

PAGES OF BRITISH HISTORY.

Historical Battles—Noteworthy Events in the Story of the Creation of the British Empire.

Alexandria, 1801.

(Continued from last issue.)

The victory was with the English, and Alexandria was won. By eight in the morning the French were repulsed in all quarters, but its splendour was clouded by the fall of Sir Ralph Abercrombie. At what precise period of the battle the fatal bullet struck him is unknown. General Stewart, of Garth, who was present, appears in his history to fix it about the time of the desperate charge made by the enemy's cavalry. Some time after his encounter with the two dragoons, he attempted to alight from his horse. A soldier, seeing that he had a difficulty in dismounting, assisted him, and asked if he should follow with the horse; but the general replied that he would require it no more that day. Firmly and steadily, betraying no symptom of pain, the fine old soldier passed along the line of Stewart's brigade; and soon it became known that a musket-ball had entered his groin, when he was seen to lie down in agony.

Sir Ralph Abercrombie was carried on board of Lord Keith's ship, the *Foudroyant*, where he died on the 27th of March, 1801, in the 68th year of his age. His remains were conveyed to Malta, and there interred, in the Commandery of the Grand Master, beneath the Castle of St. Elmo.

Thus the *Gazette* of the day, says: "Abercrombie's memory will be recorded in the annals of his country, will be sacred to every British soldier, and be embalmed in the memory of a grateful posterity." His widow was created Baroness Abercrombie, of Aboukir. His eldest son succeeded to that peerage; and another in later years, was created Lord Dunfermline.

Summing up the Result.

The total loss of the British at the battle of Alexandria was 1,306 rank and file, with 70 officers, killed, wounded, or missing. Eight of the staff—five holding the rank of general—were in this list.

The loss of the French was 3,000 men, including their distinguished cavalry general also two other generals, who were mortally wounded.

When the English captured Alexandria, it was found that the garrison of 12,000 men had been reduced to eat horse flesh.

The other division of the French "Army of the East," which was regarded with the deepest and the most watchful interest by all the nations of Europe, surrendered at Cairo. The French suffered the most terrible humiliation, by being beaten out of possession of any part of Egypt.

In enforcing the duty that Christian citizens should actively oppose corruption in municipal politics, and not wait for some providential and external deliverance, Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, made a new and quite unexpected application of a verse from Proverbs: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but they make better time when some one is after them."

Bad Habits Have Strong Roots.

An old monk was once taking a walk through a forest with a scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground, the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth, the third was a small shrub, whilst the fourth and last was a full-size tree. Then the monk said to his young companion— "Pull up the first."

The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers. "Now pull up the second." The youth obeyed, but not so easily. "And now the third."

The boy had to put forth all his strength and use both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it. "And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth."

But lo! the trunk of the tall tree, grasped in the arms of the youth, scarcely shook its leaves, and the little fellow found it was impossible to tear its roots from the earth. Then the wise old man explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials.

"This, my son, is just what happens with our bad habits and passions. When they are young and weak one may, by a little watchfulness over self, easily tear them up; but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them—the almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out. For this reason, my child, watch your first impulses."

Young Men's Best Opportunities

For Successful Careers are to be Found in Smaller Cities.

If the young men of the present day who are starting out in life would combat the modern tendency to go to the great center of population, and cast their lines in some of the smaller cities it would be better for the country and it would be better for them, writes Edward W. Bok in the October *Ladies Home Journal*. I know of no young man whom I envy more to-day than he who, having energy and ability, has the wisdom and the determination to remain in one of these smaller cities, or go to one of them, and start upon a business career with any sort of prospective success. The happiest kind of a life is before him. With a more limited field before him than in a vast and to him more meaningless city, he can concentrate his efforts and cement his connections in a way that is impossible in a large city, with honest dealing as his watchword every step he takes is noticed. Every advance counts just so much for him. He is in direct touch with the people who make up the life of his community; his acts are known of all men. He grows with the community, and in time becomes part of its best life, and the degree of his success depends entirely upon his own efforts and opportunities.

Who Was the Heathen?

A family in St. Paul, U. S. A., had never employed a Chinese servant, but thought they would like to try one. Accordingly one presented himself, of whom several questions were asked. Among them were:

"Do you drink?" "No, I Band of Hope boy." "Do you gamble?" "No, I Band of Hope boy." "Do you smoke?" "No, I band of Hope boy."

He was engaged and gave so much satisfaction that a dinner party was given by his employers. Wine was on the table, and after-dinner cards and cigars were enjoyed. Breakfast was prepared next morning. John appeared, bundle in hand, saying, "I go."

"Why do you go? We like you very much." "When I come here you say, 'You smoke?' You smoke. You say, 'You drink?' You drink. You say, 'You gamble?' You gamble. You heathen. I not stay."

BITS OF HUMOUR.

"A little nonsense now and then, Is relished by the wisest men."

WHY SHE FAINTED.

She asked the scholars to define The sense of surreptitious; But every one had to decline, Though each one was ambitious.

She'd just been reading of the lad Who'd thieved away till caught, And hoped perhaps her effort had Some useful lesson taught.

"It's something done upon the sly, When no one is around, Except some ward whose watchful eye The culprit may have found."

"I know! I know!" cried Hlapp Hal, With eyes upon the floor: "I saw you kith the printhead, At noon, behind the door."

A man never really knows the exact "power of the press" till he sticks his fingers in the thing and leaves the end of them there to remember him by.

"How did you feel on your 50th birthday?" asked one of our brothers of another who is beginning to grow old. "Never happier or friskier in my life," said he, "but I had a bad headache next morning."

A kind husband—"Wilfey, dear, I have just brought you two bottles of extra old Barolo for your birthday." "But you know very well I never drink wine." "Well, then, I'll drink it myself to your good health!"

"THE OLD BOY"

Baron Dowse once was judge where the accused could understand only Irish, and an interpreter was accordingly sworn. The prisoner said something to the interpreter, and the latter replied, "What did he say?" demanded the judge.

"Nothing, my lord." "How dare you say that, when we all heard him? Come, sir, what was it?" "My lord," said the interpreter, beginning to tremble, "it had nothing to do with the case."

"If you don't answer, I'll commit you sir. Now what did he say?" "Well, my lord, you'll excuse me, but he said, 'Who's that old woman with the red bed curtain round her, sitting up there?'" At which the court roared. "And what did you say?" asked the baron, looking a little uncomfortable. "I said, 'Whist, yespalpeen! That's the old boy that's going to hang yez!'"

It is a very lamentable fact that, while in most civilized countries the cry "hard times" goes up, the drink bill of the people remains practically undiminished. "Oppressed Ireland" spends more in buying drink than in paying rent. An American contemporary tells a similar tale. About \$400,000,000, a year go into the saloon from the hard-earned wages of the workmen of the United States. The problem of "hard times" would be much easier of solution if workmen boycotted the saloon.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY is credited with all manner of pithy witticisms. The following is one of his reported *bons mots*, and is as suggestive as it is short: The Archbishop, when asked the difference between a good and a bad preacher, replied that a good preacher preached because he had something to say, and a bad preacher because he had to say something.

British noblemen are walking off with American millionaires, but American millionaires don't seem to have the nerve to propose to British noblewomen.

CRIPPLED BY RHEUMATISM.

A KING'S CO., N.S., MAN SUFFERS FOR LONG WEARY MONTHS.

Had Reached a Stage When He Was Unable to Turn in Bed Without Aid—Hundreds of Dollars Spent in the Search for Relief—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Again Their Wonderful Health Giving Power.

From the Kentville, N.S., Chronicle. Mr. David O. Corkum, of Scott's Bay Road, is the owner of one of the best farms in King's Co., N.S., and is one of the best known farmers in that section of the country. He is naturally a hard working man and when strong is always to be found busy on his place.

Last winter he spent the whole season in the lumber woods, was strong and healthy and worked as hard as anyone. But it has not always been so. In fact it is the wonder of the neighborhood that he is able to work at all. Before moving to Scott's Bay Road, Mr. Corkum lived at Chester, Lunenburg Co., N.S., and while there was a great sufferer from rheumatism, which affected him in such a way that he was unable to do manual labor of any kind. About this time he moved to his present home, but he could not get a moment's respite from the effects of his disease. Feeling that he must get well at any cost he had his old doctor brought from Chester to his relief, but he was unable to do anything for him. He tried many kinds of medicine hoping to receive benefit but to no avail. Being determined not to die without a struggle he had doctors summoned from Halifax, but still continued to get worse. About three years ago he took to his bed and his case developed into bone and muscle rheumatism of the worst type. It spread through all his bones, up into his neck and into his arm, causing partial paralysis of that limb, rendering it utterly useless since he could not lift it above his waist. All the strength left his muscles, and he was unable to turn in bed without aid. He was able to stand upon his feet, but could not walk. Still the doctors waited upon him and still he took their medicines, but with no beneficial result. During this time Mr. Corkum paid out several hundred dollars in hard cash for doctor's bills and medicine, all of which did him not one particle of good. After lying in bed for fifteen months his case was pronounced hopeless and he was given up by all. About this time he heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as a last resource he resolved to give them a trial. The first four boxes produced no noticeable effect, but at the fifth he began to notice a change. Feeling encouraged he kept on and from that time he rapidly improved and after using the Pink Pills for a period of some twelve weeks he was restored to perfect health. Such was the wonderful story told a representative of the Western Chronicle by Mr. Corkum a short time ago. Mr. Corkum is now 59 years of age and perfectly healthy and feels younger and better than he has for years and attributes his recovery solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pills, and he is willing to prove the truth of these statements to anyone who may call upon him.

These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutes against which the public is cautioned.

AIMS OBJECTS, AND BENEFITS OF THE SONS OF ENGLAND BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

Organized in Toronto, December 12th, 1874.

To Englishmen and Sons of Englishmen:

The mission of the Society is to bring into organized union all true and worthy Englishmen; to maintain their national institutions and liberties and the integrity of the British Empire; to foster and keep alive the loving memory of Old England, our native and Mother land; to elevate the lives of its members in the practice of mutual aid and true charity—caring for each other in sickness and adversity and following a deceased brother with fraternal care and sympathies, when death comes, to earth's resting place.

Great Financial Benefits, viz.: Sick pay, Doctor's attendance and medicine and Funeral Allowance are accorded. Healthy men between the ages of 18 and 60 years are received into membership. Honorary members are also admitted. Roman Catholic Englishmen are not eligible.

Reverence for and adhesion to the teachings of the Holy Bible is insisted on. Party politics are not allowed to be discussed in the lodge room.

The Society is secret in its proceedings to enable members to protect each other and prevent imposition—for

which purpose an initiation Ritual is provided, imposing obligations of fidelity to the principles of the Society on all who join it.

The Society is making rapid growth and has lodges extending over Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores, having a membership upwards of 13,000 at present, the ratio of increase being far greater as the Society's influence and usefulness is better known. Lodges have been started South Africa and will soon probably be started in England, etc.

The Beneficiary (Insurance) Department is providing insurance to the members for \$1,000 or \$2,000 as desired, at the minimum cost, unsurpassed by any other fraternal Society in Canada, and is conducted on the assessment system. The assessments are graded. A total disability allowance is also covered by the certificates in class "A." There are no disability claims in class "B." No Englishmen need join other organizations when the inducements of this Department are considered.

Englishmen forming and composing new lodges derive exceptional advantages in the initiation fees, and 12 good men can start a lodge.

In our lodge rooms social distinctions are laid aside and we meet on the common level of national brotherhood, in patriotic association for united counsel and effort in maintaining the great principles of our beloved Society. As such we can appeal to the sympathetic support of all true Englishmen—asking them to cast in their lot with us, thereby swelling the grand roll of those bound together in fraternal sympathies and in devotion to England and the grand cause of British freedom.

Any further information will be cheerfully given by the undersigned.

JOHN W. CARTER, Grand Secretary, Shaftesbury Hall, Toronto, Ont.

POST OFFICE GUIDE, OTTAWA.

NOVEMBER, 1895.

Table with columns: CLOSE, Arrival and Departure of Mails, DUE, A.M., P.M., P.M., MAILS, A.M., P.M., P.M. Lists various mail routes and times.

Letters for registration must be post-paid fifteen minutes previous to the time of closing the last mails. Post Office, Ottawa, November, 1895. Office hours from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Money Order, Office and Saving Bank from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. J. A. GOVIN, Postmaster.