

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

Some 580,000 rats have been destroyed at the London docks.

A private veterinary institution in London has a motor ambulance for dogs.

The Franco-British Exhibition, which has closed, was visited by about 15,000,000 people.

Of 201 men admitted to the casual ward of the Farnham Workhouse during the last 14 days, 72 were ex-soldiers.

Instead of giving the usual mayoral breakfast, the Mayor of Maidstone will hand a cheque to the local distress committee.

A cocoanut sugar bowl, which was carved by Richard Hine, R.N., and presented to Nelson in 1797, was sold for \$45 in London.

A Chester butcher was reaching for a piece of meat when he caught his arm in a hook, and died in four days from blood poisoning.

A wife complained at Highgate that her husband had put pepper over her, smashed her crockery at her and poured oil on her.

Mr. Lloyd-George stated that the gradual substitution of nickel for the bronze coinage now in circulation would cost at least \$350,000.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells has received a cheque from Mr. Pierpont Morgan for \$1,250 toward the purchase fund of Glastonbury Abbey.

The London County Council has reduced the speed limit for motors within a four mile radius of Charing Cross to eight miles per hour.

Eight hundred workmen of Cowes shipbuilding yards are likely to be thrown out of employment through the placing of orders for destroyers in the north.

Rear-Admiral Paul Warner Bush has been appointed to succeed Rear-Admiral M. Farquhar as Rear-Admiral in the Portsmouth division of the home fleet.

An immense landslip occurred at Cromer on Saturday, a strip of cliff 150 yards long and 20 feet wide falling with a tremendous crash on the beach below.

Speaking at Coventry, Mr. Alfred Herbert, head of Alfred Herbert, Limited, engineers, said there were distinct signs of an improvement in trade generally.

A postman named John Robt. Watson was charged at Newcastle with stealing 1,392 letters, the property of the Postmaster-General. The case was adjourned.

Cheltenham charities will, it was recently stated, benefit to the ex-

"My youngest boy, 3 years old, was sick with fever last June, and when he got better the doctor prescribed Scott's Emulsion, and he liked it so well that he drank it out of the bottle, and is now just as plump and strong as any child of his age anywhere . . . two bottles fixed him O.K."—MR. JOHN F. TEDDER, Box 263, Teague-Freestone Co., Texas.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the greatest help for babies and young children there is. It just fits their need; it just suits their delicate, sensitive natures; they thrive on it. Just a little does them so much good and saves you so much worry. You owe it to them and yourself to make them as strong and healthy as possible. SCOTT'S EMULSION will help you better than anything else; but be sure to get Scott's. It's the best, and there are so many worthless imitations.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Mr. Tedder has just written us another letter about his brother-in-law's children. Let us send you his letters and other information on the subject. A Post Card, mentioning this paper, is sufficient.

SCOTT & BOWNE

126 Wellington St. W.

Toronto

tent of over \$150,000 by the will of the late Mr. Leathe Gordon Young, of St. Ronan's, Cheltenham.

Preston post-office and various business premises had to be lighted by candles recently, owing to the failure of the electric light service, which plunged the place in darkness.

A lady has given \$500 towards the erection of the Young Women's Christian association Institute at Hampstead as a thank offering for the faithful service of her cook, a Y. W. C. A. member.

Now nearing his ninetieth year, and probably the oldest London councillor, Captain C. Andrew, who has served the borough of Lambeth for about fifty years, has intimated his intention of retiring from public life.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

An Incident Which Carries Us Back to the Indian Mutiny.

The recent death of the son of Sir Henry Lawrence, the famous hero of the defence of Lucknow, carries the attention back to the days of the Sepoy Rebellion. One of the strangest incidents of that terrible time is told by William Forbes Mitchell in his "Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny." Mr. Mitchell, who was sergeant of a Highland regiment, had the misfortune, during a battle, to lose the greatcoat which every soldier carried folded in what was known as a "Crimean roll," and strapped to the shoulders in such a manner that it crossed the breast.

Many a man owed his life to the fact that bullets became spent in passing through these rolls. It happened that in the heat of the fight my roll was cut right through where the two ends were fastened together by the stroke of a keen-edged tulwar which was intended to cut me.

As the day was warm, I was rather glad to get rid of it, but by ten o'clock at night there was a difference in temperature, and when I was relieved from patrol duty and wanted to lie down to sleep, I felt the cold, wet grass anything but comfortable, for a kilt is not the most suitable article of dress on a cold November night in upper India.

My company was encamped in and about the tomb of the first king of Oudh. A large enclosure surrounded the building of the tomb itself, and on the inside of this were small rooms built for the accommodation of pilgrims. When I entered the enclosure I noticed these compartments, and asked permission to sleep in one of them, but was refused. I had to make the best of my position, but was too uncomfortable to sleep.

It struck me that some of the Sepoys might have dropped their blankets in their hurried departure. With this hope I went into some of the rooms where a lamp was burning, took it off the shelf, and walked to the door of the great domed mosque or tomb.

I peered into the dark, but could see nothing, so I advanced slowly, holding the lamp over my head, looking cautiously round, until I was in the centre of the great vault, where my progress was obstructed by a big black heap, about four or five feet high, which felt to my feet like loose sand.

I lowered my lamp and discovered I was standing ankle-deep in loose gun-powder. About forty hundred-weight of it lay under my nose, and a hasty glance round showed me twenty or thirty barrels of the same substance, over a hundred eight-inch shells all loaded and with fuses fixed, and a profusion of spare fuses and slow-matches lying about.

I took in my danger at a glance. There I was, up to my knees nearly in gunpowder, with a naked light in my hand. My hair literally stood on end, and my knees knocked together. Cold perspiration broke out all over me. I had neither cloth nor handkerchief in my pocket with which to extinguish my light, and the next moment might be my last, for the overhanging wick already threatened to send the smoldering red top to my feet, with consequences too dreadful to contemplate.

Quick as thought I put my left hand under the down-dropping flame, and clasping it firmly, slowly turned to the door.

Fear so overcame all other sensation that I felt no pain of the burn until I was outside; then it was sharp enough. I poured the oil from the lamp into my burned hand. Then I knelt down and thanked God.

Next I staggered to Captain Dawson and told him. He did not believe me, and told me I had waked up from a dream. I showed him the powder still sticking on my wet feet. He instantly roused the sleeping men, and quenched every spark of fire on the premises.

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