HER HUSBAND WAS A DRUNKARD

A Lady Who Cures Her Husband of His Drinking Habits Writes of Her Struggle to Save Her Home.

A PATHETIC LETTER.

"I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Tasteless Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his week's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming, at all hazards. I sent for your Tasteless Samaria Prescription, and put it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me—a peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comforts, and everything else dear to a woman's heart; for my husband had told me that whiskey was vile stuff and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving him the medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another lot, to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from promises before. He never has and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

Sent Free to All—A sample package of Tasteless Samaria Prescription gladly sent free with full particulars in plain, sealed envelope. All letters considered sacredly confidential. Address, enclosing stamp for reply, The Samaria Remedy Co., 36 Jordan Street, Toronto, Canada.

THE
Woman's Christian Temperance Union
ADOPT THE
"SAMARIA PRESCRIPTION"
FOR the CURE of DRUNKENNESS

Letter from Mrs. George Grant, of Paisley, Ont., giving particulars of a cure effected by "Samaria Prescription," resulting in its use and adoption by the Paisley Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

(Copy)

Paisley, Ont., Dec. 11, 1900.
The Samaria Remedy Co.,
36 Jordan Street, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I penned a few lines to you some time ago,—as a member of the temperance cause, I wrote for information; at that time I had in my mind friends whose son was a great cause of anxiety and trouble on account of his drunken habits. I strongly urged the friends to try the remedy I saw advertised in the Toronto Globe. They did so. It was the Samaria Remedy that was administered and I am pleased to inform the company the medicine was helpful; the young man has not drank a drop since, breaking off from old companions; and special prayers on his behalf, all aided in breaking the chains.

At the last meeting of the W. C. T. U. here, I introduced your medicine for the cure of the liquor habit, and a resolution was passed, "That inasmuch as it is the aim of this organization to help the poor inebriate we should recommend this remedy in homes where persons are addicted to the use of intoxicating liquers." Now, sirs, wishing you a successful career in your noble work, and feeling that assistance can be given in the precincts of home by the hand of mother or wife, trusting God may open up useful avenues for your labors. Yours very respectfully,

(Signed) Mrs. George Grant,
(Signed) Mrs. George Grant,
On behalf of Paisley W. C. T. U.

FREE SAMPLE and pamphlet giving full information, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Enclose 2c. stamp. Address THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 36 Jordan St., TORONTO, Ontario.

DID MRS. CHEESEMAN SMILE?

Mrs. Cheeseman, arrayed in her best gown, was sitting for her photograph.

Your expression—pardon me—is a trifle too severe, said the photographer, looking at her over his camera. Relax the features a trifle. A little more, please. Wait a moment.

He came back, made a slight change in the adjustment of the head rest, then stood off and inspected the result.

Now, then. Ready. Beg pardon—the expression is still a little too stern. Relax the features a trifle. A little more, please. Direct your gaze at the card on this upright post. All ready. One moment again—pardon me, the expression is still too severe. Relax the——

Jemima! roared Mr. Cheeseman, coming out from behind the screen and glaring at her savagely, smile, confound you! Smile.

VALUATION OF LOST LIMBS.

According to a scale of value furnished by the miners' unions and miners' accident insurance companies of Germany, the loss of both hands is valued at 100 per cent., or the whole ability to earn a living. Losing the right hand depreciates the value of an individual as a worker 70 to 80 per cent., while the loss of the left hand represents from 60 to 70 per cent. of the earnings of both hands. The thumb is reckoned to be worth from 20 to 30 per cent. of the earnings. The first finger of the right hand is valued at from 14 to 18 per cent., that of the left hand at from 8 to 13½ per cent.

WOMAN SEA-CAPTAIN.

Marie Joanna Kersaho, whose death on the Island of Croix, in France, at the age of seventy-two, has been reported, had the distinction of being the only woman sea-captain in the world. She went to sea with her father when she was twelve years old, and after his death she captained three more vessels, and obtained several medals and money rewards for heroism on the water.

Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of.....
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Man's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—Guy Hartleigh leaves England to find his long lost cousin in San Francisco. Maida Carringford, an actress in that city, is pestered by genteel loafers amongst whom is Caryl Wilton who proposes and is rejected. She learns the story of her mother's betrayal by Sir Richard Hartleigh. Sir Richard's child, Constance, whom Guy is after her and is taken to Hartleigh Hall by Guy.

CHAPTER VI.

If the first fear that he would find his daughter such a one as he must be ashamed of, ever occurred to Sir Richard, it was only to be dismissed with a smile and an increased wonder that she, who had lived as she had, could accommodate herself to her new situation, with an ease which no one could have surpassed.

He could not keep his eyes from her, but watched her as she presided at the table with all the grace and nonchalance of one who has done the same thing so often as to be unconscious of the details of her movements. And yet Maida Carringford was acting as she never before had acted, recalling the many bits of "business" with which she had taken the part of the lady on the stage.

But after the meal there came a harder trial than merely sitting at a tea table and acting as if she were at home there. Sir Richard, anxious to please her, gave her his arm as they rose from the table, and led her into the little gallery where he had sat that night awaiting her coming.

With a pleased smile on his face he led her from picture to picture, without making any comment on any of them, and she got the idea, somehow, that an ordeal was being prepared for her, and she was on the alert to meet it, whatever it might be. It came, but it was different from anything she had foreseen, and it nearly betrayed her.

The portraits had not interested her, and she had given them but scant attention, so that when Sir Richard stopped in front of the picture of his wife, she was not even looking at it. He saw that she was thinking of other things, and gently called her by name:

"Constance!"

"Father!" and she looked at him, and then, following his glance, turned her eyes on the face in the portrait.

A look of startled horror crept into her eyes, and she shrunk back, murmuring:

"No! no!"

The last time she had seen that face was in the dim light of a gray morning, after which she had taken from her that which was to aid her in robbing her of her birthright. Yes she was dead, and she had said she might have the little book, but was it not a betrayal of the gentle, loving girl's trust? She covered her face with her hands, and moaned softly to herself.

Sir Richard was alarmed at the effect of the picture on his daughter, and exclaimed, in an agony of self-reproach:

"My darling, what have I done? It was wrong to bring you to your mother without a word of warning; but I thought only of surprise."

"Yes, yes!" she murmured.

"Forgive me, will you not?"

"It is unnecessary."

"I have always kept it covered by the doors, but it is yours now, and I brought you here to give you the key."

He took a little golden key from his pocket and put it into her listless hand. She took it, mechanically, and then, recovering herself by degrees, lifted her eyes steadily and gazed full into the calm, sweet eye of the woman whose child she was wrongly pretending to be. The eyes seemed to look back into hers with a pitying glance, and it seemed to her that if she had to see that face often she would surely betray herself.

"My mother!" she made herself say, and then, with a deep-drawn breath, walked to the picture, and, closing the doors, locked them. Then she put the key in her bosom, and whispered, "Let us go away."

Her father led her away, blaming himself for this want of tact, and not until they were in the drawing-room again did she venture to look at Guy. He was regarding her intently, but he blushed, and dropped his eyes like a schoolboy when he found himself observed. She did not believe he suspected her, but the thought that she was under observation gave her the self-control she needed, and she turned to her father and said:

"Are you fond of music?"

"Very. Do you play?"

"Do you like any particular thing? Have you a favorite?"

"You are too tired to play tonight," he said solicitously.

"I am not too tired," she answered, and, without another word, she sat down at the piano and ran her fingers over the keys to try them, betraying, as she did so, a thorough familiarity with the instrument.

She loved music and could find in it a solace for her troubles when everything else failed, and so, as she sat there now, she forgot those who were in the room with her, and instinctively drifted into one of those wonderful songs without words into which the gifted Mendelssohn poured so much feeling and emotion. Her execution was marvellous, and showed careful training, but her expression—which is to music what the soul is to the body—proved her a natural musician.

Sir Richard and Guy stood entranced, listening to the weird, sorrowful strain as it poured sadly from the awakened instrument. Sir Richard placed his hand on Guy's arm, and there were tears in his eyes as he said:

"She is not happy, Guy. We will make her so if there is power in love. You will help me Guy?"

"There is nothing I would not do to make Constance happy,' returned the young man, with a singular fervor.

The older man looked at him with a smile of comprehension and pleasure.

"Could anyone help loving her," he asked proudly.

"She is very beautiful," was the answer, accompanied by a sigh.

"Is she not? Why did you not tell me she was beautiful and accomplished?—so different from what I had every reason to fear she might be. Blood will tell, Guy. Why, she bears herself as if she had been accustomed to having the whole world at her feet."

How little either suspected that the doting father's words were true in a sense neither thought of. Yes, she had been accustomed to having the world at her feet, and more than once that evening she had thought, with a bitter sense of humor, how she was merely practising on a small audience what she had been used to doing on a large one.

Guy assented to his uncle's words with another sigh, which this time did not escape the old man's notice. He turned quickly, and asked:

"Have you told her, Guy, what is the dearest wish of my heart?"

"You mean——"

He hesitated.

"I mean your marriage."

"How could I?"

"True," assented Sir Richard, with a light laugh, "it would not have come with very good grace from you, would it? I am not mistaken in the symptoms, am I, Guy—you love her, do you not?"

"Too much, I am afraid," was the almost inaudible reply.

"You do not mean"—the old man turned pale with a sudden fear—"that there is a more favored one than yourself?"

"I do not think we need to fear that. She told me there was no one in the world to regret her since her mother died."

"Her mother? Has she said much to you about her mother?"

"Very little. Nothing of her own accord. She told me of her life and all that was necessary to establish her identity, and then begged me to say as little as might be. You saw how deeply affected she was by the sight of her mother just now."

"They must have suffered. And she has locked the picture into darkness again. Well, it is best. It will be the burial of the past. I can never do enough for her Guy."

The thought of the dreary past overcame the old man, and he sank into a chair, and with downcast eyes rested his head on his hand.

"Guy," he said a moment later, "do not tell me for a few days anything about her past life. I would enjoy her as she is without any thought of the past if I can."

Guy answered by a sympathetic glance and crossed lightly to the piano, where, unnoticed by Maida, he stood and watched her with admiration and longing. Presently she became aware of his presence and looked swiftly up, catching his glance and interpreting it. An indescribable air, in which pity and coldness were mingled, came over her in an instant, and, ceasing the pathetic thing she was playing, she changed the tune and broke into a gay aria from one of the popular operas.

Guy turned away moodily for he had noticed the effect of his presence on his cousin, but the old man looked up gayly and began to nod his head in appreciative time to the music. He arose and went over to her side, and when she stopped, said, enthusiastically:

"You play and sing divinely."

"I am glad if you are pleased."

"More than pleased. Guy! He was here a moment ago."

"He has stepped out on the verandah."

"He wished to smoke, I suppose. Constance, how do you like Guy?"

"He is handsome, good and noble. A true man, I should say."

The old man smiled in a pleased way and stroked the dark hair.

"I am glad to hear you say that," he said.

"Why? It seems to me nobody could say less of Guy."

"Guy is all that you say, and I am glad that you—you—like him. Before you were found, and when we feared—. You will forgive me for what I am about to say, will you not?"

She turned a little pale, but answered steadily that she would.

"I will not speak of it now, when you have just returned home, but that it seems better to have it understood at once. Besides, you know Guy, and it is not as if he were a stranger to you."

She seemed to comprehend what was coming, but she only looked expectantly at her father, and he went on:

"Before you were found, and when it seemed as if you could not be what—what you are, we had formed a little plan. I could not have hoped that you were so beautiful, so fit to grace the throne of a queen if necessary; and then we had arranged—Guy and I—that he would insure your proper reception by the world by marrying you. And now that you are what you are—I am afraid I do not express myself as I should—but if there is no obstacle, could you look forward to being his wife. Remember, my darling, that your will shall be the law. If you have engaged your heart elsewhere, or if for any reason you would rather not have it so, you need fear no opposition from me. Do not answer now. Take time to consider it."

The beautiful face was downcast now, and very pale. And as she listened to her father she could not help thinking of that night in San Francisco, when Caryl Wilton had told her of his love. She did not know why she thought of it. She did not love the man, and yet she had thought of him more than once since she had become Constance Hartleigh. It seemed very long ago. She was silent for a few moments after her father ceased speaking, and then said, in a low tone, devoid of all emotion:

"I do not need to consider it. Something told me that you had this at heart. I know of no reason why I should not be his wife—in time."

"In time, of course," agreed the delighted old man, "in time. You must have a life full of happiness first. Ah, here is Guy. Is it a fine night, Guy?"

"It could not be more beautiful. If you would like to see an English night at its best, Constance, you would be wise to come out here."

Glad of any diversion, she expressed her readiness, and started for the window, and would have gone out had not her father laughingly detained her until he could wrap something about her, saying:

"The night may be beautiful, but it is none the less treacherous."

"Beauty and treachery do sometimes go together," she said, as if thinking aloud. And then she stepped through the window and stood alone in the moonlight with the man she had said she would marry.

CHAPTER VII.

For some minutes no word was spoken between the cousins. Constance was gazing out across the lawn, seemingly watching the flitting moon shadows as they chased each other across the tree-tops. Guy was watching her. It was enjoyment enough for him. Suddenly, as was so often the case, she became conscious that he was looking at her and she turned quickly toward him and said:

"Why do you look at me so much?"

"I have seen poor little children looking in at a jeweler's window, longing for the diamonds there."

She turned away again, and said, coldly:

"Hartleigh Hall is very beautiful."

"Very," he answered.

"If I had not been found would there have been any difference to you?"

"The Hall, with a small estate, and the title, will be mine in any case."

"But my coming will make some difference to you?"

"Nothing that affects me. Your father's wealth, of which there is a great deal, will be lost to me; but I hope I do not need to assure you that I am only too glad to lose it under the circumstances."

"I know you are generous."

"I am not generous in this," he answered.

"How so?" she demanded quickly.

"The happiness of pleasing you overshadows every other feeling. I am rewarded for any loss by the feeling that you have gained something thereby."

"That is very nicely said," was her only comment, made in a chilling tone.

"I do not know how it was said, Constance," he replied, sadly. "I only know that I would give title, estate, and all if I could but please you."

She affected to misunderstand him, and said, lightly:

"But I do not want the title, nor the estate."

"I wish you did want them," he said, quickly, and then, as she did not ask him why, as he had expected he went on, "because they are inseparable from me."

"Then of course, I could not want them. Let us go in. How cool your nights are."

"I hope you have not caught cold," exclaimed her father, who had overheard her last words, as she stepped through the window.

"Oh, no. I am not so delicate. I am used to exposure."

The old man flushed at the words, as if feeling that they carried a reproach to him, but with touching humility said nothing that would indicate it.

"You must be tired," he said. "Shall we not say good-night?"

"Perhaps it would be better," she answered.

"I hope you will have sweet dreams and refreshing sleep the first night of your return home," he said, gently, as he took her hand and kissed it.

Her demeanor had been studiously cold, but at this act a struggle seemed to take place in her breast. She had already taken a step to leave him, but she suddenly turned, and putting both hands on his shoulders kissed him on the lips. He caught her in his arms and murmured brokenly:

"My daughter! my daughter! how good you are to me!"

"I wish I could be," she cried; "for, oh! you are my father."

Neither Sir Richard nor Guy understood what she meant then; they thought it was merely the cry of a forlorn heart; but in times after they remembered it and understood better.

She left them and went to her own chamber—a perfect gem which Sir Richard had fitted up with all the luxury wealth and good taste could command. Her maid awaited her, and conducted her into the dressing-room where she assisted her to remove her garments. No one would have supposed, to see her then, that she had ever disrobed without a maid, she submitted herself to her offices so naturally.

But she dismissed her maid as soon as she could, and then locked herself in with a sigh of relief. She threw herself into an easy cushioned chair, and knitted her brows in deep and troubled thought. Alone there, with no fear of prying eyes to surprise her thoughts on her face, she gave way to her feelings.

All of her past life, from the night her mother died, seemed to have lost itself in a strange distance of time. It seemed so very long ago. But every incident of that time was as clear to her as if it had been burned into her memory. She could see her mother dying and vengeful; the words of her promise to the dying woman were before her eyes in blazing letters of fire. Then she saw her sister, with the sweet face upturned to heaven, rigid in death; then herself fleeing from her. There ended her happiness. Since then she had been living a life full of falseness and wrong.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she wailed, "how could you blight my life with the wrongs of your own? If you knew how gentle and good the old man is, could you have made me promise as I did? If you had known how true and generous Guy is could you have wished me to deceive him as I must? And yet"—she started from the chair and clenched her hands—"is it not justice after all? Is not his atonement for the other woman, and not a particle of it for the poor, wronged outcast—made so by his act—and never even remembered? I must look at it so. Oh, mother, mother, I must think of that or I shall falter! The poor old man!"

She threw herself on the bed and wept fierce, bitter tears. Some of them were for herself and some were for Guy; but most of them were for the old man, who, whatever his sins, was her father. After a while she arose and dried her tears, and with a reaction of bitter scorn hated herself for the unworthy part she was playing.

And so, torn between her emotions, she mechanically extinguished her lamp and retired to her luxurious couch to fall into a slumber which lasted until late the next morning.

Sir Richard was waiting for her when she went down stairs, and she kissed him with such an air of tenderness that he flushed with joy.

"I am so sorry to be so late," she said. "Have I kept you waiting long?"

"Not at all. I always breakfast late, and Guy is always early. He has been out for a gallop or a row on the lake. Here he is now, and he has the mail with him."

Guy came in, with the flush of exercise on his cheeks, and looking as handsome as any woman could desire. He greeted his cousin with some embarrassment, and put his uncle's mail by his plate. Then he sat down in an easy chair and asked permission of his cousin to read his papers. She gave it with so gracious an air that he sighed softly and looked wistfully at her, whereupon she seemed annoyed, and turned to her father to ask if he would have both cream and sugar in his coffee.

"You must not trouble yourself, my dear," he answered.

"But it will be only a pleasure," she said, as she took her seat at the table and arranged the cups. "Wil, you not drink a cup of coffee, Guy?"

"Thank you, no."

Sir Richard looked around at his nephew, and said, laughingly:

"Guy wants nothing now, but to be allowed to read his theatrical news. He is daft on the drama, Constance."

"Not quite as bad as that, uncle," remonstrated Guy. "I am fond of the theatre though."

"And still fonder of amateur theatricals. Have you ever acted, Constance? I mean on the amateur stage?" and the old man looked smilingly at his daughter.

A quick flush, followed by a deadly pallor, showed on the fair face, but she answered steadily:

"Never."

"Here's bad news," suddenly exclaimed Guy, without looking up from his paper. "Do you remember that Maida Carringford, who made such a sensation in California and was to have come to London?"

Sir Richard answered yes, but Maida only put down the cup she was holding, and listened with a set face. Guy continued:

"It seems that she was killed in an attack on an overland stage in which she was traveling. Why, Constance, it must have been about the—oh! What is it?"

It was nothing very much. Constance had let a cup of hot coffee fall on the floor and had scalded herself a very little. She was ashamed to have cried out. No, she was not really scalded after all. She was a great deal more frightened than hurt. She contrived, however, to prevent any further talk about Maida Carringford, and the subject was not taken up again.

"You are looking pale, my dear," said Sir Richard, suddenly.

She smiled faintly, by way of answer, for she had not yet recovered from the shock of the memories which Guy's words had recalled to her.

"She must have outdoor exercise, Guy. It won't do to have her looking pale."

Guy glanced keenly at her and acquiesced with his uncle.

"We must have a pair of ponies for her, Guy. You must go down to the city at the first opportunity and get them for her. Have you any choice for color, Constance?"

"Oh, you must not be worried about me. If I am pale it is only for the moment, and proves what a foolish girl I am more than anything else."

Sir Richard shook his head in loving dissenting dissent, for he would not have this wonderful daughter of his take the slightest risk.

"You will have a trying ordeal to pass through during the coming few days, for all the county will call upon you," he said, "and you must not be worn out. If you could only ride horseback, now."

"I can do that, if it will please you," she said.

"Oh, then, if you can ride, it will be all right until we can get the ponies for you. Is there a horse in the stables she can ride, Guy?"

"Scamp is safe, and as spry a little horse as ever trod turf."

"What do you say then, Constance, will you ride?"

"Anything to please you."

"But I want you to please yourself."

"I like nothing better than a good gallop, and only ask that you will not select for me too tame a horse."

"I see we shall have to watch her Guy. She is disposed to be reckless."

And the old man glanced at his beautiful daughter with so much pride and affection that she arose with a sudden impulse and went around to him and kissed his forehead, saying:

"You will spoil me."

"We can't spoil you," answered he fondly, "but we will do all that love can to make you happy, won't we, Guy?"

Guy looked quickly at his cousin, a bright flush mounting to his cheeks, and there was a world of meaning in the blue eyes that met her brown ones.

Constance flushed slightly, as she caught the glance, and then, with that strange coldness which had so often repelled him, walked to the window and looked out.

To be Continued.

A XX-CENTURY SCOTS MERCENARY.

Kaid Maclean, Commander-in-Chief of the Sultan of Morocco's Troops.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Moorish army, Kaid Maclean, now accompanying the Moorish mission to the King, is a Scotsman who has been for twenty-three years in Morocco. He is a member of the Highland clan of Maclean, which in bygone days took part in many feuds and Lowland forays. Entering the British army some thirty years ago, he saw fighting during the Red River expedition. When Mulai Hassan, the Sultan of Morocco, decided to reorganize his army, he applied to England for a drill-master, and Kaid Maclean received the appointment. Soon after his arrival among the Moors he won the Sultan's confidence, and became not only the Commander-in-Chief of the Sherefian Army, but the trusted adviser of the late ruler. He reorganized the army and his daring deeds in battle impressed the natives so much that he practirally held the nomination to the throne on the death of Mulai Hassan, although the Grand Vizier, Ahmed Ben Mussa, also possessed much influence.

The Sultan's brother was ready to seize the throne, but as Kaid Maclean and Ben Mussa were the only persons present when the Sultan died within two days' march from Marakesh, they had the body conveyed secretly to that city, where they announced the death, and had Mulai Hassan's son, Abdel-Aziz proclaimed in his stead, and a slight outbreak was quickly suppressed by Maclean's admirably disciplined soldiers.

The new Sultan being only 13 years of age, a regent was necessary, and Ben Mussa was appointed, with Kaid Maclean's influence, power, and hand behind him. Any incipient opposition which broke out was suppressed with a strong hand, as all risings of the tribes have been, and notably that of the Misfiwa tribe a few years ago. To prevent, if possible, the recurrence of such incidents, the heads of fifty prominent Misfiwa tribesmen figure on spikes over the city gates of the port of Rabat, and a similar number adorned the gates at Fez. Maclean always leads the punitive expeditions himself, and has thus seen much tribal fighting. On the death of Ben Mussa last year the Sultan took up the reins of Government, Kaid Maclean still retaining his predominant influence.

The Moorish commander-in-chief, by long residence in Morocco, has now become a "Moor of the Moors." He is sun darkened and swarthy in complexion, and wears the picturesque costume of the native Kaid. His protracted absence from his native country has been broken by periodical visits to Scotland, and the music of the barbaric war slogan of the Gael, the bagpipes, of which he is much enamored, is appreciated quite as much among the Moroccan mountains as among the Bens of the Highlands, the Kaid having succeeded in introducing the instrument to his adopted country; the young Sultan, indeed, enjoys the skirling of the pipes as thoroughly as the Highland clan stories which his commander-in-chief can tell with genuine Celtic fervor and humor.

The Kaid, whose full name is Harby long residence in Morocco, has M.G., and is 51 years of age. He is married and has three daughters and one son living. At Fez and Marakesh the family live in palaces of Oriental magnificence. The army over which this intrepid Scotsman is the commander-in-chief comprises about 20,000 men, and is equipped with European rifles.

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HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

HOW TO PURSUE.

Exactly What to Do When Your Enemy Has Had Enough.

The rule in warfare when your enemy has had enough, and signifies the same in the usual manner by running away, is to give him some more.

The wise general gives his beaten enemy no rest, but continues to push and hammer him until a vanquished army retreating in good order becomes a broken and disorganized mob of men with rifles.

This part of the work is done by the mounted men, and the general who fritters away his cavalry during an action instead of keeping them fresh for the pursuit should be shot.

Arrangements for pursuing the enemy are begun the moment he gives tokens of having had enough. The chief of the staff details the troops to take each road by which the enemy can retreat—details of each having, of course, been ascertained beforehand through the Intelligence Department—and indicates to the generals in command of each column their line of route.

The general who can combine daring and dash with adroitness is the man to command a pursuing column. Caution and ability to manoeuvre are not so important in such work. To hammer and annoy and harass the flying foe till he is

FINALLY CRUSHED

is the object of pursuit, and the cavalry leader who errs on the side of recklessness rather than that of caution is to be selected.

The enemy naturally uses his freshest troops to cover his retreat, and his cavalry and horse-artillery are prepared to give trouble. The pursuing general, whenever he comes up with the flying foe, hammers him with guns and charges him with cavalry. He hits him in the flanks if possible, so as to retard him while the infantry can come up and fall upon him. Reserves of infantry (if any) will at this juncture naturally be used, so as to spare the foot already tired with a long day's fighting.

Every consideration gives way to following up the enemy. Having won a battle, every great general makes the most of it, and gives the beaten enemy no time to breathe. The excuse that the men are tired, or that there are wounded to look after, condemns the general who uses it as incompetent to command.

The staff has a busy time in pursuits, for the pursuing army has to be fed, and the enemy naturally burns and destroys all behind him in his retreat. Moreover, every hour takes the pursuers farther away from their base. Thus the men who are responsible for the feeding of the army must be well up in their work, unless disaster is to occur.

HEARTY PRAISE FROM QUEBEC.

A RACINE MAN EXPRESSES HIMSELF STRONGLY FOR DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

His Letter is Typical of Hundreds Lately Received from Lower Province—Same Work Being Done All Over the Dominion—Dodd's Kidney Pills Stand Alone in the Conquest of Kidney Disease.

Racine, Que., July 8.—(Special).—It is a very strange thing, but lately all through this province, the people have been talking in a straight, downright way about the medicine, Dodd's Kidney Pills. Never before has a remedy made so many warm, outspoken friends for itself. What ever part of Quebec one chances to be in, the mentioning of Dodd's Kidney Pills is always enough to bring forth the grateful story of an experience with this most remarkable remedy from one of the listeners.

These experiences include nearly all the fatal non-contagious diseases Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Bladder and Urinary Disorders, Female Trouble, Heart Trouble, Blood Diseases, Nervous Complaints are all emphatically declared to have been entirely cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. But more than any other complaint, Backache counts oftener.

Emile Couatre, of this town, says they cured him of Backache and other Kidney Troubles, and writes a letter for publication in this paper to that effect.

"I am going to say a word concerning Dodd's Kidney Pills," he writes. "I can not do otherwise than praise this wonderful medicine heartily, for I am now, owing to Dodd's Kidney Pills, in perfect health. For some time I have not felt the slightest pain in my back. My kidneys are working properly. When I go to bed I find rest, whereas before using Dodd's Kidney Pills I got up more fatigued than the night before. I had pain in my back and headache which broke my sleep.

"I have taken only three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and cannot help but credit them with my cure. I have been free from my trouble since taking Dodd's Kidney Pills."

ENTERING A LION'S CAGE.

A sensation was caused in Winsford, England, and district by the announcement that to decide a bet of $25 a local blacksmith named W. Richardson had volunteered to enter the lion's cage at a travelling menagerie in the town. A large crowd visited the show, and amid great excitement Richardson entered the cage. The lion walked about but did not interfere with him, and after a few minutes Richardson came out unhurt.

"We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, for Auld Lang Syne" sang Burns. Thousands of Scotia's bairns now fill that cup with Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

TRY
LUDELLA
CEYLON TEA. It is the finest ever imported into the Dominion, and one which every connoisseur will fully appreciate. Lead Packages, 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cents.

If You Want best results SHIP all your BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, APPLES, other FRUITS and PRODUCE, to The Dawson Commission Co. Limited, Cor. West Market and Colborne St., Toronto.

"MOLTKE SMOKES AGAIN."

A Sulphur Match That Won the Battle of Gravelotte.

It is said that at the battle of Gravelotte, during the Franco-Prussian war, there was for some hours, at a critical point of the field, an appearance of greater success on the part of the French than of the Germans. Von Moltke had been made aware of the perilous position of his forces in that quarter, and he hurried to the spot. For some time it was observed by those around him that he appeared much more anxious than usual.

He gained a prominent position, where he was greatly exposed to the enemy's fire. He held his cigar between two fingers of his left hand, from time to time striking a fusee, and applying it to the weed, but always neglecting to put the cigar between his lips. When the crisis of the day was evidently approaching the last fusee had been burnt, and nothing but the cold ashes of Moltke's cigar remained.

At length Bismarck's attention was directed to the great general, upon whose sagacity the fortune of the fight so largely depended. Moving up to him, Bismarck quietly struck a fusee, applied it to Moltke's cigar, and the welcome sight of the blue tobacco smoke curling up from the commander's lips rewarded the attention of the Chancellor. Bismarck drawing back in his solid way, said, with exultation in his voice: 'All must now be well, Moltke smokes again.' The battle was won.

DIDN'T MIND WHAT SHE HAD.

A woman who has been a victim of indigestion, and is kept to dyspeptic's diet most of the time, was recently invited to a dinner, which she was anxious to attend.

She went to her telephone, and, trusting to a somewhat unreliable memory, she asked to be connected by the ever-obliging "Exchange" with telephone 2,894. When the connection had been made, she began astronomy of changed to give him her plaintive query without any prefatory, Is that you, doctor?

I want very much to go to a little dinner tomorrow night, she began rapidly, and do you think it would hurt me if I ate just a taste of soup, and perhaps a little fish, or the least trifle of game, and a bit of salad or ice? I really think my stomach——

Here she was interrupted by a voice from the other end of the wire.

Madame, it said coldly, eat what ever you please. This is the Meteor Rubber Company.

A MARVELLOUS DISCOVERY.

Diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Nasal Passages now quickly cured. Thousands of grateful people in every part of Canada and United States testify to the marvellous power of this new discovery. A free trial now offered. Seldom in the history of medicine has so great a sensation been excited among medical men as has been provoked by the marvellous cures so speedily and pleasantly effected by Catarrhozone. Catarrh with the attendant danger of Consumption, Bronchitis, and Bronchitic Asthma, which imposes such fearful suffering upon their victims, Asthma, with its sleepless nights and hours of torture, yield as if by magic to the marvellous curative properties of Catarrhozone. The air you breathe carries it to every air-cell of the lungs, carries it to every inch of mucous surface inflamed and diseased within the throat, lungs, nasal passages and middle ears. Snuffs, washes, ointments are useless as well as disgusting. They never get beyond the door to enter into treacherous chambers of the body where these diseases are seated would simply mean inflammation, perhaps death. Catarrhozone goes wherever air goes and carries healing on its wings. Sufferers don't delay. Your druggist sells Catarrhozone. If he has not got it he can get it or will send you the complete treatment prepaid for $1.00. If you would prefer to test it absolutely free we will send you a 25c outfit. Send us your address and enclose 10cts to pay for cost of boxing, postage, etc. The Polson Chemical Co., Kingston, Ontario and Hartford, Conn.

A THOUSAND MILES AT SEA.

In Several Parts of the Earth Ships can get that far from Land.

The question has been asked, is it possible to sail 1,000 miles from land? This can be done at several points. By leaving San Francisco and sailing northwestward into the North Pacific, a spot is reached where there is no land—not even an islet—for 1,000 miles in any direction. So, too, sailing from the southern point of Kamchatka, southeastward, ships reach a point equally distant from land of any kind, the nearest to the north being the Aleutian Islands, and to the south the outlying members of the Sandwich group. In the southern Indian Ocean it is possible to sail 1,000 miles out from the southern points of Australia and New Zealand, and still be as far from any other land, and the same may be done in a westerly direction from Cape Horn. Indeed, from this point a much longer distance may be reached, for the southern Pacific, between the Horn and New Zealand, covers a space of 80 degrees of longitude and 40 of latitude of absolutely unbroken sea, making its central point over 1,200 miles from anywhere.

A PIGEON'S GRIEF.

Henry Chapelle, pigeon breeder at Verviers, died, and a train of sorrowing friends and relations came to bear his body to the grave. But as the funeral procession was being formed one of the pigeons fluttered down to the coffin, on which it perched. So, as the pigeon would not be driven away, it was taken to the cemetery, and here it stayed by its dead master's tomb, neither moving nor eating till it died of starvation.

This potato is only half done, my dear, said he crossly. Then only eat half of it, my love, she replied affectionately.

A BANK OF ENGLAND CURIOSITY.

One of the curiosities of the Bank of England is to be seen in the printing-room. A man sits at a desk and every three seconds a machine delivers to him two complete £5 notes. If he sits there six hours he receives over £70,000, and in 300 days over £20,000,000 sterling.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

BRITISH DAIRYING.

British farmers and dairymen are to-day milking over 4,000,000 cows, and producing annually in their dairies £32,000,000 worth of milk, butter, and cheese.

Rubber Company.
I was cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
MRS. A. LIVINGSTONE.
Lot 5, P. E. I.

I was cured of a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Mahone Bay. JOHN MADER.

I was cured of a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
JOSHUA WYNACHT.
Bridgewater.

First Tramp—Jim is the most careless fellow about his personal appearance I ever see. Second Tramp—What d'ye mean? First Tramp—Why, a woman gev him a pair o' good shoes last week, an' he went an' wore 'em, 'stead o' keepin' on his old ones to excite sympathy.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The average weight of English boys has risen from 59 uounds in 1800 to 64 in 1900, and of girls from 57 to 68 pounds.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

Ten British towns, besides London are larger than Dublin, which now has 245,000 people. Edinburgh beats Dublin by 57,000.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

The French Academy has forty members elected for life. It meets twice weekly.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.
AVENUE HOUSE—Mount-College Avenue. Family Hotel rates $2.50 per day.

The world's railways carry two billion passengers and 950 million tons of goods in a year.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

The first tunnel over a mile in length in England was that at Horncastle, constructed in 1827.

For Over Fifty Years
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Britain has now nine field-marshals including the King and the German Emperor, and seven admirals of the fleet.

W. P. C. 1084

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT