# Sketches of War Items.

### WARSHIPS' DEATH CHAMBERS.

How would you like to spend your life directly over fifty tons of gunpowder, with a huge furnace at full blast within a few feet of the magazine? That is what every man in the Navy has to do.

It sounds worse than it really is, however, for every possible precaution against danger is taken.

The huge cartridges are placed in sealed cases, and these are kept in a watertight magazine ingeniously constructed.

The magazine is a big chamber made of thick steel, and lined with wood. A space is left between the steel and the wood, so that if the steel gets heated the wood may not catch alight. This chamber has watertight toors, and it can instantly be filled with water in case the ship catches on fire.

Inside is a delicate thermometer, which is carefully watched. Not a particle of iron is ever allowed in the magazine, lest sparks should be given off. All the metal tools and fittings are made of either copper or zinc.

No light, not even yet a safety-lamp, is allowed to be taken in, but the chamber is lighted from outside through thick bulls'eyes in the walls.

Finally the door is always kept locked, and the key is guarded by a sentry.

### THE LIFE OF A BIG GUN.

The bigger the gun the shorter its life. Those monsters, the 110-ton guns, cannot be reckoned upon to fire more than eighty full-charge rounds without becoming quite useless. The 67-ton gun can fire 105 rounds; while the 6-in. breechloader is good for 400 or 450 full-charge rounds.

The reason of this is that the terrific heat and corroding effect of the powder wears away the bore at the chamber end, and then the shell does not catch the rifling.

There is nothing for it then but to send the gun to the factory and have the barrel bored and lined with a new tube.

Eighty shots from a 110-ton gun would be good business in any war. Where the inconvenience arises is in the fact that during peace the men cannot practice as much as is desirable. Still there is a way out of it to a certain extent, for it is found that a half-charge, which is sufficient for practice, wears out a gun only one-fourth as fast as a full charge; and even in a way a three-quarter charge is powerful enough.

Now a 110-ton gun, though it can fire only 80 full charges, can fire 140 three-quarter charges and 320 half-charges.

### KRUGER'S LEADING STRINGS.

Cordite, so called from its stringy appearance, is a mixture of nitro-glycerine, gun-cotton, acetone, and mineral jelly. The first two substances are carefully incorporated under the influence of the liquid acetone, the jelly being added to give softness and ductility to the mass. When thoroughly mixed the explosive is placed in cylinders, in which a piston accurately fits. Tiny holes, varying from the size of cotton to that of thick cord, are bored in the far end of the cylinder, and enormous pressure is applied by the piston. As the fine strings emerge like maccaroni, they are wound on drums and put aside to dry. Ten of these forts are then wound out on to one, and six of these blended cords are again twisted into a cord of sixty strands. Short sections of this, weighing thirty grains, form the explosive for a rifle-cartridge.

The energy developed by cordite is progressive, and, so to speak, follows the bullet or shell down the barrel with increasing force. That our gunpowder is enormous to commence with, rapidly falling with each foot of the barrel. This explains the difference in shape between the fat, stump muzzle loading guns, and the long, uniform guns of to-day.

The power of cordite is roughly three times that of powder, and it is smokeless.

### WOMEN FARMERS IN ENGLAND.

The first annual meeting of the Lady Warwick Agricultural Association for Women was held at Stafford House, London, recently.

The general scheme of Lady Warwick's idea is to provide a certain means of livelihood for women in the lighter branches of agriculture, such as dairying, the growing, packing, and marketing of flowers and fruit, the cultivation of tomatoes and mushrooms and the keeping of bees and poultry. In the present state of keen competition, however, success is only insured to the trained capacity and the organized worker. Therefore, it is desirable that those women who embark seriously on this enterprise should first qualify themselves for it, by taking advantage of the regular courses of training in agriculture and horticulture which is now provided.

It is with the distinct object of offering increased facilities for obtaining the most necessary training that Lady Warwick has founded a hostel in connection with Reading College. Here gentlewomen over the age of sixteen are enabled to obtain thorough and systematic training in all the lighter branches of agriculture the council of the Reading College provides the necessary courses of instruction and recognizes the Lady Warwick Hostel as a place for women students.

Addressing the meeting, Lady Warwick said that the great thing for women was thoroughness— men were always doubtful of a woman's perseverance — but only let them do the rough honest work and men would be the first to recognize its worth.

The report for the association for the first year states that it has already met with marked success Lady Warwick having received responses to her invitation to join the committee from many men and women well known in the agricultural world.

### STUCK UP FOR HIMSELF.

An English general, in reviewing a corps of cavalry, suddenly stopped before a splendid-looking fellow and asked, abruptly:—

Which is the best horse in the regiment?

No. 40, sir.

What makes you think he is the best horse?

He walks, trots and gallops well; is a good jumper; has no vice, no blemish; carries his head well; is in his prime.

And who is the best soldier in the regiment?

Tom Jones, sir.

Why?

Because he is an honorable man, is obedient, is tidy, takes good care of his equipment and his horse, and does his duty well.

And who is the best rider of the best horse?

Tom Jones, sir.

And who is Tom Jones?

I am, sir!

Mormonism has taken refuge in Switzerland. Recently published statistics apprise us that there are no fewer than 1,100 Mormons scattered about that republic.

# Through Storm and Sunshine

### CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"You understand nothing. Be silent; you must not presume to pity me. I repeat to you that I will not aid in the carrying out of these directions."

"Yet it must all be done, Miss Neslie; unless it is the blame will fall upon innocent servants. You know Sir Arthur's quiet, cool way; he will ignore all idea of your having failed, and dismiss the whole household."

"Why do you say that?" she asked quickly.

"I know it, Miss Neslie, Sir Arthur is very good, but there is a will of iron under his gentle manner. For my own part, I would submit cheerfully to the dismissal, but I should like to remain that I might:——"

He hesitated.

"That you might take my part, you mean," she said, with a bitter laugh. "Well, I, who thought myself supreme one short hour since, may want a friend. My father would not dismiss you."

"I should like to be the first," he declared. He began to perceive that he might touch her through her generosity, influence her through her kindness of heart. "Pray do not consider me," he added; "I would sacrifice myself most cheerfully. But, Miss Neslie—do not be angry with me—is it of any use to begin a course of opposition that you cannot keep up? Sir Arthur is sole master; his will sole law. Is it of any use opposing it?"

He saw that she was listening with more attention.

"It seems to me," he continued, "that the more dignified course would be to carry out Sir Arthur's directions. Then there is another thing to be considered. I am quite certain that Sir Arthur would dismiss the whole household for disobedience. The servants are, most of them, old family retainers; as such, they will naturally—no matter who comes—look upon you as their true mistress. A new set of domestics would just as naturally consider Lady Neslie first."

"That is true," she said, "but I cannot do it, Mr. Dorman. I will be passive. I will give no orders."

"I will give them as coming from you—with your permission. There is just one thing more I should like to say to you. You are proud. I know you would not like you disappointment, your sorrow to be gossiped over by every one in the Abbey. If you refuse to recognize these orders in any way, it will be so. If, for example, you leave me to tell Mrs. Spenser what she has to do, she will think either that Sir Arthur has ignored you, or that you are too angry to speak. Pardon me if I put matters too plainly—it is only that I may serve you the better."

"So far your are right," said the young girl, sadly. "Oh, Mr. Dorman, what a trouble to fall on me this fair sunny morning. How little I dreamed of it! Is it all a dream? Can it be possible? Nothing around me has changed, yet how changed am I! The sun still shines, the flowers still bloom, even this little white dove is still on my shoulder—yet the whole world is changed to me. How shall I bear the change.

"Bravely—as the ladies of your race have ever borne trouble," he said.

"No, I shall not bear it bravely; even thinking of it makes me a coward. If it were some great trouble that would call all my virtues—hereditary virtues, such as courage and fortitude—into play, well and good; but it is not. There is not a fault or a defect, or a meanness in me but this will not force into a gigantic growth. I can foresee it."

"It may not be so bad, Miss Neslie. May I say one thing more to you?"

"Say what you will," was the indifferent reply.

He looked at her beautiful downcast face.

"'A little mouse once,' says the fable, 'set a lion free;' the humblest slave might save his master's life. Let me, without presumption, say that, if by giving my life I could serve you, I would give it. My small talents, my mind, my heart, are at your disposal. I would die for you. Do not, because I am humble—because I am of no account in this great world—despise the offer of my entire devotion. Let me do all I can."

"You are very kind," she said, listlessly.

"Kind!" he repeated; and then he checked himself. It would not do to speak impulsively to Vivien Neslie. "Look round," he said, "and carry this picture in your mind, Miss Neslie—remember the old sun-dial, the white lilies, the rich red roses, the gladioli crimson and gold, the tame doves, the blue sky—bear the picture in mind, and then remember the words written as it were beneath the picture—'I would give even my life to serve you.' The gift of foresight is not mine, but I venture to prophesy that a time will come when this morning, this picture, and, above all, these words will return to my mind and yours."

"They may do so," she said, indifferently.

"They will, and when they do, Miss Neslie, if ever in sore need you want a friend—if ever the strength of a man's arm, the subtlety of his intellect, the devotion of his heart, the sacrifice of his life, can serve you, I offer them to you."

"You are very kind," she declared, listlessly, as with a bow she turned from him and went toward the house.

### CHAPTER II.

Lancewood Abbey is one of the showplaces of England. Every book of picturesque views contains an engraving of it; artists of eminence without number have sketched it; people travelling within thirty miles of it turn aside to see it.

A grand, picturesque pile, massive in structure; time has colored the stones, and round some of the tallest towers and turrets luxuriant ivy clings. The gardens that surround it are brilliant with many-hued flowers; over the stone balustrades of the terraces passion flowers droop and hang. It is the very beau ideal of one of those stately homes of England so famed in story and song.

Vivien Neslie avoided the grand entrance. She went round to one of the side entrances, a small postern door overhung and half hidden by drooping sprays of wistaria. She went to the housekeeper's room, where Mrs Spenser received her with all respect.

"I have something to say to you, Mrs. Spencer, and to Holmes, the butler. Come with him to the morning-room."

Gerald Dorman had judged her rightly. Whatever she might suffer from either wounded pride or love should not be matter of gossip amongst servants. She seated herself in the morning-room—one of the prettiest rooms in the Abbey, all rose-hued and gold, with white lace hangings. She banished all trace of emotion from her face, and when the two servants stood wondering before her, she said—

"I have sent for you, as the heads of the household, to tell you that my father, Sir Arthur Neslie, is married again, and will bring his wife, Lady Neslie, here on Tuesday evening."

"Merciful goodness!" cried Mrs. Spenser, startled out of all propriety. "I beg your pardon, Miss Neslie—but it seemed so sudden."

"Sudden to you, perhaps," returned Miss Neslie, proudly. "Sir Arthur has chosen his own time for wishing the communication to be made to you."

"Certainly," said the housekeeper. "I beg your pardon for speaking so hastily. What orders have you to give, miss?"

"Sir Arthur has sent a list of instructions to Mr. Dorman. Go to him for any information you may want."

missed, and withdrew, full of wonder.

They understood that they were dismissed.

"She will not like that," said Mr. Holmes, with a grave shake of his head. "It will go hard with her, after being mistress so long, to have a step-mother placed over her."

"Make no mistake, Mr. Holmes," responded the housekeeper, sagaciously, "neither step-mother, nor second wife, nor any one else will ever be set over Miss Neslie."

Vivien had kept her word. To check gossip, she had told the news herself. But she would do no more. Mr. Dorman went himself to the housekeeper's room, and repeated all the directions given. He was obliged to see that they were carried out. Vivien never interfered but once, and that was when the pictures were being removed from the Blue Room. Amongst them was a very beautiful protrait of her mother, Constance Howard—the picture of a thoughtful, fair, aristocratic girl, with the shadow of early death in her eyes. It was not from this fair young mother that Vivien inherited her glowing, sunny southern loveliness. She entered the room just as the men were about to remove the portrait.

"Who told you to take down that picture?" she asked, quickly.

"Mr. Dorman, miss," replied one of them, with a half-frightened bow.

"Where is it going?" she asked.

"Into the boudoir in the western wing," was the reply.

A keen pain seized her. It was evident that, in giving orders for the removal and disposal of the pictures, Sir Arthur had forgotten her mother's portrait; otherwise he would never have ordered it to be taken to the room of his new wife.

"Leave it where it is," she said. "I will speak to Mr. Dorman about it."

Only too glad to obey, the men hastened away; and then the girl's pride gave way—the dark southern eyes filled with tears. She went up to the picture; she looked long and lovingly at the fair, sad, high-bred face; and then her lips quivered, and her tears fell.

"He has put some one else in your place, mother, darling," she said; "he has forgotten you. Another wife has his heart and his love; another wife will use your rooms, sit in your place, wear your jewels; he will call another wife by the same loving names he gave you. He will kiss her face as he kissed yours. But I will never forget you, my darling, my fair, fond, gentle mother. I will love you the more that he loves you the less; and I will hate with all my heart the insolent girl that has dared to take your place."

She swept, like an avenging queen, into Mr. Dorman's study. She stood with her hand on the open door.

"Mr. Dorman," she said, "will you be pleased to remember one thing? I forbid any one to touch my mother's picture; and, if any one dares to do it, they must take the consequences."

"You shall be obeyed, Miss Neslie," he replied. "I will see that it is not touched."

His submission disarmed her.

"After all," she thought, "it is not his fault—he is not to blame." So she added, gently, "I will explain to Sir Arthur that I do not wish my mother's portrait to be removed unless it can be taken to my rooms."

"No one shall touch it," Miss Neslie," he replied.

Vivien went away, and as he watched her, the young secretary said to himself—

"It is very hard for her—very hard."

And so, indeed, it was, harder than even he could guess. She had been, to all intents and purposes, mistress of the Abbey ever since her mother's death, which had happened the year before last year. They were an ancient family these Neslies of Lancewood. They had had no title. Time after time honors had been offered them and refused. "We can have no nobler title than Neslie of Lancewood," those scions of a fine old race would say. The estates were strictly entailed until the reign of George IV., when the entail was broken, and it became simply a code of the family honor that, when there was a son, that son should succeed, and when there was a daughter, the daughter should succeed, but even in marrying, should keep her name of Neslie. The present Sir Arthur was the first baronet, and it was said that he accepted the title because it was less trouble to accept than to decline it. Early in life he married Constance Howard, one of the noblest girls in England. He early lost his high-bred wife; and when she died, leaving him with Vivien, he said that nothing should ever induce him to marry again. People believed him. The Neslies were a constant race, faithful and loyal. They believed that Vivien was always looked upon as heiress of Lancewood. Sir Arthur brought her up as his heiress—he taught her all that concerned the estate. She knew the history of every wood and plantation, of every farm and homestead, of every house and cottage.

When she grew older and was able to be more of a companion to him, Sir Arthur resolved upon finding a secretary who would relve him of some of his correspondence. He was long in pleasing himself. At length he met Gerald Dorman, and found in him the son of an old college friend. There were two brothers, Gerald and Thomas. Sir Arthur went up to London to see them. He found Gerald a quick, intelligent, honorable young man—his brother Thomas was a bookworm. He had no thought or care or interest outside his books; they were everything to him—Gerald used to say he would sit reading while the house was burning around him. Sir Arthur engaged Gerald as his secretary and general assistant.

People said at first that it was a risk to bring a handsome, talented young man like Gerald into a house with a beautiful girl like Vivien. Those who talked in that fashion did not know much of Sir Arthur's daughter. He himself never dreamed of risk. He knew Vivien—he knew her pride, her dignity; he never thought of danger.

The only person who ever said a word to him about it was Sir Harry Lane, an old friend and neighbor. Sir Arthur listened patiently, and then he answered—

"My dear Sir Harry, if my daughter has one quality, one characteristic stronger than another, it is intense pride of race; that alone will keep her from ever doing anything a Neslie should not do. Between ourselves, I wish she had a little less of it."

"Well, you please yourself," said Sir Harry, testily; "but I have seen some very proud girls make very strange marriages."

Sir Arthur, however, was right. To Vivien Neslie the young secretary was her father's paid dependent—nothing more or less.

### CHAPTER III.

How the preparations for the home-coming of Sir Arthur Neslie and his bride were ever accomplished was a mystery to Mr. Dorman. Miss Neslie spent the greater part of her time in her favorite garden; she talked little to any one, she gave no orders, she never interfered with any of the arrangements made. Great van-loads of new and beautiful things came from London and Paris—all was activity and disorder at the Abbey; she looked on with supreme indifference, asking no questions, giving no advice.

How she passed those days was known only to herself; whatever she suffered, she made no sign, she never by look or word betrayed it. She saw the extensive preparations—great arches of evergreens, with the word "Welcome" in crimson roses; she saw banners and flags flying from the trees in the park; she saw the stir amongst the tenantry, the subdued excitement of the household; more than once she heard the servants speak of Lady Neslie's room, but she treated all with supreme indifference.

The young secretary looked at her more than once with wonder; anything would have been better to him than this silence. If she had complained, reproached her fate, broken out into invectives against Sir Arthur, it would have been better than the unbroken silence she maintained.

On the Tuesday that was to bring the travelers home, he felt no slight degree of agitation himself. What would she be like—this new wife whom Sir Arthur called young and beautiful? What difference would her coming make? He felt that amount of uncertainty always produced by the introduction of a new element into one's life.

What Vivien Neslie had suffered during that interval no one ever knew. No blow so cruel had ever been dreamed of by her—no fate so bitter. She wandered listlessly through the grounds, musing no longer in the sunshine over the great good she was to do; she wandered through the long galleries, the magnificent rooms, never resting, wondering always now matters would end. She felt keenly enough that, let what happen might, she would never again be sole mistress as she had been. It was not possible she should ever again be her father's sole care and his sole love. She would never again be his only source of interest and affection. All the long happy life in which they two had been as one was ended; the loving, happy familiarity would never be again. There would be a stranger present, one whom her father loved and she disliked—a stranger who would always be a barrier between them. Her father would never be to her the father of old; the shadow now lying between them would never grow less.

"My mother is dead," thought the girl, with a bitter sigh, "and my father will be dead to me."

Gerald Dorman never forgot the day of the baronet's return. It was intensely warm and bright, one of those days in June when the blue sky has no cloud, when no summer wind stirs the trees; even the birds seemd to find it too hot for singing, and had retired into the shadiest depths of the woods. The warm air was full of sweet odors, the rippling of the fountains made pleasant music—it was a day when nature seems awaiting some unwonted event, and the world seems to stand still in its golden haze.

The day had arrived, the travelers were to be at the Abbey about seven. Still Vivien had spoken no word.

Gerald went to her when the morning was over; he looked at the proud face—it was unnaturally calm, and still.

"I am half frightened, Miss Neslie," he said, "to ask you what carriage should be sent to the station."

"Any you please," she replied shortly, "I have no suggestion to make on the subject, and decline to discuss it."

With that answer he was compelled to be content, but it was to save her that he studied so hard to make all things pleasant, and to carry out Sir Arthur's wishes—it was to save her that he went so carefully and anxiously through the house, trying to find out if everything was as its master would like it.

To be Continued.

# Only a Woman's Story.

### BUT IT WILL BRING HOPE TO MANY SILENT SUFFERERS.

*Nervous Prostration — Heart Weakness Agonizing Pains and Misery such as Women Alone Endure Made the Life of Mrs. Sears a Burden.*

Just a woman's story.

Not strange because it happens every day; not romantic or thrilling, but just a story of misery and suffering such as, unfortunately, too many women endure in silence.

For several years Mrs. Thomas Sears, of St. Catharines, felt her illness gradually but surely gaining a firmer hold upon her system, and ultimately she almost despaired of recovery. To a reporter who called upon her, Mrs. Sears said:—

"What I have suffered is almost beyond description. My illness has been gradually growing upon me, and eighteen months ago I found myself almost helpless. My nerves were shattered, my heart weak and my entire system seemingly broken down. I had no rest night or day; the little sleep I did get did not refresh me. I was in constant agony, and only a woman can understand what I endured as I tried to do my household work. Any sudden noise would frighten me and leave me in a condition bordering on collapse. At times I experienced attacks of vertigo, and these seemed to ra time to affect my memory. The least exertion would leave me almost breathless, and my heart would palpitate violently. I had no desire for food of any kind, and yet I had to force myself to eat to maintain life. I treated with three different doctors and spent much money in this way, but without avail, and I was in a condition bordering on despair. I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in December, 1898, I consented to do so. I first got four boxes and noticed a change for the better after I had finished the second box. When the four boxes were finished there was a great change for the better, and I then procured another half dozen boxes. Before these were used I was again enjoying the blessing of good health. There can be no doubt of my cure because months have passed since I discontinued taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and during that time I have never felt the slightest symptom of the trouble, and I cheerfully and strongly urge other women who are suffering to use this wonderful medicine, feeling sure that it will cure them, as it did me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all forms of weakness. The blood is vitalized, the nervous system is re-organized, irregularities are corrected, strength returns and disease disappears. So remarkable have been the cures performed by these little pills that their fame has spread to the far ends of civilization. Wherever you go you will find the most important article in every drug store to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

# PROOF POSITIVE.

### The Truth About Backache Proved By Dodd's Kidney Pills.

*Mrs. Katy Lougheed Gives Evidence—No Doubt in the Minds of the People of Staples—Backache is Really Kidney Ache.*

Staples, Feb. 12.—There is no doubt in the minds of the people of this district that the contention that backache is a symptom of kidney disease, is literally and absolutely correct. If not, how is it that Dodd's Kidney Pills, a kidney medicine, cure backache? For there is no dispute about it that Dodd's Kidney Pills do cure backache. New cases in this neighborhood are coming to light every day. Mrs. Katy Lougheed is one of the most recent, but there are scores more.

It has long been contended that backache is really kidney ache. But up to within ten years ago, when Dodd's Kidney Pills were first given to the world, the fact had never been actually proved. But Dodd's Kidney Pills have turned the theory into a fact. If one has backache one's kidneys are out of order, and no amount of medicine which does not set on the Kidneys, will do the slightest good. How many people have been crippled with lame back and given up trying to be cured in despair? They were not aware that backache is but a symptom, not a disease.

The real Backache, about which nobody who ever experiences it can be mistaken, is not an ache of the back at all. It is the ache of disordered kidneys. The kidneys are situated opposite the small of the back. Thus the pain is termed Backache. It is no use treating Backache, so called, locally. It is the kidneys that demand treatment. That is the reason that Dodd's Kidney Pills have such a reputation for curing Backache.

Mrs. Katy Lougheed, of Staples, writes:

"I can highly recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills as the best thing for lame back that I ever got. I have only used two boxes and they cured me."

### RINGS AND GLOVES.

News comes—and from Paris—that we are supposed to wear our rings outside our gloves. But the fashion is a vulgar one, and will be adopted by none but extremists. There is some excuse for its existence in France, however, for in France women still persist in wearing tight-fitting gloves, which in America and England are considered the worst form.

HAVE YOU TASTED
SALADA
CEYLON GREEN TEA?
It's far more delicious than Japan. Sold only in Lead Packets.

### WELL TRAINED SCOUTS.

*"Baden-Powell's Specials" Which Are Cooped up in Ladysmith Would be a Welcome Addition to Buller's Army.*

If every British regiment in the Transvaal had attached to it a body of scouts as efficient as those known as "Baden-Powell's Specials," who are with the Fifth Dragoons cooped up in Ladysmith, the British in all likelihood would have had more victories to their credit. It seems to be the general opinion that in skirmishing and outpost work the British army generally is deficient.

When Baden-Powell was appointed colonel of the Fifth Dragoons one of the first things he did was to form a body of scouts, to whose training he gave the benefit of his own vast and peculiar experience. Beginning with six volunteers, he increased the number to thirty, sleuth hounds such as no other British regiment possesses. Baden-Powell's Specials are probably the only thoroughly trained cavalry scouts in the British army.

The neighborhood of Meerut, India, where the Fifth Dragoons lay, offered splendid facilities for the work of scouting. In all directions he led his body of scouts and taught them to excel in their work by the simple process of outscouting one another. Upon the proficient men he then conferred a special badge, resembling a fleur-de-lys or "north point," to be worn upon the arm.

He slept most of the day and scouted all night. On particularly black and starless nights he sent out bodies of men to find their ways about the country with nothing but their own intelligence to guide them. Selecting a starting point in the inky blackness, he would order, "Ride out seven miles from here, and find your way back again." The one help he gave to them in this problem was an injuction to look back at every object passed, as most landmarks present different views from opposite sides and as the opposite side would be the one seen on the return journey this was a useful hint that none but a born detective would offer.

To train his men to carefulness he set one body of men in concealed positions in twos, to discover their whereabouts. The secret scouts carried a Japanese lantern, and were concealed in trees with thick foliage. A radius of forty yards was marked off from the tree, and on this ground the secret scouts kept a watchful eye. It was the business of the moving scout to discover these positions without going within the forty yards. The faintest ray of light might enable him to do so, but should he cross the forty-yard radius he could be taken prisoner immediately by those concealed, which was accomplished by a yell of "Hi! Come here!" from the man in the tree.

Baden-Powell took a party of scouts out eight miles. On reaching a certain spot he turned to the men, and said, "Now, turn back and gallop home as hard as you can. Stop at nothing. Go over everything that comes in your way." In complying with this order one of the men failed to clear a nine-foot ditch, and was deposited therein with a mighty splash. With wonderful celerity his horse scrambled out and continued to gallop home in triumph. When Baden-Powell woke up the man was picking himself out of the water. He foresaw at once that the event of a similar accident happening to a couple of scouts retiring before an enemy on horse would have to sufficor fatal results. He immediately stopped the flying troopers and ordered half the number to dismount. Then, giving half the horses in charge of one man, he mounted the others two on each horse and sent them peltting in that fashion.

### FACTS FOR SPINSTERS.

Some one has proposed a husbands' union for the protection of husbands; just what they are to be protected from is not yet stated. Possibly the union is to be founded on the same lines as the Schools for Wives, established in England.

Still better are the marriage schools which are being developed in Germany on very practical lines. They are for girls and women only, and the value of such a training cannot be overestimated. Girls leave the marriage school content to undertake the management of a house—and of a husband. The girls who have been graduated from these schools have been extra lucky in getting married, so it is said.

Another society which has been organized in Denmark is the Celibacy Insurance Society. Its object is to provide for those women who either cannot or will not provide themselves with husbands. The premiums begin at the age of 13 and end at 40, an age at which it is supposed most of the members will have abandoned all thought of marriage. Such being the case, the woman receives an annuity for life, if she marries at any time she forfeits all her rights.

The leader of the Universal Brotherhood Organization, which is the latter form of the Theosophical Society in America, is Mrs. Katherine Tingley. She is most energetic in work of a philanthropic kind; and through one department of her organization provided nearly 10,000 American soldiers with much-needed food and medical aid on their return from the Cuban War. Another of her humanitarian works is the establishment of "Lotus Homes" for destitute children.

### SHAKESPEARE'S NAME.

The name of Shakespeare can be spelt 4,000 different ways. The poet himself spelt it 22 ways.

### RANGE-FINDERS.

Water in South Africa is often as precious as gold, and sometimes infinitely more precious. Every year witnesses a terrible drought in some part.

Horse sickness has broken out earlier than usual in South Africa. As a rule it comes in February. The Boers being entirely a mounted force, the trouble will affect them more than it will our armies.

The practice of shooting off-hand all armed men who may be found in a country in a state of war, and who do not belong to the regular forces of a belligerent Government, is sanctioned by military law.

### A SISTER SAVED.

Sickness Banished—Health Restored

Gentlemen,—Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have done my sister so much good that in grateful appreciation I told Mr. Tully, the druggist, I would gladly give a testimonial unsolicited, as to their merits. My sister, 15 years of age, caught a violent cold—since then she has been in very poor health, lost all colour was anemic, her blood had no vitality, and she had no physical strength, she became extremely nervous, so much so that she could not stand any exertion or excitement, and it was impossible for her to get restful sleep, she lost her appetite, her heart became very weak, palpitating so violently that she could hardly breathe at the slightest exertion. When she commenced taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills two months ago she was in a state of complete physical and nervous prostration. Her blood was scanty with no more strength than water. Since taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills she has been rapidly mending, her appetite has returned, she sleeps well her nerves are stronger, and her heart gained strength so that it is able to fulfill its functions. Prior to taking Dr. Ward's Pills she had taken many medicines without any special benefit. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are certainly the only medicine that has done any good. Before taking them she was getting weaker, her heart and nerves losing strength daily. Since she had began taking them she has daily and continuously gained health and strength.

CLARA ELLIOTT,
20 College street,
Peterborough, Ont.

### A GOOD COMPLEXION.

The best recipe for preserving the complexion and good looks is to cultivate equable disposition. It is an acknowledged fact that anger makes the skin coarse, while those features which can be altered—such as the lips and eyes—are rendered unlovely by giving way to fits of temper. Jealousy and envy, which are forms of what we usually call "temper," are the largest manufacturers of wrinkles, which make even a beautiful face ugly. Another fact which goes to prove that beauty is really dependent upon disposition is that people who are plain are often made beautiful by those who know them to be "passably good-looking," much to the surprise of the stranger who hears it; this is simply because, in very many cases, the plain person has more than the ordinary share of sweetness and gentleness.

# A YOUNG GIRL'S DANGER.

### HOW SHE OVERCAME IT AND BAFFLED HER TORMENTOR.

Toronto, Dec. 26th.—Miss Ida Hobkirk, of 184 Harbord St., this city, is a young lady who is exceedingly popular with a very extensive circle of friends, all of whom are rejoicing over her recent escape from a terrible danger. The story of her experience is deeply interesting, told in her own straightforward way.

Here is her narrative: In 1896, I took a position in a down-town store. My work was not unusually hard, but I soon found I could no stand it, and my health failed. I grew very thin, had spitting headache continually, dizzy spells, and extreme weakness. My tongue was thickly furred, harsh and dry, every morning, and I arose tired and aching. I was dull and low-spirited all the time.

"My sister had used Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills with remarkable benefit, and I also began to take them. I candidly state that improvement began almost immediately, till to-day I am in better health and much stronger than I have been for years. To Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills, and to them alone the credit is due."

Every girl and woman who suffers as Miss Hopkirk did, should use Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills. They will give new life and health.

Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills, the only medicine that cures diseases by killing the germs that cause it, are sold by all druggists at 75c. a box; sample box 25., or sent post-paid on receipt of price by The Arnold Chemical Co., Limited, Canada Life Building, 42 King St. West, Toronto.

### ORIGIN OF THE RING.

The origin of the marriage ring dates back many centuries and is involved in somewhat of a mystery. According to an old legend of mythology, Jupiter sent to Prometheus, in honor of his deliverance by Hercules, a ring in which was set a piece of the stone to which Prometheus had formerly been bound in chains.

In northern mythology the ring symbolizes the bride from this world to the next, or, according to another idea, the rainbow symbol of eternity. Hence it is plain that from most ancient times the ring was a symbol of remembrance and eternal recollection. Since the earliest days of Christianity the ring has been a precious pledge of faithfulness, the talisman of two souls forming a sacred life-union.

The custom of wearing the wedding ring on the fourth finger of the left hand goes back for its origin to the Egyptians, from whom the Greeks borrowed the custom and handed it on to the Romans. The fourth finger was dedicated to Apollo, the sun god, and gold was an additional emblem of the sun. Besides it was believed that Apollo's finger was connected by a nerve directly with the heart, and it was most appropriate that the sign of the loving union should rest on this finger.

**Best Remedy in the World for Catarrh.**

Miss Bessie McK. Kennedy, of Kingston, N.B., says: "I have used Catarrhozone the best remedy in the world for that disease." Catarrhozone is a new scientific treatment that cures Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and Irritable throat. Very pleasant and effective to use, contains no deleterious drugs. Catarrh-o-zone is for sale by all reliable druggists. Trial outfit sent for 10c in stamps by N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

### CREMATION IN NORWAY.

Norway has a law dealing with cremation. According to the act every person over 15 years of age can be cremated after death if he or she has made a declaration in the presence of two witnesses. For those under 15 a declaration on the part of the parents is necessary.

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CEYLON TEA with others and you will at once notice the difference. The flavor of Ludella has made it a favorite. Try it, you will like it. Lead Packages. 25, 30, 40, 50, 60c.

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Our Method is sure and has cured thousands—some pronounced incurable. Write at once. Booklet and Proof on request. Address The SWISS-AMERICAN CO., Windsor, Ont., Canada Cured

VICTORIA'S NEW TEA HOUSE.
England's Queen intends to add one more to the list of tea houses on the Balmoral estate. Each of these retreats is decorated to represent some particular country. For instance, there is "India," which is furnished with bamboo and Indian matting, while "China" is decorated with the Celestial emblems in beautiful colorings. The new tea house is to be "America," and will be put up in readiness for next year.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal.

It is difficult to realize that in steaming from Cape Town to Durban the transports have almost as far to go as if they were coasting right round England and Scotland.

"Pharaoh 10c." Purse, of Granby, Que. Cigar Manufacturer.

Among the French names which at the present day may be found widespread throughout South Africa, from the Cape to the Zambesi, are Marais, Joubert, Du Plessis, De Villiers, Jourdan, Le Roux, Malherbe, Du Toit, Malan, Retief, Theron, and Hugo.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.
The "Balmoral," Free Bus meets all Trains. $1.50 up.
Hotel Carslake, European Plan. Rooms from $1 a day up. Opp. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake & Co., Prop'rs.
AVENUE HOUSE—McGill—College Avenue. Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.
ST. JAMES' HOTEL—Opposite G.T.R. Depot. Car blocks from G.T.R. Railway. First-class Commercial House. Modern improvements—Rates moderate.

WHAT WAR MEANS
During the last two years 41,375 men have been killed in battle.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT. OF MALT Invigorates and Strengthens. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT.

The War Office have so far declined the services of lady doctors who have volunteered for South Africa.

Blemishes OF THE SKIN AND Complexion TREATED FREE. Send one cent stamp for circular. W. J. URQUHART Analytical Chemist, 189 Queen St. W., Toronto.

In the Boer lines at Belmont the ground was littered with cartridges, every one of which bore the mark of the leading London makers.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and the said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. SEAL
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Boers requested President Kruger's permission to use Dumdum bullets, but he refused.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

"Sniping" is firing by sharpshooters wherever they see an enemy's head or limb.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

An Irish Fusilier, writing from the Pretoria race-course, says the prisoners are not allowed to receive letters.

WPC 1011

CALVERT'S
Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. Their regular use prevent infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply. Lists mailed free on application.
F. C. CALVERT & CO., MANCHESTER . . ENGLAND.

COMMON SENSE KILLS Roaches, Bed Bugs, Rats and Mice. Sold by all Druggists, or 881 Queen W. Toronto.

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FOR SALE NEAR FRUITLAND—In the Niagara district on the lake shore, a valuable fruit farm of 14 acres; choice; satisfactory reasons given for selling. For full particulars address E. Dickerson, jun., Box 343, Stamford.

Cartors COLD CURE 10c. Cures in a jiffy. P. McDermott & Co., Agents, Montreal.

THE DES MOINES INCUBATOR—Best and cheapest. O. Rolland, sole agent for the Dominion. Send 1c. stamp for catalogue. 273 St