FAVORITE BOER METHOD.

VENGEANCE FOR SLAIN LEADERS.

Shocking Deeds of Men Frenzied by the Murder of their Leaders.

The favorite Boer method of picking off our officers may redound to their advantage in certain instances; but, on the other hand, they would do well to remember that the untimely death of a trusted and beloved leader is apt occasionally to inflame soldiers with a semi-insane frenzy, under the influence of which they will accomplish deeds that, in

THEIR COOLER MOMENTS,

would have appeared absolutely impossible of attainment.

There are those who think that Talana Hill would never have been stormed had not General Symons fallen.

Not is the above an isolated instance. Others of our regiment—and especially Highlanders—have been swift to avenge their slain chiefs. At the Battle of Fuentes d'Onoro the 79th was ordered to attack the small village from which the conflict takes its name; and in the thick of the fight a French private soldier was observed to slip aside into a doorway and take deliberate aim at Colonel Cameron. The long, wailing shriek of mingled grief and rage raised by the clansmen at the fall of their chief was described by a French officer as the most blood-curdling sound it had ever been his lot to hear. The men waited for no orders, but charged their enemies with such terrible ferocity that within a few minutes not a French soldier was left alive within the confines of the hamlet. The officer in command of the French—a man of fine stature and remarkable presence—was killed on the spot; while the slayer of Colonel Cameron was pierced by a thousand wounds, and torn limb from limb by the

INFURIATED HIGHLANDERS.

The death of Colonel Napier was similarly avenged by the Gordon Highlanders at Corunna. This gentleman was adored by his men, to whom he acted more in the capacity of a father than a commanding officer. The welfare and health of his men was to him the first consideration; and at a time when the dreadful lash was used with unsparing frequency and severity not a man was flogged in the 92nd Highlanders from Christmas to Christmas. Little wonder that, when he fell, the ominous cry was raised, "No quarter!"

Although the event took place more than four-score years ago, the men of the 1st Royals still tell of the signal vengeance exacted by them in reparation for an act of well-nigh unparalleled treachery perpetrated by the "Killedar"—or governor—of Jahore. The garrison of the fortress had offered to capitulate, and Colonel Murray, Lieutenant-Colonel Conway, and several other officers entered the gate to arrange the terms of surrender. As soon as the party of Englishmen had passed the portal the soldiers of the Killedar opened fire upon them, and in a moment laid them all dead. The enemy then

RAN FORWARD

with the intention of closing the gate, but were prevented by a private soldier, who thrust his musket into the aperture. Seeing what was happening, the regiment then dashed forward, and, without waiting for orders, carried the place by assault, the entire garrison being put to the sword and the Killedar hanged the same evening.

The old 57th, now the Middlesex Regiment, won its popular nickname of the "Dickards" owing to its valour in avenging the death of its chief, Colonel Inglis, who fell in the Peninsular War. The gallant old warrior was mortally wounded by a grapeshot, but, refusing all offers to carry him to the rear, he remained where he had fallen—in front of the colors of his battalion—urging his men to keep up a steady fire, and to "die hard." His words and the sight of his blood inflamed the regiment to fury, and so terrible was the vengeance they exacted, and so fearfully did they themselves suffer in the operation, that the field was carpeted with dead—"French and English intermixed." It was to commemorate this exploit that there was granted to the regiment its "laurel wreath," a facsimile of which is still borne on the colours and on the collars of the

MEN'S TUNICS.

One of the most dramatic episodes in the Battle of Waterloo was the death of Major the Hon. F. Howard—the "young, gallant Howard" of Byron's "Childe Harold." This dashing officer was killed towards the close of the fight by a sudden and unexpected volley from a French infantry regiment in square formation, whereupon his men, as if inspired by a single impulse charged so desperately at the offending corps that they literally leaped their horses over the heads of Napoleon's soldiers and into the square, causing them to break and fly in the wildest disorder. They had better have stood their ground, however for very few of them escaped the avenging sabres of the pursuing troopers.

On the same blood-soaked field, but earlier in the day, there took place the famous charge of the Inniskillings, supported by the Royals and the Scots Greys. This—perhaps the most memorable cavalry charge recorded in the annals of the British Army—was undertaken primarily to exact vengeance for the death of one man—the brave and chivalrous Picton. His own men, mad with fury, had previously stormed the French position at the point of the bayonet, and at that crucial moment the order was given for the cavalry brigade to charge. With a

RINGING CHEER

the regiment surged forward, and, gathering impetus as they advanced, burst with avalanche force upon the disordered legions of France. The French officers saw their danger, and tried to form their broken companies into square. Vain effort! Whole battalions were mowed down by the heavy sabres of the fiery Irishmen, who, with cries of "Remember Picton!" rode hither and thither, slaughtering right and left.

Nor is this strange blood-lust the peculiar prerogative of the British redcoat. On the contrary, the soldiers of practically all other nations are infected with it from time to time equally with our own. At Bazeilles, for example, during the Franco-Prussian War, there was exacted by the Bavarians, whose colonel had been treacherously slain by a shot fired by one of the villagers, what was perhaps, the most terrible revenge in all history. Not only was the entire place razed to the ground, and then set on fire, but every living thing found within was slaughtered under circumstances of well-nigh inconceivable ferocity. A Zulu impi could not have done the work more thoroughly. "Out of more than two thousand inhabitants—men, women and children"—says the French official report, "barely fifty were left alive."

NEW USE FOR SMOKE SHELLS.

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

PRUNE GRAPES IN WINTER.

Grapes can be pruned any time during winter. If the wood is wanted for propagation, it should be cut just before the severe frosts arrive.

New Waiter at Boathouse Inn

II.

Rumour had it that the lattest addition to the staff of the Boathouse Inn owed an old score, and was working it off in the capacity of waiter; and the general opinion among the customers was that he was a bad bargain even at that price. He had a very long body and very short legs; this physical peculiarity being further much emphasised by a coat which had once been blue, the long tails reaching half-way down his podgy-looking calves. He wore a frowsy mouse-coloured wig and a bleary owl-like expression of wisdom that evidently covered the most dense stupidity. He carried an ample supply of stuff in his capacious waistcoat pockets; and, extracting it sometimes from the right pocket, sometimes from the left, with his thumb and finger, sonorously inhaled a portion and flung away the remainder with a contemptuous flirt of his fingers that sent a tiny cloud floating over the pewters and glasses in a manner that was peculiarly distressful to poor topers with a squeamish stomach. He invariably met the incoming coaches and post-chaises, holding forth to the travellers with a very strong Welsh accent upon the superior accommodation of the "Boathouse," and seldom left the stranger until he had elicted a verbal reply, after which he at once turned his attention to some one else. He was the constant butt of the company in the "Boathouse" taproom; but he appeared quite ignorant of the fact notwithstanding the very personal nature of the sallies levelled at him.

"Now then you old Welsh tup, ram, you; sharpen your stumps," quicken your pace, bawled a drover at the far-end of the room, the speaker himself being so thoroughly Welsh that he could with difficulty make himself understood.

The solemnity with which the waiter received the remark caused much hilarity; and as he reached the door a little bandy-legged ostler touched his shoulder, remarking in a serious undertone, but loud enough to be heard by the company, "Tell you what, ould master, if I'd a pair of legs like your'n I'd cut 'em off!"

A loud burst of laughter followed the waiter through the door; and ere it ended the French man and woman entered the room, the former smiling away like clockwork upon the company, many of whom were well known to him. They were closely followed by Whitehead, who, having been relieved at the watch-house, had come to thaw his inner man with a jorum of rum.

The Frenchman was greeted good-humouredly by several of the company, most of whom, however, exhibited some reserve owing to the presence of the lady. This vanished immediately, however, and a fisherman, it goes in ale, rose unsteadily to his feet, and in a jocular strain attempted the lines, "Says Boney to Johnny," &c.

The foreigner, still smiling imperturably, ordered a bowl of punch "for his good friends to drink the health of his only daughter," whom he had brought over to see the country, and who at the remark bestowed a languid smile upon the company.

The arrival of the foreign lady and gentleman had an effect upon the new waiter. For a moment his slipshod manner seemed to drop from him, and he received the generous order almost with alacrity. He took snuff from both pockets in quick succession, and gave a quick nod of acquiescence; but dropped almost at once into his customary listless manner, and shuffled from the room even more limply than before.

After placing the bowl on the table before the Frenchman, the waiter sat down on a vacant seat at the opposite side of the table; but the toproom fraternity of the "Boathouse" were not wont to stand upon etiquette and the action attracted no attention.

The glasses were filled, and an elderly packetman rose to his feet and began to expatiate on the fact that, although he was a Frenchman by birth, Froggy after all was such a good fellow that some of his ancestors must certainly have gone over from England; when he suddenly stopped, and a thrill ran through the room, for a strange and powerful voice, and a voice, moreover, that thrilled with authority, was suddenly uplifted above the words of the toast.

Looking down, they saw that the new waiter's elbows rested on the table, and a pair of long-barrelled pistols were levelled from them directly at the heads of the foreigners. His face was completely transformed, as his keen glance rested on the cowering pair before him, and was so lighted up with animation that he was almost unrecognizable. His figure, too, seemed to dilate, as, without a trace of the Welsh accent, there rang out the words:

"I, William Shone, an officer of Bow Street, call upon all loyal subjects of King George here present to assist me to take into lawful custody the bodies of Jean Colat, who, it appears, is known here as Froggy, and his accomplice, Comte de Bordenave, who are wanted for high treason and for the cold-blooded murder of John Bradley, an officer of Bow Street, from whose custody they escaped two months agone."

This address appeared to be partly given from memory and partly extemporised; and long before it was finished several of the company had rushed before the pair, and pinned them firmly by the arms, upsetting several glasses in the process.

The Frenchman showed his teeth like a wolf caught in a trap, and the Count turned ghastly pale, and looked as if fascinated at the officer as he spoke.

The latter rose to his feet, and laid his pistols on the table, adding solemnly as he displayed a sealed warrant to the company for a moment, and drew out a pair of handcuffs:

"Ay, poor John Bradley, as true a comrade as ever drew the breath of life. May God have mercy upon his soul!—murdered while doing his duty. Many a ride he and I had together, and many a time have our barkers spoke out together as the honest lads, highwaymen, stood at bay in the moonlight; but this is the first time we have been upon the track of a dirty foreigner. I hope it will be the last!"

"You pigs of Englishmen!" Froggy broke out as the darbies closed around his wrists with a snap. "Napoleon will eat you up soon."

"Not him, indeed!" growled Whitehead. "You talk like a ha'penny book with no leaves in it. We've got a little one-armed man as'll warm his onions for him if he tries any pig-killing over here."

"As for your Nelson," said the Count in broken English and with withering contempt—"pooh! bah!" He spat out bitterly as he spoke.

"Now, gentlemen," said the waiter cheerfully, "there's no profit in holding arguments with dead men, and these are no better," with a slight gesture of his thumb across the table. "I shall need three good stout Parkgate lads to help me with them to Chester, where I shall be granted a proper escort to London; but before I start you shall drink the King's health in the best bowl of punch that our good host Johnson can brew." He threw a couple of guineas on the table.

One of the fishermen opened the lattice window, and, taking up his glass without a word swilled its contents on to the beach.

The remainder followed suit; and the officer, picking up the bowl, stepped briskly across the room and flung the liquor after the rest.

"Now, Mr. Johnson," he added briskly, the waiters and guests from the other apartments, thronged the entrance to the taproom, "wash this well out, and brew us a mixture that won't disgrace the King's health."

At this juncture there was a sudden commotion among the group and exclamations of horror, in the midst of which the gigantic figure of Uncle staggered into the room. His beard was matted with blood and sea-sand, and a dark blot surrounded a large slash in the breast of his blue shirt. His face was ghastly pale, and as he reeled into the room and rested heavily against a settle he gasped out, "A drink, mates; for the love of God, a drink! I'm dying!"

A glass of brandy was held to his lips, while a dozen voices asked who had been his assailants.

"Ask them varmints," he replied as the neat spirit darted new life through his veins. He pointed to the shrinking captives. "Boys," he continued, addressing the crowd, "there's a big French schooner loaded down with arms for the Irish put in under Tinker's Dale, and I suspect they were only waiting for this murderin' pair before they went on their dirty errand to Ireland agen our lawful King—God bless him!—for I seed madam theer a-bogin' at um with the lantern, though I did not think what it meant till she were beating it into my poor ould head! "Three flashes and a flash it were, sure enough, Billy Whitehead," he concluded, turning to that individual.

"'Three flashes and a flash' were the last words of poor Jack Bradley, ejaculated Shone. "'That the words meant mischief of some kind we knew, but what kind of mischief it was we could not make out."

"Gentlemen," said Whitehead, rising and sternly buttoning up his coat as he spoke, "we are all friends here now—leastways all but two—and I can do no harm by stating that the secret order sent down here by Captain Monk was to keep a sharp lookout for 'three flashes and a flash.' No one seemed to know what it meant, and no doubt the same order has been sent to other ports. Uncle, here, and Jim Bushell were the only ones entrusted with the secret outside our own set, and they've been doing a sort of sentry-go up and down the river every night since. Now, just before I came in here Lieutenant Cottingham marched up to the "Red Lion" with over twenty redcoats bound for Dublin Castle with to-morrow morning's packet. What I have to propose is this, that we take these soldiers down the river in our boats at once, get around the schooner in the dark, and serve it like we served the two passengers."

A hearty cheer broke from the company. The Frenchmen cursed; but in a few moments the crowd moved out, the prisoners closely guarded, and the officers walked in the rear. The bandy-legged ostler and host Johnson alone remained.

"Well," ejaculated the former, "I always thought as them Bow Street runners were runners; but blow me if this old gentleman could run for toffee!"

"Tnomas," sagely rejoined mine host, "Master Weasel isn't much of a runner like to speak on; but he dines off Master Hare oftener than thee or me."

The whole population of Parkgate, including the strangers within their gates, remained on the quays during the night. In the early hours of morning the sounds of distant musketry, sometimes in the form of an irregular rattle, and occasionally in a solid volley, could be heard by the listeners grouped about the blazing fires. By-and-by it ceased, and a young sailor declared that he heard three faint cheers.

A few hours later, as the "Royal Prince," coach climbed the steep summit of the Boathouse Hill, en route for Liverpool, the driver suddenly reined in his steeds and listened intently; then the "outsides" turned an attentive ear westward, and transformed their left hands into the ear-trumpets used by primitive man. Five "insides"—three ladies and two gentlemen—stepped quickly upon the road and rapidly followed their example. Hearty cheers were continuously rolling from end to end of the Parkgate Parade; and in the brief intervals which intervened what seemed like a faint echo floated in from the westward.

The dawn began to break beyond the distant marshes, and in the faint light appeared a large schooner in tow of fully a score of small boats, rowed by dark figures with a sprinkling of red uforms with white facings. Some half-dozen redcoats were drawn up on the deck of the schooner, with their lieutenant, who later on came out of Waterloo with a musket-ball in his foot and a captaincy; and several manacled figures lay on the deck near them. One or two more figures there were, who lay even more still, yet were not pinioned.

As the schooner drew near the quays the shouts of the conquerors and of those who awaited them seemed to blend in one mighty cheer.

The driver's whip-lash described an hieroglyphic over his head, and darted out with a sharp snap at the leaders. "Well," he exclaimed aloud, "they have managed that all right; and the Parkgate lads will have more prize-money than they can spend for a bit!"

. . . . . .

There has always been an Uncle Mealor at Parkgate, and, to all appearances, there always will be. The present Uncle, who related the above as I sat in the stern of his boat, watching his thirty-foot mussel-rake rising and falling in the rusty deep at Dawpool, assured me that when his grandfather "coached it up to London" Mr. William Shone informed him that he had brought him up to town not so much to give evidence in the treason case as to witness an execution at Tyburn in which the central figures were one Jean Colat and a certain French aristocrat known as Comte de Bordenave.

ELEPHANTS CAN KEEP COUNT.

They Display A most Human Intelligence in Their Work.

Of the elephant's marvelous mathematical precision and ability to count no doubt can exist in the mind of any one who has ever visited Mandalay, in Upper Burmah. There large forests of teak are cultivated by the government for building purposes; the squared timbers are placed and secured one above the other, till a raft is formed to float down the Irrawaddy for easy conveyance to various other stations.

Elephants do the whole work. They convey the enormous logs down to the water's edge and pile them one above another, both lengthwise and across, till a perfect cube is formed. They show an intelligence and interest in their work that seem human, as any eye witness can affirm who has watched an elephant at his loading and then has seen him move a few paces to one side in order to judge of the effect of his work.

If the appearance of the heap is not quite symmetrical two elephants force the logs one way or the other with their trunks till they get the desired result: and the perfect evenness and symmetry of the finished cube are astounding. They never miscalculate the number required for each cube, and never overweigh it in any degree.

SQUASH MUFFINS.

Mix one cup of sifted squash, two tablespoons of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon and two rounded tablespoons of sugar. Stir in one-half cup of scalded milk, and when cooled add one well-beaten egg and one cup of flour mixed with two level teaspoons of baking powder. Mix well and add more milk if needed to make a thick drop batter. Fill buttered muffin pans half full and bake in a quick oven.

AMERICAN MULES MAKE TROUBLE

any of the British Purchases Die on the Voyage to South Africa.

While the British Government announces that it is perfectly satisfied with its investment in American mules, and will buy 10,000 more men who have returned here from Cape Colony declare that the mules have caused a great deal more trouble in South Africa than has been reported. Five British ships are on their way here, all of which will be loaded with mules. Nearly half the required 10,000 animals have been already purchased, and so heavy a purchase at one time has sent the price of mules up $20 apiece, England having to pay some $240,000 more than expected.

The British are buying one special grade known as small mules. The large animals used on the sugar plantations in the South are their veterinary surgeons say, not so vigorous and tough, although able to haul larger loads. The small mule bought by the British are tough and wiry, with more vitality than the large ones, and less liable to disease. All those bought in this country have been green—that is, they have not been broken yet—and they seem to have caused some of the trouble in Africa. From the day the shipment of mules began the British have had trouble with them. They packed them too closely on one of the vessels and a considerable proportion of the animals died in transit. Another lot developed glanders as soon as they landed in Africa and either died or were killed; and quite a number of others died from the climate and insects of South Africa, to which they were unaccustomed. But the heaviest loss was on the Corinthia, which landed 500 of her cargo of mules at Port Elizabeth. No sooner did the animals find themselves on shore, after being cooped up for thirty-one days on a vessel, than they made for the interior, and the entire lot escaped with the exception of eleven. A reward has been offered for their recapture by the British authorities, but without result, and a herd of some five hundred American mules is now wandering somewhere in the interior of Africa. These losses render it quite certain that the 20,000 American mules shipped or to be shipped to South Africa for the use of the British Army will not suffice, but a fresh lot will have to be ordered.

Of the several hundred American mule drivers who went to South Africa, all, with one or two exceptions, have returned. They went to Cape Colony with the intention of remaining there, believing that it offered opportunities to energetic and pushing young men. They found the situation there very bad and no prospects ahead, so they all took advantage of their contract with the British Government to be brought back home; and they would unanimously declare that they were harshly treated on the voyage, getting insufficient and unsatisfactory food, and being worked far too hard. The British Government has expressed a preference for American drivers as well as American mules, but it will not get them.

Canada and England.

THE SERVICES CANADA HAS RENDERED FULLY APPRECIATED.

A Prominent Brockville Business Man Pays a Tribute to the Good Work of a Canadian Institution in England.

From the Brockville Recorder.

One of the most successful business men in Brockville, is Mr. Thomas Nappy, the well known Perth street grocer. Mr. Nappy is an Englishman by birth and the success he has achieved in business here, has enabled him for some years past to make an annual holiday trip to the Motherland. In a casual conversation with some friends in the Bank of Montreal, recently, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills happened to be mentioned and Mr. Nappy said that if the pills effected many cures as marvellous as one that had come under his notice, he was not surprised that they were so frequently the theme of conversation. Asked later by a reporter of the Recorder to give the story, Mr. Nappy readily consented to do so, and we give it practically in his own words. "Don't be disappointed when I tell you that the cure did not occur in this country," said Mr. Nappy. "As a matter of fact it occurred in England, and came under my observation on the occasion of two visits made to that country. During the summer of 1898 I paid a visit to my old home in England, and while there visited William Ledger, a relation of mine, living at 45 Fitzwilliam street, Doncaster. In Ledger's family was a little girl, Lilly, about six years of age who was absolutely helpless with what the doctors said was St. Vitus' dance, but really seemed to me more like paralysis. This child was one of the most pitiful sights I ever saw; more helpless than a new born babe. She could not move a single limb and if the head were turned to one side or the other it remained in that position until someone changed it. The poor child had to be fed and looked after like an infant, and as the doctors had not been able to do anything to relieve her, recovery was not thought possible. Indeed, I said to the child's grandmother that I thought its early death would be a relief not only to the child, but to its parents. This was the condition of the child when I left for Canada. Again in the summer of 1899 I made a holiday trip to England and to my amazement when I visited my friend Ledger I found Lilly as bright and active a child as one would find anywhere, with absolutely no trace of the trouble that had made her a helpless burden the year before. I told her parents I had never expected to see her alive again and asked what had effected her cure. "Dr Williams' Pink Pills," said the father. He further said that returning from work one night, he found in the house a little book describing the pills, left during the day, and after reading it decided to use them in Lily's case. After supper he bought some of the pills and gave the first to the child that night. In a few days they saw they were helping her, and in less than two months time there was not a child in the neighborhood, brighter, healthier or more active. I have heard a great deal concerning what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done in this country, but this case coming under my own observation is as near a miracle as we can look for in these days, and shows why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are so much talked about everywhere.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are just as valuable in the case of children as with adults, and puny little ones would soon thrive and grow fat under this treatment, which has no equal for building up the blood and giving renewed strength to brain, body and nerves. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to try something else said to be "just as good."

RATHER EASY.

Penelope—Mr. Brown is the most entertaining man I have met for a long time.

Aphrodite—Why. I thought him very stupid.

Penelope—Oh, you are mistaken. Why, last night he called and I succeeded in convincing him that we are now in the twentieth century. He was skeptical at first, but after listening to my arguments he admitted that he was mistaken.

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

HEROES BORN.

What Generations of Fighting Blood Has Done for British Leaders.

Some men are born to be heroes. They can't help it; it is in their blood.

It was the possession of this heroic strain which drove young Roberts onward at the battle of the Tugela River—onward to his death. Had he survived, he would have got his Victoria Cross, as his father, Lord Roberts, did before him. He might even, in time, have risen to

AS HIGH A RANK

in his chosen profession.

What, however, he had to do, whether he liked it, or not, was to be a hero. He could no more help it than a thoroughbred racehorse can help being swift, or a mastiff strong. His father is a hero; so was his grandfather. His mother and his grandmother were both the daughters of heroes. "What else," cried the man in the street, when the news came to hand of his gallant end, "could you expect from the representatives of such a race?" And for once the man in the street was right.

It was the same with Gen. Wauchope, "the bravest of the brave," for, although his immediate progenitor, was merely a quiet country gentleman—albeit a deputy-lieutenant for his county, and a justice of the peace—his family had been fighters for centuries back. Precisely the same thing may be said of Sir W. P. Symons, the hero of Dundee; of Colonel Gunning, who commanded a battalion of the King's Royal Rifles, and fell in the same battle; and of Colonel Sherston, D.S.O., General-Symon's brigade-major, who lost his life soon afterwards. Lieutenant Monro, too, the young Gordon Highlander who outstripped all his comrades up the

FIRE-SWEPT

slopes of Elandslaagte, and was shot dead for his pains, was a descendant of the old Highland chieftains whose trade was war.

Every Briton was thrilled with admiration when the news came of Mr. Winston Churchill's magnificent achievement at the wreck of the armoured train. And with the admiration was mingled something of surprise. In effect, people said: "One expects a soldier to fight; one is not even greatly surprised when he performs some heroic act; it is all in his day's work, so to speak. But Mr. Winston Churchill was a civilian—a newspaper correspondent. His business was to record the day's war-doings. For this he was paid. This was expected of him; no more. Yet, when the blast of battle seared the veldt, and the shell-riddled train toppled over, to the accompaniment of wounded men's screams, punctuated by bursts of shrapnel and splutter of musketry, he fought, as Tommy Tersey puts it, 'like a demon.' Why? Why, because the blood of his old warrior ancestors—the Marlboroughs—flowed through his veins, and turned to fire when death and danger fronted him.

Then there is the case of his aunt, Lady Sarah Wilson. She is the daughter of seven generations of soldiers, and the wife of a warrior, Captain Gordon Wilson, now at Modder River, also in attendance on the nonce as a newspaper correspondent. She chose to attempt a two-hundred-mile ride across the veldt, in order to get her "copy" through, and was taken prisoner.

BY THE BOERS.

It was a deed that right well befitted the descendant of that brave and strong-minded Sarah Jennings, the first Duchess of Marlborough, whose Christian name Lady Sarah Wilson has taken.

That the warriors of the sea hand down their fighting qualities to their sons, equally with the warriors who fight on land—was proved—though such proof was little needed—by young Egerton, of the "Powerful," whose ancestors are sailors almost to a man. He was warned, on that fatal day at Ladysmith, that the Boers had got the range to a nicety, and that it was death to remain in the vicinity of the big naval gun. "I shall stay here nevertheless," he is reported to have replied: "Someone has got to look after her"—the "her" being, of course, the gun in question. Scarcely had he done speaking, when a six-inch shell exploded almost beneath his feet, blowing off both his legs, and otherwise fearfully mutilating him. "This finishes my cricketing!"—he was an accident lover of the game—he exclaimed as they lifted him up.

It is the same all the way down the roll. Colonel H. Stopford, of the Coldstream Guards, who fell at Modder River, is a representative of the ancient and noble house of Courtown, whose sons learned the art of war, centuries ago, among the fierce clansmen of Ireland's western wilds. Major Scott-Turner, killed in a sortie from Kimberley, which he insisted on leading, although suffering at the time from an unhealed wound received during a previous engagement was the son of a soldier. The gallant Colonel Scott-Chisholme, who was shot dead at the heads of his corps—the Imperial Light Horse—sprang from a stock that on the male side, has bred practically nothing but warriors for at least a century and a half.

Perhaps, however, the most striking example of the truth of the adage that "blood will tell" was afforded by the death of the Marquis of Winchester of the Coldstream Guards, at the

BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER.

"He seemed," wrote the correspondent of one of the leading dailies, in describing the incident, "to bear a charmed life during the greater part of the action. He absolutely declined to seek cover, or even lie down, but moved quietly and unconcernedly to and fro among his men, bidding them be of good courage, and instructing them where to aim. Several bullets passed through the top of his helmet. Another carried away his shoulder-knot. At last one penetrated his spine, and he fell dead." A glorious end, worthy of the glorious traditions, of a glorious race. The late marquis was the fifteenth holder of the title, and he could not place his finger on an ancestor who had not been a fighter. One, the father of the first marquis, left his young bride at the altar in order to gird on his sword against the Cornish rebels. Another, bluff old Sir John Paulet, served under the Duke of Gloucester against France in the fourteenth century, and—so it is averred—killed no fewer than eleven men-at-arms in single combat. While yet a third, John Paulet, the fifth marquis, was the hero of the deathless story of the siege and fall of Basing House, Hampshire, during the Parliamentary war.

THE UNLUCKY INVADED.

What people have to suffer when the enemy invades their country is terrible. Civilians are not hurt, of course, and, in fact, it is to the interest of the invader to treat them well, so that he can more easily get what he wants from them. But they have to give up anything required. A leather-merchant's shop, for instance, may be cleared of every inch of leather it contains; and probably the payment he will receive is a cheque on his own Government, to be cashed when the war is over. All the bread, butter, meat, cheese and vegetables of a district are eaten up by the voracious soldiers. Every kind of clothing is seized, and paid for by cheque. A farmer is required not only to supply horses and waggons, but may be compelled to drive them, perhaps, to distances of two or three hundred miles. Perhaps he never gets home alive. In any case, his farm is likely to go to wrack while he is away. And the most he can hope to be paid is a few shillings a day for the time he is away.

DRAPER'S CASE.

Sensation in the Ottawa Valley District Caused by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Cured Reuben Draper, of Clarendon, of Gravel Principle Upon Which Dr. Dodd's Kidney Pills Act—Why Gravel is Curable by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Clarendon, P.Q., Jan. 29.—Quite a sensation was caused in this place and throughout the Ottawa Valley, by the publication of Reuben Draper's case in the newspapers last week. Mr. Draper is well known about here and in Bristol and has had many enquiries as to his cure. There seems to be a universal surprise that Dodd's Kidney Pills should be able to cure a trouble like Gravel, which is situated in the Bladder. Therefore the following explanation is in order.

Gravel is directly the result of kidney disorder. It is caused by the failure on the part of the kidneys to do their duty. They fail to dissolve the gritty particles that come to them; these pass to the bladder and cling to the walls of that cavity, accumulating, finally, in little balls or "stones" from the blood. These gritty particles pass to the bladder and cling to the walls of that cavity, accumulating, finally, in little balls or "stones."