

## ALL SUPPLIES BEGINNING TO ARRIVE AT THE DRUG STORE

No. 14, Queen Street.  
NS white, black, red, blue and yellow  
LINTS, 2 each. Linseed Oil, 1 lbd.  
1 lbd. Olive do., 1 lbd. machinery do.,  
Vaseline, (sold at 2, 3, and 4s. a pint),  
4 Bushels, Dye-woods, Indigo, Mad-  
der, Blue-stone, Copperas, Alum, Starch,  
Potash, Baking Soda, Baking Powder,  
Cocoa, Farina, Sago and Corn Starch.

ALSO, IN STORE,  
assortment of Drugs, Medicines, patent  
Cry, Brushes, Soaps, &c., &c.,  
W. R. WATSON.

## OLTS REVOLVER.

a few sets of the above complete in  
at Haszard and Owen's.

## Infallible Remedy:



## HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

AS OF EIGHT YEARS' DURATION  
CURED.

Letter from Geo. Sinclair, Esq., of  
Canada, dated the 18th July, 1884.

I feel a pleasure and a pride in bearing  
the wonderful benefit I have derived by  
your infallible Ointment and Pills. For  
I suffered needlessly from attacks of  
large purple blotches came all over my  
limbs. The unpleasant feeling of itching  
g, which affected me both night and day,  
like a misery to me, as well as to all  
o severe was the attack. I used several  
medies without deriving the least cessation  
ery. At last, I determined to try your  
Pills; after taking them for a few  
visible improvement took place, and I feel  
ly better;—in three months, by continuing  
medicines, I was completely cured, and  
the best of health. The truth of this  
is well known here, hence there is no  
or me to request secrecy.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,  
(Signed) GEO. SINCLAIR.

IN THE LEG,—REMARKABLE CURE.

Letter from Mr. Edward Tomkinson,  
of Breton, Nova Scotia, dated the 4th  
May, 1884.

My sister, Miss Jane Tomkinson, suffered  
number of years from a bad leg; in which  
several deeply seated and old wounds,  
skill of some of the most eminent of the  
century, a variety of remedies were also  
cessfully; and it seemed to me that there  
ay thing capable of mitigating the agonies  
ed. At length, she had recourse to your  
and Pills, and after using them for about  
she was completely cured, after all other  
failed to afford her the slightest relief. I  
objection to these facts being published, if  
imposed to make them known.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant.  
(Signed) EDWD. TOMKINSON.

LEAST CURED WHEN AT DEATH'S DOOR!

a Letter from Mr. Henry Malden, of  
iers, Canada West, dated July 9th, 1884  
for Holloway.

My wife suffered most severely after the  
our last child with a bad leg. There  
ral holes in it one as large as a hand; all  
res and strappings I tried would not heal  
it assumed an aspect more frightful than  
nd horrible to behold. As a last resource I  
r Ointment and Pills, which she persevered  
seven weeks, at the expiration of that time  
t was almost well; by continuing with your  
for two more weeks, she was entirely  
nd we offer you our united thanks for the  
ited.

I am, Sir, yours truly,  
(Signed) HENRY MALDEN.

should be used conjointly with the Ointment  
in most of the following cases:—

Cancers	Sore-throats
Contracted and Stiff	Scalds
Joint	Scabies
Elephantiasis	Sore-heads
Fistulas	Sore-nipples
Gout	Soft Corns
Glandular swellings	Tumours
Lumbago	Ulcers
Piles	Wounds
Rheumatism	Yaws.
Scalds	

at the establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY,  
and, (near Temple Bar,) London, and by all  
ble Druggists and Dealers in Medicines  
ut the Civilized World, in Pots, at 1s 3d, 3s  
5s each.

There is a considerable saving by taking the  
ize.

Directions for the guidance of patients in  
border are affixed to each pot.

GEORGE T. HASZARD Agent

## THE RUSSIANS IN THE CRIMEA.

The Cracow Czar asserts the following  
to be the general position of the Russian  
Crimean army:—

"It occupies a line, fortified by art and  
nature, forming a half-circle round the  
allied positions, and extending from the  
Telegraph and Constantine forts, along the  
harbour near to Lukermann and Mackenzie,  
to the defiles of the Tebatir Dagb. The  
Russian forces are posted in three bodies  
behind this line, fronting the south (except  
those watching Eupatoria and the northern  
communications).

"The right wing is posted on the north  
side, and the Svernaya, Catharine, Con-  
stantine, and Telegraph forts. The left  
holds the fortified defiles of Aitodar and  
heights of Tchierkess Kermann, to the  
sources of the Belbek and Yalta mountains.  
The reserves are at Baktchi-Saria and  
Simpheropol. Detachments are echeloned  
to keep up communications between the  
main body and the three corps stationed in  
the Crimea. That is, one observing Kertch,  
with its left leaning upon Arabat and its  
right on Kaffa; a second watches Eupato-  
ria; and the third, and strongest, amount-  
ing to 40,000, holds Perecop. The Rus-  
sians have two routes open to the north,—  
the one by Perecop, the other by Tchongar,  
on the Putrid Sea."

## UKASE OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 28.—The Em-  
peror Alexander has issued the following  
ukase:—

"Every month of actual presence in the  
garrison of Sebastopol on the north side  
and in the forts shall be considered equiva-  
lent to a year's service, and ensure the  
following privileges:—1st, generals, staff  
and superior officers, and likewise officials  
in the civil service, to wear their uniforms  
on retiring into private life; 2d, to wear  
then the Order of St. Vladimir, 4th class,  
and the scarf for the service of 25 years  
(any one of them who had served 14 years  
when the siege commenced receives at once  
this order *de jure*); 3d, full pensions to  
themselves and families as upon superannua-  
tion; officers, military or civil, to receive  
additional rank (every grade in Russia has  
to be filled for a normal period of three to  
four years, to be shortened by special dis-  
tinctions only; non-commissioned officers  
and privates will accordingly not enjoy this  
final promotion); 5th, surgeons to receive  
pensions and increase of pay (with certain  
modifications); 6th, police officials to have  
higher salaries; 7th, persons holding infe-  
rior employment will not have their punish-  
ments and penalties for minor offences  
recorded against them when discharged; 8th,  
indefinite furlough (but not till the war  
is over)."

There are three more regulations for  
private soldiers, respecting their pay and  
medals. Every day spent in the north side  
of Sebastopol beyond a calendar month is  
to be deemed equivalent to twelve days.  
Then certain regulations follow, respecting  
the Order of St. Vladimir.

The Emperor orders, in another ukase,  
the re-organisation of the head military  
school, and the formation of three special  
military academies.

Another order of coarse cloths, whether  
grey or of any other colour, by the land  
frontiers of Poland and Russia in Europe.

## THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER'S VISIT TO ODESSA.

The Constitutionnel publishes the two  
following letters from Odessa:—

Odessa, Sept. 21.—The Grand Duke  
Constantine is expected here to-morrow;  
he will alight at the Narischkin Palace.  
Count Stackelberg, Russian military envoy  
at Vienna, and Count Bendendorff, who  
fills the same functions at Berlin, passed  
through here yesterday on their way to  
Nicolaioff, where the Emperor is expected  
to-morrow. General Todleben, whose  
wounds are not quite healed yet, is expect-  
ed here shortly. The first detachments of  
the Militia of the Empire, of Moscow,  
have arrived at Odessa. A great deal of  
anxiety is felt here in consequence of the  
embarkation of a considerable number of  
French troops at Kamiesch and Balaklava.  
Our garrison is also under arms. The  
coast bristles with guns and mortars; but  
still greater fears are entertained for Nicol-  
aioff, to which place a large number of  
cannon have been sent recently.

## PHILOSOPHY OF SEBASTOPOL.

Existence is everything to the creature  
to whom the possession belongs. I have  
heard that there are wise men who say the  
external world is altogether a fancy, and  
that it is the internal sense which entertains  
the imagination: that alone is a fact. I do  
not know much about such sort of things,  
but I must say, if this be true, that I have  
lately seen fancy dealing with fact in a very  
rough way in Crim-Tartary, where I have  
been studying metaphysics. When fanci-  
ful balls are driven from the mouth of the  
cannon by gunpowder, metaphysical facts  
fall down in a strange way before them. I  
am just home invalided. Dysentery has  
done for me more than the bullet and the  
sword; and I have returned to my native  
shore a broken and shattered man. I have,  
however, seen strange things, and have  
earned something for myself beyond half-  
pay—namely, the right to talk about what  
everybody is glad to listen to.

One of the most surprising pieces of ex-  
perience I have picked up whilst living  
amidst scenes of conflict and violence, is  
the extraordinary indifference with which  
men soon come to regard personal risk  
when danger is continually around them.  
It seems to me, however, that there is some  
spice of barbarism in this indifference. I  
do not think it is so readily entertained by  
those who have a high sense of the privi-  
lege and value of life, as it is by those  
who have few objects in view beyond the  
gratifications of sense. To the former,  
courage becomes a matter of calculation.  
Men, when they prize their lives highly on  
account of the capacities they feel to be  
within them, are capable of acts of great  
bravery, provided an aim of high ambition  
is before them: but they will not encounter  
the chance of destruction for a straw: those,  
on the other hand, who have not learned to  
cast up accounts with themselves, will as  
soon face the cannon's mouth for the most  
trifling object as for the highest and grand-  
est achievement. This, no doubt, is cool-  
ness; my own observation has induced me  
to hesitate as to whether I would accord to  
it the more dignified appellation of courage.  
In the majority of cases in which it occurs  
in the ranks of the British army, I am con-  
vinced the coolness is born of indifference  
rather than of bravery; and, in support of  
this opinion, I adduce some incidents I have  
witnessed myself.

Soon after the Allied armies had taken  
up their positions to the south of Sebastopol,  
green coffee began to be served out to the  
British troops. After a few days of hesita-  
tion and consideration, some adventurous  
fellows, in the intervals of their assaults  
upon the earthworks of the fortress, and of  
their labours at the trenches, planned an  
attack upon the scarcely less formidable  
green berries. They contrived to roast  
them in the tops of their canteens, and then  
set up extemporaneous coffee-mills, by  
polling round shot over the dried berries  
laid upon pieces of stone. In this way they  
managed so far to crush the coffee as to  
make it defenceless to hot-water; but so  
soon as the rumour of this culinary success  
was noised abroad, cannon-balls suddenly  
rose in value: and when a Russian shot has  
been seen hurling through the air, I have  
known a dozen stalwart fellows start for it,  
their eyes fixed upon it during its descent,  
as if it had been a cricket-ball, rather than  
a messenger of destruction and death: and  
lucky did he think himself who was nearest  
to it when it buried itself in the ground,  
perhaps just beneath his feet. At first, in  
their haste and inexperience, these amateur  
cricketers occasionally made the important  
mistake of running for a shell, in place of  
a round shot; and I have heard, in the excite-  
ment of the moment, a burst of laughter and  
shout of merriment echo through the air  
from their comrades, when the error has  
been pointed out by half-a-dozen of the ad-  
venturers being knocked over upon their  
backs, maimed and bleeding from the burst-  
ing of the deadly missile.

After a few weeks' practice, the men be-  
came very expert in distinguishing shells  
by their flight through the air, and took  
pretty good care not to run after them, when  
they did not present themselves unsought.  
But they still made very little of them when  
they did, just casting themselves down flat  
on the ground until the explosion was over  
and the fragments were scattered. There

was one huge shell, however, they never  
could get used to, which was fired from one  
particular mortar: this shell measured six-  
teen inches across, and contained eight or  
ten pounds of gunpowder in its mischievous  
cavity. It was emitted from a raft that lay  
floating in the harbour, and occupied some  
forty seconds in its flight: first, a very per-  
ceptible whiff of white smoke burst out  
from the raft; then, on came the ponderous  
missile, turning over and over in its flight  
—whish—whish—whish—with an intermit-  
ting whistling sound; at last, down it pitch-  
ed on the ground, with the force of fifty  
tons concentrated in its impact, bursting  
with a tremendous explosion at the instant.  
The fragments of this shell were scattered,  
when it burst, more than 300 yards in all  
directions; it therefore never could be  
looked upon in the light of an agreeable  
neighbour—a quarter of a mile was by no  
means respectable as a distance from it.  
In consequence of its whistling note, this  
monster *horrendum mirabile* was christened  
Whistling Dick; and watchmen were set  
to look for the white whiff of smoke from  
the floating-raft, whenever parties were  
engaged upon the works within its range.  
The instant this was noticed, the alarm was  
raised, and the men rushed to the shelter  
of the nearest hole or embankment within  
their reach.

A hole or pit dug hastily into the ground  
is the first rudiment of a protective work.  
Several such lodgments are made during  
the hours of darkness, in advance of the  
foremost trench; and from four to six rifle-  
men are sent to occupy each. One of  
these men is kept constantly on the look-  
out, above the edge of the pit, ready to  
take aim at any chance-object that is pre-  
sented to his eye; the rest of the party  
while away the long hours, in the absence  
of any stirring excitement got up in their  
belly by the enemy, the best way they can.  
They are completely sheltered from the  
effects of round shot, and even shells fall  
and burst within a yard of their lurking-  
place without working them any harm. If,  
however, one of these explosive spheres  
lights, by an unlucky chance, quite within  
the pit, it is certain destruction to the  
whole. Yet the watching the descent of  
the shells that fly in their direction, seems  
to afford rather a pleasurable excitement  
than otherwise. I have often heard re-  
marks of a speculative kind ventured upon  
the most perfect nonchalance, which had  
for their point the probable safe arrival of  
one of these deadly missiles, that seemed to  
be coming straight for the spectator down  
from the clouds. It is no unusual thing for  
small bets in tobacco to be laid as to how  
far off some shell will fall. Wagers as to  
the course overhead of round shot were  
amongst the common resources to which  
the little garrisons of these rifle-pits turned  
for amusement. The passage of a ball to  
the right or the left of the vertical often de-  
termined the pipe in which a last charge of  
the precious weed should be smoked. The  
scenes in these holes are, however, some-  
times of the most painful kind. I remember  
once to have made one of a party of four  
in a pit as large as a round table, and six  
feet deep, and which was entirely isolated  
from all friendly aid during the continuance  
of daylight. Of this party, two were suffer-  
ing from severe dysentery, a third was sup-  
porting a shattered arm, and the fourth had  
had his eye knocked out by a splinter pro-  
duced by a cannon-ball.

Upon one occasion, I chanced to be in a  
pit advanced to within 60 or 100 yards of  
one of the Russian works. At this time  
our behaviour was so carefully watched,  
that the top of a feather could not be shewn  
for a moment above the embankment with-  
out a dozen rifle-balls whizzing past it.  
There was an officer with the party, but he  
was suffering so severely from dysentery  
that he lay for a long time in a fainting  
state, with his head on the knees of one of  
the men. While in this sad predicament,  
the fancy seized him that if he could have  
some hot coffee it would at once revive him.  
He expressed his wish; and it was found  
there was coffee in store, but no wood at  
hand for the fire. Observing this difficulty,  
one of the privates remarked that he would  
soon furnish the wood. He seized a pick-  
axe which had been used in the constructi-  
on of the pit, and in an instant jumped from  
the hole. Without the slightest hurry in

his deportment, he took his way to a tree  
that was prostrate on the ground about forty  
yards to the rear of the position, and, with  
his back to the Russians, began leisurely to  
pick off chips with his axe. The enemy  
appeared to be staggered at first by the  
coolness of his bearing, but very soon a lead-  
en storm was whistling around him in all  
directions. With perfect unconcern, how-  
ever, he continued, his operations and,  
wonderful to say, was untouched by the  
missiles. The Russians became more an-  
gry and eager, and most probably fired  
with less than their usual care and preci-  
sion. At length they laid a large gun upon  
the adventurous woodpecker, and three  
times a round shot rushed within a few in-  
ches of him. By this time, he conceived  
that he had made chips enough for his pur-  
pose; so he stooped down and gathered  
them together in the skirts of his long great-  
coat, sauntered back through the leaden  
hail storm, and dropped into the pit with his  
treasure, unscathed, to the great surprise  
and infinite relief of his comrades, not  
seeming to have the slightest idea that he  
had done anything out of the usual way;  
and, indeed, I do not think the notion had  
ever been clearly presented to his mind  
what the risk was that he had volunteered  
to meet.

All the world knows that the naval ser-  
vice is quite as much marked by gallantry  
as the army. They also share with it the  
matter-of-fact indifference to personal risk.  
I am just now more particularly alluding to.  
On board ship, matters of ordinary routine  
often go on under fire, just as if the vessel  
was hundreds of miles away from the enemy.  
Immediately before the attack upon the  
forts of Sebastopol, in which the fleet  
bore a part, an officer of the Rifles, who was  
invalided, had been sent on board one of the  
small steamers to recruit. One of the first  
incidents of his repose, however, was his  
going with the vessel into the engagement.  
She was placed in circumstances of peculiar  
risk, for she had on board a large quantity  
of shells, which she had recently brought  
for the general service of the fleet, and she  
was near the *Agamemnon* when the red-hot  
shot were striking her sides. She bore her  
share in the action, and was at last ordered  
out of fire by the admiral. The invalided  
officer was standing by the bridge when the  
captain of the ship came down from his sta-  
tion on the paddle-box, whence he had been  
directing the manœuvres. The steward  
came up to him at the instant, and touched  
his hat, with the announcement: "dinner is  
on the table, sir." The announcement was  
received with all due honor, and immedi-  
ately afterwards the officers were at table dis-  
cussing the merits of a fine boiled turkey,  
with the appropriate accompaniments, all of  
which had been prepared amidst the balls  
of the redoubtable fortress of Sebastopol.

A SKILFUL MARKSMAN.—At an agricul-  
tural dinner in Berkshire a day or two  
since, Colonel Vansittart, in returning  
thanks for the "Army and Navy," alluded  
to the exploits of Captain Goodlake, of the  
Coldstream Guards, the son of a Berkshire  
squire, who had command of a party of  
sharpshooters during a great part of the  
siege of Sebastopol, and said, "It was a  
service attended with great danger, but  
notwithstanding, Captain Goodlake shot 75  
Russians himself. One particular day he  
was commanding his 36 sharpshooters,  
when unexpectedly a large body of Rus-  
sians came upon them. He turned round  
to his soldiers, and said, 'We have got  
into a scrape; we must run and take care  
of ourselves; but do not move until I give  
the word.' Just as he was about to do so,  
the captain of the Russians stepped out six  
paces in advance of his corps. Captain  
Goodlake did not know what it meant, but  
did the same. They advanced two paces  
further, when the Russian pulled out a  
pistol, fired, but only touched Captain  
Goodlake's apparel, who forthwith fired and  
killed the Russian officer. He then  
called upon his men to fire a volley, which  
they did, and instantly they observed the  
Russians in full retreat. Captain Goodlake  
had got a ring which he took from the Rus-  
sian officer's finger, and which he (Colonel  
Vansittart) had worn himself. This anecd-  
ote, he thought, was an instance of chi-  
valry worthy of the knights of olden times,  
who used to meet in single combat."