-fowl effectually warned the inhabitants of the little Mississippi town of Greenville of the approach of Quantrill's

TERRIBLE GUERRILLAS.

Alva, the merciless Spanish governor of the Netherlands, concerning whom it was said that in a long life of warfare he was never beaten or surprised, failed, nevertheless, to detect the importance attaching to the notice of a number of storks which were wading in the water in front of the beleaguered city of Maestricht. The long-legged bipeds proved conclusively to the burghers that a lagoon, which stretched between them and the Spanish general's camp, was fordable, and, sallied forth in the dead of night they succeeded in inflicting enormous damage on the besiegers.

There is a sudden dearth of hospital nurses. Many have gone to the front, and the remainder are busy with influenza patients at home.

WONDERFUL LAKE.

Filled With Boiling Acids That Eat Bones to Pieces.

A strange lake exists in the centre of Sulphur Island, off New Zealand. It is 50 acres in extent, about 12 feet in depth and 15 feet above the level of the sea. The most remarkable characteristic of this lake is that the water contains vast quantities of hydrochloric and sulphuric acids, hissing and bubbling at a temperature of 110 degrees Fahrenheit. The dark green-coloured water looks particularly uninviting. Dense clouds of sulphuric fumes constantly roll off this boiling caldron, and care has to be exercised in approaching this lake to avoid the risk of suffocation. On the opposite side of the lake may be seen the tremendous blow-holes, which, when in full blast, present an awe-inspiring sight. The roar of the steam as it rushes forth into the air is deafening and often huge boulders and stones are hurled out to a height of several hundred feet. The various internal forces of nature. A boat can be launched on the lake, and, if proper care be observed, the very edges of the blow-holes may be safely explored. Some fish of the strength of the acid-saturated water of this lake may be gathered from the fact that a boat almost dropped to pieces after all the passengers had been landed, as the rivets had corroded under the influence of the acids.

AN AGED GENTLEMAN.

Queen Victoria is a very old lady, but she does not neglect those gentle courtesies that have caused her all her life to be loved by those who know her. Old servants may grow very old in their attendance upon her before she thinks them sufficiently aged to be set aside for younger attendants.

Eighty-two is a good ripe age for a housekeeper, but Miss Thornton, who has been the queen's housekeeper for over forty years, would not have felt called upon for so small a cause to resign her position. Unfortunately she grew deaf—too deaf to hear the orders that were given. "I could not say 'I beg your pardon to her majesty and ask for an order to be repeated,' she herself said, in speaking of her reason for resigning.

How much real care the queen has for this old servant was shown by her thoughtfulness at the time of the last jubilee. In the midst of all the confusion and excitement she did not forget to order that tickets should be furnished to Miss Thornton, admitting herself and a friend to a private room in the palace, a room where there was a window in full view of the jubilee pageant.

Here the two old ladies could sit and watch without fatigue the departure of the queen and her gorgeous escort, and her triumphant return after her progress through the country. By the queen's special order refreshments were served to the housekeeper and her friend, and they were treated as honored guests.

Others heard of Miss Thornton have found, when they came in contact with the Queen of England, that she was a woman possessed of that kindly heart and consideration for others that made them see in her the woman as well as the queen.

The late Mrs. Keeley used to tell with pleasure of the time when she had the honor of being received by her majesty. On being presented she excused herself from making a low courtesy by saying:

"Your majesty, I have rheumatism in my knee and I cannot courtesy," "Mrs. Keeley," replied the queen, "I can't, either."

Mrs. Keeley was at once put at her ease by the homeliness of the remark. The truth of nature made the two women kin.

GIRLS' POSITION IN KOREA.

When a girl is born in Korea she is not even dignified by a name. Several names are written on slips of paper and placed in an urn before some favorite deity, and when it is necessary her godfather selects one without seeing it, and she is known by it until she reaches womanhood among the members of her own family. Strangers designate her as the wife, mother, sister or daughter of such a man. This is not merely the result of a custom. The laws are strict in this matter, and hold a woman of little more consequence than a domestic animal. In the higher classes of society the girls are separated from the boys of the family at the age of 7 years. They occupy the apartments of women, and are forbidden to communicate with anyone outside.

NEW USE FOR SMOKE SHELLS.

The great loss of life incurred by the English troops is mainly attributable to the charges they have had to make across open spaces in order to dislodge the enemy from the sheltering kopje. In order to minimize the death toll it has been suggested that just before a charge takes place smoke shells should be fired, which would temporarily hide the English soldiers.

There is no surer mark of the absence of the highest moral and intellectual qualities than a cold reception of a compliment—Bailey.

The most famous mule episode in history is probably the celebrated charge of the mules after the battle of Missionary Ridge, in the American Civil War, when the mules, finding themselves no longer under the lash of a master, started on a wild run, and, soon breaking loose from the wagons, stampeded directly toward the enemy. In the darkness the Southern soldiers took the onslaught for a cavalry charge, and in turn stampeded, leaving the mule victors in the possession of the field.

Floor Walker—Hurry out, madam! The store's affairs are in a parlous state. Oh, is that all? Then I'll just wait for the fire sale.

SENT BY BULLET POST.

FROM ENVELOPES AND GUNPOWDER STAMPS.

A New War-Time Letter Delivery Most Convenient at Times.

The idea of using a bombshell as a letter-box is no new one, although—probably owing to the vastly increased range of modern guns—the device seems to have been more often resorted to during the present war than was ever the case previously.

The besieged Ladysmith garrison, it will be remembered, sent the Boers a Christmas-card, enclosed in a fifty-pound shell, on the morning of December 25th. Not to be outdone in politeness, the enemy, on the evening of the last day of the old year, fired two plugged Palliser shells into the British camp. On one was inscribed the compliments of the season. The other, on being opened, was found to contain a real English Christmas pudding accompanied by a—for a Boer—facetiously ironical letter of greeting.

The above is on the authority of the representative on the spot of one of the largest of the international news agencies. Another correspondent mentioned incidentally that important despatches had been forwarded in this same novel manner from General White to General Buller, the shells containing the documents having been, by arrangement, painted red, so as to be easily recognizable by the recipients.

A modern big gun, if given sufficient elevation, will fire

A HOLLOW PROJECTILE anywhere between nine and eleven miles, or far beyond the remotest outposts of the Boer army now investing the Aldershot of South Africa.

A single shell, landed on some spot on the veldt previously agreed on by code-signal, could be made to carry a whole bundle of letters and despatches,—more, in fact, than could be sent through in many days by the ordinary heliographic or searchlight method of signalling.

Numerous letters have been fired in to and out of Mafeking by bombshell post, and most of the shells recently used by the Kimberley garrison, have been inscribed with Cecil Rhodes's compliments. The latter idea was probably borrowed from the Germans, who, when bombarding Strasburg, during the last Franco-Prussian war, stamped a number of their solid shells with the ironic message, "a Berlin."

This was, of course, the cry raised by the frenzied Parisian populace on the eve of the declaration of war.

Later on, during the investment of Paris, the shells were fired from the beleaguered city. Many of these were captured by the Germans, not a few went astray, and were lost irretrievably. The shadow of the bullet, however, French peasants, and reached eventually those for whom they were intended.

The worst of these letter-filled bombshells is that they are liable to bury themselves in the ground by the mere force of their own impact. One such was unearthed not long since in a wood near Vincennes. It contained

SOME TWO HUNDRED LETTERS, the dates upon which showed that the recipient containing them had been fired—probably from one of the outlying forts—during the early days of the siege.

The earliest recorded instance of the use of the ordinary letter-filled bomb of to-day was at the siege of Tournay, when the garrison hid upon this expedient for opening up communications with the outside world. It was owing to one of their aerial post-offices, filled with plans and despatches, falling short, and thereby coming into our hands, that the discovery was made of the exact position of that vast subterranean store of gunpowder which was afterwards known as the "Great Mine." A portion of our camp was found to be well within the danger-zone, and on the night of August 25th, was removed to a safer locality. Our allies, the Dutch, however, refused to take warning, believing the whole affair to be a ruse, of the enemy to get us further away from the town. The result was that over four hundred of them were blown to pieces in the terrific explosion which took place early on the morning of the following day.

A BAD INVESTMENT.

Mornin'! Guv'nor! inquired a confident-looking stranger of a weak young man who stood weighing sugar in a grocer's shop.

Yes, sir.

Um. You're advertising for a manager, I believe?

Yes, we are.

Present manager about anywhere? Well, I'm manager at present, sir.

Ah! That's good. Now, what sort of chap may the guv'nor be? Old?

Had any trouble with him at all? Well, I can't say I have.

Close-fisted screw, ain't he? Ah, well! If I get here and he tries any of his nonsense on me he'll give him my name, will you?

Well, if you're applying for the situation I'm taking on the new man.

By Jove! You are? Now, I should like to get this shop. Think you could come to an immediate decision if I made it worth your while?

Shouldn't wonder.

St. Peter-burg correspondent of the London Times says: "It will not do to place so much reliance upon Russia's official assurances that nothing will be done to embarrass England in the present situation of affairs."

Russian troops to the number of 20,000 are being concentrated at Kushk. The Times says the demonstration is probably intended to cover movements of a more practical kind in other quarters.

Well, you see, I happen to be the guv'nor myself!

MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Marvellous Feats in War and Peace Performed by the Man With the Camera.

At the present time, the practical application of the camera to warlike purposes is an all-engrossing subject. For many years past it has been customary for our military balloonists to carry cameras with them into cloud-land. By this means, they are not only enabled to obtain the most valuable information, both as to an enemy's true strength and position, but also as to the general character of the surrounding country. Unfortunately, however, it is considerably easier to transport cameras than balloons, and for this reason the cloud-camera could only be employed upon comparatively rare occasions.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PARACHUTE.

This remarkable instrument is snugly folded into an asbestos-lined metal case, placed at the business-end of a large rocket, which is fitted with a time-fuse. On attaining the highest point of its flight, the parachute is automatically released by the explosion of the fuse, and slowly commences its downward journey.

To the bottom of the parachute is attached a utility-loaded camera, containing a large number of plates, which are exposed one after the other by means of clockwork in order to prevent the whole contrivance sailing gaily into the enemy's camp, a strong tug light line is reeled out as the rocket ascends, by means of which the subsequent descent of the parachute can be guided into any desired direction. At the same time, a judicious pull upon the line will convey a swinging motion to the camera, by means of which its pictures—which are, of course, instantaneous—can be made to include a

WIDER EXPANSE OF COUNTRY.

Perhaps one of the most marvellous photographic feats on record was the successful picturing of a bullet in full flight by Professor Boys.

The principal difficulty was, of course, to get a sufficiently short exposure, for the modern magazine-bullet used in the experiment travels at the rate of 3,000 ft. per second, and a too lengthy exposure would merely have shown a line—or, rather, a smear—across the picture.

By means of a most unique apparatus, the professor obtained his photograph entirely without the aid of a camera.

In the first place, he devised an electric spark which should occupy only 1-100,000 of a second. During the period of so brief a flash, which was actuated by the bullet severing a fine lead wire, and thus completing the necessary electrical circuit, the projectile could not move a greater distance than 1-100th of an inch. The shot was fired a pitch-dark tube. As, upon its passage down the tube, it severed the leaden wire, the tiny, electric spark threw the shadow of the bullet momentarily upon a photographic plate placed upon the opposite wall of the tube.

Doubtless one of the most gruesome elegiacs in which the photographer is occasionally called to practise his art is that of the

PHOTOGRAPHY OF CORPSES.

Contrary to general belief, this is a much more common quest than one would imagine, and, in at least one case, has been attended with a most unexpected commutation. The case in question took place in London a few years back.

A prominent West End photographer, who had been engaged to photograph a dead lady, was not a little amazed when, upon developing the picture, he discovered a distinct blur on one of the hands. The only explanation was that either camera or body had moved. But it could not possibly have been the camera, otherwise the whole picture must have been similarly blurred. Therefore the hand had moved.

Happily, the photographer was a man of action, and a few hours later a couple of doctors had the satisfaction of completely resuscitating the supposed corpse from the state of death-like catatony under which she had so nearly gone to that most fearful of all fates—a living tomb. But that, after all, is but another illustration of the thousand and one ways in which the photographic fiend has benefited the human race.

Not content with his deep-laid plans to rival England's naval supremacy Emperor William now starts to catch up to her as a colonizer. He has donated 10,000 marks to promote German emigration to Palestine.

It is rumored that the Danish Government, which for twenty-five years has rejected all proposals of the United States to purchase the Danish West Indies, is about to submit a bill authorizing the sale of these possessions at 12,000,000 kroner.

Russia's premonitory note regarding repatriation of Armenian refugees in Caucasus surprised the Sultan of Turkey, who believed the matter had dropped. As compensation for the Bagdad railway concession Russia demands prior right on equal terms over all applicants for railway concessions in Asia Minor, north of the German line.

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Well, you see, I happen to be the guv'nor myself!

THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY.

THEY ARE THE ARISTOCRATS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

The Boers Will Find That They Are No Feather-bed Soldiers.

The Household Cavalry, which comprise the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards, are the aristocracy of the British Army. They take precedence of all other regiments, and are maintained primarily as a personal guard for the Sovereign. They have at last been called out for foreign service, and some critics, therefore, look upon the fact, that a composite regiment composed of three squadrons of the "Heavies" as a bad omen. There is no reason for alarm, however. The Guards have always resented the epithets of "stand backs," "feather-bed" soldiers, and "carpet" warriors that have at times been applied to them, and have no doubt themselves agitated for a turn at the Boers.

Until the Egyptian campaign of 1882, the Household troops had never been employed against a foreign foe, other than European, and the last occasion on which a regiment of Household Cavalry as a whole took the field was at Waterloo. A detachment of the three regiments was at Tel-el-Kebir, in 1882, so that each of the regiments now has "Egypt 1882," and "Tel-el-Kebir," inscribed after its name in the Army List.

The 1st Life Guards were originally formed at the time of the Restoration when Charles II. required some troops as a

PERSONAL BODYGUARD.

and many of the gentlemen troopers at that time paid as much as a 100 for the privilege of serving in the ranks. The duty of their commander was described as follows:

"The office of the Life Guards is at all times of war or peace to wait upon the King's person, as oft as he ride abroad, with a considerable number of horsemen, well-armed, and prepared against all dangers whatsoever."

The regiment distinguished itself at the battle of Sedgemoor, and also during William's Dutch Wars. At Fontenoy, in the Peninsula, at Waterloo, Cassassin, Tel-el-Kebir, and Abu-tub, they proved that they were anything but "carpet" soldiers. It was the 1st Life Guards who so decisively routed the French Lancers at the battle of Waterloo.

The 2nd Life Guards were formed in 1788, the regiment consisting of four troops of fifty men each. At the battle of Waterloo, in 1815, they had occasion to charge a strong body of French infantry, which was covering the retreat of the French army. During the charge they came upon a deep ravine, but not a man drew rein; and the French infantry were so impressed by the sudden appearance of the Guards, with scarcely a man or a horse shot, that they fled.

TURNED TAIL AND FLED.

At the battle of Waterloo they fought a brilliant duel, with the cream of Napoleon's cavalry—the hitherto unconquered Cuirassiers. The advancing Cuirassiers were met by the British "heavies," but they were no match for the latter at close quarters, and were driven back in confusion. It was in this charge that Guardsman Shaw so greatly distinguished himself.

Shaw had originally been a prize-fighter, and was a man of tremendous strength. It is impossible to say how many men he laid low with his sword, but his comrades say the number was something awful. In the last charge of the day he himself, poor fellow, was wounded, but would not leave the ranks. He had been surrounded by the enemy, and had his sword broken at the hilt.

The present Colonel of the regiment, Lord Dunsford, has come to the front with his new gilding guns. The gun's weight is some 500 lb., including carriage and ammunition, whereas the old style of carriage alone weighed more than double that amount. The gun is so mounted that it can be laid in any direction without moving the carriage.

The Royal Horse Guards, or the "Blues," were formed in 1688 by Charles II. Like other sections of the Household Cavalry they showed great valour at Waterloo and during the Peninsula War. When they met the fierce Soudanese, they again distinguished themselves by meeting the spear-armed Dervishes in a hand-to-hand combat, the cavalry using the bayonet. It was in this engagement that poor Colonel Burnaby was slain.

In South Africa the three squadrons are under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Audley Dallas Neeld, of the 2nd Life Guards, and it will be a bad day for the Boers when the British "heavies" come to close quarters with them in a charge.

INTERESTING WAR ITEMS.

There are 700,000 blacks in the Transvaal.

A Boer shatters the traditions of his race if he weds an Englishwoman.

The first Indian regiment to don khaki became known as the "dust-men."

General French was born forty-seven years ago, and originally joined the Royal Navy.

Each troop horse now at the front has 12 lb. of hay, 12 lb. of oats, and 1 lb. of bran daily.

General Cronje was strongly urged to oppose Kruger for his Presidency in 1898, but declined.

The Boer believes the earth is flat, and that it would be impossible for rivers to flow toward it if it were round.

Thirty-years ago there were only about twenty-five explosive compounds known. Now there are more than 1,100.

In killing game the Boers use a bullet of which the lead point is exposed so that it "mushrooms" when it strikes. On entering the bullet expands and tears an ugly hole. If it strikes sideways the effect is horrible.

A Clergy Influence.

Paine's Celery.

Recommend Rev. C. M. Tyler, Minister of No.

It Saves the I George W.

A Gain in Flesh Pounds in Three

Amongst professional and ardent advocates of I pound, clergymen are few, weary in recommending medicine to members of t are ailing, sick and disea The true and honest of himself experienced the i Paine's Celery Compound raised from weakness of b and vigor, feels it a duty of the only true health ar that the world has ever s

Mr. G. W. Parks, one grave, but rescued and Celery Compound after f sends the following letter

"While at sea I was compelled me to abandon home and rest. I consulted pronounced it typhoid or ed severely from night chills during the day. A extremely nervous, which reduced my flesh until I

This continued until I was wife and friends began t recovery, as the medicine no good, and I was worse.

"Through the influence Tyler, I was induced to Compound a trial, and I worked wonders. The f great relief, and five cured me. I gained three weeks, and am now I would urge the sufferer give Paine's Celery Com

I've decided on a name I call her Imogen. Papa for a few more. He nam; but if he opposed have a row w-v. The present y, my first was Imogen, and she will t pliment. We will call mother, was the stern v

The Heart OF THOUSANDS HAVE BEI JOY BONGS OF THE CUE MAGIC MEDICINE, DR THE HEART—IT RE MINUT-S.

Mr. J. H. Fitzpatrick was for five years a heart disease—spent experts in Kingston but any benefit, and incurable. She came Agnew's Cure for the H had taken three bottles dencies, palpitation and she has not returned. her cure to this great c

For sale by J. E. R. Coughlin.

Mrs. Freedom—Now I dinner, you see take t the walks." Belated I folks delight in trimm beautiful scenery, wid believe in leavin' thing 'em, as' while I wud amuse me now for you, compels me to decline.

No Censor IN GIVING THE NEWS OF EFFECTED BY SOUTH A IT HAS SAID AN A FROM THE PANGS OF NERVE TROUBLES.

L. M. Home, of Pa taken severely ill about nervousness and indiges time was completely pte sulted best doctors, but him. A newspaper adv South American Nervin tried it with the resu benefited from the fr bottles completely cued be pleased to give all de any person asking him.

Sold by J. E. Riel Coughlin.

It was the worst of i BAWKY youth came into and asked the clerk to pound of the best, black half a pound, and the giv' n' as bad that I do down my horse."

CROUCH, COUGH AND ly cured by Pny Pector enough almost instantly, the most obstinate cold. be proprietors of Perry I