## THE TWICE-A-WEEK HERALD, TUESDAY, MAY 15, 1900.



One day in the sweet June weather | her, and from that conclusion leaped of the year 186-, she sat in the shad- at once to another-that he must have ow of her cabin well, "laying down her-and immediately set about the the law" to her loving and wilful accomplishment of that end. But Bel charge. He leaned idly against the Pointer did not second him so readily rude doorpost, and looked down upon as had been the case with former her with smiling eyes. loves. She too had a spice of the co-

her with smiling eyes. "Mars Charley," she was saying, "you ought to marry, chile. What'll quette in her composition, and a merry dance did she lead this reckless become o' de 'spectable name o' Maryoung gentleman. Her beauty, wit shall, if you doesn't marry some o' and the reputed wealth of her father dese days?" brought her many suitors, and most "Certainly, mammy," he replied, deftly she played them one against

"of course I ought to marry, if only another. to accommodate you. I'll go and do It might have been supposed that it to-morrow '

young Marshall should have suffered "Now, don't you go triffin' 'bout some in his family pride when he beser'ous things, Mars Charley," she came the rival of his "butcher, baker said, with some asperity. "I's in- and candle-stick maker," for Bel's deed solid earnes', and wants you to lovers came from all ranks. Her beaulisten to reason. You's flirted an' ty and grace were sufficient attraction fooled round heah long nough. Dat for the highest, while her humble oryou has, an' you'll be punished yit | igin encouraged those of a lower defo' de way you's trifled wid de 'fec- gree. And among them all she reigntions o' some o' de nice young gals ed impartially. Whoever behaved here 'bouts. I 'clar it's 'nough to well to her, to him she behaved well make a dog sick to see de way you in return, but not one of them could carries on. Heah you might have boast of the slightest favor. With a your pick an' choice outen de whole certain proud wilfulness, she kept country, and yit nothin' won't do you | them all at an equal distance. This was such a state of affairs as but dat Bel Pointeh. Well, I s'pose it ain't no use fo' me to say nothin'. well might be animadverted upon by You's de hardheadest chile in de the old family servant who had the worl'. You's as much like Miss boy's real welfare at heart, but with M'riar, yo' po' motheh, as two peas. him it only had the effect of deepen-

Nobody's 'vice'll eveh make you do ing his wild and wilful passion into nothin' you don't want to," with a the determination that to no such sigh of angry resignation. rivals would he succumb. He swore "Oh, yes, mammy," he said laugh- that Bel Pointer should be his wife. ing, "I'd do anything in the world to | and with his customary careless arro-

please you-that is, anything in rea- gance recked not who fell in the race son. Just lay your commands upon where he was to win. As to Jim me and see with what cheerful alac- Pointer and the other manifest inconrity I will obey." "Would you now, chile?" the old

woman asked, with new hopes. "Certainly I would; just try me nonce all his old coquetries with the now."

The woman looked at him eagerly, and addressed himself solely to the yet with some doubt. "Mars Charley," she said, rising

It is only fair in this connection to and laying her hand upon his arm, mention one fact in partial exonera- thing for you as an honester and com-

It is not to be supposed that Bal Pointer had arisen and placed herse if AFTER among the vines for the simple purpose of posing for the admiration of her rustic lover, but she certainly did, as usual, what best became her. The Relics and Refuse of and his eyes followed her with a gaze of intensest admiration and anger.

"Look here, Bel," he cried, roughly, "this thing has gone far enough! Do you think you can keep a man dangling after you forever? I've loved you honest and true, and told you so often enough for you to know it by this time, but you seem to think all men were made just for your amusement. I, for one, don't agree with

you. I don't give all and ask for nothing back. So, once for all, Bel, I ask you, will you marry me? Yes or no, plain and square, and no beating about the bush, for I won't stand that any longer, by gracious!" 'What have I done," she said, scornfully ignoring his question, 'that you should call me Bel?" "Do you fire up when Marshall calls

you Bel?" he retorted, significantly. The blood deepened in her cheek. "And what has Charley Marshall done," she asked, with augmented insolence, "that his conduct and yours

should be weighed in the same balance?" Now this, it must be confessed, Was not an answer calculated to cool the anger of an ill-used lover, but Bel never made attempts either to anger or placate. She simply went on her way doing as she pleased-kind, if she felt in a kindly mood, or much the other way if anything had occurred to vex her. Her favors were by no means awarded to deserts, but more to occasions. The personage here ad- dreds upon hunlieds of them, and never

dressed evidently thought forbearance once, by day, fail to see them. Yet there had ceased to be a virtue. He sprang to his feet angrily. "Some man will kill you yet for your devilish tongue," he cried, ap-

proaching her. She stood entirely calm, looking at him with supercilious indifference. "How do you suppose I am to go to school together, you and me, Charley and Bel and Len together? ways held themselves above us com-mon folks, but even they don't feel but rushed straight toward the gaol of his desires. He dropped for the Miss Bel Pointer," with scornful em-

moner man. He's fooled many a poor

girl in his day, dang him! many a

girl that's ranked you, Miss Bel

think because you are so proud and so

handsome that you'll fare different

from the rest. He'll bow, and scrape,

and beg, and plead until you give in,

and then he'll be off after some other

fool. Oh! I beg pardon, Miss Pointer;

I suppose I ought to be more choice in

my titles, but when a man's in dead,

downright earnest, he ain't apt to

pick and choose his words. If you

throw me over for Marshall's soft

speeches, you'll rue the day you did

them.

the company of Royal Engineers who were with them. I trust you will pub-BATTLE. lish this letter-with recounts which actually happened from the moment the Royal Canadians advanced from the

"At 2.15 a. m. (on the 27th of Febru-

Modern War. they established themselves and made a new trench within 93 yards of the Boer trenches.

ary), the Royal Canadians with 240 men BY JULIAN RALPH. in the front rank, the latter with rifles

A

slung and entrenching tools, and about 30 officers and men of the Royal Engineers (London "Daily Mail" Correspondence). under Lieut Col Kincaid, forming the 'Even the blooming butterflies are the right of the rear rank of the Canadians, lor of khaki, as Tommy Atkins remarkmoved steadily from the trench, shoulder ed when he saw his first swarm of locusts. to shoulder, in the dark night, feeling There is an exception to the rule, as was their way through the bushes and keepproved by the next living thing I saw. It

ing touch by the right. was a secretary bird a yard in height, as At 2.15 a. m., they were met by a terheavy as a big turkey - a stately bird rific fire from the enemy's trench, now holding himself proudly and stalking only 60 yards in front of them. along with noble strides as he glanced "The line was forced to fall back, but about him for a breakfast of snakes. He only a very small distance ; the right of

was black and white. Partridges and many it under Captain Stairs and Macdonnell, snipe-like birds flattered out of our road, Royal Canadians, some 20 yards, where and present, I saw ahead of me a swarm they lay down in the open and returned of vultures soaring in as thick a cloud a steady fire - mostly volleys - for the as if they had been mothe. As I drew next 11 hours: the left had to fall nearer I noticed that the bulk of each back rather further. one's body was very great. On the

Under cover of these two captains ground-where there were two scole Lieutenant-Colonel Kincaid and his R. E. waddling about-they seemed even large r. officers and men and the Canadians work-They marked the outer edge of the great ing party in that of the line, constructed and horrid field of carnage. Many dead trenches in spite of the galling fire, and horses lay on the veldt, and these birds by daylight had completed a most admirwere eating some and perching on the able work which gave cover from fire in all threatened directions, and was so well

Foul, nauseous, ugly, beastly birds are traversed with banks and sandbags that these. They were to be my constant comnot a single casualty occurred after it was panions for three days. I was to see hunoccupied. "As day dawned a mined house was

noticed on the opposite bank of the river, were not enough of them to make away from which this work could be enfiladed, with all the food that war had given and a party from the reserve (A Company) them. Toward the end of the ride the was sent up the left bank to occupy it. ghoulish birds thinned out, but the dead "To cover the early morning attack as horses and oxen multiplied. soon as the burst of fire opened at 2.50 a.

THE VULTURES' FEAST. m., the Shropshires, in order to hold the

backs of others.

I am told that a British officer who enemy in the main laager, engaged them stand such talk from you, Bel Point- would not take a pin for his own use with long range volleys, whilst the Gorer? Wasn't I raised right here in the will steal like an Albanian to feed a done remained partly in the open and neighborhood with you? Didn't we hungry horse-and all our horses have partly in the most advanced flank trench, been hungry of late, and many a gentle | which latter they lengthened and en- on Mojuba day at Paardeberg. He says and your sweet Charley Marshall? man has looted forage. It must be, then, larged, ready to move forward in support. Just at this juncture a chap named Quinn And didn't we always call each other that our officers feel as I do about this "Shortly after daylight a white flag was from Fredericton, who was lying low slaughter of horses in this war. Between flying in the Boer trench, which was 93 trying to get in a shot; received a ball in I'll own that the Marshall's have al- battles a dozen deadly forms of disease yards from cur newly constructed trench; seize them, and they have to be flung aside and soon the Boers came trooping into and left to die in the dust. And in battle our line. They stated that they had no sfterwards Lovitt and Fradsham, from up too good to have us call their names. And inst lat ma tall heir legs are snapped off, their bodies offers from General Cronje to surrender, the St John river, were shot through the A. F. RANDOLPH & SONS other beauties of the neighborhood And just let me tell you right here, their legs are shapped on, their bounds but that they heard he intended to give sides.

there is nothing to do but to leave them in on the 28th of February. man of yours may not be as sure a to the assvogels, as the vultures are call. "The result, however, of this gallant writing from Bloemfontein, mentions ed. There is no time in battle, to shoot operation was that General Cronje altered that he and J M Aitkin, of this city, are bis date one day earlier.

"Major-General,



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April 16th, 1900

310 Queen St., Fredericton

SHERIFF'S SALE.

is supposed he had words with the boy, OWEN SHARKEY as the latter w'io had been hanging around the office, stealthily procured a

revolver from his father's chest in his private apartment. Approaching the unfortunate man, the boy shot his father through the heart.

boat freight men, and Ontario local agent

of the Richilean and Ontario Navigation

Co, was shot dead by his twelve year old

He was attending his usual duties in

the freight office, Yonge street wharf. It

son this morning at 10 o'clock.

Death was instantaneous. Employees of the office were in the outer office at the time.

The boy has been arrested. McIntyre was the father of a large family. Thirteen aldermen had just signed a petition to have him appointed city excursion agent. It was to have come up today at the city hall.

> liberate and premeditated. The boy ad mits the deed.

Pt. W J Raymond, a St John man with the first Canadian contingent tells how some Fredericton soldiers were wounder bis stomach. He was second man in the trench to me on the left, and shortly

Bugler McMullan, a Kings County man chumming. He says : "We own a house



"what you gwine to do 'bout dat Bel Pinteh?' He looked up with sudden heat, and

cried, shaking off the old hand: "Marry her the first minute she'll

have me, by Georgo !" Aunt Phibby looked at him with a glance of rage and scorn, and stalked stiffly into the house, shutting the

door violently in his face. The young man looked after her a moment, laughed and walked whistling away.

CHAPTER II.

Young Marshall has been his own master too long to brook much opposition even in the matter of his whims, much less in the indulgence of a serions passion. The old negress, Phibby, tyrannized over him in many of the I might have married him had I chos smaller details of life, but neither she en," though few were shrewd enough nor any other had much actual influ- to realize that they would still do so ence upon his will. Though living very readily would he but say the in a country where social position word. Whether Bel feared to subject held its possessors even more than or- herself to the usual fate of his lady dinarily aloof from the less fortunate many, yet the very pride which he had inherited forbade his relinquishing a pursuit once begun. That the In vain he tried upon her his old girl, Bel Pointer, was his inferior and formerly successful arts. She socially cannot be denied, though the laughed at his pathos, she scorned his long and familiar intercourse of their passion, until he began to think that childhood and youth might well have now he really felt he could inspire no impaired that distinction, until, real- feeling in return. All this but added izing the birth and growth of his pas- new fire to his eagerness, and with sion, he was ready and willing to ig- unwavering determination again and nore or surmount that with all other again he rallied to the siege. obstacles to his wishes. Although his slaves, with the ex-

He had been as Aunt Phibby has very justly remarked, something of a to make new ties, were all freed and flirt-not from any serious motives, gone, the work on the place went on but simply because he was fond of as of old. But Jim Pointer's frugallythe society of women. He even liked acquived wealth had made no differthe old and ugly of the sex, and could amuse himself quite well for an hour seed'' the hired hands of the younger or two with Aunt Phibby, entirely as he had done the slaves of the elder independent of his filial regard for Marshall. So poor Charley was left her. But perhaps the truest reason entirely at the mercy of that bad perfor his fondness for the fair lay in the fact that he possessed an unusual for idle hands, and right energetically power and fascination over all women. did he second the endeavors of that It amused him to select some fair damsel, with whom perhaps he had would not have it understood that it not the slightest acquaintance and was the devil who prompted him to say to himself, "I'll give myself one fall in love with Bel Pointer. Far be week in which to become engaged to it from me to make so ungallant a that girl." And, with an energy suggestion. I do but speak on general worthy of a better cause, he would principles for the good old hymnist proceed in the most masterly manner to approach, sap, storm and finally able truth in those beautiful old nurcapture the citadel of the unwary fair | sery rhymes. one's heart-or fancy.

I beg the reader not to hold me re- ble to a man of energy, and if his sponsible for the faults of my hero. I life or his surroundings furnish him neither indorse nor commend his be- no pursuit, the devil is always at havior in this respect, but it is only hand to supply the deficiency. But I fair to add that he was not so much did not take up my pen to deliver false as fickle, for in most of his love homilies, moral or otherwise, but affairs he was for the time at least simply to relate some incidents in the slightly in earnest. lives of Charley Marshall and others,

In his pursuit of Bel Pointer, how- and just now to give you some idea ever, he did not enter with any un- of the state of his mind when he went worthy motives-nor, indeed, with whistling away from the door of his any motives at all. He simply waked kindy though ill-advised monitor. up one day to the fact that he loved As for Bel Pointer, whether worthy



tion of the career of this erratic and unheroic hero of ours. Although we cannot approve of his treatment of the gentler sex so far as their affections were concerned, he certainly had the grace to spare their pride, which he never wounded under any circum-

gruities, he gave them no thought,

stances. After winning his way into their nearts and gaining an expression of their feelings, he invariably so contrivd it that a quarrel should present-

one object in view.

ly ensue, in which the girl always took the initiative, and which ended in his ignominious dismissal from the engagement. But. singular to relate, he never lost their favor, and there was scarcely a girl in the whole coun-

ception of a few too old or too faithful

or otherwise, whether indifferent or

CHAPTER III.

nervous grace.

Time, noon of a midsummer's day;

it. Can you think of a single passa-ble girl in this neighborhood that he try thereabouts who did not say to hasn't made love to? And what has herself sometimes: "Poor Charley ecome of it all? No broken hearts, I reckon, because he's too smart to go so far. But do you suppose he ever really loved one of those girls, or cared how many wounds she got in the fight? And more than all that," he continued, looking at her sternly, 'do you suppose Charley Marshall would ever marry his overseer's daughter?"

He opened his mouth to speak further, but suddenly on the soft air broke a voice singing: "Oh, canst thou doubt my heart,

Genevieve Say not that we must part, Genevieve?

Love, canst thou bid me go! Love, canst thou grieve me so? Thy heart and mine crv no, Genevieve.

The young man, Leonard Harris, frowned darkly, and made a movement as if to go, but with a sudden, defiant gesture stepped back and seatence in his habits, and he still "overed himself again upon the bench. Bel did not move. During the tirade of her angry lover her face had lost a shade of its bright color, but she still looked straight at him with unmoved sonage, who, it is said, finds mischief and scornful eyes. Her foot had begun a restless tatoo upon the rough oak floor and her long, slender fingers were pulilng and tearing the tender lowers among which she stood.

The voice ceased singing, the gate opened and shut, and a light step came up the walk to the portico. "Good day, Len," cried Charley Marshall's cheery tones. "Where is uttered an unalterable and unassail-Bel?'

She stepped forth from the shadow. (In he Continued.) Entire physical idleness is impossi-





permanency of the cures this remedy makes.

The country is full of dyspepsia cures. They're like Jonah's gourd—spring up in a night and vanish in a night. There's nothing of a permanent or stable upon the girl, we can only say of her companion that he was short, stout and of neutral tints, and totally un-

Let the anti-cruelty people at home rave as they may, there are other things comparatively small, so they were for militia blankets, to keep the sun out in Pointer, by a long way. You needn't to think of beside humanity in the heat the results gained and considering the the day time. I came pretty near not heavy fire which continued for nearly two having Tom for a chum either, as at the of great battles. But of all the pitiful, heartrending hours at 80 yards' range. They only am- battle of Paardeberg in the night attack,

sights I have ever seen, none has com- ounted to 45 casualties in the brigade- he had a Martini-Henry bullet right pared to this view of hundreds upon hun- thus, 12 N.C.O.'s and men, Royal Cana- through his haversack, blowing it all to drede of dead and dying horses on this dians, killed; 30 N.C.O.'s and men, Royal pieces." hundred miles of war's promenade. The Canadians, wounded, and 3 officers woundpoor beasts had done no man any harm- ed, Major Pelletier and Lieut Armstrong, in fact, each one had been a man's reli. Royal Canadiane, and Lieut Atchison, K ance-and see them tattered by shell and Company, Shropshire Light Infantry. A then ripped open by vultures, often before fold in the ground exactly covered the they were dead, was enough to snap the spot where the party was working ; hence tenderest chords in one's breast. They the absence of casualties in the Royal Enhad not deserved and they could not gineers and the slight losses in the work-

understand their horrible ill-luck. For ing party of the Royal Canadians. "Yours faithfully, some reason, hundreds had dragged H. L. SMITH-DORRIEN. themselves to the main road, and then had died either in the track of the wag-"Commanding 19th Brigade." gons or by its side.

HORROR ON HORR R'S HEAD. CAPT. MACDONNELL But the worst horror was to come when The Gallant Commander of Company G I approached close upon the last ba tle- is Making a Great Name for Himself. field, only twenty-four hours after the

We are all proud of Capt Archie Macfight at Driefontein. On this field not nearly all the horses were yet dead. Un donnell's achievements in the war. He the contrary, as I came up beside the is not a Fredericton boy, but he lived so prostrate body a beautiful steed it long here that we have come to regard would slowly and painfully lift its head him as one of ourselvee, and Capt Macand turn upon me a pair of the most donnell quite reciprocates the affection. pleading, woe-stricken eyes, full of a A Herald representative saw Capt Macbunger to know what \*I could do for it. And all I could do was to drive on, for I left for South Africa, and his message was : had no firearms-even for my own pro- "Tell dear old Fredericton that I shall try tection, deep in an enemy's country, to bring credit to my country in S. Africa," where we had put no single armed man and he has done it. His bravery in

o guard the route of our supplies and leading the New Brunswick boys right up to the cannon's mouth on that fateful eisforcemente. My companion used to turn and look Majuba day morning when Cropje surback at these dying horses only to find rendered, was mentioned in Col Otter's that they were still straining their sai despatches, and was especially referred to eyes after the cart. Then he would say, in Gen. Smith Dorrien's communication He is looking at us yet. Oh; it makes me to a Bloemfontein paper, which we pubill. Look! he is staring at us like a guilty lish today. Capt. Macdonnell's gallant conscience. What can we do? I wish we conduct has also been commended in England, and this week's London Illusdid not see such things.'

For my part, I would not look behind. trated News does him the distinguished Heaven knows, it was bad enough to see honor of publishing his picture, among ahead where horses stumbled and fell the war herces, accompanied by the folfrom weakness while the horrible assvo- lowing appreciative sketch : gels swept in circles over them, eager to "Captain Archibald H. Macdonnell, of

gels swept in circles over them, eager to rend their living flesh. Oxen, too, were "Captain Archibald H. Macdonnell, of the Royal Canadian Regiment of Inying everywhere, with straight, stiff legs fantry, whose portrait is now printed, is bilhoue'ted against the veldt. They one of the first conjugent that left "Our looked like the toy animals that children Lady of the Snows" for service in the make out of round potatoes with woodes field under the semi-tropical skies of South Africa. Captain Macdonnell, who was present at the Modder River fight AN ARMY'S BISCUIT TINS.

and at the bloody battle of Paardeberg, Everywhere, also, blazing objects, had a special mention in the despatches learning like ton-weights of crystal, litsent by Colonel Otter to the Canadian tered the elovenly face of the earth. They government for his conspicuous service at the engagement in which the Canadian Regiment played so gall nt a part just troppers torn from wounded bodies, shrap-before the surrender of Cronje, and whose determined attack brought the long com-

bat of Paardeberg to a close." there had been a camp, and where there were no signs of camping there were al-A LIFE SENTENCE most sure to be the furrows and the junk of war. When we found gin bottles and border, though it is generally true. three legged pot-bellied iron kettles we Readers of this paper remember reading three legged pot-bellied from kettles we knew we were where the Boers bad camped. When we saw only shiny bi cuit time the size of little trunks we need ed not to be told that we stood where ed not to be told that we stood where the marder of Daniel Murphy by bis reprobate son, going on two years ago. The last issue of the Times, Houlton, says:-Daniel Patrick Mur-bis cuit time the bed fed on

ed not to be told that we should where there had rested an army that had fed on only one biscuit a day, but had gone un-Wiswell to State prison for life, having complainingly on, well content with be-been found guilty of the murder of his MONEY TO LOAN ing led by the greatest wizard of war. father. Thus endeth one of the most insince Na; oleon-the British soldier's idol, teresting murder cases ever held in an

little Bobs. Aroostook conrt. One year ago he was Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup bas been found guilty. His attorney DA.H. Powers used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at failed to set aside the verdict and after night and broken of rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer imwas too strong against hir

J R Munroe of Chatham, who is a

member of the first Canadian contingent,

one. I will have plenty of money and I

have given up drinking, so I will be quite

a catch for some lucky girl. Don't you

think so? You might put an advertise-

Word has been received in Vancouver

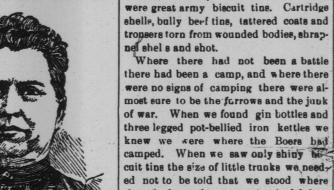
to the effect that the home of Mr. and

Miss Hatt, daughter of Mr and Mrs Geo

Hatt of Vancouver.-Vancouver World.

ment in The World-Girl Wanted."

TAMES S. NEILL



matches for legs.

Mrs. Wm. Day's case is one more positive proof of the

Having expended so many words



of baby's future as she holds the sleeping little one in her arms. But the dreams ers, but, to a keen and sensitive obwill never come true unless she has server, he was not a rival to be despisgiven him a strong body and a healthy mind. Children die in hosts, or live to struggle through life feeble of body and dull of mind home to be dismissed with a frown. Theirs had evidently not been of mind because the mother was the most pleasant of interviews, and unfit physically and mentally for moth-erhood. Women who use Dr. Pierce's where he had sat at her side and stood erhood. Women who use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription endow their chil-dren with strong bodies and bright minds. the vines. It is every mother's duty to give her child the advantages of a healthy body and mind. A weak or sickly woman cannot do this. "Favorite Prescription" dark leaves and brilliant blossoms swaying about her was one well calcumakes weak women strong and sick lated to fix the eye of even an indiffer-

like her except in a certain sombre selves, or the cure they make. Now Burdock Blood Bitters has been on fire of the eye. His attire, tawdry yet flashy, his manner self-asserting, yet the market more than twenty years. It has oured thousands of the worst cases of dys-pepsia and cured them to stay cured. Take this case of Mrs. Wm. Day, of Fort ill at ease, his voice loud and unmodulated, all bespoke his place in the lower stratum of Bel Pointer's admir-William, Ont. In the year 1894 her husband wrote the following: "Two years ago my wife was very ill with dyspepsia. None of the many remedies she tried gave her any relief. Finally she tried Burdock Blood Bitters and after taking six bottles was entirely cured. That is now more than two years ago and she has had no return of the malady I also have had occasion to use B.B.B. and I cannot speak too highly in its favor. I always recommend it tomy friends and in

The picture she made, with the

every case with good results. (Signed) Wm. Day. Now the following letter which has be n recently received shows how permanent the cure made in 1892 has been: I must say with women well. Mrs. Orrin Stiles, of Downing, Dunn Co., Wis., writes: "I have been intending to write to you ever since my baby was born in regard to what your 'Favorite Prescription' has done for me.' a baby boy, weight 11 pounds, and I was only surprised mysel but all of my friends here are surprised to see me so well." The Diemes's Pellets cure biliousness. Women well. Mrs. Orrin Stiles, of Downing, Dunn Co., Wis., writes: "I have been intending to write to you ever since my baby was born in regard to what your 'Favorite Prescription' has done for me.' a baby boy, weight 11 pounds, and I was only surprised mysel but all of my friends here are surprised to see me so well." The Diemes's Pellets cure biliousness. The Diemes's Pellets cure biliousness. Women well. Mrs. Orrin Stiles, of Downing, Dunn Co., Wis., writes: "I have been to had any womb troubled since I got up. I was not only surprised mysel to a sense of what is fitting, but select a garment for its intrinsic beau'y alone, and thus subordinate then-selves to their dress? The Diemes's Pellets cure biliousness.

character either about these remedies them-Depend upon it, mothers, mediately. there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasent to taste. The prescriptions of at nome says: "I think I will get mar one of the oldest and best physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. 25c per bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Wing-

low's Soothing Syrup." - jan 197 lyr

CANADIANS ON MAJUBA DAY. General Smith Dorrien's Tribute to our

Gallant Troops.

Writing to correct some errors in the Bloemfontein Friend's account of the Mrs Frank L Christie of Sandon, has been part the Canadians took in compelling brightened by the arrival of a bouncing Cronje's surrender, General Smith-Dorrien baby boy. Mrs Christie was formerly

> Bloemfontein, March 17, 1900. To the Editor of the "Friend":

Cards of invitation have been given by "Dear Sir .- I have read your account of 'The Canadians on Majuba Day' in Dr and Mrs R K Ross of St Stephen, to your issue of yesterday. It is correct up the marriage of their eldest daughter, to a certain point, but the last part of it | Miss Henrietta Blair Ross, to Thomas Ives Byrne, M. D., at the church of the Holy

"In justice to this gallant corps and to Rosary on the morning of May 23rd.

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