That I may hear
That I may hear
The peel of the departing year.
Oh, well I love the step of time
Should move to that familiar chime;
Fair fall the tones that steep
The Old Year in the dews of sleep,
The New guide-softly in,
With hopes to sweet, sad memories akin!
Long may that soothing cadence, ear, hear
science win!

THE CHOICE OF THREE

A NOVEL.

The row was this. Among the Boen assembled for the "nachtmaal" festiva assembled to the mannhama reservata was a well-known giant named Van Zyl. This man's strength was a matter of public notoriety all over the country, and many were the feats which were told of him. Among others it was said that he coul bear the weight of the after part of an African buck waggon on his shoulders, with a load of three thousand pounds of corn upon it, while the wheels were greased. He stood about six foot seven high, weighed eighteen stone and a half, and had a double row of teeth. On the evening in question this remarkable specimen of humanity was sitting on his waggon box with a pipe, of weight of the after part of an which the size was proportionate to his own, clinched firmly between his double row of teeth. About ten paces from him stood a young Englishman, also of large size, though he looked quite small beside

the giant who was contemplating the phenomenon on the waggon-box, and wondering how much he measured round the chest. That young Englishman had ust got off a newly-arrived waggon, and his name was Jeremy Jones.

To these advance a cringing Hottentot boy of small size. The Hottentot is evidently the servant or slave of the giant, and a man standing by Jeremy, who under-stands Dutch, informs him that he is tell-ing his master that an ox has strayed. Slowly the giant rouses himself, and

nding from the waggon-box seizes th trembling Tottie with one hand, and, tak-ing a rim of buffalo-hide, lashes himself to the waggon-wheel.
"Now," remarked Jeremy's acquaint

ance, " you will see how a Boer deals with a nigger."
"You don't mean to say that great brute is going to beat that poor little devil?"

Just then a small fat woman put her head out of a tent pitched by the waggon, and inquired what the matter was. She was the giant's wife. On being informed of the straying of the ox, her wrath knew

Slaat em! slaat de swartsel! (Thrash him! thrash the black creature) she cried out in a shrill voice, running to the waggon, and with her own fair hand the waggon, and with her own lash hands drawing out a huge "sjambock," that is, a strip of prepared hippopotamus-hide, used to drive the after-oxen with, and giving it to her spouse, "Cut the liver out of the black devil!" she went on, "but mind you don't hit his head, or he won't be able to go to work afterward. Never mind about making the blood come; I have got lots of

Her harangue, and the sight of the Hottentot tied to the wheel, had by this time attracted quite a crowd of Boers and Englishmen who were idling about the

Softly, Vrouw, softly, I will thrash enough to satisfy even you, and we all know that must be very hard where a black

creature is in question."

A roar of laughter from the Dutch people

round greeted this sally of wit, and the giant, taking the sjambock with a good-humored smile, for he was, like most giants, easy-tempered by nature, lifted it, whirled his great arm, as thick as the leg of of national feeling, which was then at a an average man, round his head, and brought it down on the back of the miser-able Hottentot. The poor wretch yelled with pain, and no wonder, for the greasy old shirt he wore was divided clean in two, together with the skin beneath it, and the blood was pouring from the gash.

"Allamachter! dat is een licker shaat"

(Almighty! that was a nice one), said the old woman, at which the crowd laughed again.
But there was one man who did no

laugh, and that man was Jeremy. On the contrary, his clear eyes flashed, and his brown cheek burned with indignation. Nor did he stop at that. Stepping forward he placed himself between the giant and the howling Hottentot, and said to the former most nervous English, "You are

The Boer stared at him and smiled, an then asked what the "English fellow" was then asked what the "English fellow" was saying. Somebody translated Jeremy's remark, whereupon the Boer, who was not a bad-natured fellow, smiled again, and remarked that Jeremy must be madder than the majority of "accursed Englishmen." Then he turned to continue thrashing the Hottentot, but lo! the mad Englishman was still there. This put him

Footsack, carl ; ik is Van Zvl !" (Get ont, fellow, I am Van Zyl!) This was interpreted to Jeremy by the bystanders.

"All right, and tell him that I am Jones,

a name he may have heard before," was the reply.
"What does this brain-sick fellow Jeremy explained that he wanted him

And what will the little man do if I

refuse?"
"I shall try to make you," was the This remark was received with a shout of

laughter from the crowd which had now collected, in which the giant joined very heartily when it was interpreted to him. Giving Jeremy a shove to one side, he again lifted the great sjambock, for the purpose of bringing it down on the Hotten-tot. Another second and Jeremy had snatched the whip from his hand, and sent it flying fifty yards away. Then realizing that his antagonist was really in earnest, the great Dutchman solemnly set himself to crush him. Doubling a fist which was to crush him. Doubling a fist which was the size of a Welsh leg of mutton, he struck with all his strength straight at the Englishman's head. Had the blow caught Jeremy, it would in all probability have killed him; but he was a practised boxer. and without moving his body, he swung his head to one side. The Boer's fist passed him harmlessly, and striking the panel of the waggon, went clean through it. Next instant several of the giant's double row of e were rolling loose in his mouth. my had returned the stroke by a right-

hander, into which he put all his power, and which would have knocked any other

man backward.

A great shout from the assembled Englishmen followed this blow, and a counter-shout from the crowd of Dutchmen, who pointed triumphantly to the hole in the stout yellow wood panel made by their champion's fist, and asked who the

madman was who dared to stand against

The Boer turned and spat out some of his superfluous teeth, and at the sam

his superfluous teeth, and at the same instant a young Englishman came and caught hold of Jeremy by the arm.

"For heaven's sake, my dear fellow, be careful! That man will kill you; he is the strongest man in the Transvaal. You are a fellow to be proud of, though."

"He may try," said Jeremy, laconically, stripping off his coat and waistcoat. "Will you hold these for me?"

"Hold them!" answered the young fellow, who was a good sort; "ay, that I will, and I would give half I have to see you lick him. Dodge him; don't let him strike you or he will kill you. I saw him itun an ox once with a blow of his fist."

Jeremy smiled.

"Stop," he said. "Ask that coward if I best him, if he will let off that miserable beggar?" and he pointed to the trembling Hottentot.

Hottentot.

The question was put and the great man unswered "Yah, yah!" ironically, and then expressed his intention of knocking eremy into small pieces in the course of

Jeremy into small pieces in the course of the next two minutes.

Then they faced one another. The giant was a trifle over six foot seven high; Jeremy was a trifle under six foot two and a half, and looked short beside him. But one or two critical observers, looking at the latter now that he was stripped for the encounter, shrewdly guessed that the Dutchman would have his work cut out. feremy did not, it is true, scale more that rms, not very large, but a mass of muscl arms, not very large, but a mass of muscie, the short strong neck, the quick eye and massive leg, all bespoke the strength of a young Hercules. It was evident too that though he was so young, and not yet come to his full power, he was in the most perfect

to his full power, he was in the most perfect training. The Boer, on the other hand, was enormous, but his flesh was somewhat soft. Still, knowing his feats, the Englishmen present sighed for their champion, feeling that he had no chance.

For a moment they stood facing each other, then Jeremy made a feint, and, getting in, planted a heavy blow with his left hand on his adversary's chest. But he was to nay for it, for next second the Dutchman

pay for it, for next second the Dutchma ot in his right hand and Jeremy was lifted

clean off his feet, and sent flying backward among the crowd.

The Boers cheered, the giant smiled and the Englishmen looked sad. They knew ow it would be. ow it would be.

But Jeremy picked himself up little the rorse. The stroke had struck the muscles f his chest, and had not hurt him greatly

As he advanced the gradually-increasin crowd of Englishmen cheered him warmly

ustify those cheers or die for it.

It was at this juncture that Ernest and

Mr. Alston came up.
"Good heavens!" exclaimed the former.

'it is Jeremy."
Mr. Alston took in the situation at

glance.
"Don't let him see you, you will put him
off," he said. "Get behind me."
Ernest obeyed, overwhelmed. Mr. Alston
shook his head. He recognized that Jeremy nad a poor chance, but he did not say so t

Ernest.

Meanwhile Jeremy came up and faced
the Dutchman. Encouraged by his late
success, presently his advers ry struck a
tremendous blow at him. Jeremy tremendous blow at him. Jeremy dodged, and next instant succeeded in land-ing such a fearful right and left full on the giant's face that the latter went reeling ackward.

A yell of frantic excitement arose from he English portion of the crowd. This was ndeed a David. The Dutchman soon recovered, and

The Dutchman soon recovered, and in his turn, rendered more cautious, kept out of Jeremy's reach, trying to strike him down from a distance. For a round or two no important blow was struck, till at last a brilliant idea took possession of the young fellow who had charge of Jeremy's coat.

whispered; "he's soft."

Jeremy took the advice, and next roun succeeded in getting in two or three blows straight from the shoulder, and every one of them bruised the huge body sadly, and nade it rather short of wind.

made it rather short of wind.
Next round he repeated the same tactics
receiving himself a stroke on the shoulder
that for a moment rendered his left arm
helpless. Before another second was over
however, he had his revenge, and the blood was pouring from his adversary's lips.

And now did the popular excitement of both sides grow intense, for to the interese. attaching to the encounter was added that

men, and a mob of Kafirs yelled and shouted, and each of the former two fel that the honor of his people was on th issue. And yet it was an unequal fight.
"I believe that your friend will be a
match for Van Zyl," said Mr. Alston,
coolly, but the flash of his eye belied his And yet it was an unequal fight

coolly, but the flash of his eye belied his coolness; "and I tell you what, he's a devilish fine fellow too."

At that moment, however, an untoward thing happened. The giant struck out his strongest, and Jeremy could not succeed in entirely warding off the blow, though he broke its force. Crashing through his guard, it struck him on the forehead, and for a moment he dropped senseless. His second rushed up and dashed some water over him, and in another instant he was on his legs again; but for the rest of that round he contented himself with dodging his adversary's attack, at which the Dutchmen cheered, thinking that his iron

men cheered, thinking that his iron trength was broken.

But presently, when for the sixth time feremy came up with the same quiet look of determination in his eyes, and, except of determination in his eyes, and, except that the gaping of the nostrils and the twitching of the lip showed a certain measure of distress, looking but little the worse, they turned with anxiety to examine the condition of the giant. It was not very promising. He was perspiring profusely, and his enormous chest was rising and falling irregularly. Wherever Jeremy's strokes had fallen, too, a great blue bruise had risen. It was evident that his condition was the worst of the two, but still the Boers had little doubt of the issue. It could not be that the man who had once for a bet quelled the struggles of had once for a bet quelled the struggles of a wild ox, holding it for the space of five minutes by the horn, could be worsted by an English lad. So they called on him to

an Engisi and. So they called on him to stop playing with the boy and crush him. Thus encouraged, the giant came on, striking out with fearful force but wildly, for he could not box. For thirty seconds or more Jeremy contented himself with voiding the blows; then, seeing an opporavoiding the blows; then, seeing an opportunity, he planted a heavy one on his adversary's chest. This staggered him and threw him off his guard, and, taking the offensive, Jeremy dodged in right under the huge fists, and hit upward with all his power. "Thud, thud!" The sound of the blows could be heard fifty, yards off. Nor were they without their effect. The giant staggered, and, amidst fearful shouts and growns fell like an ove struck, with a polegroans, fell like an oxe struck with a pole-axe. But it was not over yet. In another moment he was on his legs again, and, spit-ting out blood and teeth, came reeling straight at Jeremy, a fearful and alarming

spectacle. As he came, Jeremy again hit nim in the face, but it did not stop him, and in another second the hage arms had closed round him and held him like a vice. "Not fair! no holding!" shouted the Englishmen, but the Boer held on. Indeed he did more. Putting all his vast strength into the effort, he strained and tugged, meaning to lift Jeremy up and dash him on the ground. But lo! amid frantic

succeeded in lifting him a few inches from

the ground.

"By George, he will throw him next time," said Mr. Alston to Ernest, who was shaking like a leaf with the excitement; "look! he is turning white; the grip is choking him."

And, indeed, Jeremy was in evil case, for his senses were fast being crushed out of him in that fearful embrace, and he was

thinking with bitter sorrow that he mus fail after all, for an Englishman does no Iall after all, for an Englishman does not like to be beat even when he has fought his best. Just then it was, when things were beginning to swim around him, that a voice he loved, and which he had been listening for this many months, rang in his ears; whether it was fancy or whether he really heard it he knew not.

eally heard it he knew not.
"Remember ' Marsh Joe,' Jeremy and ift him. Don't be beat. For God's sake, t him!"
Now there was a trick, which I will not

Row there was a trick, which a famous Eastern counties wrestler, known as Marsh Joe, had taught to Jeremy. So well had he taught him, indeed, that at the age of 17, Jeremy had hoisted his teacher with his

Jeremy had hoisted his teacher with his own trick.

Just at the moment that Jeremy heard the voice, the giant shifted his hold a little, preparatory to making a fresh effort, and thus enabled his antagonist to fill his lungs with air. Ernest saw the broad white chest heave with relief (for by this time most of the upper clothing of the combatants had been wrenched away), and the darkening eye grow bright again, and he knew that Jeremy had heard him, and that he would conquer or die where he was.

And then, lo and behold! Just as the Boer, leisurely enough—feeling that he was master of the situation—prepared himself for the final struggle, suddenly the Englishman advanced his right leg a few inches, and with the rapidity of lightning entirely shifted his grip; and then he gathered himself for the effort. What mighty reserve of strength he drew on, who can say? but Ernest's voice had excited it, and it came at his call; and he did a thing that few living men could have done, and the fame whered will go down in South that few living men could have done, and the fame whereof will go down in South Africa from generation to generation. For the lithe arms tightened and gripped till they sunk in almost level with the flesh of

his mighty foe, and then slowly he began o gather purchase swaying backward an orward.
" Make an end of him! Make an end of him!" shouted the Boers; but behold! their champion's eyes are starting from his

blackened face be cannot stir. blackened face; he cannot stir.

To and fro sways Jeremy, and now the giant's feet are lifted from the ground And then one mighty effort—O gallan

Jeremy! up, still up above the gasping of the wonder-stricken crowd, up to his shoulder—by Heaven, over it! Crash! Van Zyl fell, to be carried away

by six strong men, a cripple for life. CHAPTER XXV. ERNEST'S LOVE-LETTER

Cheer after cheer arose from the English en around, and angry curses from the Dut hmen, as Jeremy turned to look at the senseless carcass of the giant. But, even as he turned, exhausted Nature gave out, and

Then did selected individuals of his fellow-countrymen come forward and bear him reverently to a restaurant called the "European," where the proprietor—himself an old Eton fellow—met him, and washed and clothed and restored him, and washed and clothed and restored nim, and vowed with tears in his eyes that he, Jeremy, should live at his expense for as long as he liked—ay, even if he chose to drink nothing meaner than champagne all day long; for thus it is that Englishmen greet one who ministers to that deepes rooted of all their feelings—national pride And then, when at length he had been brought to, and refreshed with a tumbler-full of dry Monopole, and wonderingly shaken Ernest by the hand, the enthusiasm of the crowd outside burst its bounds, and Jerëmy and the chair whereon he sat, they bore him in triumph round the market-square to the tune of "God Save the Queen," a proceeding that would have ended in provoking a riot had not an aidele-camp from His Excellency the Specia Commissioner, who sent a message beggin that they would desist, succeeded in per suading them to return to the restaurant And here they all dined, and forced Jerem to drink a great deal more dry Monopole than was good for him, with the result that for the first and last time in his life he was persuaded into making an after-dinne peech. As far as it was reported it ran

omething like this:
"Dear friends (cheers) and Englishmen renewed cheers) pause-" all making great ass about nothing (cheers, and shouts No, no!'). Fight the Dutchman again to-morrow—very big, but soft as putty—anybody fight him (frantic cheering). Glad I wasn't thrashed, as you all seem so pleased. Don't know why you are pleased spose you didn't like the Dutchman 'Fraid he hurt himself over my shoulder Wonder what he did it for ? Sit down, now Dear friends, dear old Ernest, been looking for you for long while," and he turned his glassy eye on to Ernest, who cheered frantically, under the impression that Jeremy had just said something very much Jeremy had just said something very much to the point. "Sit down, now (' No, no; go on'). Can't go on, quite pumped—very thirsty, too (' Give him some more champagne; open a fresh case'). Wish Eva and Doll were here, don't you, (loud cheers)? Gemman (cheers), no, not gemman, friends (louder cheers)—no, not gemman, friends (louder cheers)—no, not gemman, friends —English brothers (yet louder cheers), I give you a toast. Eva and Doll, you all know'em and love'em, or if you don't you would, you see; if you did, you know.'' Frantic outburst of cheering, during which Jeremy tries to resume his seat, but gracefully drops on to the floor, and begins singing "Auld Lang Syne" under the table, whereupon the whole company rises, and, with the exception of Ernest and a jovial member of the Special Commissioner's staff, who get upon the table to lead the chorus, join hands and sing that beautiful old song with all the solemnity of intoxication, after which they drink more champagne and jointly and severally swear eternal friendship, especially Ernest and the member of His Excellency's staff, who shake hands and bless each other, till the warmth of their emotions proves too much for them, and they weep in chorus there upon the table.

For the rest, Ernest had some vague to the point. "Sit down, now (' No, no

upon the table.

For the rest, Ernest had some vague recollections of helping to drive his newly-found friend home in a wheelbarrow that would persist in upsetting in every sluice or ditch, especially if it had running water in it; and that was about all he did

In it; and that was about an he do remember.

In the morning he woke up, or rather first became conscious of pain in his head, in a little double-bedded room attached to the hotel. On the pillow of the bed opposite to him lay Jeremy's battered face.

For awhile Ernest, could make nothing of all this. Why was Jeremy there? Where of all this. Why was Jeremy there? Where were they? Everything turned round and seemed phantasmagorial; the only real, substantial thing was that awful pain in the head. But presently things began to come back to him, and the sight of Jeremy's bruised face recalled the fight, and the fight recalled the dinner, and the dinner brought back a vague recollection of Jeremy's speech and of something he had said about Eva. What could it have been?

Ab Eva ! Perhaps Jeremy knew something Ah, Eva! Perhaps Jeremy knew something about her; perhaps he had brought the letter that had been so long in coming. Oh, how his heart went out toward her! But ow came Jeremy there in bed before him now came he to be in South Africa at all At that moment his reflections wer At that moment his reflections were interrupted by the entry of Mazooku, bear

ing the coffee which it is the national habit in South Africa to drink early in the

curiously out of place carrying cups of fee, seeing that his master was

saluted him with the customary "Koos," lifting one of the cups of coffee to give emphasis to the word, and nearly upsetting it in the effort.

"Mazooku," said Ernest, severely, "how

did we get here?"

The substance of the retainer's explanation was as follows: When the moon was getting low, vanishing, indeed, behind the "horned house" yonder (the Dutch Church whomed house" yonder (the Dutch Church with pinnacles on it), it occurred to him, waiting on the verandah, that his master must be weary; and as most had departed from the "dance" in the "tin house" (restaurant), evidently made happy by the "twala" (drink), he entered into the tin house to look for him, and found him overcome by sleep under the table, lying next to the "Lion who threw oxen over his shoulder" (i.e. Jermy) so overcome by the "Lion who threw oxen over his shoulder" (i.e. Jeremy), so overcome by sleep, indeed, that it was quite impossible to conduct him to the waggon. This being so, he (Mazooku) considered what was his duty under the circumstances, and came to the accurate conclusion that the best thing to do was to put them into the white man's bed, since he knew that his master did not love the floor to lie on. Accordingly, having

he knew that his master did not love the floor to lie on. Accordingly, having discovered that this was a room of beds, he and another Zuhi entered, but were perplexed to find the beds already occupied by two white men, who had lain down to rest with their clothes on. But, under all these circumstances, he and the other Zulu, considering that their first thought should be toward their own master, had taken the liberty of lifting up the two white men, who were slumbering profoundly after the "dance," by the head and by the heels, and putting them out in the sweet cool air of the night. Having thus "made a place," they then conveyed first Ernest, and having removed his clothes, put him into one bed, and next, in consideration of his undoubted greatness, they ventured to take the "Lion-who, etc.," himself and put him in the other. He was a very great map,

in the other. He was a very great man, the "Lion," and his art of throwing greater men over his shoulder could only be attributed to witchcraft. He, himself (Mazooku), had tried it on that morning with a Basutu, with whom he had a sligh difference of opinion, but the result had no been all that could be desired, inasmuch a

the Basutu had kicked him in the stomach

and forced him to drop him. Ernest laughed as heartily as his head ache would allow at this story, and in doing so woke up Jeremy, who at once clasped his hands to his head and looked round whereupon Mazooku, having saluted the awakened "Lion" with much fervor, an spilled a considerable quantity of hot coffe over him in doing so, took his departure abashed, and at length the two friends we left alone. Thereupon, rising from their respective pallets, they took a step in all the glory of their undress uniform into the middle of the little room, and, after the manner of Englishmen shook hands and called each other "old fellow." They then went back to bed and began to converse. "I say, old fellow, what on earth brought

Well, you see, I came out to look vo up. You did not write any letters, and they began to get anxious about you at home, so I packed up my duds and started. Your uncle stands unlimited tin, so I am travelling like a prince in a waggon of m own. I heard of you down in Maritzburg and guessed that I had best make fo Pretonia, and here I am and there you are and I am terribly glad to see you again, ol chap. By Jove, what a head I have! Bu I say, why didn't you write? Doll ha broke her heart about it, and so did you "I did write. I wrote from Sikukini's country, but I suppose the letter did not fetch;" answered Ernest, feeling very guilty. "The fact is, old fellow, I had not

the heart to write much. I have been so confoundedly down on my luck ever since (To be continued.)

CHRISTMAS BON-BONS.

ittle Paragraphs About the Holiday S son--Poetry and Pastery. The Christmas feast beyond all question Would test an ostrich's digestion. Buy wooden toys for your children When they are broken next week they won't

be entirely useless. They can at least b ed as firewood. used as frewood.

Christmas comes but once a year, and it is very lucky for the man with a large family that he has fifty-two weeks to catch p before the next one arrives. Young men who have pawned their over-coats to make a raise for Christmas will take notice that the new Eastern weather

ophet declares that "it will be very col Now Christmas comes with much good cheer With some 'twill be a day of beer; Next day, with heads both dull and sore, They'll swear that Christmas was a bore.

The laziest boy on record is one wi wouldn't hang up his stocking on Chris mas. His mother had to hang it up fo him and make the present also. She wi always have that boy to support. Girls, if you want to discover your futur husband, place the wish bone of the turke above the door. If you have no turkey s old buckle will do just as well. Grab first man who enters and jump heavily o his toes. If he swears, you haven't hold of

the right man.

the right man.

The sweetest day in all the year
Is Christmas day, so jolly,
When loved ones come from far and near
To dance beneath the holly.

Are you mad at your neighbor? Well,
don't kill his chickens nor stone his cat,
because that's silly and childish. Just
make his boy a Christmas present of an
accordeon and you have heaped coals of fire
on his head which will soothe and singe his
devoted scaln till the last inharmonious disevoted scalp till the last inharmonious dis-ord has been yanked out of the old

The Little Boy's Gift. The Little Boy's Gift.

I have a true story which is well worth the telling. Last Sunday a young clergyman from a young congregation preached, by exchange, to a congregation which is one of the serene, old-fashioned, undisturbed sort, where the rising generation's undoubted human nature is allowed for in a quiet and consible ways. The visiting clergyman human nature is allowed for in a quiet and sensible way. The visiting clergyman remained to the Sunday School, and after the exercises were about half finished he rose to make a little speech. "I know that you are an enterprising Sunday School," he said, "because I see you have so many new books. I know that you are a happy Sunday School, because I see so many smiling faces around. ecause I see so many smiling faces aroune. And I know that you are a gener day School, because that little boy ov Sunday School, because that fitte boy over there by the long pew door offered me a pea-nut as I came in." The attention of the assembly was instantly directed to the little boy, who began to snicker uncon-trolably to himself. "Well, what's the trolably to himself. "Well, what's the matter, my little man?" asked the clergyman. "You're_not sorry you offered me the peanut are you?" "Did you th-think that was a peanut I gave you?" asked the little boy, still snickering violently. "Why, yes; wasn't it?" "No-o-o! 'twas only a shell!"—Boston Post.

A Pure Woman's Worth. Dr. Elizabeth H. Bradley, of London, a leader in the social movement, who lately addressed a Chicago audience under the auspices of the W.C. T. U., says to mothers "Don't let your daughter marry a man to save him." This is not Christian senti-mentality, it is better—it is Christian expediency. A pure woman is worth a legion corrupted men."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The French press has been warned no publish any military news that would be use abroad It is stated that the Russian reserves in the martial-looking Zulu, who seemed of troops have been noticed in Bessarabia number of our men, but fortunately they

STONEY CREEK.

Reminiscences of the Battle in 1813. o the Editor of the TIMES: SIR,—If you will favor me with the use of your valuable paper for a few reminiscences of one of the veterans of the war of 1812 and 1813, who took an active part in the battle of Stoney Creek, I will be grateful to you I have read with interest the war stories in your paper of your correspondent Hans E B. E. He has told you and your man B. E. He has told you and your many readers how the British got possession of the American countersign on the eve of the battle of Stoney Creek, the 5th of June, 1813; how Isaac Corman got it from one of the American officers while he was a prisoner in charge of the Americans; how on his way home after his release from imprisonment he met the gallant young scout, William Green, to whom Mr. Corman countersign. scout, William Green, to whom Mr. Corman communicated the American countersign. Let us now follow this gallant young hero, who had not yet reached his 18th year of age, as he dashes away with the fleetness of an Indian through the troods to his home at Stoney Creek, where he procures a horse, mounts it, and rides with all possible haste to General Vincent's head-quarters at Burlington Heights. General Vincent's position on Burlington Heights was a most critical one. York on one side and Fort George on the other had both fallen; his ammunition, which he was fallen; his ammunition, which he was obliged to abandon or destroy before evacuating Fort George, was now reduced to ninety rounds of ball cartridge for each man, and were he forced to continue his retreat, unless the British fleet made Sir Leve Yea could reset be

fleet, under Sir James Yeo, could reach the anchorage near the Brant House, four miles from his position and carry off his small force, he would have to continue it by way of York (Toronto), thence to Kingston over 200 miles of hard country roads—not such roads as we have at the present day. The reader will remember that York was then at the mercy of the American fleet. Vincent's position, as we said before, was a most critical one, having a comparatively powerful army in full pursuit, seven miles distant (at Stoney Creek), following closely on his tracks, he had to choose between making a most desperate stand leet, under Sir James Yeo, could reach th closely on his tracks, he had to choose be-tween making a most desperate stand there or to abandon his post with all its stores, etc., and continue his retreat to Kingston. Such of our readers as have travelled over the line of Vincent's retreat from Fort George to Burlington Height will remember and call to mind that nar row neck of land between the Barton Heights and the head waters of Burlingto Bay, on which the British force stood that Saturday night, the 5th of June, 1813 There were many young Canadians servi in that little British force—plucky boy whose names will ever live, cherisned as "household words" in many a Canadian home. Some of them afterwards rose high at the Bar, on the Bench, in the legislative halls, or as colonels of the Upper Canada of the upper Canada Walls, or as colonels of the Upper Canada of the unerring American rifle.

This ends our sketch of the battle of Canada Canada of the unerring American rifle.

nalls, or as colonels of the Upper Canada militia. We may here note that at a "Queenston Heights Annual Dinner," over thirty years ago, Sir Allan MacNab gave as a toast, "The Fighting Judges of Upper Canada." There were at that time five of those judges still living who had served through the whole war. The young Canadian reader may thus form his estimate of the men who stood in the ranks of our Niagara frontier army in 1812-13, doing battle for their king and country. We will now return to that ever-memorable day, Saturday, the 5th of June, 1813. The advance guard, or rather rear guard, of the British that afternoon was stationed two miles in rear of the ctrenched camp, near the present Cor House and square in the city of Hamiltonian Hamilton was then nowhere—not even willage. On that spot, half an hour beformidnight, the attacking party of 704 mer was formed and took up its line of marcl on Stoney Creek, under Colonel Harvey

During the day—Saturday, the 5th of June, 1813—Colonel Harvey (afterwards Sir John Harvey, Governor of New Brunswick,) had acquainted himself with the American position. Some say that he the American position. Some say that he had visited their camp at Stoney Creeks during the day disguised as a farmer on his way to his work. Be this as it may, Harvey made himself thoroughly acquainted with the American position, and, having got possession of the American counterpossession of the American counter-sign from the heroic young William Green, he proposed a night attack, which General Vincent approved of. Let us now follow this brave little army, with their 704 un-loaded muskets and flintless locks, on their mission into the jaws of death. Before starting, command was given for every lint to be taken out of their muskets and not to even whisper, so as to prevent the possibility of an accidental alarm. Every man, however, had his well filled cartouche box, containing sixty rounds of is side. The fate of Upper Canada lepended upon the success or failure of this night surprise. Silently they moved, not a whisper was heard; there was silence deep as death in the ranks during that midnigh

as death in the ranks during that midnight march of seven miles. On and on they tread through that dense forest in the solemn hours of the night. So silently did they move that not a sound was heard, not a sound to quell the dreadful silence that prevailed, save now and then the cracking of a stray dry branch under foot, an occa sional splash of some unfortunate fellow who makes a misstep into some mud hold the howl of the wolf or the hoot of th night owl, or a whispered word of con mand. Have you ever, reader, walked night along a country road of Upper Canac in the old time, the road often times only narrow trail and so dark that you could n narrow trail and so dark that you could no see your hand before you, with great towering trees of oak, elm, walnut, pine, etc., over hanging, adding to the darkness? If you have you can picture the road—over which this forlorn hope had to travel. Thence emerging from the thick darkness of their midnight tramp, they had to face are enemy's camp having six to one to greet their early, unexpected Sunday morning visit. "Hush," said Harvey to a young man, the late Judge Jarvis, "Hush, we are on them!" In an instant the bayoness of

on them!" In an instant the bayonets two of the leading men pierced the fisentry—the second shared a lifate. One of them was standing leaning the second shared a lifate. against a large oak tree, quietly sleepin with his arms folded around his muske William Green, the scout, who was in th advance close by Harvey in the beginnin of the battle, related to me that with h word he silenced one sentry at Lew Lane, who was in the act of bayonetin. The fourth escaped, discharging h him. The fourth escaped, discharging hi gun and alarming the camp. "Bayonet to the front" were the words passed quietly and quickly through the ranks and our leading files were soon in front of the camp fires, bayoneting many of the sleeping enemy. A detachment of the small army, under Harvey, who was guided to the chapel door, or as it is better known as \(\frac{1}{2} \) the old Methodist meeting house, by the young scout William Green. I have already stated that the fourth sentry, who was standing near the door of the church

already stated that the fourth sentry, whe was standing near the door of the church raised the alarm by discharging his musket, but the poor fellow had to pay the penalty for that act by having a bayonet thrust through his body, who, as the scout related, had only time to say, "O. Lord God!" and threw up his hands and fell backwards dead. The coast being clear they surrounded the church, and clear they surrounded the church, and captured thirty Americans, who wer uacked in the church fast asleep. The main body at "the double" pressed or into the valley under a cloud of fire burst ing from an unseen enemy. The men then prepared to adjust their flints. It was first, "handle cartridge, prime, load, draw ramrods, ram down cartridge, return ramrods (all this had to be done with the old musket), then ready—fire!" Volle ion, as they fired into the darkness, not see

were on low ground and the level fire of the enemy passed over them. Harvey ordered two companies of the gallant 49th Regiment to the right to attack, or rather to throw into confusion, the left and centre of the enemy. Those flank movements of the 49th threw the enemy into terrible confusion. Three of their guns posted in the centre on the main road were captured; scarcely a gunner escaped. The late Col. Fraser, of Perth, Ont., then serving as a sergeant in the 49th having twelve men Fraser, of Perth, Ont., then serving as a sergeant in the 49th, having twelve men with him, was one of the first among the guns, bayoneting seven of the gunners with his own hands. He was present at the capture of the two American Generals, Chandler and Winder, near the guns. The young Canadian militia being so familiar with the Indians that they could imitate their warwhoon to perfection, they knew their warwhoop to perfection, they knew that the Americans dreaded the Indian that the Americans dreaded the Indians more than the whites. There was fearful confusion in the American camp. Being ignorant of the strength of the attacking party, they fell back in great disorder. Hundreds of them scrambled to the heights on their left. Colonel Burns, on whom the command of the Americans now devolved, was among the first to mount his horse and start eastward with his 250 harars eavelyng reaching the Earty, mile

horse and start eastward with his 250 brave cavalry, reaching the Forty-mile Creek in a few hours, on their way to Fort George. It is not our intention to particularize or chronicle the many daring feats and hand-to-hand encounters during the darkness of that ever-memorable Sunday morning, the 6th of June, 1813. Suffice it to say that Harvey's surprise was most successful and complete causing the most successful and complete, causing the preaking up of the American camp an breaking up of the American camp and their subsequent retreat. Sunday morning before break of day the now scattered parties of this forlorn hope fell back, to return by the road over which they had advanced. They had suffered fearfully. They were not now the "seven hundred and four" of the previous night! Over one hundred and fifty of them, between killed, wounded and missing did not answer the roll call that morning did not answer the roll call that morning Let us take a peep at the shattered rem-nant of this forlorn hope as they muster and reform for their return march to Burlington Heighis. They are gathering and coming in from all parts of the field, some in small squads, some in twos, some in threes, others singly, some bearing and carrying off wounded comrades. Over one hundred and fifty of them are missing; but they have swelling their ranks two American Generals, Chandler and Winder; seven officers and one hundred and sixtéen men prisoners, with their guns as trophies of war—gracing their blood-stained bayonets, thus rendering Stoney Creek the most gal-lant affair for the British arms during the

Stoney Creek.

And now as nearly all of those gallant men who fought and bled to maintain our rights and liberties as well as theirs have assed away, the best thing we of the presnt can do to commemorate that victory will be to erect a suitable monumenthat old battle-field near Stoney Creek. JOHN W. GREEN, Stoney Creek.

(Detroit Free Press.) There was a pair of stockings to hang up at our house last Christmas, a pair of stockings with a hole worn in one little foot and the heel worn thin in the other. This

year there are none to hang up.

Last year we haunted toy stores an 1 confectioners for the newest and nicest things or our boy. This year we passed the gay windows with bowed heads and aching windows with bowed heads and aching hearts. I see tears in my wife's eye as we pass some happy mother with a due or white mittened little hand held tightly in her own, while the merry little lad by her side looks laughingly up in her face.

I cannot keep my own lips from trembling, or my tear-dimmed eyes from gazing wistfully at that dear little fellow with the blue eyes and golden curls perched high on olue eyes and golden curls, perched high on

blue eyes and golden curis, perched high ook over the heads of the crowd standing in front of the gay toy store. I held my own boy so last year. He walked these same gay streets with his little hand held in his nother's. mother's.

He rode home on my lap in the horse cars that day before Christmas. He climbed up and put his arms around my neck to whisper to me a wonderful "seekit." This

secret whisper always was:
"I lub you, papa."
And after we had coaxed him into his night clothes that night, and after we had heard his little prayers with the final "God bless papa and mamma," we put him "God bless papa and mamma," we put him to bed and filled the two little blue stockings so full and piled high the chair on which they hung. We could hardly sleep

or thinking of what he would do and say when the Christmas morning came.

This year we rode home alone in the car.
We sat silently in our little parlor. My
wife tried to read a new copy of her favorite nagazine, but I could see that her eves vere closed behind its pages.

I said I would go out on the porch and smoke. But my cigar was not lighted in he whole hour I remained without.

They were having a Christmas tree for ny neighbor's little boy in the house ache street. I could see the tree with pretty boy dancing around it.

I knew and felt that he was safe in the arms of One who carries the young lambs in His bosom, that greater love than mine was around him, a love that could forever shield him from all trials and sorrows; out I could not help crying out :

"My baby, my boy, I want you myself."
The curtain of our parlor was up a few
inches, and I could see my wife on her
knees, and what did she have in her hands, kissing them again and again, with sobs and tears? The little stockings we hung p last Christmas eve.

Perhaps we will, as the neighbors say, outgrow it" by and bye, or "get used it;" but this is the first Christmas we

have had to live through since the baby My wife carries this little verse in her pocket-book: We shall roam on the banks of the River of Peace, And dwell on its crystal tide, And one of the joys of our Heaven will be The little boy that died.

A Key to His Habits. Mr. Winks-I wish, Mrs. Winks, you could read this article on the duties of ives.
Mrs. Winks—I haven't time now. What

oes it say?

"Well, it says, for one thing, that it is
the duty of a wife to cultivate assimilation,
and, so far as possible, have the same tastes as her husband. I never thought of that.

"I suppose not."
"No, but if you'll bring a bottle of whise key home with you, I'll try." A Sure Sign of Age.

"Why, my dear, what's the matter indly asked a lady of her friend. Oh, I feel I'm beginning to look qui old," was the mournful reply.
"Nonsense! Whatever put such an idea "Because," was the reply, "I notice that whenever I cross Broadway the policemen never take my arm as they used to do."—
Judge.

Equal to the Emergency. An irate female seeks admittance to the attendant; "that the editor is too ill to alk to any one to-day. "Never mind, you let me in. I'll do the talking."—Pack.

They tell Heekin.

A friend met him the day at the Little Miami Railroad, just as he was returning from his suburban home in Linwood. "Where've you been?" was the natural

inquiry.
"Been out home drowning four of my "What !--" in a half shriek.

"Been out home drowning four of my children. " For heaven's sake explain what you

"Well, it is just this. Yesterday I sent up to Levi Goodale at Bradstreet's the commercial standing of a New Young It said that the man was honest, his list-ness was flourishing, and that his credit was A1. However, it wound up with the suggestive remark, 'But he has a leage family of children.' I thought that over, and saw that the inference was that the large family of children was draining his pocket-book, and that it might be held an against him. Now Thereacher up against him. Now, I have about ten children myself, and as I didn't want my ousiness standing questioned I at once went home and drowned four of them.

Mr. Heekin, it may be remarked, is still at large.-Cincinnati Times-Star.

A drummer fresh from a southern trip sat in a Boston liquor dispensary the other day and said: "Boys, I've struck a new game since I saw you last, and it is going to be popular sure enough. Cards are all right in a smoking car with the boys, and what a fellow wants is something that will keep his mind off from the fatigue of travelling, and at the same time give him some amusement. Well, when we left Atlanta I ran up against another drummer who knew all about this new game, and we hadn't been at it more than an hour before the whole train, men, women and children the whole train, men, women and children, were playing at it. Now, the modus operandi was something like this: The game is to count 1,000 points. My friend sat on one side of the car and I on the other. A boy, dog, cow, sheep or horse counted 10 each, a man 15, a woman 20, a girl 25 and a cat 30. A red headed girl counted 100. We watched the car window until we reached Alexandria Va. His

counted 100. We watched the car window until we reached Alexandria, Va. His score was 875, and I saw that in ten minutes he was likely to make the T.000. I had 730 and I felt pretty certain that I would have to pay for that box of cigars. Well, the train drew into Alexandria and there were three red-headed girls standing on the platform, and I ran the game out on him there."

Perhaps There are Chips and-Chips.

"I used to think that men had an wfully easy time," said Mrs. Franks, but I've changed my mind, and hereafter I'm going to take all the care off Charles I possibly can. You see the other morning I told Charles we wanted sense wood and to be sure and order some. Well, I waited all day, and that wood didn't come, and I was almost angry, for, said I, he has forgotten it, as usual.' Charles didn't come home until late, long after I had retired. He had to go to his club, and it eems he was detained until after mid seems he was detained until after mid-night. He was awfully restless, and kept talking in his sleep, saying every once in a while, 'Give me another dollar's worth of chips.' So you see I knew that his mind was troubled about that wood. How much t must have worried him, to thus disturb his rest! Hereafter I'm going to attend to

The Ideal Boot for Women.

ome errand."-Boston Transcript

has enough to bother him without doing

all house matters myself.

The Christmas shopping is fairly under way, and scores of shoppers are pledding through the deep slush and show of the streets with that patience they can muster. Women can't legislate on the clearing of he streets, indignation is of little only one thing can be done in the way of self-defence, and that is to wear rubber boots. "But rubber boots are such ungainly boots. "But rubber boots are such ungainly things," urges the prejudiced person. Granted; rubber boots are ugly, and all of womankind are waiting eagerly for the promised beautiful boot which is to fit the foot, to lace up over a rubber, and be generally good to look at, as well as good to keep the feet dry and warm. The ideal boot has not yet appeared in the market, but when it does come, if it is to come, if it be not a chimera it will be valegared. be not a chimera, it will be welcomed warmly.-Boston Record

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Despite the pride of museum on looks enviously upon the fat women then it comes to a matter of hanging up the Christmas stockings.

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