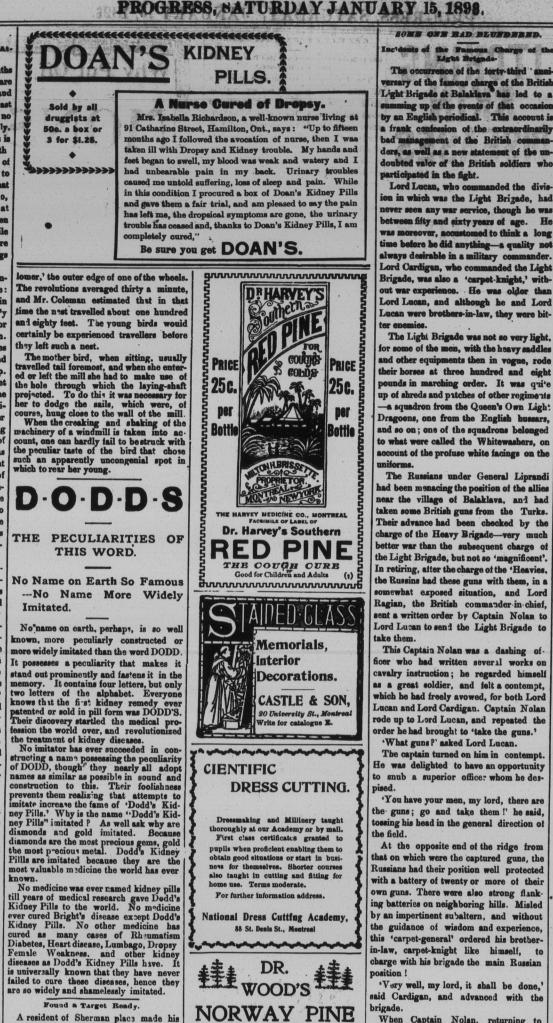


Weeks have lengthened into month since Andree disappeared, and months are growing toward the half-year mark, and no news of him comes from the vast n ws is good news, scarcely can apply. The contrary is true. Absence of news is ominous, and every day that passes with out some tidings narrows the margin of reasonable hope. It is too soon yet to give him up as lost. But it is certa in that he has not fared as well as he expected to, and the chances are that he has fallen at least into serious distress. So much even his most op'i nistic friends concede, while whose who always reckoned his venture foolbardy consider their worst forebodings fully verified.

These are the data on which all reckonings of hope or fear are to be made: Andree and his two compaions set sail in their balloon from Dane's Island on Ju'y 11-about six months ago-bound for the Pole and across it to the Arctic basin. The balloon contained 4800 cubic metres of gas, and was made of threetold silk and gutta-percha, with netting of Italian hemp. It had a wicker, canvas-covered car, 6 feet in diameter and 412 feet deep. The equipment included a cookstove, provisions for four months an 1 plenty of water in aluminum cans, a sledge, a boat big enough to carry elerven men and plenty of arms and ammunition. The start was made under favorable conditions, straight toward the Pole. At the initial rate of progress the Pole should have been reached in a couple of days at most. The balloon, barring accidents, was able to keep afloat for at least two weeks. The weather for some days after the start was favorable to the prosecution of the enter-

Thus far the facts. All else is speculation, excepting that the balloon can surely not now be afloat, and that the voyagers if they still survive, must have exbausted the store of provisions with which they started, unless they found means of replenishing their larder. The latter is probable. We know from Nansen's experience that men with arms and ammunition can get food even in remotest North The serious problem is, in what circumstances did they part company with the ballon? If by any mishap it collapsed or exploded in mid-air, and precipitated them suddenly from great height upon either ice or open sea, their fate is not doubtful. If, on the contrary, the balloon gradually failed, and they took their departure from it deliberately and with ample preparation, all may vet be well with them. Where they are, supposing this favourable theory to be correct is of coarse a m-stery. Any point on all

supposing this favourable theory to be cor-rect is of coarse a m_stery. Any point on all the vast circumference of the Polar basin is possible. If they were landed on the Siberian coast or the North American coast, or the upper part of Greenland, it would take months for them to work their way down to civilizition. If, as some suspect from observation of the meteorog-olical conditions prevailing since their start, they were carried back to Eranz Josef Lund, they would probably build a camp and remain for the winter. There is no occasion to wonder that nothing has been seen of the forty carrier pigeons and doz ns of cock buoys which Andree took with him as means of com-municating with the world he had left be-hind him. The experiments of the Prince is difficult in the regions where they are likely to be seen. As for the pigeons, there is little reason to suppose that they could survive for even a hundred miles of flight in that inclement climate, not to mention the many hundreds they would have to Joset Lund and one or two other such points. The general sweep of the Arctic basin is far too vast for any scratiny of it to be made. For the rest, there is only hope.-N. Y. Tribune. to be made. For the rest, there is hope.-N. Y. Tribune. only



A resident of Sherman place made his young son a present of a revolver. It was pretty cold for accurate target practice out of doors yesterday, so the lad betook himself to the cellar. There he found a nice target, three white disks on a black back-ground, and began practice. He landed three bullets in the target before practice was interrupted. But he had done the was morneyed. But he had note the business for the gas meter and a new one was ordered. The cost of the lad's revol-ver practice is placed at \$16. exclusive of ammunition and kindly counsel to the selection of targets.—N. Y. Sun.

SOME ONE RAD BLUEDERED

and occurrence of the forty-third ' and versary of the famous charge of the British Light Brigade at Balaklava has led to a summing up of the events of that occasion by an English periodical. This account is a frank confession of the extraordinarily bad management of the British comman-dars, as well as a new statement of the un-doubted valor of the British soldiers who participated in the fight.

Lord Lucan, who commanded the divis-ion in which was the Light Brizade, had never seen any war service, though he was hever seen any war service, though he was between fifty and eixty years of age. He was moreover, accustomed to think a long time before he did anything—a quality not always desirable in a military commander. Lord Cardigan, who commanded the Light Brigade, was also a 'carpet-knight,' with-out war experience. He was oldor than Lord Lucan, and although he and Lord Lucan were brothers-in-law, they were bit-

The Light Brigade was not so very light, for some of the men, with the heavy saddles and other equipments then in vogue, rode their horses at three hundred and eight pounds in marching order. It was qui'e up of shreds and putches of other regiments -a squadron from the Queen's Own Light Dragoons, one from the English hussars, and so on ; one of the squadrons belonged to what were called the Whitewashers, on count of the profuse white facings on the

had been menacing the position of the allies near the village of Balaklava, and had taken some British guns from the Turks. Their advance had been checked by the charge of the Heavy Brigade-very much better war than the subsequent charge of the Light Brigade, but not so 'magnificent'. In retiring, after the charge of the 'Heavies. the Russins had these guns with them, in a somewhat exposed situation, and Lord Ragian, the British commander in chief, sent a written order by Captain Nolan to Lord Lucan to send the Light Brigade to

This Captain Nolan was a dashing officer who had written several works on cavalry instruction; he regarded himself as a great soldier, and felt a contempt, which he had freely avowed, for both Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan. Captain Nolan rode up to Lord Lucan, and repeated the order he had brought to 'take the guns.' 'What guns ?' asked Lord Lucan.

The captain turned on him in contempt. He was delighted to have an opportunity to snub a superior office: whom he des-

'You have your men, my lord, there are the guns; go and take them !' he said, tossing his head in the general direction of the field.

At the opposite end of the ridge from that on which were the captured guns, the Russians had their position well protected with a battery of twenty or more of their own guns. There were also strong flank ing batteries on neighboring hills. Misled by an impertinent subaltern, and without the guidance of wisdom and experience, this 'carpet-general' ordered his brotherin-law, carpet-knight like himself, to charge with his brigade the main Russian

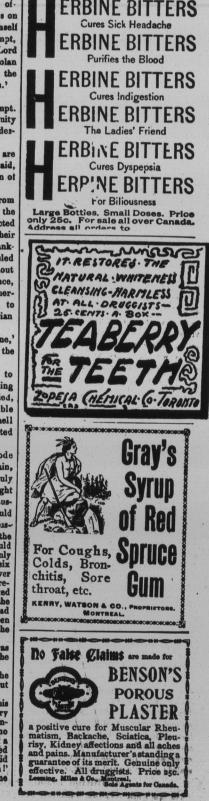
'Vory well, my lord, it shall be done, said Cardigan, and advanced with the

When Captain Nolan, returning to Lord Raglan saw the Light Brigade riding toward the main battery, he was horrified, and turned back to correct the terrible mistake. He was on his way when a shell struck and killed him. He had expiated his offence with his life. Cardigan and the Light Brigade



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A BIRD'S PROULIAR CHOICE.

A Swallow that Made Its Nest on a Com-

A strange nesting place was that once selected by a swallow. At Corton Lowestoft, England, Mr. Russel Coleman discovered a swallow's nest, with young birds in it, on the revolving part of the machinery of a common windmill.

The particular spot chosen was the 'wal-

ver IIIs

pation, sour stomach, indigestion are pro-cured by Hood's Pills. They do their

easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. All druggists by C. I. Hoo

Souris, Man., Sept. 21, 1896. Messrs, Edmanson, Bates & Co., Dcar Sirs, —I find your goods taking re-markably well with my customers and they appear to give every satisfaction, as indi-cated by the fact of our having sold one half gross of your Kidney-Liver Fills alone during the month of Augnst. S. S. Smith, Souris; Man.

The Untrustworthy Liar.

Coming in the Painesville car the other orning two real estate dealers were 'talking shop.'

"I heard a man-get off a pretty good thing about Dash and Blank the other day,' said one of them. "What was it ?' the other asked.

'He said; 'I'd much rather deal with Dash than with Blank.' 'Why so? I in-Dash than with Blank. 'Why so? I in-quired. 'You know Dash is a man whom you can't believe under any circumstan-ces.' 'That's the very reason I prefer him to Blank. Dash lies all the time, so you're never fooled by hin, but Blank lies only half the time, and the great trouble is that you nev'r know when he's doing it.'

Throat and Lungs. ... CURING COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, SORE

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Scientific American. strated weekly. Largest cir-ientific journal. Terms, \$3 a way. New York

on. The story of the attack is in the main, allowing for the license of poetry, truly told in Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." The brigade drove the Russians from their guns, but of course could not take them away. Meantime the Rus-sians closed in on the rear, cutting off the British from their own forces. They could only turn and fight their way back. Only oce hundred and ninety-eight ont of six hundred and seventy brave troopers ever came back. Lord Cardigan himself re-turned alone. He had been separated from his men from the first moment of the shock of the charge. After that it had been every man for himsel. He has been charged with deserting his men, but he was really cut off from them. When the remnant of the brigade was drawn up, Cardigan rode in front of the men. not take them away. Meantime the Rus-

has been a mad-brained trick,' he

'It has been a mad brained trick,' he said, bitterly, almost apologetically, 'but it was no fault of mine !' Lord Careigan was not popular with his men. He had at times had nearly every one of them under arrest for trifling in-fringement of military order; he had no other military distinction than that of a martinet; but no soldiers voice blamed him now. 'Never mind, my lord,' said some of men; 'we are ready to go again !' 'No, no,' he said, 'you have done enough.'