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CHARLES APPLEBY & T. CARL L. KETCHUM,
Editors and Proprietors

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THE RUSSIAN BEAR AND SCARE.

Every once in a while the Russian bear is brought on the stage to frighten us. The Spanish American war is about over, and now that war has become fashionable, there must be a continuance of the excitement, so why not match Russia against England and so bring on such an interesting struggle. Lord Salisbury is accused of "backing down" of being "weak-kneed" of "being like a lath painted to look like iron" etc. The fact is, probably, that Lord Salisbury has a keen appreciation of the meaning of war between two such nations as England and Russia. He recognizes the responsibility that must rest on the shoulders of the man who plunges Europe into such a conflict—for, a war begun, with England and Russia, as the participants, would scarcely end without further complications.

Our friends across the border, very naturally, exult over the outcome of their duel with Spain, but even, now, how many honest Americans can say that the war is justified. Has the Cuban patriot proved worthy of the sacrifices that have been made on his account? Not, if we are to judge from comments in American papers. Every war must pass in judgment before the bench of history. The Crimean war seemed glorious, at the close, but history has pronounced it, unwarranted.

A great many people appear to think that England and Russia are bound to clash. Why, so? Simply because they are both great empires. Russia disavows any hostile intentions towards India. She, even, protests against the charge that she is anxious to hold Chinese trade, to her exclusive use.

If we say that we cannot believe Russia, there is a very general opinion that diplomacy and duplicity are very nearly synonyms, and all nations glory in their clever diplomats. The United States has been comparatively free from these gay deceivers, but it promises, now, to go in for breeding them.

Russia is an immense empire, peopled by a great people, a people strong in body, and strong in mind. Let Russia once become a constitutionally governed nation, and she will give the Anglo-Saxon all he wants in holding the pre-eminence. Lord Salisbury spoke, recently, of "dying nations." Russia is not in that class. She is but a youth with the strength of a giant.

A writer in the Contemporary Review of a recent date deals exhaustively with Russia and Russian character. He says:—"I do not take a brief for Russia whose statesmen are probably individually neither worse nor better than the rest of mankind. But what I do say is that her Asiatic policy, generally, seems to have been honorable 'as a whole' due allowance made for 'psychological' considerations. Russia's whole attitude in the world is far from being an aggressive one."

He continues:—"I found that the Russians by temperament were without exception the gentlest, most easy going and humane nation in Europe—and I have seen them all. Their defects are many, but the leading feature in the Russian character, high and low, which stands above faults of which they have their full share, is an enthusiastic, generous humanity, easily moved to sadness and tears; full of expansive gratitude for kindness, free from meanness, pettiness and cunning greed. The Russians are not so fond of fair play, not so truthful, not so energetic, not so manly as we are; but, on the other hand, they are less hypocritical, more truly modest, gentler, more tender, more truly religious, more truly humane, and less brutal and violent in every way. This being so, I decline to believe that the Russian nation as a body or the Russian government as its representatives—which share the virtues and vices of that body—would ever lend itself heart and soul to an aggressive general war for mere purposes of spite and plunder."

There is an old and well-to-be-considered saying "Beyond the mountains there are people to be found." Perhaps we are so hard on the Russ. because we know so little of him.

At all events he is here on this planet to stay. If might is going to rule the world, we believe the Russian is going to be in it, in the future. He is growing, physically, while it is a question if the much boasted "Anglo-Saxon" is not on the decline. The increased population on this continent is not a result of the increase of births over deaths among the English people. It is the result of immigration and the birth of children to immigrants. The population of Russia is growing, by leaps and bounds, and it is sound, pure, healthy Russian, nothing mongrel about it.

He Was Hit at El Caney.

A young Bostonian, William McFarlane, better known among his associates as "Scotty" who enlisted in the 7th regulars in this city, May 10, is back again in Boston. He has had an exciting experience in the past 12 weeks. He went with the 7th to Santiago, and was with his regiment at El Caney during the severe first day's fight.

He went out a private and came back with a corporal's stripes on his coat and one arm in a sling. The stripes were given him in recognition of his soldierly qualities, and the arm in the sling is a consequence of a greeting extended by some Spanish soldier at the blockhouse at El Caney.

Corp. McFarlane is a Scotchman; hence the soubriquet. He has been familiar with soldiering since babyhood. His uncle, a sergeant-major in the Gold-stream Guards reared him and when he was old enough he joined the 1st battalion, Royal Scots, and remained for a time at Aldershot. As this was rather tame work, he left the English army four years ago and came to this country.

Corp. McFarlane was working in Boston when the present war broke out, and on May 10 he walked into Capt. Quinton's recruiting station on Kneeland street and enlisted in the 7th regulars.

"I thought I'd get to the front sooner by enlisting in the regulars," he said, "and I thought the chances would be better of getting under some first-class officer, a West Point man, than by enlisting in the volunteers."

He was sent from Boston to join the 7th at Tampa, and after staying there two weeks was forwarded to Port Tampa with the regiment and sent aboard a transport. For six days more the loaded transports swung idly in the stream, but finally the word was given and the start for Santiago was made.

The regiment proceeded to the interior without delay, marching most of the time over narrow trails, so narrow, in fact, that the men had to go in single file and carry their guns under their arms in order to keep them from striking the branches of the trees overhead. July 1 they went into action at El Caney.

"We were marching along," he said, "plugging away through the woods, when we heard the report of Capron's battery. Then Gen. Chaffee told us to go into the country. My company, A, was the advance guard of the regiment that day, and we were fired upon just as we were going over the brow of a small hill about two miles from El Caney.

"We kept pushing on through the woods in little groups. The underbrush was so thick that we couldn't march in order, and we lost our officers in the race. Sergt. Barrett of my company ordered a squad of us to follow him, and finally we reached Lieut.-Col. Carpenter, who was in command of the regiment. He is a brave old man, and he took his place right at the head of the line. He was mounted, and he had on a white helmet, which made him a good mark for the Spaniards.

"Sergt. Barrett is an Irishman with a pronounced brogue. He used to be in the English army, and saw service in the East Indies.

"For God's sake, colonel, get off that horse and lay down," he called out to the lieutenant-colonel, when he came up. "If you don't, with that white helmet of yours you'll be a mark for every d—n sharpshooter in the Spanish army."

The colonel took his advice and dismounted, but kept with the rest of us.

"We drove the Spanish out of their trenches, and they retreated to the fort. We lay in the trenches five hours, waiting for the artillery to come up, and while we were there Capt. Frederickson of my company called for three volunteer sharpshooters to go forward. I was a sharpshooter in the English army, but I wasn't a regular sharpshooter in my regiment because I hadn't competed at all, but I volunteered with Sergt. Barrett and another Irishman named Tom O'Rourke, who is the best sharpshooter in the regular army. O'Rourke was also in the English army at one time.

"We went to within 200 yards of the fort, and began popping them Spaniards off. Suddenly a lieutenant called out: 'They're firing at us from the fort.' The next moment he was killed.

"Get down," called Sergt. Barrett to me. Before I could do so, however, I felt a pain in my shoulder, and knew that I had been shot. The bullet went through the shoulder bone, grazed the left lung, and came out of my back.

"Sergt. Barrett cut open my shirt, put on the 'first aid to the wounded,' and then I walked to the field hospital, two miles in the rear. I stayed there two days and then went to the divisional hospital, eight miles away. From there the wounded were taken to the hospital at Siboney in wagons. It was worse than walking, but we finally reached there, and on July 5 we started for Port Tampa on the transports.

"While we were in the field hospital we heard the guns of the two fleets when Cervera made his dash out of the harbour.

"On the way home the Cherokee, which was carrying us to Port Tampa, was fired upon by the Scorpion because our boat was

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Mrs. A. Brown, P. O. Box 200, Dresden, Ont., says: "For years I suffered from dropsical trouble which caused me much distress. I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box of them at Switzer's Drug Store. Before commencing to take them I was unable to button my shoes on account of my swollen condition, but by the time I had finished the first box I could do this without inconvenience. I have now taken a second box and have no hesitancy in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills for any kidney or dropsical trouble." Price 50c. a box, 3 for \$1.25, all Druggists. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

carrying no lights, and we were going to the bottom, when a shell went over our heads but we finally got to Port Tampa, and were taken on a train to Fort McPherson in Georgia, where we were placed in the hospital.

"I got some money there, and went outside to get a 'feed'. I was so hungry that I made myself sick for three days, and on the 26th I got a furlough of 60 days and came North."

The following is an extract from a letter Corp. McFarlane wrote to a friend in this city while he was at Fort McPherson:

FORT MCPHERSON, GA.,
Monday, July 18, 1898.

Dear D—: Well, Santiago has fallen at last, so I did not get hit by a Spanish bullet for nothing. We wounded soldiers are "curios" down here. If a man in an army uniform, with his arm in a sling, with a crutch, or with a bandaged head stands on a corner for a few minutes, he is surrounded by about 801 curious sympathetic people, all of whom want to know if he came from Santiago and about the fighting down there. They stand and stare at him and he can hear the ladies say, "poor fellow, how he must suffer," or similar expressions.

And D—, I am trying to get a short furlough, and if I succeed I may be with you very shortly, and I will tell you all sorts of fairy tales about Cuba and the fighting there.

July 1, I lay for two or three hours in the underbrush, about 200 yards from the fort of El Caney and the town of Karns, with two of the best shots in the army—Sergt. Barrett and Tom O'Rourke. We were picking off the Spaniards as they were running from the houses of the town into a church. At first they started in to walk, but they pretty soon found out that that didn't pay, and then they ran. Both of my companions were Irish. Every now and then Barrett would turn around to O'Rourke or me and say, after a Spaniard had dropped in his tracks in response to the crack of his gun:

"Did you watch that shot; wasn't it a daisy?"

Or, it would be, "Be jabbers, that one was a little too high"—or low, as the case might be, when he had missed his aim.

There was a tree all covered with red blossoms right in front of the door of one of the houses the Spaniards were running out of, and Barrett turned to me and said:

"Mack, what shall we call that tree?"

Then, in the same breath,

"Be jabbers, we'll call it the bloody tree!"

We would wait until they were just outside of the door and then drop them.

Don't answer this, as I may be with you before another week. Feeling pretty good; just had a big steak.

SCOTTY.

—Boston Herald.

A Baptist Minister.

Rev. M. P. Campbell, the highly esteemed pastor of the Baptist Church, Essex, Ont., says: "From my personal use of Doan's Kidney Pills I can say they are an excellent remedy for all kidney troubles."

Sue—I had an awful scare the other day while out for a walk with Will. Lou—How? Sue—Why, we met the minister and Will asked him to join us.

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