

*The height of selfishness,
to drink Blue Ribbon Tea
every day and never tell
your friends about it.*

THE SIEGE OF DELHI TOWN

*A Reminiscence of the Terrible
Sepoy Rebellion.*

*The Reckless Valor of Lieutenant
Hills, Who Single-Handed Charged
a Column.*

[Rev. J. W. Fitchett, in the Cornhill.]

On July 9 an attack of great strength, and marked by great daring, was made by the enemy, and was almost lifted into success by the disloyalty of a detachment of the 9th Irregular Cavalry. They were on outpost duty watching the trunk road. They allowed the enemy to approach the British position without giving warning, and when Hills, who commanded two guns in front of the general's mound, ran out of his tent and leaped on his horse, he found a troop of Carabins in broken flight sweeping past him, and the enemy almost on his guns. He shouted "Action front!" then, to give his gunners a chance of firing, rode single-handed into the enemy's squadrons, a solitary swordsman charging a regiment! He cut down the leading man and wounded the Sepoy. Then two troopers charging him at once, he was rolled over, man and horse, and the troopers swept over him. Bruised and half-dazed he struggled to his feet, picked up his sword, and was at once attacked by two of the rebel cavalry and a foot soldier. He coolly shot the first horseman riding down upon him, then, catching the lance of the second in his left hand, thrust him through the body with his sword. He was instantly attacked by the third enemy and his sword wrenched from him. Hills, on this, fell back upon first principles, and struck his opponent in the face repeatedly with his fist. But he was by this time himself exhausted and fell. Then, exactly as his antagonist lifted his sword to slay him, Tombs, who had cut his way through the enemy, and was coming up at a gallop to help his comrade, with a clever pistol shot from a distance of thirty paces, killed the Sepoy. It was a heroic combat, and both Tombs and Hills received the Victoria Cross. The enemy meanwhile had galloped past the guns, eager to reach the native artillery, which they would have ridden off with them. The 9th Lancers, however, had turned out in their shirt-sleeves, and riding fiercely home, drove off the enemy.

It is always interesting to listen to the story of a gallant deed, as told by the doer himself. The reckless valor which Lieutenant Hills showed in charging single-handed a column of rebel cavalry in order to secure for his gunners a chance of opening fire, can hardly be described by a remote historian. But Hills has told the story of his own deed, and an extract from his tale, at least, is worth giving:

"I thought that by charging them I might make a commotion and give the gun time to load, so in I went at the front rank, cut down the first fellow, slashed the next across the face as hard as I could, when two sowars charged me. Both their horses crashed into mine at the same moment, and, of course, both horse and myself were sent flying. We went down at such a pace that I escaped the cuts made at me, one of them giving my jacket an awful slice just below the collar. It only, however, cut the jacket. Well, I lay quite snug until all had passed over me, and then got up and looked about for my sword. I found it full ten yards off. I had hardly got hold of it when three fellows returned, two on horseback. The first I wounded and dropped him from his horse. The second charged me with a lance. I put it aside, and caught him with a full gash on the head and face. I thought I had killed him. Apparently he must have clung to his horse, for he disappeared. Then the third came up, but not his skull split. Then came the third man—a young, active fellow. I found myself getting very weak from want of breath, the fall from my horse having done me considerably, and my cloak, somehow or other, had got tightly fixed round my throat and was actually choking me. I went, however, at the fellow and cut him on the shoulder with some 'kupra' (cloth) on it apparently turned the blow. He managed to seize the hilt of my sword and twisted it out of my hand, and then he had a hand to hand fight, I punching his head with my fists, and he trying to cut me, but I was too close to him. Somehow or other I fell, and then was the time, fortunately for me, that

Fighting the Fires.

Hard life the plucky firemen lead; out in all sorts of weather, losing sleep, catching cold and straining their backs. Hard to have strong, well-kidneys under such conditions. That's why firemen, policemen and others, who are exposed to the weather, are so often troubled with Weak, Lame Backs and with Urinary Troubles.

DOAN'S Kidney Pills

are helping hundreds of such to health. Mr. John Robinson, chief of the fire department, Dresden, Ont., says: "Prior to taking these pills I had kidney trouble which caused severe pain in the small of my back and in both sides. I had a tired feeling and never seemed to be able to get rested. However, I commenced the use of Doan's Kidney Pills, and after taking three boxes am completely cured. I have now no backache or urinary troubles, and the tired feeling is completely gone. In fact, I am well and strong."

Tombs came up and shot the fellow. I was so choked with my cloak that I could not until I got loosened. By-the-by, I forgot to say that I fired at this chap twice, but the pistol snapped, and I was so enraged that I drove it at the fellow's head, missing him, however."

The Sepoys had planted a battery of guns at a point in their front called Ludlow Castle, and maintained from it a constant fire on Metcalfe House. Their skirmishers, too, crept up with great audacity to silence this battery and early in the morning of Aug. 12, without call of bugle or roll of drum, a force of British Sikhs and Chooraks, with a handful of cavalry, stole down the slope the ridge in order to carry the offending guns. The order was given for procession of shadows, the little column crept over the ridge through the gloom, and disappeared in the midst of the low-lying ground on its way to the rebel blackness. Undetected in the sheltering blackness, the column reached the sleeping battery. A startled Sepoy, who caught through the haze and shadow a sudden glimpse of stern faces and the gleam of bayonets gave a hasty challenge. It was answered by a volley which ran like a streak of jagged flame through the darkness, and with a rush the British—their officers gallantly leading, and Sikhs and Chooraks trying to outpace their English comrades—swept on to the battery. The Sepoys succeeded in discharging two guns on their assailants, but Lord Roberts records that the discharge of the third gun was prevented by a gallant Irish soldier named Reegan. He leaped with leveled bayonet over the earthwork and charged the artilleryman, who was in the very act of thrusting his port-fire on to the powder in the touch-hole of the gun. Reegan was struck at once on every side, but nothing stopped him, and the fierce lunge of his bayonet slew the artilleryman and prevented the discharge of the gun. Captain Greville, followed by two or three men, flung himself on another gun and slew or drove off its gunners. "It was a very comfortable little affair."

A SOUTHERN CANDY-PULL

*Canadian Revival of an Oldtime Pastime
of Dixie Land.*

Come to the candy pull tonight, For Southern beauties will be there, With lasses candy in their hands, And garlands in their hair.

This paraphrase of an old poem was on the invitation sent out by a Southern woman, whose present home is up in these parts, says the Toronto World.

The party was the revival of a social custom in the South before the war. To its renaissance in Toronto, the young women came wearing ginghams aprons. The hostess, turning the molasses, which had been especially imported. After the necessary boiling down of the sweet, each guest and her beau took a turn in pulling on which was laid the roll of the candy. It was the young woman's part to get the roll into pulling condition.

This she did after the manner of kneading dough. After the preparation she took one end of the roll and passed the other to her young man. Then began the pull.

When the roll was extended the ends were put together by the two young men, joining hands. This process left a rope of candy, the lower end of which was taken up by one of the pullers, and they repeated the pull.

This was continued until the candy became brittle, when it was placed on another plate. The plates were then placed in a cool place and the young people proceeded to the drawing-room, where they indulged in the old play known in the South at all candy pulls as "King William."

The guests formed a circle, joining hands. One remained within the circle. This one, of course, was a young man. As the guests revolved around the center they sang the old words sung by their mothers and grandmothers, and to the same air:

King William was King James' son, And from a royal race he came, Upon his breast he wore a star, Which pointed to the northwest far. Go choose your east, go choose your west, Go choose the one that you love best.

At the conclusion of the last line the young man in the center made his choice. As she stepped to the center of the circle the guests closed the gap, and, circling around the twain, they continued to sing:

Down on this carpet you must kneel, Sure as the grass grows in the field, Salute your bride with a sweet kiss, And rise upon your feet in bliss.

At the twain's injunction, "Salute your bride with a sweet kiss," there was the usual scuffle and resistance, as there always was in the olden times. Then the twain in the center joined the circle, and the next young man stepped to the center and the programme was repeated until every young man had chosen the one that he loved best.

After this each young woman in the circle stood in the center by turn, and the words of the third line of the last stanza were changed to "Salute your young man with a kiss."

After each couple had knelt, and kissed, the circle broke. Each young man went to the cooling room for the plate of candy he had assisted in pulling and returned with it to the drawing-room. The candy was then eaten, and the pull was over.

"It no doubt seems a rather simple sort of amusement," said the hostess. "But you should see the people, but mothers and grandmothers indulged in it, and the pleasure consists in doing what amused them."

Then the hostess related that many of the old-time statesmen in the South, had, in their time, played "King William" at candy pulls. So far as the hostess knew, this is the first old-fashioned candy pull to take place in Canada.

HER DAINTY FEET.

He—If your feet are so tender, why don't you get shoes large enough to be comfortable?

She—That's just like a man. How could a woman be comfortable if she knew her shoes were a size larger than usual?

A WINTER'S COURSE OF READING.

[I.—THE SELECTION OF BOOKS.]

Books are a guide in youth and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from being a burden to ourselves. They give us the closest of men and things; compose our cares and our passions; and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, and find in the pages of a book the order or design in their conversation—Jeremy Collier.

With the coming of winter and its short days and long evenings, we are forced to give up the enjoyment of summer or autumn, when we seem to "live abroad and everywhere," and are induced to confine our feelings to the pleasures of the social circle, or club.

The favonian airs of spring and summer have been superseded by the bracing atmosphere of winter, which produces in us a longing for social intercourse of some sort. Many are appealed to by outdoor sports, such as skating; others prefer the retirement of a cosy study, where they may profit by the advice of sages or feast the imagination on the pages of romance. For the latter class is this article more particularly written. Each person should strive to attain a richer and fuller life; not only should his aim be to improve himself, but also to help those around him. Life's cup is something to be filled, not to be drained to the dregs. For this purpose there is nothing so well calculated as contact with the world's greatest authors and poets, living or dead. The student is ready to speak to us through the medium of the printed page. A well-selected course of reading will benefit all and can injure none. Besides, a love for good reading, when once acquired, will be found a constant source of healthy enjoyment, and the reader will never want friends. The wisest philosophers are ready to impart their wisdom; the most illustrious poets are ready to give us the best of their art; the greatest statesmen will instruct us in the principles of true citizenship and patriotism. It has been said that the best part of a man is his book. This is, anyway, the studied part of him; the result of his creative effort, and therefore the best of which he is capable. The printed page presents to us the best advice of the sage, the truest interpretation of the poet and the wisest decree of the statesman.

A course in reading need not be extensive; perhaps it is better that it should not be. The man "with one book" is more to be feared than he with a munificent library. Speaking in a general way, the great fault is that we read too much, and do not select our literature with one great end in view. In the older days, before modern improvements in the art of printing had multiplied our books, so that the statement "of making books there is no end" has become almost a truism, here our forefathers possessed a certain advantage over us. We are confronted with such a bewildering mass of literature that we cannot exercise care in the selection of our reading matter, our efforts, so far as culture in its truest sense is concerned, will be largely in vain. "It is far better," says Professor Goldwin Smith, "to be familiar with one great writer than to know a little of twenty less great."

When it is considered how great the influence of a single book is, the importance of wise selection in one's reading matter will be at once apparent. Bacon once said: "If I might control the literature of the household, I would guarantee the well-being of church and state." "Let me write the songs of a nation, and you shall know its laws," wrote Fletcher. These men were fully impressed with the importance of literature in molding national life. The effect of books on the individual is not less important. Great as the influence of a bad book is as disastrous as that of a good book is beneficial.

In regard to suitable books, a few suggestions may be made. In the first place, such books are not always orthodox, according to the common acceptance of the word. It would not, for instance, be advisable to follow blindly the teachings of Carlyle and Ruskin, yet the great English moral writers were not among the most powerful of their day and generation. The late Professor Henry Drummond once spoke to the effect that he derived the greatest benefit from the perusal of authors who were not considered strictly orthodox. There is something about their works which serves as a mental tonic; they stimulate by their novelty of idea and expression, and start one thinking. The works of Carlyle or Ruskin will prove a valuable antiseptic to the utilitarian tendencies of the present day.

Conservatism in the matter of reading is to be commended. The old books are, as a rule, the best. This is evidenced by the fact that they have survived. The modern writer is the "heir of all the ages," and draws to a large extent upon his heritage; the older authors were more self-reliant, or, in other words, possessed in a greater degree of the characteristic of originality. It is not intended to confine the term "old" to the ancient writers. The object is rather to draw a distinction between present-day poets and prose writers, or those of the immediate past, and the great authors of the past, who were not considered strictly orthodox. There is something about their works which serves as a mental tonic; they stimulate by their novelty of idea and expression, and start one thinking. The works of Carlyle or Ruskin will prove a valuable antiseptic to the utilitarian tendencies of the present day.

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on Tennyson, five of them on Shakespeare and one on Kipling. Of the men referred to, three are prominent statesmen and three are directly connected with higher education. All are men of a high degree of culture and refinement. There is little doubt but that their lives have been molded by such favorites as mentioned above.

PRIMAL CAUSE OF ALL STRIFE.

*One Should Look for It Over the
Back Yard Fence.*

*The Extreme Disadvantage of Having
Neighbors Who Borrow Indis-
criminately.*

[Ravenspur, in Toronto Star.]

I do not suppose for one instant if the average man were to be asked to name the most prolific cause of strife in any community that he would reply off-hand "The neighbors." He would, probably guess that it was whisky, or politics, or religion, or something of the sort, and of course he would be wrong. Whisky, politics and religion may all be contributing causes, but back of them all, the great primary cause of strife is the neighbors.

A moment's reflection will serve to convince any but the most hopelessly prejudiced of the truth of this statement. It is as self-evident as a geometric axiom that if we had no neighbors we would have nobody to quarrel with, unless we were insane enough to quarrel with ourselves, which, of course, not to be thought of, and so, having no one to quarrel with, we would not quarrel, and there would be no strife.

It is an unfathomable mystery how it is that philosophers and sages and socialists and other seekers after the cause of strife have never discovered this simple fact. It is as plain as the noses on their usually plain faces. But they have not discovered it, the reason probably being that they looked too far afield and searched the surrounding plains instead of merely taking a glance over the back yard fence. Now that I have mentioned the real cause of strife, I dare say some foreign savant will claim credit for the discovery which he would never have made but for me.

History is full of examples which show conclusively that to the habit people have of having neighbors they owe most of their troubles. To go back to the very birth of history, for an example, take the case of Adam and Eve. It is generally understood that their life was one grand, sweet song until a previously unknown neighbor happened along and got them going over a line fence. If Solomon, the wisest man, with the exception of Sir Charles Tupper, who ever lived, had not had neighbors whose pretty daughters he wanted to marry, he might have had time to write several more books of Proverbs.

Turning from sacred to secular history, we find an exceeding multitude of similar demonstrations. Nations, for instance, almost invariably quarrel with neighboring nations—England with France, Germany with France, Russia with Turkey, China with Japan. You never hear of Greece and Patagonia having a row, or of Australia becoming embroiled with Morocco or Peru with Persia. Had Uncle Sam not had the Spaniard for a neighbor, the Monroe doctrine might still be stored in the national attic, and had John Bull not expanded until his back veranda overhung Oom Paul's tennis court there might yet be peace in South Africa.

Of course, everybody knows what a nuisance neighbors, in the more restricted sense of the term, are. My own experience is that neighbors borrow, and seldom lend, and my friends tell me the same thing. It is astonishing sometimes what versatile borrowers the neighbors are. They have known them borrow the piano and the wash tub on the same day, and it is generally the case that they always want to borrow something that you are just using, or just going to use in a few minutes.

It is really marvelous how disagreeable the neighbors can be when they want to, which is always, except when they're on borrowing bent. Every time we wash, for instance, here is an old thing next door who sits up at her back window and critically inspects the various garments as we hang them out on the line. Our only consolation is that our washing is not nearly as ragged as hers, anyway.

And then the neighbors' children! I often wonder why it is they are so universally horrid. There must be some near good children in the world in addition to ours, and you would think the neighbors would sometimes get hold of a decent batch by accident, but they never do, never. No matter how angelic your children are, the neighbors' children are never anything but horrid, and the result is that every time you send your own sweet lambs out to play, Reggie is morally sure to return to your arms in tears, with his face scratched, while Edith usually loses a little hair and her frock is a sight. All the dastardly work of the neighbors' brats, who are so plain children anyway, and who are at this very minute damning canons on your front lawn and making faces at you!

Ordinarily you prefer not to have too much to say to your neighbors, who are rather common people, you know, but you can't stand having your cherubs maltreated, and you go in next door to expostulate, expecting, of course, that Mrs. Brown, Jones or Robinson, as the case may be, will have the decency to chastise her unruly brats. But she never does. Probably she makes some sarcastic remarks, probably she repudiates your scorn the suggestion that her offspring are as good as yours—the ideal—and the end of it is you go back home disgusted, and resolve to give the landlord notice.

Perhaps you give him notice and move, only to find that neighbors' kids are the same everywhere; but generally you don't, because just when you are going to, a few friends drop in, and you have to borrow the neighbors' chairs and dishes and teaspoons and a few similar trifles.

As I have said before, the hateful-ness of neighbors is a versatile thing. If you keep a cat, they always keep a dog. If you have a back garden, they invariably cultivate hens; and an especially aggravating habit of theirs is that whenever you have callers and take your visitors out on the front



"STITCH" IN THE BACK

"Ouch! That's it. It catches me just as I am rising from the chair, and oh, how it hurts! I can't work, because every time I stoop I am in danger of falling down. I get so bad sometimes I can't turn over in bed."

"It's Lumbago, associated with weak nerves and muscles in your back. Put this belt on, applying the warm, glowing current right at that spot. In a few hours you will feel a general loosening up of the strained muscles, the soreness will go away, and you can twist in any position without danger. I can warrant you a cure in less than ten days."

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Dr. McLaughlin, My Dear Sir:—I am glad to say that I don't feel any rheumatic pain at present. Your Belt has done me a lot of good. I am recommending your Belt to everyone who I think needs one. I have written several letters to people asking questions about the Belt, and give them the same satisfaction that I have given you. I put the Belt on. Yours, JOSEPH LITTLEJOHN, Markdale, Ont.

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CURES CATARRH IN THE HEAD

Don't take medicine into the stomach to kill germs of Catarrh in the head. If you will only stop and think for a moment you will certainly realize that the germs of disease grow in the head, and that the only way to get rid of them is to carry a medicine to the diseased passages capable of destroying such germs. Catarrh, Colds, Pains in the Head, Stomach, Throat, Hoarseness, and all diseases of the air passages yield as if by magic to treatment with this little pocket inhaler. Science and common sense can offer no improvement upon this little pocket physician. It is simple in construction and may be used anywhere and at any time. It is the only positive cure for the disease named. The principle of action is the most perfect yet devised. One charging lasts for months. It is 12 cents a treatment for \$1.00 and about 10 times Catarrh cures you can get any where for the price. It destroys the germs of disease with a new germicide. I make easy to prove this beyond question by the following remarkable

SPECIAL OFFER For a short time, Dr. Rex will mail free to any one who sends him this advertisement, a complete set of his new Catarrh Inhaler, complete with medicine for one year. If it gives satisfaction send Dr. Rex \$1.00; if not, return it after three days' trial. Could any proposition be fairer? I cannot find words to express the good your inhaler has done me in three days. I have used many different kinds of medicine, but your remedy is the best I have ever used. L. W. PARKES, Peterboro, Ont.

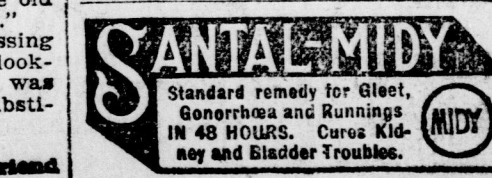
AGENTS WANTED. Address: Dr. Rex Medicine Co. Box 1, Toronto

veranda, the neighbors invariably gather on their front verandas, on either side of you, and rubber and listen and make remarks which you can't catch.

I could go on ad infinitum with my recital of the shortcomings of the neighbors—mine and yours, you know, but where's the use? I think I have by this time convinced the thoughtful reader that the only true solution of the mystery of how to preserve universal peace lies in the direction of abolishing the evils I have so briefly glanced at. Once we get rid of our neighbors the preservation of universal peace will be an easy matter.

HIS QUEST. "The secret of success," said the old man, impressively, "is hard work." "Just so," said his son, suppressing a yawn; "but I wasn't exactly looking for the secret of success; I was trying to find an agreeable substitute."

Minzard's Lintment Lumbago's Friend



Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhea and Runnings in 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

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