THE LATE COL. KENNEDY

THE STORY OF HIS DEATH BY A NILE VOYAGEUR.

A Fine Funeral Accorded by a Great Nation to a Brave and Gallant Soldier-A Hero That Was Not One only on Show

Jack rambled on, relating the incidents of his life in London, and in my wake state I was half lulled to sleep. I remember in a disconnected sort of way his saying, "The finest funeral ever man had and he deserved it, God bless his soul. Regiments of soldiers, the Queen and the Prince of Wales sent their noblemen, and thousands crowded the streets; old England doesn't forget a man that served her. Canada would have been proud to have seen one of her soldiers receive such honors from their Queen and from the old country." I re-member his voice dropped here. "Twelve of his own boys carried him and I was one of them." I was slightly aroused by the earnestness of Jack's manner and said, "Who was it, old man?' He looked surprised and before the sister could prevent it he said, "For God's sake, didn't you know that the colonel was dead? Colonel Kennedy died ten days ago." I remembered nothing more for two weeks. It knocked me out. I had a relapse. They pulled me through and when consciousness returned, in the long weary hours of convalescence I thought of him we all had loved so well, of him with whom we from the far West had listed and whom we had followed throughout the campaign, the gentle, kind-hearted man, the manly Christian, the gal-lant soldier. "Le bon colonel" of the French-Canadian and the personal friend of every Nile voyageur. In those days, with mind chastened by suffering, memory recalled the sparing meal shared by him when I was weak and hungry midst the toil of Ambigol, the words of encouragement during the hardships and difficulties of the cataracts above Handah, the kindness to the sick and wounded after Kirbekan. There was not one of the wild and reckless band who returned with him but loved him as a friend and respected him as a Christian gentleman. The curse and oath that were all too frequent on our lips would be husbed when the word was passed, "The colonel's here, boys." Yes, our colonel. It seemed a long time 200, but I remembered the scene at Montreal on the eve of sailing for Egypt, when it was rumored that he would return to Winnipeg, and Chief Prince and the St. Peter's Indians, as good boatsmen as ever worked in eddy, positively refused to sail without the man whose influence had induced them to serve and in whom they trusted. If he hesitated on account of personal affairs before, that with his high seese of duty decided him; he came. Again on the Nile when volunteers were called for, there was hardly a man prior to his re-enlist-ment but would ask "Is Colonel Kennedy going?" In the shanties of the Upper Ottawa, in the pineries of Michigan, along the mountain streams of British Columbia there are Canadian rivermen to-day who, when thinking of the heat and toil of the Soudan, will recall the kindly voice that oft-times cheered them with hope and courage in many hard days' work, and

mistakable signs of small-pox. There were hundreds of invalid soldiers on board, and the hospital part of the ship was crowded to overflowplace a man suffering from such an infectious disease in hospital would result in such terrible consequences that it was not to be thought of. The matter was kept quiet, and Colonel Kennedy at his own request, got the Canadian placed in his own cabin, and there, isolated from the rest, personally nursed him. The man recovered. Colonel Kennedy contracted the fearful disease and died. That is all. It takes only a few words to tell it, but there has been many an epic written about smaller things. That is all that yet causes me to have a belief that hero-worship should not be banished altogether from our

will remember with gratitude

received from the man who had died in

saving one of their comrades. Yes, died

steel of battle he had given up his life.

Few know what caused our colonel's death.

On the Serapis one of our men showed un-

a truer hero than if amidst the shot and

hearts. Again and again comes to me the memory of the last long talk we had, when I understood him as I never did before. The steamer and barges were tied to the bank just before sun-down, a few miles from Assiout, where we were to proceed by rail to Cairo en route homeward. It was our last night on the Nile. We noticed that before darkness came on, heliographic communication had been going on with the towing steamer on which the officers were. We were making down our "doss" for the night, when Colonel Kennedy came hastily on board and told us that news had just been received that war had been declared against Russia and that a rebellion had

broken out in the Canadian North-West.

A cheer greeted the announcement of the war with Russia, for by this time every man of us was a Jingo at heart, and a shout of derisive laughter the idea of a rebellion in Canada. The news was exciting and the men gathered around in groups and talked about volunteering for Afghanistan, whether Canadian regiments would go, etc., etc., and very few thought of the rebellion, and none dreamt that there would be a Fish Creek or a Batoche. Col. Kennedy thought otherwise. As an old first expedition officer he knew the North-West, Riel and the character of the Half-breed and Indian. Charlie Manchard, Tommie A--- and I. who all knew him in Winnipeg in civilian life and were favored thereby with a certain amount of intimacy, sat with him and talked far into the night.

"The 90th will be at the front. That's my regiment, you know, boys," I remember his saying. "I wish I were with them or knew what was going on."

Our talk then gradually drifted into recollections of Canada, of Winnipeg and of home. The subtle charm of the Egyptian starlight night had its influence, and the knowledge that this was the last night on the mysterious river that has had for ages such a strange fascination to traveler and to Arab; the river that was all-in-all during our life thereon; the river that we fought and conquered in its angry moods, and on which we had sailed to a hoped-for triumph. The strange feeling of companionship which the Nile, flowing through its miles of rock and sand in its long journey, gives, is indescribable and made us faintly realize why the ancient Egyptian worshipped it as a god. Its murmuring flow could be heard around us, and the colonel, retigent though he usually was, talked to us then as I never heard him before. When we were about to part he spoke of our adopted home on the banks of the Red River in faroff Manitoba, the home where all he held nearest and dearest was, and about which only a few of us knew how often he thought.

"Well, my lade, we will return with the

purest pride that man can have a con-

sciousness of duty done. Good night. But to his last home he was called, and God knows it was after duty had been done. May it be with those that heard him that night that Whittier's beautiful lines may apply as they did to him:

And when the angel of shadow rests his feet on wave and shore.

And our eyes grow dim with watching and our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth the signal of his re-

lease. In the bells of the Holy City the chimes of eternal peace.

—Chas, Lewis Shaw, in Saturday Night.

The Young Soldiers of France. The young Frenchman, if he choose the army career, at the age of nineteen goes into one of France's great military schools or into the Polytechnique, one of whose branches is scientific military education. Like all of the departments of France's educational system, it is open to all, and is free for those without means. It is strongest on the engineering side, and most of its pupils become the engineers of the massive chains of fortifications which France has thrown up between herself and Germany to prevent a repetition of the catastrophe of 1870. The artillery branch of the Polytechnique is at Fontainbleau.

no means the only one. Schools for various branches of military training are scattered over all France. To enter these schools the pupil must sign engagements for five years' active army duty. If he leaves before the five years are un he must serve out the remaining term in the common ranks. Here for two years he endures a life of constant drill and the scientific study under the best drill-masters and engineers in the world. He is given

This school, though the most famous, is by

a thorough course in applied mathematics and military engineering, and this allows no trifling. When the young Frenchman has finished, he has thoroughly mastered the rudiments of the French system of

warfare.

After this course another sorting is necessary, when choice must be finally made between cavalry and infantry, and the pupils then go to other special schools whose teaching is technical. There are several cavalry schools, and since Germany's late renewed attention to heavy cavalry tactics, France has laid great stress on this branch of her training. The most difficult feats of horsemanship are taught here, and tending of horses, broadsword practice and mounted and dismounted maneuvering are carried to a climax of precision. This is what makes the mounted squadrons of

France the pride of her system. The greatest school for officers of infantry is St. Cyr. Here the pupils are honored with France's veterans, and at all reviews are given the first place in the line. They are called the 1st Battalion of the French Army, and are cited throughout the world as showing the perfection of

marching drill.

His Slab of Starched Linen. A New York clubman has been expressing his thoughts on the burning question of men's shirts. Is there anything more absurd? A lot of men in evening dress are absolutely ridiculous, if you only think twice about their most conspicuous—their only conspicuous-article of dress. Each man has his distressed bosom flatly shielded by a stiff, ungainly, inartistic, useless, meaningless slab of starched linen. Fancy the relief to the eyes of all beholders and to the person of the determined weater if some bold. man should break away from the pestiferous conventional style and appear in evening dr'ss, wearing a very fine unstarched linen or soft white silk shirt, with a col lar of the same material, or of fine lace, and even a lace ruffle. I am as firmly convinced as I ever was of anything in my life that if some gentleman, with an absolutely secure place in the best society, untinged with any reputation for crankiness, should introduce such a change he would work a complete and speedy revolution in that respect. Such a man would be hailed as king, and if he had good taste could go on and reform the ugly dress of men in every garment worn for every occasion. The danger in suggesting such a thing, even, is that some fool of a man will undertake the revolution, not to reform men's fashions, but to get his name in the paper.

Wise and Otherwise.

A face which is always serene possesses a mysterious and powerful attraction; sad hearts come to it as to the sun to warm themselves again. - Joseph Roux.

You will find that the mere resolve not to be useless and the honest desire to help other people will, in the quickest and most delicate ways, improve yourself .-

Mrs. Hashley-Have you tried the coffee this morning, Mr. Crossgrain? Mr. Crossgrain-Yes, ma'am, and it has proved an alibi. - Inter-Ocean.

Many a man who wants to set the world on fire will lie in bed while his wife kindles the kitchen conflagration. - Yonkers Statesman. A maiden desirous of a swaying figure

can easily attain the same by brisk exercise with a swinging gait.—Siftings. "He married such a cold girl." "Poor fellow! And he is completely wrapped up

in her."-Detroit Tribune. Polite Gentleman (in street car)-Take

my seat, madam? Lady - Never mind, thank you. I get out here, too. -Philadelphia Record.

Good Tea For a Pleasant Stimulant. Tea-drinking among men has all at once excited discussion. But it does not appear to be known that nearly all men of literary habits who exhaust nerve force take to tea-drinking. Edwin Booth used to have a pot of tea simmering in his stage dressing room. Preachers, orators and lawyers find a cup of strong tea the gentlest and most harmless of brain bracers, and it has no re-action. The reason why young men affect to despise tea-drinking is that they associate it with declining power and old women. But the truth is that tea, if of a pure kind and properly "drawn," is about as innocuous and pleasant a stimulant as a young man can resort to after a long worry or a drain of emotional or intellectual force. If it could be made to take the place of champagne and absinthe, the coming race would be better off. Some restaurants have taken to furnishing the extra tea that is served a la Russe—that is, with-

lemon.—New York World. The New Chinese Minister. Yang Yu, the new Chinese Minister at Washington, has quickly made himself felt as a personage of importance at the capital. His legation is the only diplomatic estabishment that flies its national flag at all times to distinguish it from other domiciles, and the mir.ister's equipages outshine those of all his diplomatic colleagues in elegant correctness. The minister is ra-pidly acquiring English, and his wife has her English teacher as well. Mrs. Yang re-turns the calls of diplomatic families, and the quaint little figure in gorgeous attire, flowered head-dress, and three-inch shoes brightens many legation drawing-rooms and dinner tables.—Harry's Bazer.

out milk, but with the addition of a slice of

EDMUND RUSSELL

Some Bits of Wisdom from a Recognized Fashionable Source.

Beauty, as defined by Delsarte, is com-plexity, provided there is harmony in all the parts. One tone in color dwelt upon is as monotonous as one tone on the piano;

range in color, with harmony, must exist in all beautiful dress and decora-

Plain surfaces in dress and house de-coration are to be avoided unless fashioned in great complexity, thus giving, in variety of graceful line, the requisite

The Oriental color scheme is generally red, blue and yellow, but ingenious use of complexity in design subordinates the primitive tints and gives beauty.

Do not be afraid of massing colors. Instead of spattering blue spots in old china, cushions or draperies about a room mass them in one corner. Have an Oriental corner if you choose, with pillows, screens, draperies and bric-abrac in those tones which form rich color chords.

In environment as well as in dress beware of non essentials. A cheap lace tidy on a \$25 chair reduces the value of that chair to 10 cents; so non-essentials

in dress minimize the personality.
Study occasion as well as garb; the commercial life of woman is pressing her into a uniform of tailor-made gowns and business dress which is deplorable. Receptions and social functions are injured in beauty by such dressing.

Beautiful events should be honored by

beautiful apparel. Street clothes should not be worn to social gatherings which promote culture. If we would pay as great a tribute to art as to society, culture would become society. Treasure and use your bits of antique jewelry and fabrics. We should mourn

the loss of the high-type, old-time beautiful clothes, the old silks, satins, laces and ornaments which gave beauty and elegant personality to social assemblies. Beauty, not style, should be the stand-

ard for dress. If women who have original and intelligent ideas on dress would band in clubs of thirty they could emancipate themselves and dominate the dressmakers, who now rule them.

For evening wear choose colors which resemble the human flesh—the most beautiful thing in the world; pink in grayish tones and old ivory white are advised, as nearest the tint of healthy flesh. So much flesh is confined in tight corsets, stiff clothes and high collars that the average society man and woman are really not flesh all, but only canned meat.

Mme. Blavatsky was one of the bestdressed large women in the world. Instead of attracting attention to her outlines and accentuating her size by showing how she could burst out of a tailormade suit, she always wore large, loose gowns hanging from the shoulders, which, although she was massive gave her a form of pleasing, graceful lines.

Sugar and Mesele.

The subject of sugar as a food producing muscular power has been discussed by Dr. Vaughan Harely. From a brief summary of his paper we make the fol-lowing extracts: During a twenty-four hours' fast on one day water alone was drunk; on another 500 grammes of sugar were taken in an equal quantity of water. It was thus found that the sugar not only prolonged the time before fatigue occurred but caused an increase of 61 to 76 per cent. in the muscular work done. In the next place the effect of sugar added to the meals was investigated. The muscle energy-producing effect of sugar was found to be so great that 200 grammes added to a small meal increased the total amount of work done from 6 to 39 per cent. Sugar (250 grammes-about eight ounces) was now added to a large mixed meal, when it was found not only to increase the amount of work done from 8 to 16 per cent. but increased the resistance against fatigue. As a concluding experiment 250 grammes of sugar were added to the meals of a full diet day, causing the work done during the period of eight hours to be increased 22 to 36 per cent.

London Public Opinion.

Devil Worshippers in France. The French police have been instructed to take some steps against the sect of devil worshippers, whose strange practices are creating much angry comment. Apart from the stealing of consecrated hosts from the tabernacles of lonely churches and other unwarrantable outrages, the Satanists and Luciferians have organized a clandestine catechism class, to which children preparing for their first communion have been inveigled. A man in clerical garb was arrested on the 21st inst. at Clignancourt for disorderly conduct. He described himself as a celebrant of "black masses," that being the term applied to the rather blasphemous liturgy of the sect. Strangers are no longer admitted to the Conventicle in the Rue Rochechouart. The inside of the building resembles an ordinary Romish chapel. The cross over the altar is fixed head downward, another cross being placed at the door over which each worshipper walks as he enters. The motto of the Satanists is "Voluptas Peccati." apperents sing and utter imprecations. -Paris Letter.

Swimming Cavalry. Some very interesting exercises in swimming cavalry took place lately on the Cabul River at Peshawur. The Thirteenth D.C.O. Bengal Lancers have been practising their horses in a large tank in their lines and on the river for some time. One squadron took cover along the river bank and kept up a steady fire to protect the passage of the other squadron, who placed all their arms, accoutrements and clothes in large country boats, and conducted their horses into the water. Some horses seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves in the water, others became unmanagable from fear. However, the opposite bank was reached and war paint resumed, and the squadron was with most creditable rapidity taking measures to protect their comrades, who then crossed in like manner. - Broad Arrow.

A Misleading Sign,

The sign in this city said simply: "Umbrellas Recovered." Old Wayback, when he was "seein' the sights," discovered that sign. He hesitated for a moment and then went in. Said he:

"Say, I want yew to recuver my umbrella. "All right," replied the workman, Old Wayback looked at him in aston-

ishment and drawled out: "Ef I knew that I'd recuver her myself."-Printer's Ink

"I AM A NEW MAN."

Positive Declaration of Mr. Wm. Wilson of Minico Ont.

CELERY COMPOUND



When Heaven sends to earth below A med'cine honest, true; 'Tis meet that all the cured should show Just what this boon can do.

I thank God that in time of pain And suffering severe, I was informed how I might gain New life, and strength, and cheer.

My shoulders pain'd each day and hour, My limbs were weak and frail; My nervous system lack'd in power, My cheeks were wan and pale.

In agony I lay each day, Enough to make one weep; While suff'ring o'er me held its sway, I cou'd not rest or sleep.

The doctors failed my case to cure; Relief I could not gain; And nostrums, labeled SAFE and SURE, I awallowed oft in valu.

When clouds of doubt, and dread, and fear Did darkly hover round; Twas then I heard those words of cheer. Paine's Celery Compound.

With faith I used the Compound great, Its virtues quick did show; Two bottles dragged me from a state Of misery and wos.

Then, full of hope, I still did use Paine's Celery Compound, Determined that I should not lose The strength that I had found.

To-day, in body and in mind I am renewed quite; I m sure that others too will find Results that give delight.

I'd say to every suff'ring soul, Use Celery Compound, And you will quickly reach the goal Where health and strength are found.

BOWMAN, KENNEDY & CO

Wholesale Hardware Merchants, LONDON, ONT.

Headquarters for Guns, Rifles & Sporting Goods. Agents for Winchester Rifes and Repeating Shot Guns,

Agents for W. W. Greener's Celebrated Hammer and Hammerless Guns, Agents for J. P. Clabbough's Celebrated Hammer and Hammerless Guns. A great assortment of Rifles, Revolvers and Hammer and Hammerless Guns, Loaded Shot, Shells londed with Hazard, Trap, Cariboo, American Wood and S. S. Powders; Shot Walding, Cartridges, Cartridge Cases, Shooting Caps, Coats, etc. Best and

Closing Out Snap

A lot of Ladies' English Dressing Cases, in Walnut, Oak and Cherry, just 36 left, at \$12 and \$15. Polish finish. Regular price \$18 and \$22. See them at

FERGUSON & JOHN

174 TO 180 KING STREET.



Manufacturing Company, LONDON.

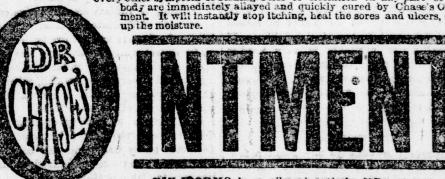
> Glass Paper Weights, Glass Signs for Advertising.
>
> Mirrors and Store Fronts.

ASK FOR PRICES.

PIN WORMS.

No More Misery.

ITCHING PILES is an exceedingly painful and annoying affliction, found alike in the rich and poor, male and female. The principal symptoms are a severe itching, which is worst at night when the sufferer becomes warm in bed. So terrible is the itching that frequently it is impossible to procure sleep. Often the sufferer unconsciously during sleep scratches the parts until they are sore—ulcers and tumors form, excessive moisture is exuded. Females are peculiarly affected from this disease, causing unbearable irritation and trouble. These and every other symptom of Itching Piles or irritation in any part of the body are immediately allayed and quickly cured by Chase's Oletment. It will instantly stop itching, heal the sores and ulcers, dry up the moisture.



Gives Instant Relief.

than Itching Piles, yet its effects and symptoms are exactly the same. The same intolerable itching; the same creeping, crawling, stinging sensation characterizes both diseases. Chase's Cintment acts like magic. It will at once afford relief from this torment.

REFERENCES. Newmarket—J. T. Bogart, Mr. Kitto.
Cutton—Mr. Sheppard, Mr. McDonald.
Belleville—R. Torngleton, druggist.
Tottenham—James Scanlon, J. Reid.
Barrie—H. E. Garden.

Bradford—R. Davis, J. Reid.

Barrie—H. E. Garden.

The celebrated Dr. Chase's Ointment is made expressly for Itching Piles, but it is equally good in curing all Itchy Skin Diseases, such as Ecucuma, Itch. Barber's Itch. Sait Pheum. Rink Worm, etc., etc. For sale by all druggiess. Price 60 Cents.

Worm, etc., etc. For sale by all druggiess. Price 60 Cents.

Mail address—EDMANSON, BATES CO., Bradford, Ont., Sole Agents for Dominion of Canada Solf t

The Function Insurance

Is to afford protection. If you have no interests needing protectionno loved ones, no old age to provide for-you do not need life insurance. But if you have dependent ones, or wish to provide for your declining years, it will be to your advantage to purchase a policy from The Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Com-

C. E. German, General Agent J. F. Sangster, City Agent. Office over C. P. R. Ticket Office.

JAS. PERKIN BUTCHER.

239 Dundas Street. A CALL SOLICITED

Coins! Coins! Coins!

MONEY LOANED On real estate, notes, furniture, chattels, etc Send pestage stamp for reply, JAMES & J. R. MILNE, 88 Dundas street, London, Ont. Dealers in coins, tokens and medal s.wy

SONS'. Syracuse: Plows

Repairs WESTMAN'S

111 Dundas Street.

Branch Store-654 Dundas Street. LONDON, ONT.

THERE IS JUST ONE THING THAT the citizens of London and vicinity would do well to make a note of, that, at 181 bundas street, books and magazines of all kinds and styles are bound nearly, cheaply nd tastefully.

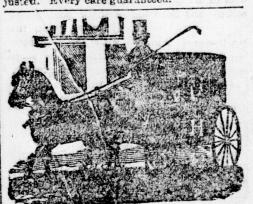
W. J. MOFFAT PCONDINDER. tyw

Hamilton Ladies' College

Reopens Eept. 6, 1894. A LL TEACHERS honor graduates of uni-versities or colleges. Regular courses for graduation in literature and science, music, art, cheution, etc. Excellent accommodation, inspiring instructors, refining associations and pleasant surroundings. Address the principal, A. BURNS, S.T.D., I.L.D. ywt 95k

WATCHMAKER and JEWELER.

ALL WORK FIRST-CLASS-160 DUNDAS STREET At L. D. Trumpour's Jewelry Store. Exes tested free, and glasses properly adusted. Every care guaranteed.



HUESTON

For light livery, double or single outfits.

PHONE 441. Lawrence's :: Livery, Boarding, Sale and Exchange Stables and London Riding Academy is the place to get first-class turn outs of every de-

scription. 268 Dundas St Phone 943. - -