

THANKED EMPIRE'S SONS.

THE CANADIANS WERE GREETED BY THE QUEEN.

Sistering Scene at Windsor Castle When Her Majesty Thanked the Men From Canada for Their Services in South Africa.

"I am very glad to see you here today and to express my warm thanks for the admirable services rendered in the war by the Canadian troops."

"I wish you all a safe and happy return to your homes."

In these words the Queen thanked Canada at Windsor Castle for the magnificent services in the field of the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry, says the London Express.

The valour before Cronje's laager the stiff fights, the memory of the fallen, and under the same flag the few womanly words which the Sovereign spoke softly to the hardy men of the western flank of our far-flung battle line.

The scene was memorable, even for Royal Windsor.

The magnificent quadrangle within the gate of St. George was filled with martial mankind, representative of Canada's best and bravest, and certainly the smartest colonial section ever seen in the home country.

The Queen who is a keen judge of militant worth, especially marked her approval of the men with that pleasant nod of the head, which has always been the outward and recognized sign of her royal pleasure.

The Canadians, 255 strong, left by a special Great Western train, from Addison road, and reached Windsor at 11.20.

As the train steamed into the station the Grenadier Guard's band saluted the men to the strains of Canada's patriotic song, "The Maple Leaf."

Colonel the Hon. H. C. Legge welcomed Colonel Otter on behalf of the Queen, and the Mayor of Windsor tendered a few words of welcome to the Guards played the men up Castle Hill amid a wild scene of enthusiasm.

PAARDEBERGERS IN LINE.

Passing under St. George's gate with martial swing, the battalion formed into line on the quadrangle facing the York and Lancaster Tower, where Colonel Sir Arthur Bigge and Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton received them prior to the Queen's arrival.

The long brown line of warriors looked strikingly picturesque amid the grey towers round about, and moved with a swing and a rhythm worthy of the finest regular troops.

"Fix bayonets!" cried Col. Otter, and with a flash and a rattle the little "cheese knives" which charged at Paardeberg leaped into a long line of glittering steel to the rifle tops, and all was ready.

The Queen was helped into her carriage in the portico by a Highland gillie, and accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and the beautiful Princess Alice of Albany, drove into the quadrangle as the big clock chimed noon.

"Royal Canadians! Present arms!" The mandate rang through the old square of St. George's, which is so reminiscent of the legions of the past, and the new legion of a greater era came down to the "present" with a "click" of Guards-like precision.

A great volume of sound swelled on the air as the National Anthem thundered forth from the band.

It was indeed, a splendid scene—a scene which has never been surpassed under the shadow of the York Tower, where the Queen has so often honored her sons of the sword.

The battalion moved to the right, and passed the Queen in column of fours, with arms sloped and bayonets gleaming. The battalion passed to the air of "Vive la Canadienne."

These stalwart Manitobans and ranchers of the North-west strode past their Sovereign with splendid men, like men conscious of their birth and origin, and of duty done in freedom and the flag.

A WOUNDED WARRIOR.

Corporal Armstrong, minus a leg hobbled on his crutches alongside his comrades, and the Queen immediately gave an order to have the wounded soldier presented later.

The battalion formed in quarter-column, and advanced towards the royal carriage in review order.

They swung up, a solid phalanx of strapping khaki-clad, figures, with sun-tanned faces, crowned with a forest of glittering steel, and halted with the front company close to the carriage.

A grand spectacle they presented, and seldom, if ever, has a more warlike body stood at attention before royalty.

Colonel Otter was presented, and commanded to dine, and the other officers were brought to her Majesty's notice. Her Majesty then addressed Colonel Otter as follows:—

"I am very glad to see you here today and to express my warm thanks for the admirable services rendered in the war by the Canadian troops."

"I wish you all a safe and happy return to your homes."

"Madam," replied Colonel Otter, "we are only too proud to fight for the flag under which we have been born, exist, and hope to live."

Corporal Armstrong next limped up to the carriage, and the Queen asked after his health.

"I am quite well, madam," he said. "Where did you lose your leg?" enquired the Queen.

"At Olifantfontein, madam," replied the corporal, smiling with happiness at the situation.

"And where did you come from?" continued her Majesty, tenderly.

"From St. John, New Brunswick," he replied, then added, "My father is Lieut.-Col. Armstrong in that town."

"You must be tired," said the Queen, sympathetically, and added a command that he might have a chair.

Then, at the call of their gallant colonel of four Empire wars, the Canadians took off their helmets and ripped out three ear-splitting salvos of cheering, marched past the Queen again on their way out, dined in the riding school, saw the apartments, were photographed for the royal album, and returned to Kensington Barracks, from Windsor at three, radiant and happy with the special recognition which has distinctly been theirs.

ROBERTS' GREAT SPEECH.

GOD'S HAND SEEN IN CONSOLIDATION OF THE EMPIRE.

Eloquent Sentiments Expressed at Cape Town by the Commander-in-Chief—A Tribute to the Empire's Unity.

At the reception in honor of Lord Roberts, in Cape Town the other day, when the British commander rose to respond after the presentation to him of the sword and casket, all present rose to their feet, cheering and waving handkerchiefs. The demonstration continued for some minutes. At its conclusion Lord Roberts made an eloquent address. After expressing deep thanks for the honours accorded him, he said the war in South Africa had a peculiar interest for him, inasmuch as it enabled him to bring to what he hoped was a successful conclusion the work entrusted to him twenty years ago—that of dispelling, by force of arms, if necessary, the aspirations of the Boers to render themselves independent of British control.

Referring to his abortive visit to the Cape in 1881, he said:—"The wisdom of the world is foolishness with God. The guiding hand of the Omnipotent will bring out of what to our finite understanding was the most unfortunate war of 1881, for that war could not have consolidated the whole British Empire as firmly together as this had done, because it was fought by regulars alone, whereas the present war was fought by the militia, the yeomanry and the volunteers, the admirable and workmanlike colonial contingents all fighting as brothers-in-arms under the dear old flag of our Queen."

ENGLAND FOND OF HER SONS.

In this respect Lord Roberts said he held the unique position of the first Field Marshal having the honor to command such an Imperial outburst. He was convinced, he declared, that this spontaneous outburst of patriotism was not ephemeral. England had only to give the signal and her sons would again flock to her banner from the ends of the world. Never had a mother had more reason to be proud of her sons than had England today. God has brought them out of what in the dark days of December had appeared to them the valley of the shadow of death; and they could now remember the days of tribulation with deep gratitude for the mercy vouchsafed them.

Lord Roberts then paid a deeply moving tribute of gratitude to all who worked with him. He added that his interest in South Africa would not cease on leaving its shores, but that he should watch its settlement with the utmost eagerness. Dwellings upon the necessity for co-operation between the Dutch and English, he said it would be his proudest boast if he could claim to have done nothing but what stress of war had compelled to hinder the friendly fusion of the two races in the Republics. They must try to forgive and forget all that tended to bitterness of feeling, leaving the idea that nothing remained to be atoned for on either side.

A GREAT HERITAGE.

"God has given into our hands," said the Field Marshal, "a great heritage for which a heavy price has been paid in the blood of the best and bravest, and we must not be neglectful of the trust as we have been in the past, but must be able to give a good account of our stewardship, and must remember there are other duties than national glorification."

He declared he could not better conclude his speech than by quoting the first verse of Kipling's Recessional: God of our Fathers, known of old; Lord of our far-flung battle line; Beneath whose awful hand we hold Dominion over palm and pine; Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget."

THE ONE WHO STAYS AT HOME.

The family grows, and some must go far from the sheltering roof, Where high suns burn or cold winds blow To hold the foe aloof, But while the many forward run And great ships go and come, Yet let us sometimes think of one— The one who stays at home.

Stout hearts have they who cross the seas And distant perils face, Who wish to 'scape from deadening ease Or scale to higher place, But valiant, too, is he whose heart, Like theirs, would breast the foam, Yet at the old hearth keeps his part— The one who stays at home.

New countries have great fields to reap, Need young and vigorous brain, But Motherland some some must keep To sow and bind her grain. The old folk, too, need some one there; Of all the flock there's one to spare— The one who stays at home.

—Joseph S. Dunn in Independent.

CHOOSING OFFICE BOYS.

Man Who Employs Two Hundred Tells How He "Sizes Them Up."

George Sexton, who has charge of 200 boys in a big department store, loves to talk about boys. "Boys are not a necessity," he says, "but they are an establishment," he said. "They are the material out of which men are to be made."

"How do you choose your cash boys, Mr. Sexton?" I asked.

"My first question is, 'Where is the boy?' You see, it all depends upon the place. You can judge the boy better from his appearance, his manner, his dress and the way he comes into an office than from any description of him. Character shows forth in little things—you can't hide it. I take boys by what you might almost term first impressions. I have 'sized a boy up' before he asks me for a place. The removal or non-removal of the hat on entering the office, the respectful and self-respecting way in which a boy addresses me, the way in which he meets my look and questions, all give me an idea of his bringing up and the 'stuff' that is in him. As to appearance, I look at once for clean, polished shoes, clean clothes and clean face, hands and finger nails. Good clothes are not requisite. A boy's clothes may be ragged, his shoes have holes in them, yet his appearance may still give evidence of a desire to be neat. I will not employ a cigarette smoker. If I know it, as for references, my teacher is the best reference he can have. The recommendation which a good boy in our employ gives a boy applying for a position always receives marked consideration.

"Good cash boys don't stay cash boys long. Some leave when they are cash boys in 1897 are now junior salesmen. Others have good positions throughout the house."

"A cash boy's first advance is to stock boy, office boy or cadet. A stock boy attends to the boy who in whatever stock he is in. A cadet is a general utility boy. An office boy works around some one of the offices of the house. We promote according to merit, length of service, or both combined. Wherever possible, we try to give our oldest employee the preference. If one boy who has not been here as long as another shows greater fitness for a vacancy, in justice to the house and the boy he gets it. A cash boy here gets \$2.50 a week; when he has been here three months, \$3; or, if he has shown marked ability, \$3.50.

"The great trouble with the American boy is he doesn't stick. After he has worked hard at one place for six months or a year, just as he is in line of promotion, he throws up his prospects because some other firm offers 50 cents a week more, and off he starts all over again in a new house, whose ways and business he must learn."

"We like boyish boys—full of fun. The liveliest are generally the best workers. The boy who loiters when sent on a message, the boy who sneaks around the house getting work and the boy who is always late are the boys who lose positions."—Success.

AN INVOLUNTARY COMPLIMENT.

On the occasion of a reception to Henry Clay by his Baltimore admirers a trip down Chesapeake Bay was given, and on the return trip a game of euchre was arranged. As Clay was a noted player at all games of cards, two of the most skillful players were selected to compete against him, and the local card champion, Billy Bryson, who simply worshipped Clay, had the honor of being his partner. But poor Billy was so overcome that he became entirely bewildered and made the most absurd and unaccountable errors. Clay's temper rose rapidly, and he railed at Bryson in good set terms.

Finally the unfortunate man, brought down by the strain, was given up, and the great Harry Clay for a partner, sir, I think you should be excused for failing to notice the difference between a king of trumps and the right hower."

The involuntary compliment so pleased Clay that he shouted with laughter and was ever afterward a warm friend of Bryson's.—Argonaut.

SERVING THE DINNER.

It is not good style to pile the dinner plates before the carver's place and pass them round the table. A plate should be put at every place. The maid then takes the plate from the carver and hands it to the person, taking the plate at his place back to the carver. If there is no waitress, the full plate is passed and the place maid returned from hand to hand. If soup is served, the soup plate is set upon the place plate. There is, however, no plate under the salad plate. Correct serving requires a plate at every place except where the table is being cleared for the dessert.

JOHN HAD CHANGED.

He (about five years after)—All this gush about love is extremely stupid. Wherever did this silly book come from? I must say the person who selected it showed very insipid taste.

She (quietly)—It's the book you gave me during our honeymoon, John. We read it 11 times the first week we had it.—London Fun.

UNGRATEFUL MAN.

"I must get a new tailow," said Goslin. "Your clothes seem to fit," commented Gurley.

"Oh, they fit, but the beggar actually wants to be paid for them."—Exchange.

Sleeping with the hair pinned up tightly is not only bad for the circulation, but it is said to prevent the hair from growing.

There are as many shades of face powder as there are shades of color, at least.

THEY NEED NO EXERCISE.

DR. ALBERT H. HOY SAYS GROWN MEN DO NOT REQUIRE IT.

Says It Is Positively Injurious—The Kidneys Should Be Less Work in Old Age—Some Prominent Men Who Take No Exercise.

The rather startling dictum has been issued by Dr. Albert H. Hoy, of Chicago, the author of a book on "Eating and Drinking," that bodily exercise is positively unhealthful, if not injurious, to all men past 35 years in life. This specialist in hygiene thus gives his reasons for the "faith that is in him."

"Exercise for the business man or men past middle age is detrimental. I exclude the young and the laborer. Every action, whether of the brain or of the muscles, destroys cells, uses up (consumes) energy, and creates waste matter to be taken up by the blood and to be eliminated from the system."

"Now, unless such waste is eliminated, it becomes so much poison in the system. The great eliminating machine of the human body is the kidneys. Unless the kidneys do their work the system is saturated with poisons."

"For instance, there is the sad case of Senator Davis. His toe was poisoned by his stocking and refused to heal. Kidney complaint developed, and the system was so poisoned that the toe became gangrened."

"The kidneys work easily during youth—up, say, to 35 years of age. But after 50 they shrink a little. This is not disease, but a simple effect of age. Consequently, as a man advances in years he should ask his kidneys to perform a little less work, instead of a little more."

"But, suppose a man of business not only uses his brain during business hours, but also puts a strain on his muscles afterward. There is waste then to be carried off, mental waste and physical waste, the breakdown brain cells and those of the muscles likewise. Thus the kidneys are forced to do double duty, to eliminate poisons resulting from."

TWO SORTS OF ACTION.

"A business man should get all the exercise he needs from the requirements of his business. A long walk only further calls upon his reserve. Violent golf or tennis only puts a greater strain upon his system. If he says he needs fresh air, oxygen, he can get it in his office, if the latter be properly ventilated. He doesn't need to exercise to breathe fresh air."

"John D. Rockefeller drives a fast horse. That gives him air, but it doesn't give him exercise. Joseph Chamberlain takes no exercise except what he gets from stepping from his office to his carriage. He is never sick. Senator William M. Everts is a very old man. He never exercised. That is his boast."

"But business men say, 'but I need exercise. I do not feel well unless I have it.' That means generally that they eat too much. You can poison your system by eating too much, putting into yourself more than the kidneys can eliminate. Now, Chamberlain, who takes no exercise, I have no doubt, is a light eater."

"When a business man takes a vacation he can afford more physical exercise."

"The athlete is not the best prepared man to resist disease. I have known a blacksmith to oppose no resistance to pneumonia and the strongest athlete to die quickly of typhoid."

"I have not been speaking of exercise for the young, but the grown man. Youth needs exercise to build up muscles and growing tissues. But while you see puppies and colts scampering around, the old dog knows better and so does the horse. They rest when they can."

SIMPLE CURE FOR LUNG COMPLAINTS.

A new cure is being advocated for asthma, bronchitis, and other lung diseases. Hitherto the asthmatic person has kept indoors as often as possible, carefully shutting windows and doors, and keeping a roaring fire blazing in the grate. Now he is bidden to fling his windows open, to sleep even with his windows open, and, moreover, to keep in the open air as much as possible. But this is not all. He is taught that it is not so important what he breathes as how he breathes. Breathing exercises, then, are part of the cure, and here not only the sufferer from bronchial catarrh, is concerned, but even the woman of fashion, anxious to maintain her good looks. For fifteen minutes twice a day, women of fashion, asthmatic patients, and indeed, all the world, are bidden to stand out of doors, preferably in the sunshine, and holding the chest up, to inhale slowly through the nose, and then quickly exhale the breath through the mouth.

GERMAN COAL.

In 1895 Germany dug 300,000 tons of coal. She raised the same amount every day during 1899.

THE POPES OF ROME.

There has been one Dutch, one English, one Swiss and one Portuguese Pope. Two hundred and one have been Italian.

CROWS IN WARFARE.

Can They Be Trained to Emulate the Carrier Pigeon?

A modest little society in Germany is apparently pinning its faith to the crow, in succession to the almost universally used pigeon, as a carrier of war news.

The pigeon flying experiments which Germany carried out on British soil some time ago—sending huge crates of birds to Dover for the purpose—were not wholly successful, but weather preventing many of the birds from reaching their quarters again, and many were shot by persons in search of dinner.

It is claimed with truth that very few people would shoot crows for food, and that when liberated from a beleaguered place the enemy would be more likely to allow them to fly past unmolested and unsuspected than would be the case with pigeons.

But the question is asked, Can crows be tamed and trained? Apparently the German society believes that this feat is possible, and that the advantages far outweigh the difficulties that have to be surmounted. The German Emperor recently reviewed a trained crow during one of his numerous military inspections, and the intelligent bird not only completed the programme which had been mapped out, but at the close strutted past his Majesty in review order, much to the amusement of the staff and the troops. The German Emperor is said to be extremely satisfied with this recruit to his forces.

One or two examples carefully trained in times of peace do not prove, however, that crows can be made to take the place of reliable pigeons. They may or may not be able to battle with storms more successfully; but it has yet to be shown that when travelling, say, over a battlefield, they would not succumb to temptation and join the other birds of prey.

What species of crow it is intended to experiment with is not quite clear. The crow family is represented by over two hundred species, and many of them, owing to their propensities, would scarcely be suitable for the purpose. Crows, as, however, common enough, the genus being distributed in most parts of the world except South America and New Zealand. In Europe there is the black or carrion crow, and the grey, hooded, or Ruyton crow. The "Hoody" of Scotland belongs to the carrion species. In India there is a so-called species of "hooded crow" to be found everywhere. These birds in particular are easily trained.

HAVE YOU EVER MET HIM?

In a certain skirmish a Colonel-General he came to call himself, got a slight scratch on his leg. The wound was a matter of great glory to him, and he nursed it through after-days, growing lamer with every year that the memory of his bravery might ever be near him. One day late in his life, as he sat nursing his leg and pondering the glorious past, a young man, visiting the family for the first time, approached and sympathetically remarked, Lame, General?

Yes, sir, after a pause, and with inexpressible solemnity: I am lame.

Been riding, sir?

No, with rebuking sternness, I have not been riding.

Ah, slipped on the ice, General?

No, sir, with actual ferocity.

Perhaps, then, you have sprained your ankle, sir?

With a painful slowness the old man lifted his pet leg in both hands, set it carefully on the floor, rose slowly from his chair, and, looking down with mingled pity and wrath burst forth in the sublimity of rage:

Go read the history of your country, you puppy!

SOMETHING NEW.

An eminent Canadian lawyer is said to have given an opinion lately which, if proven to be correct, will revolutionize a large portion of municipal law, says an exchange. It is, in short, to the effect that the owners of cattle doing damage to property are liable, no matter in what condition the fences are, or, indeed, whether there is a fence at all. This opinion is not without reason. If Smith owns an unfenced field and sows it with grain, and Jones' cattle come and eat it up, surely it is not unreasonable to say that Jones should foot the bill, if he chose to have cattle he should keep them on his own property. He has no more right to go free of the damage because of there being no fence around the field than a thief would after robbing a house because the door was off its hinges.

UNSYMPATHETIC.

You haven't much sympathy for the request from your employees for shorter hours.

Not much, answered Mr. Cumrox. It goes to show that men don't know when they are well off. If they had been invited around to musicales and dragged through Europe by Mrs. C. and the girls like I have, maybe they'd appreciate the privilege of staying in a nice, comfortable business-like office nine or ten hours a day.

HIS SHARE.

"Does your latest novel enjoy a large sale?" he inquired.

"I don't know whether the novel enjoys it or not," replied the author, "but I do."

Philip Astley, a discharged soldier, was the originator of the modern circus. He gave exhibitions of riding in a ring at Lambeth in 1770.

THE POWER OF HUMOR.

ITS EFFECT IN CHANGING THE MOOD OF AN AUDIENCE.

A Hard Won Laugh Which, Chaucer, M. Depeux Once Said, Might Have Been the Cause of Staying the Hand of a Would Be Assassin.

Chaucer M. Depeux once told of an incident which strikingly showed the effect of humor on a crowd. The story as he narrated it is as follows:

"It was at the strangest dinner that I ever attended, and I've attended a great many," he said. "A woman well known for her philanthropic work in New York was the hostess, and she had as her guests the hungry and homeless men who nightly form a line outside of a bakery on Broadway waiting for the bread that is there distributed. The dinner was on Christmas day, and the woman who got it up came to me and asked me to make a speech to these poor fellows. It was her idea that a little after dinner speech would make the dinner more of a success, and she described the good that might be done in this way so strongly that I agreed to attend."

"Like a good many other people of New York, I was pretty familiar with the nightly scene outside of this bakery and the character of the men who waited for the charity dispensed there. The dinner was at night, and I made up my mind to be as punctilious about my dress as though I was going to a dinner at the Mansion House in London. I put on my dress clothes, embellished with a boutonniere, and, arrayed in this style, I went to the dinner. I don't think anything ever made quite such an impression on me as the sight of those men as they ate that dinner. In the row of faces about the table it did not take a student of criminology to pick out those whose criminal instincts had for years been dominant, and in their hardened features it was almost impossible to read what feeling that dinner or my appearance produced. All ate ravenously, and what struck me very forcibly was the lack of conversation. In fact, a great majority of the men seemed to prefer to eat in silence. Now and then a word would be passed, but it was generally in an undertone."

"After awhile it came time for me to speak. While they were eating it had begun to dawn upon me that the task was a pretty hard one, and when I got up to speak I felt that this was only too true. Although they had eaten well and their inner man had been satisfied in a measure they had not known for years if at any time before, yet the look given me by every man at that dinner appeared to be one of resentment and defiance. My first words failed to change in any face the sullen look which it wore, and as my eyes swept over that strange assemblage absolutely no sign of animation was visible on any countenance before me. I don't think ever in my life have I felt as I did as I looked into those faces and wondered how I could interest those men who sat looking at me silently and sullenly."

"I don't remember now what I said at first, but I do remember that it fell absolutely flat. Then I tried some humorous little things that had stood me in good stead in times far less trying than this. The first story I told I noticed produced no impression. There was still the same sullen look on the faces, and I felt that portended danger should the owners of them meet me under different circumstances. By the time I reached the end of the second story I saw that some were listening to me in a way that really denoted interest. One or two smiled, yet there were still some who seemed to be there was absolutely no sign of interest, but instead the defiant look of the anarchist or socialist for one whom they regarded as a traditional enemy."

"I told a third story. Like the two others, it was a humorous one, but I had known it, sometimes not to tell. When I finished it, some of those before me were laughing outright and others were smiling. I only saw a few who were still silent, one of them in particular because he had had his eyes continually on me since I had entered. After that I felt on feeling a little more at ease myself. I talked on subjects suggested by the season we were in, and I found all of them were listening attentively, and the next story I told was followed by a laugh that sounded like music after the somewhat ominous silence that had seemed to linger over that strange feast. Even the man I had noticed laughed this time with the rest, a loud, rasping laugh that I heard above the others. Hard as it was, it betrayed unmistakable enjoyment."

"I think I talked in this way to those men, the strangest and the hardest audience I ever had in 41 years of speech-making. When I finished, I made up my mind I would shake hands with them as they passed out. I stationed myself near the door, and each man took the hand I offered and we shook hands. If the faces in which I looked were strange, the feeling of their hands was even more so. Some of them grasped my hand firmly and spoke their thanks, while others had a hesitancy about it."

"Finally came the man whom I had noticed. He had fingered his hand, and I had felt that his eyes were on me all the time. He was the typical anarchist, a foreigner. Hate in him, as his face showed plainly, had so long been the ruling passion that it had almost obliterated all the others. I looked at him, and all the time looking in his eyes, for somehow I felt it was this man who would do me harm there if any. His hand closed on mine in a way that made me think it was to render it powerless. For a moment the man hesitated while I stood there prepared for anything. Then he said: 'Chaucer M. Depeux, I made up my mind when I saw you here tonight to kill you, but you've captured me.' 'He shook my hand and passed out with the others, and I have never seen him since. From his appearance, from the way his eyes had rested on me while I was speaking up till the last, when I made him laugh, I have had no hesitancy in believing that that man meant what he said and that by making him laugh I had perhaps saved my life. I shall never forget that incident or the man whose hand I clasped as he spoke those words.'

CONV.

Kingston, said to his railway sto his being o amputated. bonds.

Dr. Angli trict med Trunk Rail V, Sullivan,

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