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A Day in
Ladysmith

How Time is Killed in the
Beleagured Natal
Town.

Night Alarm, Bombardment and
Daily Thunderstorm—G. W.
Steevens's Letter.

Mr. G. W. Steevens, the war corre-
spondent of the London Daily Mail,
writing from Ladysmith, says:

The following is a typical day of the
siege of Ladysmith:

I awoke at midnight with the words
"Sons of Satan" in my ear.

The Boers are shelling the troops of
the Light Horse. Cuddling together on
my veranda are troops listening to the
banging shells. Says one voice, "Right
among the horses." Another says,
"Clean through the mess tent."

With each bang the silver moonlight
on the wall of the room flickers to gold.
A score of rounds are fired, but nobody
is touched. Then the Boers are silent,
and the troops

Converse About the Shells
for an hour longer.

I sleep till half-past three, and am
again awakened. Says a horse voice,
"Turn out, squadron." For half an
hour the men loudly get up, and I sleep
again.

All the flies are awakened at five. I
feel a buzz in the ear and a twitch on
the nose. I put the sheet over my head,
but the flies crawl up my legs.

It is daylight now, but there is a bite
in the sultry air. The strong bulwark
of Lombard's Kop is swathed in stag-
nant mist.

I ride out under the already heavy
sun and scramble over the stones to the
hilltop where the Highlanders are
putting the finishing touch to the new
dugout. Active killed figures are piling
sandbags, cutting bushes, and dragging
it together for a zariba.

I descend the grassy flat at a gallop
through great, black herds of lazy cat-
tle, watched by lazy blacks, grazing on
the neutral ground between us and the
enemy.

A few spots are scored by shells from
points where the Boers creep up during
the night. They are now

Falling Back Before Our Patrols.
The crack of whose rifles sounds muffled
in the fleecy air.

I return within the lines past the
sentry steadfastly staring over the plain
to the hills beyond, past the sack of
blanket couches where the officers sleep,
past the smoking camp where the cooks
are getting breakfast.

Breakfast over, the heavy bombardment
of the town begins. Now it is shout-
ing, rattling "Puffing Billy," now it is
swishing, rushing "Silent Susan," now
the popping, puffing shrapnel. We
know them all by ear.

Once in a dozen times the hoarse
bark of our Naval guns replies.

One interlude of activity tempts me up
the hill where the Rifle Brigade are at
work. Some are shovelling new houses
out of the red-hot earth. Others are
sleeping in dark, cool grooves cut into
the hillside by hatchways. Here the
Brigade-General is working in the of-
fice, can-floored and celled with tim-
ber. Outside

A Rare Shot of the Boer Snipers
is answered by our firing line, consisting
only of six good shots—one has just drop-
ped Boers at 2,050 yards.

Presently, with a splitting bang, a
howitzer shell flies over towards the
trench below. Then a buzzing half-spit
Mauzer bullet startles a great black and
cream butterfly, and anon a small shell
fizzes through the roof of the iron huts,
and burst changing inside.

The firing falters through the after-
noon, when sharp gusts of whirling dust
prelude the usual storm. The sky is
blue-black with clouds which fluff
down over the hills, a few huge drops
fall with rattle of thunder; a sudden
sput of rain; and then it clears to a
smoke of flame-colored pillows on beds
of rose.

"Good night," say the shells, and then
to bed.

Multiply this by a million, and you get
the siege of Ladysmith.

Diary of the Siege.

A dispatch to the London Daily Mail,
dated Pietermaritzburg, Nov. 30th, says:
One of the war correspondents who was
sent up at Ladysmith got safely through
the Boer lines last Saturday. He gives
the following synopsis of events there:

Nov. 1.—The town shelled freely;
townspeople leave in large numbers.

Nov. 2.—Communications cut; town
shelled from every side; marvellously
little damage. Officer of the Powerfull
killed.

Nov. 3.—Brisk shelling early in the
mornings. Late in the afternoon Sir Geo.
White writes to General Joubert re-
garding the safety of non-combatants
and the firing on the Red Cross by the
Boers.

Nov. 4.—Joubert refuses to allow the
townspeople to proceed south; armistice
arranged; meeting of townspeople.

Nov. 5.—Armistice existing; the non-
combatants leave.

Nov. 6.—Removal of the sick and
wounded and of non-combatants con-
tinues.

Nov. 7.—Boers shell the town from
dawn to sunset; the English reply; three
men of the Leicestershire wounded.

Nov. 8.—Enemy attempts to silence the
naval guns without success. Magnificent
work by naval gunners. Prisoners ar-
rive from Pretoria, one wounded officer
and nine wounded men.

Nov. 9.—Prince of Wales's birthday
observed. Determined attack by the
Boers from four sides; enemy routed
with heavy loss. In the morning the
shell fire was fast and furious, and the
rifles engaged at close quarters. In a
charge by the Johannesburg Police our
howitzer and Hotchkiss detachments
had a warm time. Twenty-one casual-
ties.

Nov. 10.—A peaceful day; Joubert
sends in for medicines.

Nov. 11.—A few shells; one seaman
of the Powerfull wounded.

Nov. 12.—Quiet day.

Nov. 13.—Boers shell the town and
camp.

Nov. 14.—Another all-round attack by
the Boers; one volunteer killed.

Nov. 15.—Quiet, an occasional shell.
Boers shelled at night.

Nov. 16.—A lively morning; two killed
and three wounded by shell at the rail-
way station.

Nov. 17.—Exchange of shells; three
wounded.

Nov. 18.—Very few shells. Dr. Stork
killed in front of the Royal hotel. Mid-
night firing; troops wounded.

Nov. 19.—No shells. One Hussar
wounded.

Nov. 20.—Bombardment damages sev-
eral buildings. At midnight shelling
enormous. British reply; one Gordon of-
ficer and five men wounded.

Nov. 21.—Information received to the
effect that the Boers moved southwards.
Boers shell a dummy fort. Four men
wounded.

Nov. 22.—Brisk shelling in the early
morning; the town hall hit; Natal police-
man killed and seven others wounded.

Nov. 23.—Boers shell town and camps
and batteries. Our guns reply. Lady in-
jured by a shell. One killed; one civil-
ian, one soldier and two natives wound-
ed.

Nov. 24.—Guns giving and receiving
many shells. Two killed, eleven wound-
ed.

Yeomanry
Regiments

Their Headquarters and a List
of the Commanding
Officers.

The Household Artillery Com-
pany of London—Ninety Per
Cent. Volunteer.

It was announced in the Times on
Tuesday that 10,000 mounted men recruit-
ed from the Yeomanry volunteers and
civilians are to be sent to South Africa,
and the following list of the 38 regiments
of Yeomanry Cavalry and two regiments
of Volunteer Light Horse, with their
headquarters and names of command-
ing officers; also the Honorable
Artillery Company of London, of whom
90 per cent. have volunteered, will be
read with interest:

Colonel Sir Howard Vincent, K. C. M.
G., C.B., who has offered to raise a
regiment of 1,000 picked marksmen,
commands the 13th (Queen's) Westmin-
ster Rifle Volunteers. Sir Howard Vin-
cent formerly served as a Lieutenant in
the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Two-thirds of the 14th Middlesex
Rifle Volunteers (Inns of Court), com-
posed of barristers and solicitors, who
have volunteered for service. This bat-
talion is commanded by Colonel S. H.
S. Lofthouse.

It is expected that the company from
the 7th Middlesex (London Scottish) will
be attached to a battalion of the High-
land Brigade, or the 1st Battalion Scots
Guards. The London Scottish is com-
manded by Colonel Eustace Balfour, a
brother of the Right Hon. Arthur J.
Balfour.

The list of Yeomanry regiments gives
a good idea of the counties from which
men will be drawn.

Lord Chesham, who is going out, is
colonel commanding the Buckingham-
shire Yeomanry Cavalry, and was form-
erly a captain in the 16th Lancers. The
Earl of Dudley, who has also volunteered,
is a major in the Worcestershire
Yeomanry Cavalry.

There will be no difficulty in selecting
officers for the "Imperial Yeomanry," as
a good number of Yeomanry officers
have previously served in the regular
army, and in addition there are about

250 retired cavalry officers in the "re-
serve of officers."

Regiments of Yeomanry Cavalry, with
their headquarters and names of com-
manding officers:

Ayrshire (Ayr)—Colonel R. M. Pollok.
Berkshire (Hungerford)—Colonel the
Hon. O. W. Craven.

Buckinghamshire (Buckingham)—Col.
Lord Chesham (late captain 16th Lan-
cers).

Cheshire (Chester)—Lieut-Colonel the
Earl of Harrington.

Denbighshire (Wrexham)—Colonel H.
R. L. Howard (late major 16th Lancers).

Derbyshire (Derby)—Lieut-Colonel R.
W. Chandos-Pole (late Lieut. Grenadier
Guards).

Devon (Exeter)—Colonel Sir
John Shelley, Bart.

Devon (Barnstaple)—Col.
Viscount Ebrington.

Donset (Weymouth)—Colonel J. R. P.
Godden (late Lieut. 4th Dragoon Guards).

Gloucestershire (Gloucester)—Colonel
the Duke of Beaufort, A.D.C. (late cap-
tain Royal Horse Guards).

Hampshire (Winchester)—Lieut-Col.
W. Woods.

Herts (St. Albans)—Colonel the Earl
of Clarendon, A.D.C.

Royal East Kent (Canterbury)—Col.
the Right Honorable Lord George
Harcourt, G.C.B., G.C.I.E.

West Kent (Maidstone)—Lieut-Col.
C. E. Warde (late major Royal Anti-
lery).

1st Lanarkshire (Lanark)—Lieut-Col.
J. Addie.

2nd Lanarkshire (Glasgow)—Colonel J.
Nelson.

Duke of Lancaster's Own (Worsley)—
Colonel C. M. Roys.

Lancashire Hussars (Ashton-in-Maker-
field)—Colonel Lord Gerard (late Lieut.
2nd Life Guards).

Leicestershire (Leicester)—Colonel F.
G. Blair (late captain 16th Lancers).

Lothians and Berwickshire (Dunbar)—
Colonel Sir William Baillie-Hamilton,
K.C.M.G., C.B.

Middlesex (Kensington)—Colonel W.
K. Mitford (late captain 10th Hussars).

Monmouthshire (Wynip)—Lieut-
Colonel Sir H. Williams-Wynn, Bart.

Northumberland (Newcastle-on-Tyne)—
Colonel J. B. Cookson.

1st Nottinghamshire (Nottingham)—
Colonel L. Rolleston.

2nd Nottinghamshire (Retford)—Col.
Viscount Galtway, A.D.C.

Oxfordshire (Oxford)—Colonel Vis-
count Valentia (late Lieut. 10th Hussars).

Pembroke (Haverfordwest)—Col. Sir
C. Phillips, Bart.

Shropshire (Shrewsbury)—Colonel E.
H. Bickel.

North Somerset (Bath)—Lieut-Col.
Viscount Dungarvan.

West Somerset (Taunton)—Lieut-Col.
F. W. Forester (late captain, retired
pay).

Staffordshire (Lichfield)—Colonel J.
Heath.

Suffolk (Bury St. Edmunds)—Col. A.
G. Lucas.

Warwickshire (Warwick)—Colonel
Lord Willoughby-de-Broke.

Wiltshire and Cumberland (Pen-
rith)—Colonel the Earl of Loudoun.

Royal Wiltshire (Chippenham)—Col.
the Right Honorable W. H. Long.

Worcestershire (Worcester)—Col. the
Right Honorable Lord Windsor.

Yorkshire Hussars (York)—Col. Lord
Bolton.

Yorkshire Dragoons (Doncaster)—Col.
the Earl of Scarborough (late Lieut. 7th
Hussars).

In addition to the Yeomanry there are
two regiments of Volunteer Light Horse,
viz.,

Fifehire (Cupar)—Lieut-Colonel Sir
John Gilmour, Bart., of Montrose.

Forfarshire (Dundee), attached to
Fifehire Light Horse—Major P. A.
Carnegie (late captain 16th Hussars).

The Honorable Artillery Company of
London, of which H. R. H. the Prince
of Wales is captain-general and colonel,
consists of horse and field artillery and
infantry. The Lieut-colonel commanding
is the Earl of Denbigh and Desmond
(late captain Royal Artillery).

Horse Artillery—Major G. McKim-
ling (late captain Royal Artillery).

Field Artillery—Major P. B. Bell.

Infantry—Lieut-Colonel L. R. C.
Boyle.

THE ELEPHANT.

The elephant is only one enemy-
man. It fears none of the animals. In
addition to intelligence relatively super-
ior to theirs, it possesses strength, size,
courage if need be, and, moreover, a
sense of touch more delicate than that
of any of them, even the monkey. It
travels everywhere, swims like an am-
phibian and crosses ravines and rivers,
forests and thickets without distinction.
Everything goes before it.

It climbs and descends hills which
one would think inaccessible to it; it crosses
whole countries in a night, like an un-
disputed master in his vast domains; it
is here, there, and everywhere, hiding
like a mouse despite its great size, and
poisidessly disappearing like an unsee-
able Proteus, must to the discomfort of
the hunter; finally, if its life is spared,
it is ready to become once more, as in
former times when it fought by its side,
the ally, the friend, the servant, and the
protector of man.

The elephant is the true king of an-
imals. Compare this noble animal with
the useless lion, that nocturnal prowler
at the mercy of a pack of wolves.—
Edouard Fox.

A SURE CURE FOR COUP.

Twenty-five Years' Constant Use With-
out a Failure.

The first indication of croup is hoarse-
ness, and in a child subject to that dis-
ease it may be taken as a sure sign of
the approach of an attack. Following
this hoarseness is a peculiar rough
cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy
is given as soon as the child becomes
hoarse, or even after the croupy cough
appears, it will prevent the attack. It is
used in many thousands of homes in
this broad land and never disappoints
the anxious mother. We have yet to
learn of a single instance in which it
has not proved effectual. No other pre-
paration can show such a record—
twenty-five years' constant use without
a failure. For sale by Henderson Bros.,
Wholesale Agents, Victoria and Van-
couver.

The well-known strengthening properties
of IRON, combined with other tonics and
a most perfect nerve tonic, is found in
Carter's Iron Pills, which strengthen the nerves
and body, and improve the blood and com-
plexion.

After
Elandslaagte

On the Morrow of Victory at
Ladysmith—Bringing in the
Wounded.

London Leader's Correspondent
Tells of the Scene in
the Town.

Ladysmith, Oct. 28, 1899.

This, my first Sunday in Ladysmith, is
the morrow of our victory at Elandslaagte.

On the previous day I had got no nearer
entering the town than "dumpling" my
luggage on the platform of the railway
station. It had to take care of itself; we
are all upon terms of equality here.

The battle of Elandslaagte was fought
and won. I found my way back in the
first train of wounded. It must have been
about one o'clock on this first Sunday
morning when it arrived. The pitiless
rain that had soaked us upon the battle-
field followed us here, and was steadily
falling. Tears of the heavens brought
down by the thunder of those big guns;
their echoes will cause other tears to be
shed before many hours.

The rain was one of those steady down-
pours which make railway stations such
unpleasant places. Do you know anything
more truly miserable than a London ter-
minus on a wet day, getting the raindrops
that other people shake from their drip-
ping hats right bang into your face; tread-
ing into pools of water which other people
with umbrellas take a fendish delight in
swelling if they happen to have five min-
utes to wait for a train; absorbing all the
surface moisture of other people's mackin-
toshes as they jam you in the ticket col-
lector's barriers—all these are little trifles
that contribute to render a railway station
the one place to be avoided on a rainy
day. And yet there are people who will
rush to them for what they call shelter.

Well, there is little or no shelter at
Ladysmith station, and a partially-covered
platform, nothing more. As we approach-
ed we were told that all the town was
out waiting for the wounded to come in,
but, in matter of fact, when we steamed in
it was by the side of a long line of am-
bulances, whose bearers drew up along
the train like so many porters at a London
terminus. I left them to their sad task
of collecting the 60 wounded men we had
brought down from the field of Elands-
laagte.

"House Full."

At the Royal hotel the door was closed,
but unlocked. There was nobody to re-
ceive visitors, because after they got to
sleeping 12 men on the floor of the billiard
room and four on the table, the proprietor
decided that it was about time to put up
the "House full" notice. The gas was
turned down in the hall and in the pas-
sages. I wandered about the place with-
out any hope of finding a spot on which to
lean down when a door was gently opened
and a lady came out. She had a husband
in the fight—an officer—so it is easy to
imagine the anxiety which caused her to
pass this sleepless night and to rush to
the top of the stairs when she heard a
step.

As soon as she learned that I came
from the battlefield she disappeared into
her room, got a sofa cushion and a rug,
and told me to lie down in any corner of
the house where I could find room to stretch.

It is early summer out here now, and
dawn comes in the small hours. I had not
slept very long before all was movement.
There is no doubt Ladysmith got up ex-
ceptionally early on this bright, gloomy
Sunday morning. It was not prepared to
meet the cost at which victory had been
purchased. The town hall and, I think,
the Wesleyan chapel had been set aside for
the reception of the wounded; but the 60
that we brought in during the night filled all
these beds, and soon the officials of the
Royal Army Medical Corps were around,
"commencing" all other churches,
schools, and public places to hold the
Red Cross flag over them.