

## LETTERS FROM BERMUDA.

## LETTER XI.

HAMILTON, January, 18—.

DEAR H. — As I was writing about the Island of St. George in my last letter I shall continue with the account of our adventures in that place where,

"Beneath the towering brow, and on a heat,  
The Temple of Mars stood armipotent.

The whole division that to Mars pertains  
All trades of death that deal in steel for gains."

We next proceeded to the forts, 100 feet above the sea level. After explaining our desires we were taken charge of by an intelligent sergeant of artillery, who acted as our cicerone. He showed us the magazines, cannons, trunchos, &c., and seemed quite proud of them. I wonder what he would think of Spenser's denunciation of cannon and the uses of it. Spenser thus would spike the cannon:

"As when the devilish engine wrought  
In deepest Hell and framed by furies skill,  
With windy nitre and quick sulphur wrought,  
And rammed with bullet round ordained to kill.

Conceiveth fire, the Heavens it doth fill  
With thundering noise, and all the air doth choke

That none can breathe, nor see, nor hear at will  
Through smouldry cloud of dusky stinking smoke,  
That even the breath him daunts who hath escaped his stroke."

The Sergeant told us very feelingly of the sad fate of a young officer highly esteemed and beloved in the regiment, and also related an incident which showed his courage and presence of mind. The promptitude of the officer prevented a terrible explosion, and consequently great loss of life. A leaky barrel of petroleum had rolled down the steps into a powder magazine; and some of the oil from the barrel having accidentally ignited, this young lieutenant, knowing that water would be of no use, with combined prudence and alacrity ordered buckets of sand to be thrown on the blaze, and by this means quickly extinguished it. The sand was plentiful and close at hand. Had it not been for this timely action we should not have the pleasure of visiting these Fortifications of St. George, as they, with most of the little Islet, would be repaving in peace and in pieces at the bottom of the ocean far away from the Bermudas. Some time afterwards the young lieutenant, who was so beloved by his comrades and very popular amongst the men, was found dead with a bullet in his heart. I can best tell his story in Longfellow's beautiful lines:

"He is dead, the beautiful youth,  
The heart of honor, the tongue of truth—  
He the life and light of us all,  
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle call.

Only last night, as we rode along  
Down the dark of the mountain gaps,  
To visit the picket-guard at the ford  
Little dreaming of any mishap,

Sudden and swift a whistling ball  
Came out of the wood, and a voice was still;  
Something I heard in the darkness fall,  
And for a moment my blood grew chill.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,  
And through the mire and mist and rain  
We carried him back, the silent dead,  
And laid him, as if asleep, on his bed.

That fatal bullet went speeding forth  
Till it reached a town in the distant North—  
Till it reached a house in a sunny street—  
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat,  
Without a murmur, without a cry,  
And the neighbors wondered that she should die."

Our artillery man next took us up into the arsenal, and after duly admiring all the arms and munitions of war and the exactitude and neatness with which the pyramids of cannon-balls were arranged, he explained everything to us and showed us how to discharge the guns. "Madam," said he, "you will easily know a shell from a chill-

shot by this mark—a ring of white painted around the nose or end of the chill-shot, which is solid, or nearly so. But the shell has only a casing of iron and is filled with powder." After receiving this, and other valuable and useful information concerning the art of war, we climbed up on top of the armory and gazed at the prospect around us. There were British cannon ready to sweep the ocean on every side. Cannon to the right of us, cannon to the left of us, cannon in front of us—like the noble 600, victims of a military blunder—but feeling much more comfortable than did those brave fellows who are immortalized by Tennyson in his soul-stirring verses on the Light Brigade:

"The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;  
And ready mounted are they to spit forth  
Their iron indignation against the enemy."

But they did not volley and thunder. They do that sort of thing occasionally, wasting ammunition on an imaginary enemy, when the soldiers are practising the imitation of battle to become skillful and dexterous in defence of their country when required to defend it in earnest.

"In every heart are  
Sown the sparks that kindle fiery war:  
Occasion needs but fan them and they blaze."

"The morn the marshalling in arms—the day  
Battle's magnificently stern away!  
The thunder clouds close over it which when rent  
The earth is covered thick with other clay  
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
Rider and horse—friend and foe—in one burial blent!"

We now bade farewell to our military friend, who had proved such a competent guide, and rewarded him with many thanks and a substantial "tip," wishing him happiness and promotion. I wonder if he is happy, or contented at least, with his monotonous life and daily toil on these lonely Isles.

"Who is the happy warrior, who is he  
That every man in arms would wish to be?  
It is the generous spirit who hath wrought  
Among the plans of real life;  
'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends  
Upon that law as on his best of friends;  
Who, if he rises to stations of command,  
Rises by open means;  
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same  
Keeps faithful, with a singleness of aim."

I trust that my letters are not getting tedious, and that my MSS. are not becoming a *Nemesis* to you.

Adieu. PLACIDIA.



Dr. H. F. Merrill.

**No Other Medicine**  
SO THOROUGH AS

**AYER'S Sarsaparilla**

Statement of a Well Known Doctor

"No other blood medicine that I have ever used, and I have tried them all, is so thorough in its action, and effects so many permanent cures as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—  
Dr. H. F. MERRILL, Augusta, Me.

**Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla**

Admitted at the World's Fair.

Ayer's Pills for liver and bowels.

## A POSTMASTER'S STORY.

## A STRANGE ATTACK AND THE DIRE RESULTS THAT FOLLOWED.

Mr. Robert Sharpe, of Starkville, Tells of His Awful Ring - Lost the Use of Both Hands and Feet and was Forced to Give Up Business - The Timely Action of a Friend Pointed the Way to Renewed Activity.

From the *Montreal News*.

Mr. Robert Sharpe is a well known resident of Starkville, Durham county, who has been living in Canada for about thirteen years. He is by trade a blacksmith, and on coming to this country located in the township of Haldimand, in the county of Northumberland. After working there for a time he purchased a residence and shop at Starkville, where he worked at his trade and established a nice business. Being both courteous and obliging he was well liked and was appointed postmaster for the place. He was in the best of health and with the exception of a slight asthma trouble had no complaint of any kind. In the month of March, 1892, he attended an auction sale in the neighborhood and came home in the evening apparently all right, but during the night was taken with a chill, accompanied with a violent pain which gradually grew worse and before morning he went into convulsions and became unconscious. A doctor was summoned who bled him freely, which seemed to relieve him for a time, and next day he seemed better, and the doctor told him he would be all right in a few days. This, however, was not verified, and although he could go around he was fast falling in health and at times would be in an agony of pain. One doctor said he had sciatica, and another told him that his trouble was rheumatism of the spine and that he would never be better. He tried many medicines but all failed to do him any good. At this time he was so weak that he could only hobble around with the assistance of two sticks, and had to give up work. The pain continued day and night and finally he lost the use of both hands and feet and often longed for death to relieve him of his suffering. About this time Mrs. Sharpe wrote a letter for him to a friend for whom he had worked when he first came out to the country, and this friend sent him a couple of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, urging him to give them a fair trial. Before the second box was done he felt somewhat better and purchased another supply. To hasten the story, Mr. Sharpe continued the use of the Pink Pills until he had taken fourteen boxes, by which time he had completely recovered and is now as well as ever he was, and has lost all the asthma trouble as well. He is now able to do a hard day's work, and is loud in his praises of Dr. Williams' wonderful Pink Pills. As the reporter was leaving a Mr. Stark, an intelligent farmer who lives close by, called, and verified all that Mr. Sharpe had said, and referred the reporter to others in the neighborhood who knew the circumstances as well. One who had never seen Mr. Sharpe before would not think, looking at him to-day, that he had come through the ordeal he has, as he seems the very picture of health and both he and Mrs. Sharpe attribute the whole cure to Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, acrofulous troubles, etc., these are superior to all other treatment.

Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

For the last seventeen years, J. Clancy has supplied the East End with coal and wood of the best that could be got. He is now in a position not only to supply the East End, but all parts of the city with the very best of coal and wood, at the lowest prices. Also the best Flour that McLaughlin and Co. make at 10 to 15 per cent less than any place in Toronto. Call up 2063, take a car, or drop a card to 421 Queen street East, and you will be attended to.

## RECIPE.

For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Adams' Root Beer Extract.....one bottle  
Fleischmann's Yeast.....half a cake  
Sugar.....two pounds  
Lukewarm water.....two gallons  
Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles, to make two and five gallons.



## This is it.

This is the new shortening or cooking fat which is so fast taking the place of lard. It is an entirely new food product composed of clarified cotton seed oil and refined beef suet. You can see that

**Colloleone**

Is clean, delicate, wholesome, appetizing, and economical—as far superior to lard as the electric light is to the tallow dip. It asks only a fair trial, and a fair trial will convince you of its value.

Sold in 3 and 5 pound pails, by all grocers



Made only by  
**The N. K. Fairbank Company,**  
Wellington and Ann Sts.,  
MONTREAL.

## COSGRAVE &amp; CO.

MALTSTERS,

**Brewers and Bottlers**  
**TORONTO.**

Are supplying the Trade with the superior

**ALES AND BROWN STOUTS,**

Brewed from the finest Malt and best Bavarian brand of Hops. They are highly recommended by the Medical Faculty for their purity and strengthening qualities.

Awarded the Highest Prizes at the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, for Purity of Flavor and General Excellence of Quality. Honorable Mention, Paris, 1878. Medal and Diploma, Antwerp, 1886.

Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St.  
TELEPHONE No. 264.

## F. ROSAR, UNDERTAKER,

240 KING ST. EAST,  
TORONTO.  
TELEPHONE 1034.

TELEPHONE 1406.

## M. McCABE, UNDERTAKER.

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.  
286 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ont.

## MISS MARY THOMPSON,

(Of the New College of Oratory, Philadelphia.)  
TEACHER OF

**ELOCUTION & PHYSICAL CULTURE**  
**WELLS' COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,**

Cor. King and Church sts.  
For Concert engagements apply at College.

## The Register

**Book and Job Printing**  
**DEPARTMENT.**

Every Description of Work Neatly Executed.

Orders by Mail promptly attended to.  
Write for Prices or Telephone 489.