# Episodes of Waterloo.

From "How England Saved Europe."

tralia, is republishing a series of brief episodes from the valuable work of blood of the galloping horsemen was was sounded and an attempt made to W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D., on "How rapture of the charge generalship was Lord Uxbridge, "neither voice nor trumpet availed." Two regiments of the series published deals with the English and French cavalry at Waterloo, and is of unusual interest.

The scale of the approaching battle was amply realized by the leaders on both sides, writes Mr. Fitchett. "Were you ever in a battle before?" said Wellington himself to a youthfulaide-de-camp of foreign blood whom he found among his staff. "No, sir," was the reply. "Then you are a lucky man," responded the duke, "for you sides there was-perhaps with the exception of Wellington himself-the most cheerful confidence of victory. What was Napoleon's mood we have already seen. Hill may, perhaps, be taken as the type of British feeling. He rode that morning, a composed and farmer-like figure, along the ridge in front of his divisions, and no doubt as to the result of the battle clouded his cheerful courage. "You will see a great battle today," he said to an English visitor, Lord Apsley, who happened to ride up; "and," he added, "I think the French will get such a thrashing as they have sel-

The battle lasted a little over eight The first gun was fired a lit- als caught Donzelot's column in the the French ridge, and the splutter of skirmishing fire never ceased along the British slope. But the battle itself is marked by five great stages: (1) The attack of Reille's corps on Hougou-mont. It began a little before 12 o'clock, and was designed as a feint rather than a serious attack. But it took a fury and a scale beyond what intended, and though the passion of the struggle rose and sank, the contest round Hougoumont practically which was launched about 2 o'clock.
(3) The assault of the French cavalry on Wellington's center, which began during the later stages of the cavalry charges, and lasted till a little after (5) The attack of the Old Guard about 7:30 p.m., and the general advance of the British line which fol-

Napoleon's general plan was to fix Wellington's attention on Hougoumont by a furious attack; then to seize La Haye Sainte, break through the British left, drive it across the Brussels road, and roll Wellington's whole army in wreck and defeat on to the

## How the Life Guards Charged.

It is a matter of dispute whether or not Picton's lines had flung back the leading French column, or was itself line of scarlet actually crashed on the narrow and solid front of the French column. It is certain that Picton's last words to his aide-de-camp as he fell from his horse were, "Rally the Highlanders." The next French column had reached the hedge, the still next in order coming up a little later. Suddenly a deep soundthe sound of a myriad galloping horsehoofs, of crested helment, and gleaming swords. The Union Brigade—the Royals, the Greys, the Inniskillingstempest of flery horsemen, breaking out of the smoke at a distance of less than a hundred yards, were riding on the helpless French columns! worth noting here how diversthe two commanders appealed to the imagination of their opponents. Napoleon loved display; Wellington, concealment and surprise. Napoleon spread on the hill-top of La Belle Alliance all the magnificent pageantry of his army. Wellington offered, say, of his army. to D'Erlon's columns as they came on,

a ridge naked of defense, the guns standing out in relief and without supporters. That naked ridge had a weird look! Then suddenly it gleamed from end to end with the faces and bayonets of advancing infantry, or it was filled with a front of swiftly. moving and sworded horsemen, who seemed to leap out of the mist of battle-smoke! How nerve-shattering that sudden apparition was may easily Lord Uxbridge, who commanded Wel-

on's huge columns moving on the British center; he saw the cuirassiers on slope; and he rode at speed to the in great numbers delivering up their leroi road stood the Household Brigade, form in line in preparation for the the rear." charge; then he crossed the road to Ponsonby's brigade-the Royals, the Greys and the Inniskillings-and ordered it to wheel into line and charge simultaneously with the Household Brigade. He then returned and led

they reached the crest and saw the charging everything within their crowded slope, and, within less than a hundred yards of their swords, the columns and squadrons of their foes. They caught two field batteries in the valley, slew riders, gunners and ed the gravest reproach on Napoleon's The opportunity was one to set what horses, and left fifteen guns useless, own generalship. As Ney afterwards on flame. The Guards and the Blues the French ridge. The Greys galloped to the right saw before them a smooth over the great battery, leaving it half green incline, across which two bri- destroyed, then wheeled to the left and gades of French cuirassiers were mov- rode eastward, slaying at will. Some ing, disordered by their pursuit of the men from other regiments, pressing German battalions they had just on, reached the second French line, broken. The Union Brigade on the broke in upon some artillery wagons, columns of French infantry, dense and weeping helplessly on their horses. The narrow and far-stretching. Their colonel of the Greys and the colonel have given.

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The Wood Campany, Windsor, One

The Review of Reviews for Aus- down upon their unprepared foes on like a trooper in the first line. The Milhaud's cuirassiers were flung Blues were to be "in support" of the ers rode in on their flank. Household Brigade, the Greys of the left shoulder, and, wheeling slightly, rode straight for it.

#### Horsemen Against Horsemen.

cuirassiers met the Life Guards gal- not move without orders. Wellington's will never see such another!" On both lantly enough, and the two fronts of charging horsemen met with a crash like two living walls. But the Guards, would have brought both of these genbig men on big horses, coming down erals to courtmartial if they moved, the slope at speed, literally smashed through their opponents, and rode over them. The cuirassiers were rent into fragments by the shock, and in scattered groups, but still fighting desperately, were driven by the victorious British horsemen down the slope and across the Brussels road. Then, bringing up their right shoulder, the Life Guards swept across the road in pursuit, and plunged into the great infantry melee which was raging on the slope beyond.

On the left side of the road the Roy-

tle before 12 o'clock, and by eight rapture of an imagined victory, when o'clock at night the French were in there broke upon the startled French wild and hopeless retreat. During those long hours, of course, the batteries roared almost incessantly from speed. A splutter of alarmed musketry broke from the column, but, without drawing bridle, the Royals crashed in upon the helpless infantry, and the wildest scene followed. officer, recalling the spectacle, says: "I remember a dreadful confusion, thick smoke, horses and men tumbling headlong, soldiers receiving their death-wounds, springing up and falling down dead! The ground was so covered with dead and dying that we was maintained till night. (2) A could not avoid treading on them." A great infantry attack by D'Erlon's French officer describes the sensation of the moment from another standpoint: "As I was pushing one of our men into his proper place in the ranks," he says, "he suddenly sank under a sword-cut: turning briskly round, I saw the English dragoons riding into ficer," rode completely into the enemy's our column in every direction, cutting reserve and were killed." But they our men down right and left. In vain did our poor fellows try to delend themselves with their bayonets; they had not a chance against these drugoons, mounted as they were on powerful horses. The few shots this hapless and bewildered crowd could fire proved as dangerous to our own men as to the cavalry. We were totally defenseless

before those terrible dragoons." Here and there a solitary French priite, or some gallant officer, broke loose from the mass, and stood, single and desperate, in the rush of the the battle was over, but even his cool, charging horse, until trampled out of impassive nature was stirred by that shape by the thundering hoors. broken at the point where the thin the column itself was practically de- fect of the charge was greater than the crest. stroyed in those few wild moments. even its immediate practical results. The Inniskillings were riding, drunk D'Erlon's infantry were out of the ing steel the storm of English bullets with the fury of battle, through the fight for the rest of the day; "and," played with terrible effect. "Through French column next in order. Greys, to reach Marcognet's column, assiers frequently attempted after- steeds rearing in agony and terror, the had to pass through the intervals of wards to break into our lines, they the 92nd. This was a Highland regi- always did it mollement, and ment, still on fire with the passion of they expected something more behind to the square, as they would not face its own charge, and the bonneted men the curtain." Sir Evelyn Wood sums up of the 92nd, as they saw the wellknown gray horses of their cavalry scribing it as "one of the most brilkinsfolk sweep past them, kindled to a liont successes every achieved by new excitement. The men, as an offi- horsemen over infantry." \* \* cer who was present records, "simply went mad." Wild greetings in Gaelic flew betwixt horsemen and footmen; many privates of the 92nd caught the stirrups of the Greys, and raced forwhole Union Brigade counted less than about 320 men; but their rush on D'Erlon's unhappy column was like the next day the muskets still lay, spread out in long and orderly lines, showing where the battalions, at the mere spec-

horsemen, had surrendered. "I never saw such a scene in all my down and pretended to be dead while the cavalry galloped over them, and then got up and ran away." before," says another English officer, On the western side of the Char- swords. One of our privates brought up two, pushing them before him with Guards, the Oxford Blues, and the had a flushed and vexed kind of look. First Dragoon Guards. Scarcely draw- They came and delivered their swords

The Counter-Charge. But the British cavalry regiments at Jena and Eylau." "Ney," said Na-were now completely out of hand. The poleon afterwards, "behaved like a Blues still held together in a fashion, Both brigades went forward at the trot, which quickened into a gallop as clusters of eager horsemen, were two divisions of cuirassiers being ene called the cavalry imagination Still pressing onward, they mounted left saw through the smoke four great the drivers, mere boys, sitting and shape made it impossible for them to of the King's Dragoon Guards were form a square; they had not the front both slain on the very crown of the of fire which a line formation would French ridge. Those who from the British crest watched the scene, saw in the world, in a word, went racing French, on the slope of La Belle Alliance, tiny patches of white moving flercely to and fro, and spreading confusion everywhere. They were scat-

tered groups of the Greys in the midst of their enemies. The British cavalry leaders by this time had begun to remember that they were not mere troopers, with no other "I committed a great mistake in hav-Wood's Phosphodine is sold in London by C. McCallum & Co., and Anderson & Weles, druggists.

The Wood Campany, Windsor, Onto to have led the second line, and kept it in hand to support the first line when it fell back. But all niceties of ment appeared one oncoming, glitter-

order had vanished. Colonel and general had jostled shoulders with the galloping privates, as eager as they for the combat. Sir William Ponsonby, the leader of the Union Brigade, rode his horse to a standstill in the soft deep soil of the French slope, was there caught by the French lancers, and pierced with a score of thrusts. When either side of the Brussels road. Two armies watched their charge. The ever, recovered their heads, the rally kindled to fire, and in the rush and reform the squadrons. "But," says eager impulse to reach and strike their Napoleon himself on the broken Engfoes overbore all formal tactics. The lish regiments, while a brigade of lanc-

With blown horses and broken order, Union Brigade. But the Blues quickly the British cavalry were in turn driven found their way into the front line, the down the French slope, and would Greys, edging past the flank of the have been literally destroyed had help Inniskillings, saw through the smoke not come. Two fine brigades of Brit-Marcognet's column a little on their ish cavalry-those of Vivian and of Vandeleur-were drawn up on Welling-ton's left, and Muffling urged them to move to the support of the broken squadrons now being driven down the French slope; but both Vivian and On the right of the Brussels road the Vandeleur refused, urging they dare ideas of discipline were stern, and long afterwards, discussing the story with Muffling, Wellington said he even if they had been successful. As a matter of fact, Vandeleur at

last did move, and without instructions. His brigade consisted of the 11th, 12th and 16th Light Dragoons. Moving on the reverse slope of the ridge some distance, Vandeleur brought up the right shoulder of his brigade, and came over the crest, the 12th Light Dragoons leading. The tail end of one of D'Erlon's columns yet curve of the ground over which it maintained its order, and was falling passed, and filling the air with the tusteadily back. Beyond the column was the spectacle of the French lancers slaying the disordered fragments of the Union and Household Brigades. The 12th rode furiously on the French Infantry column, broke clean through it, and spurring forward caught the lancers beyond it, in turn, on their The 16th, riding clear of the flank. infantry, struck the lancers with still more wrathful impact, and in a moment they were being whirled across the valley. Vandeleur kept his lines coolly in hand, but individual soldiers broke loose, and, in the madness of the fight, rode up to the French crest and were slain there.

The broken regiments of the two brigades, covered by Vandeleur's Light Dragoons, had now reached the British crest again. They were breathless, disordered; they had left half their numbers in the valley or on the French slope beyond. Of one squadron of the 1st Dragoon Guards only two men returned. "The squadron," says Tomkinson, in his "Diary of a Cavalry Ofhad performed a marvelous feat. They had practically destroyed an infantry corps, with its artillery, and two brigades of cuirassiers; they had captured 3,000 prisoners and two eagles. "When I was returning to our position," says Lord Uxbridge, "I met the Duke of Wellington surrounded by his staff, who had from the high ground witnessed the whole affair. \* never saw so joyous a group. \* \*
They thought the battle was over."

Wellington certainly did not think great cavalry exploit. The moral ef-The says Lord Uxbridge, "although cuirthe story of this great charge by

## The Great French Cavalry Charge.

Napoleon had now failed in two great infantry attacks. The battle next fell ward with them in their charge. The to the cavalry, and from 4 till 6 o'clock. through the 1,000 yards interval be-1,000 sabres, each regiment numbering twixt La Haye Sainte and Hougoumont, the magnificent cavalry of Napassage of a cluster of aerolites. Un- poleon's army - cuirassiers, lancers. broken battalions of the bewildered dragoons and mounted chasseurs of the French flung down their arms as they guard—was poured in successive stood, in token of surrender, and the charges. No less than twelve times, indeed, Ney led his glittering columns of squadrons up that slope on to the British center; and twelve times, brotacle of the oncoming of those flerce ken, breathless, defeated, but still full of the fury of battle, the flood of horsemen eddied back down the slope. This, life," says Kincaid. "Hundreds of indeed, makes the most dazzling and French infantry threw themselves picturesque feature in the whole physiognomy of the great fight.

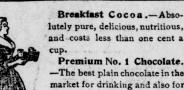
and This great cavalry onfall had been "The foreseen and prepared for by the Britlington's cavalry, had watched D'Erl- solid mass I had seen twenty minutes ish leaders; but no one on the British side imagined that it would be made "was there no more, and had now be- upon a portion of the line as yet untheir left flank break and sabre the come a defenseless crowd. French offi- shaken by any infantry attack. Nabrigade of German infantry on the cers were brought up from the hollow poleon denied that he ordered this great cavalry effort; "it was," he said, "premature," and due entirely to the rashness of Ney and the warlike conconsisting of the First and Second Life his bayonet. They were hatless, and tagion which seized the whole French cavalry. As Napoleon, with his staff about him, watched his cavalry waste ing bridle, Lord Uxbridge ordered it to to our colonel, and were then sent to themselves on the English crest, he exclaimed: "He has begun an hour too soon." "This man," added Soult, speaking of Ney, "is always the same. He will compromise everything, as he did madman! He got my cavalry massacred for me." In his bulletin written gaged al our cavalry ran at the same

under the eyes of the emperor. might have stopped it; he did not do What, indeed, is the position of a general who complains that for two hours his cavalry, 12,000 strong, were wasted under his very eyes in mis-

taken efforts, and he never stopped them? \* \* \* \* The British center, on which the strength of the French cavalry was about to be hurled, was first swept by a heavy fire of artillery, nearly a hundred guns scourging it with grape, constituting such a concentrated fury of artillery fire as a battlefield has not far away, deep in the masses of the often witnessed. Then Ney himself led to the attack Milhaud's cuirassiers, and the light cavalry of the guard, 40 squadrons in all. This portion of the British line was held, as we have seen, by the third British division, 6,000 strong; and on this scanty cluster of regiments 12,000 splendid horsemen, first and last, were hurled. The British regiments were lying down a little business than the joy of fighting. Lord back from the ridge. The ridge itself Uxbridge afterwards wrote ruefully: on their front seemed to be empty and abandoned. A few batteries occupied ing myself led the attack." He ought it, but the guns were without supports.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900.

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ing mass, an undulating sea of crested helmets, gleaming spear-points and sword-blades, tossing heads of horses, with red, expanded nostrils, and flowing mane. That huge mass of men and horses, glittering with steel and gay with color, undulating with each mult and clang of its approach, formed a moving target upon which the British guns played with deadly effect. But, with a front of from four to eight squadrons, the mass came steadily on. Macready, who served in the 30th, gives a vivid description of the French cavalry as they came near. 'As soon as they quickened their trot into a gallop," he says, "the cuirassiers bent their heads so that the peaks of their helmets looked like vizors, and they seemed cased in armor from the head to the saddle."

The gallant French horsemen thus rode with bent heads and swords pointed forward, the officers on their flanks. They mounted the crest; the British gunners, firing their last charge pointblank into the mass when at a few yards distant, abandoned their guns, and ran to fling themselves for shelter beneath the bayonets of the nearest squares. Then the French cavalry saw spread before them the barrier in their path-nine steadfast squares, five in the first line, four in the second, covering the intervals. These red oblongs, steel-edged and steadfast, were suddenly edged with smoke and flamethe darting, pointed flame of musketry volleys-as the galloping French came near. The flame ran round three faces of each square as the charging squadrons broke in two, and swept past their flanks upon the second line. Here a zigzag of fire ran round the faces of a new line of squares, and through the lanes between the squares, scourging thus with deadly musketry fire, the French cavalry broke, to be instantly charged by the British horsemen in the open ground beyond, and driven back through the tangle of squares again, smitten with incessant volleys, till they eddied backward in disorder over

On that mass of moving and glitterthe smoke could be seen helmets falling, riders falling prone." Some of the leading files tried to back their horses on the bayonet points. But these gallant horsemen were quickly shot down. When at last the disordered mass had disappeared over the crest, then the British gunners ran out, and poured on the recoiling squadrons a tempest of grape-shot. Down in the valley the officers, with uplifted swords and shrill outcries, rallied their broken squadrons, dressed their lines again, and led them once more to the charge. Twelve times over that wild scene was repeated, and with each charge new masses

#### of cavalry joined in the fight. The Stubborn Squares.

crested with steel and moving in thunder, burst upon the ridge, who can raw militia lads, at least, a strange thrill of startled feeling ran? Here launched upon them as perhaps no earthly battlefield had ever yet beheld! But the stubborn English kept their dogged lines, and poured their musketry fire with unfaltering diligence into that great wave of rushing horsemen. Presently, indeed, the English squares began to realize their power. They met each new storm of cavalry attack with a coolness not unflavored with contempt. The difficulty of the officers, in some cases, at least, was to keep the impatient ranks steady, so as to allow the French squadrons to come near enough before they fired.

On the French side Thiers shows clearly the process by which, without orders, or even against orders, one body of French cavalry after another was drawn into the madness and rapture of the ride on the English center. Napoleon, he says, gave Ney Milaud's cuirassiers for the purpose of piercing the shaken British line above La Haye Sainte. The advance of that mass of glittering horsemen fixed the attention of the whole French army. At it passed before the light cavalry of the Guard, drawn up in squadrons, Milhaud himself grasped the hand of Lefebvre-Desnouttes, and cried "I am going to charge; support me." Lefebvre-Desnouttes caught fire, or perhaps took Milhaud's words as an order, and at once put his squadrons in movement in support of Milhaud. When the first and second charges had been repulsed, and cuirassiers and lancers in broken order were recoiling down the slope of the British ridge, Ney, his coat and hat torn by balls, and wild with the excitement of the charge, looked round and saw on the French ridge yet another body of cuirassiers, and 2,000 mounted grenadiers of the Guard, watching the flight with breathless excitement. Almost with a gesture Ney drew them into combat, and led them in a mad ride through the chequer of the English squares. Kellerman was next sent into the fray, according to one account, by Napoleon's direct orders, and this time

seventy squadrons, in one furious charge, were launched on the tormented British center. "At this stage," says Thiers, "the heavy cavalry of the Guard hastened forward, though nobody knew why." Some of its officers had ridden far to the front watching the fight; they saw the abandoned English guns on the ridge, and the squadrons of French horse beyond riding to and fro amongst the

English squares as though they owned them. They flourished their swords and cried "Victory!" "On this," says Thiers, "the nearest squadron, regarding this as a signal to charge, advanced at a trot. The entire mass followed, yielding to a species of mechanical impulse"; and another mass 2,000 strong of dragoons and lancers was thus poured on the tormented plateau, and led by Ney himself against "the brazen wall of the British squares." In this way, apparently without plan, by the mere contagion of the fight, or by the flery and reckless ardour of Ney, the whole strength of the French cavalry was poured in twelve consecutive charges

on the British position. During the early stages of these charges the fighting had one uniform characteristic. The charge was delivered in mass at a slow trot up the slope; the pace was quickened into a gallop when the crest was reached. In the scene that followed, the double line of oblongs resembled little red islets, fringed with gleaming steel, with jets of red flame and clouds of drifting smoke, and set in a sea of rushing horsemen and waving swords and glittering accoutrements. In the center of each British square were two or three mounted officers coolly watching scene. Nothing could surthe pass the dogged courage of these little human islets, on which so fierce a surge of battle was breaking. Once or twice indeed, a wounded horse, staggering forward as it fell, struck the front of a square, and for a moment disordered it; but instant-ly the front was dressed again.

### Cool Valor.

The Hanoverian squares by means reached the iron coolness of the British regiments. Thus a staff officer, describing the scene, says: "I repeatedly noticed unsteadiness amongst them, and men running from them to the rear. It was amusing at times; several would start from an angle of a square, and immediately one or two staff officers would gallop off to intercept them in their flight, and always succeeded in driving them back to their colors. I assisted in this duty more than once, and was surprised at the readiness with which the foreigners returned as soon as we got into their rear." Describing the manner in which the horsemen came on, the staff officer says: "The squadrons thundered on for a brief space, then opened out and edged away from every volley. Sometimes they even halted and turned before they had been fired at-sometimes after receiving the fire of the standing ranks only. Some halted, shouted, and flourished their sabres; individuals and small parties here and there rode close up to the ranks. At some points they actually cut at the bayonets with their swords, and fired their pistols at the officers. Sometimes the whole mass would halt and gaze at the formidable triple row of bayonets; then two or three individuals might be seen to leave their places in the ranks, striving by force and gesture to urge them forward. Placing their their swords they waved them aloft, a bootless display of gallantry; for the fine fellows addressed remained immovable, knowing that certain death would be the consequence of any nearer approach."

It is curious to note how the cool, unshaken valor of the British infantry impressed even the French. A French officer of cuirassiers long afterwards told the mess of the 51st that when his regiment was reforming for a new attack just near the British he observed that the men of the 51st had ordered their arms and were standing at ease. "See how coolly standing at ease. these fellows take it," he said to his major. "That must be one of the old Peninsula regiments, and we shall make no impression on it."

It is impossible for a body of men-

least of all Frenchmen-to keep for two hours in a fiery effervescence of excitement, especially when the excitement has not been fanned by suc charges cess. In their later horsemen came on as bravely as ever, but much more slowly and coolly. Having expended all their pistolcartridges, shouted themselves hoarse, and ridden their horses almost to a standstill, they resorted to what may be called facial warfare. "The troopers," says an actor in the scene, "would encompass us with fierce gesticulations and angry scowls, in which a display of incisors became very apparent to all. These peculiarities of manner, of looks, and gesticulations, When that first long wave of battle, amongst the French became so remarkable towards the end of the day, consequent upon a repetition of failures, and the attacks being sustained doubt but that amongst Wellington's by our side with such coolness, and even good-humor, that when the colonel issued the command to prepare for cavalry, his officers would thunder was such a cavalry attack being out the exhortation to the men-having a tincture of sarcasm in it-'Now,

men, make faces! The charge of the wearied French cavalry, in a word, cooled down to an exhausted walk; mail-clad cuirassiers, spear-armed lancers, dragoons with naked swords, rode to and fro on the ridge, to use Wellington's phrase "as though they owned it." "I had the infantry," he said, "for some time in squares, and the French cavalry walking about us as if it had been own." The English squares and the French squadrons, said Lord Uxbridge, "seemed almost, for a time, hardly taking any notice of each

other.' "The French cavalry," wrote another officer, "were riding about amongst our squares in a manner never before seen; when, all firing having ceased, they might have been mistaken by anyone unacquainted with the uniforms for our own. While large bodies occupied spaces between the squares of infantry on the crest of the allied positions, smaller parties might be seen riding round them, and even menacing those of the second line." The French cavalry, in a word, had exhausted its attacking power. The squares were inexpugnable. Yet the proud Frenchmen, though they could not conquer, scarcely knew how

to yield. Napoleon was accustomed to say afterwards that if Murat had led his cavalry at Waterloo he would have broken the English squares. Someone asked Wellington if he thought Murat would have done this. "No," he answered, "he would not! Nor ten

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## THE LAUNDRESS' LAMENT.

Bless my heart! Why was I ever born? Toiling and moiling from morning till night, and never a rest! If man was made to mourn, what was a laundress made forcertainly not to sing. My hands are nearly charred off working in filthy suds, washing other people's clothes, and other people's floors. No wonder soapmakers give prizes with their soaps. Those who use some of the soaps deserve prizes. I would rather do without the prizes and have a whole skin. And as to the mistress' part of the bargain—imagine rubbing ten dollars' worth into the value of five dollars, and then getting a fifty-cent prize for doing it? It makes one laugh—that is, if you haven't to pay for it. But I cannot laugh at my sore hands. Well, well, I suppose what cannot be cured must be endured.

"Hello, Mary! what's the matter, you seem out of sorts?" "Out of sorts, Margaret, I should think I

Life is a burden. "Oh, nonsense, Mary, you have a fit of the blues-it will soon pass off.' "The blues might pass off, Margaret, if

that were all; but my poor sore hands and aching back remain. "Why, sakes alive, Mary, what has put your hands in that state? What hard thick knuckles you've got, and how ragged your

nails are, too! "Hard knuckles and ragged nails! Bah! What is that to me, I wish you heard the grumbling I have to stand about hard flannels and ragged clothes after I have washed them. Hard knuckles and ragged nails are

not my only troubles. "Yes, but why should the flannels or your knuckles be hard, or your nails or skin be cut up in that way?"
"Why, surely you know, Margaret, you do

washing as well as I." "Yes, but I hear no grumbling, and see my hands, they are as soft and fresh as

"Why, so they are, Margaret; now, how is that?"

"I tell you what, Mary, you want to have a doctor's advice.' "Oh, the doctor may cure my hands, but he won't mend the clothes or soften the

flannels. "Oh, yes, he will." "A doctor mend clothes and soften flannels! You always would have your little

joke, Margaret. "Seriously, Mary, I am not joking, and I will tell you a secret. Have you ever heard of Sir Charles Cameron? Well, he is one of the highest authorities in England. He was President of the Royal College of Surgeons, and has a whole string of letters at the end of his name. Well, I read a simple statement he made one day, and it cured me of sore hands, hard knuckles, aching back, softened the flannels, and prevented the clothes going so soon to tatters.

"What a funny doctor, and what was it you read?" "He said there was something he used himself, and he recommended it to women when washing clothes; and I said to myself, I will try that. I found out that Queen Victoria herself used the same in her castles in England, and that further convinced me. You know, Mary, these people have a means of knowing things that we poor people take years to find out."
"Well, what did Sir Charles Cameron

say?" "Well, it was simply this: 'I have care of the Sunlight fully analyzed specimens of the Sunlight The points in the comt are most valuable Soan are its freedom from free alkali, the large percentage of fatty acids which it contains, and the purity of the materials employed in its preparation. I employ the Soap, and from my actual experience of it can strongly recommend it."

"I have myself found from experienceand it stands to reason—that soaps loaded with alkali must ruin the hands and destroy the clothes.\* I found there was no sense in burning my hands during the day and rubbing glycerine on during the night. They never got time to get better. Sunlight Soap being made from pure oils and fats cannot hurt the hand or the clothes. Imagine the foolishness of rubbing the adulteration of common soaps into the skin and into the clothes, and then having to wash out not merely the original dirt of the clothes, but the soap adulteration as well-that is, washing dirt with dirt. Simple Simon could

scarcely do worse." "Oh, Margaret, I wish I had known of this before. My hands might have been like yours to-day. I will try it in my next

washing "Do, Mary, and be sure it is Sunlight Soap, and ask for the Octagon bar. It is an ideal shape for the laundry. And just a word before I go, Mary, if you find that your grocer does not keep Sunlight Soap you have only got to send his name and address to Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, and they will send you a sample of Sunlight Soap without cost."

\*Nora,—This is absolutely a fact, and it means in every-day language that the skin cannot be hurt even it the hands are immersed for hours in the suds of Sunlight Soap, because this soap is made from oils and fats pure enough to eat; and there is none of that burning sensation that is caused by alkaline socieous.

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pimples, freck les, moth pat ches, rash and skin diseases and every and every
blemish on
beauty, and
defies detection. It has
stood the test
of 54 years and
is so harmless
we taste it to
be sure it is
properly made,
Accept
counterfeit or
said to a ladyof

similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a ladyof the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them. I recommend Gouroud's Cream as the least harmfulof all the skin preparations. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair, without injury to the skin.

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