

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I.

Rhymers and writers of our day,
Too much of melancholy!
Give us the old heroic lay;
A whiff of wholesome folly;
The escapade, the dance;
A touch of wild romance.
Wake from this self-conscious fit;
Give us again Sir Walter's wit;
His love of earth, of sky, of life;
His ringing page with humor rife,
His never wearying pen;
His love of men!

II.

Builder of landscape, who could make
Turret and tower their stations take
Brave in the face of the sun;
Of many a mimic world creator.
Alive with fight and strenuous fun;
Of nothing human he the hater.
Nobly could he plan;
Master of nature, master of man.

III.

Sometimes I think that He who made us,
And on this pretty planet laid us,
Made us to work and play
Like children in the light of day—
Not like plodders in the dark.
Searching with lanterns for some mark
To find the way
After the stroke of pain,
Up and work again!

IV.

Such was his life, without reproach or fear,
And at the end,
When heaven bent down and whispered in his ear
The word God's saints waited and longed to hear,
I ween he was as quick as they to comprehend;
And when he passed beyond the goal,
Entered the gates of pearl no sweeter soul.
—Century.

SOUDANESE SOLDIERS.

Stories of the Black warriors of the British
Army of Occupation.

From the Cornhill Magazine.

We were the curious polyglot community; the superior officers British, the inferior of many races: Tall, soldier-like Kurds, their wild natures tempered by the habit of discipline and subordination; fair-haired Albanians, proud of the land of their birth, and professing a certain skill in arms; descendants of the Mamelukes; burly Turks; subtle, town-bred Egyptians, as well as the heavier Fellaheen brethren; black Soudanese, who had risen from their ranks; Circassians, and admixtures of most of these races. The men were either Fellaheen or black Soudanese, who many of them had been formerly Dervish riflemen, and had fought against us time and again, had seen the fall of Khartoum, the destruction of Hicks' ill-fated army, the debacle at Baker's Teb, and many other stricken fields.

The Fellaheen, patient, enduring ox-like men, do not call for much comment; though capable of being worked up to a high state of efficiency and discipline, and though second to none as workers, they are not, by nature soldiers. Their hearts are in their native villages on the banks of the Nile; they look forward longingly to the day of their release from military service, when they may return to their village, tend their cattle and their date trees, look to their water wheels, and slumber through the heat of the day in some shady corner.

With the black it is far different. He is by nature a fighting man and a soldier, and loves fighting for fighting's sake. We had representatives of many tribes in our ranks, all with their tribal characteristics: Trusty Shilllocks, long lithe Dinkas, rugged Nubas, Furs, of whom it is said that every man is a thief (no pun is intended on the Latin equivalent) and every woman no better than she need be. Then there were members of the cannibal tribes. Nyum-nyum and Fertite, and men from far Bagirma and from the head waters of the Congo. Some of these men had been in the old Khedivial army, and had even fought against us in the ranks of the Arabi's army at Tel-el-Kebir, and had helped to work the guns at Alexandria, and they had almost to a man led lives teeming with adventure and of the deepest interest. There was one old black officer in a regiment with which I served, by name Ali Gifoon, of the Shilllock tribe. He had been captured by the Callaba slave traders as a boy, had been enlisted in the Khedivial army, had gone with the contingent sent to help the French arms in Mexico, and now wears on his breast, in addition to his numerous other decorations, the Mexican medal and a gold medal given by the Emperor of the French for "valour." Another officer in the same battalion, named Omar, had accompanied Stanley through darkest Africa, and for his services he was promoted from the ranks. Poor Omar! He was an untamable savage, with a hopeless liking for strong liquors, and I am afraid he was of little use as an officer; among his belongings were two pygmies. With reference to these pygmies, I remember once or twice in the Soudan coming across slaves, who, from their diminutive stature and physique, must have been very nearly related to those strange dwarfed inhabitants of the Central African forests.

Our blacks were full of curious superstitions, with, strange to say, an implicit belief in their white officers' power as avengers of the evil effects of magic. Often have I known a stalwart Nafar (private) come before his commanding officer in the orderly room with the complaint that he had been bewitched, and go away quite happy with a letter to the Hakeem to give him some medicine to break the charm. Often was one told on the rifle range by a man that his rifle

was bewitched, and one broke the supposed spell by loading it for him, or by firing a round or two.

I was always curious to find out exactly how the inhabitants of the Soudan regarded the Mahdi, whether he was looked upon as an impostor or as a prophet who had had bad luck; but it was very difficult to get a decided expression of opinion. "Who knows?" was the general answer. My black bugler Faragalla, an ex-dervish, was the most expansive. "Wallahi," he would say; "he was a great man. He knew how to direct his own men's bullets straight, and how to turn his enemies' bullets to harmless rain. If he had lived things would not have been as they are now." "What about Abu Klea?" I said. "He was not present; he never saw defeat!" was the reply. This was so true that I changed the subject, and asked him what he thought of Osman Digna. "Ottman Digna?" he said. "Ottman Digna? He works by magic; he writes in the sands; and if the letters spell victory he remains, but if they spell defeat he goes."

The black is an extremely uxorious man, and in the Egyptian army they were all allowed to marry, and a certain percentage were placed on the married strength and received an allowance for the maintenance of their wives and families. With his wife and family near him, the black is absolutely happy. The woman waits upon him, cooks for him the savory messes his soul loveth, and ministers generally to his comfort; the children are his heart's delight and he never seems so happy as when he is playing with them. The surest way to a black man's heart is through his family, and, with judicious allowance for his feelings in this direction, he is the easiest creature in the world to manage and control. It is to be hoped that in the "Black Empire" of the future no man will think himself strong enough to arbitrarily sever the black troops from their families.

At Wadi Halfa, Assouan, and Suakim the black regiments had their married lines outside their cantonments, and as soon as parade was over they were to be seen hurrying off to them. A certain number in each company were allowed to sleep there every night, and on Fridays, the Mussulman's Sunday, the "Haremat Lines" held high carnival. The tomtoms banged unceasingly; the men sat on the shady sides of the houses, clad in snowy shirt and drawers, with their families round them, and in the evening there was nearly always held a "Dileuka" or dance, the members of each tribe joining together and performing their tribal dance—as a rule, a curious, posturing shuffle, descriptive of the various incidents of love and war. As the evening wore on the fun grew fast and furious, the torches flared, the drums banged, the dancers shouted their war-cries, until at last the bugles sounded "lights out," the revelry died away, and these happy savages went off to bed like tired children, to wake on the next day ready for the military routine of a new week.

When the forward movement commenced, in the beginning of 1896, of course the wives and families had to be left behind. But as we advanced into the Dervish country their black sisters flocked from slavery to join the troops, and as the Dervishes retreated or were defeated they left numbers of women and children behind them, among whom our troops discovered many sisters, mothers, and even former wives. The woman question soon became a serious one. The Mahometan law allows a man a plurality of wives; our men had not seen their families for months, and were anxious to form new ties; many women had died at Assouan and Halfa in the cholera epidemic, and there were corresponding widowers in our ranks ripe for consolation. So, wisely enough, men, under certain conditions, were allowed to marry, and soon little villages sprang up round all the cantonments. The men who had permission took unto themselves their dusky brides, and in many cases adopted the small Dervish children, and all went merry as a marriage bell. The little villages, built of dry grass or mud, were kept scrupulously clean; military police were made responsible for order; and the most prominent lady was elected Shaikha, and with the assistance of the oldest non-commissioned officer and some black commissioned officers settled all disputes; and never were there more orderly, law-abiding communities. When the troops left the Dongola province for further operations south, the grass widows were sent down to Wadi Halfa to join the other families, and it is to be hoped that by now all have been happily reunited at Fashoda, Khartoum, or wherever the bread-winner may happen to be stationed. I mention all this because one's thoughts cannot help turning to Uganda and to the poor Thurston, whom we all know and like so much; and with the opening up of a vast Black Empire and the employment of numbers of black troops, I think that a word in season is not amiss, and that a useful moral may be deduced as to the great secret of dealing with black troops. Respect his one great weakness—give him a wife and family and home life, and he is the most genial, contented, easily managed being in the world; deny him this and he rapidly becomes restless and discontented, spends his

leisure in wandering about in search of adventures, brawls, and loots in the village and gives endless trouble.

Some of our blacks were very good shots, but the majority were below the average of the English soldiers, and the Egyptians were not such good shots as the blacks.

At the battle of Firket a company of camel corps were lining a ridge of rocks, with a corresponding ridge held by the Dervishes some three or four hundred yards to their front; a black sergeant named Capsoon had found a sort of natural embrasure in these rocks, and, calling an English officer's attention to his prowess, he shot down Dervish after Dervish as he showed himself. The company then charged the Dervish position, and cleared them out, and the fruit of Capsoon's skill at arms stood revealed; his bag was nearly a dozen, killed dead. This almost equals what one has heard of Boer marksmanship.

Life and Health Fully Protected in August.

Paine's Celery Compound

Makes Sick People Well.

If you are still enduring the tortures and agonies of disease in this almost unbearably hot weather, your position is one of extreme danger. The enervating effects of the heated term, that test even the strength and endurance of the robust and healthy, must bring you to the very brink of the grave, unless you take the care and precaution that thousands are now exercising.

At this time your safety and life depend upon the use of Paine's Celery Compound, a medicine that is giving new life and vigor to the weakly, nervous and broken down, and that is rescuing from death rheumatic sufferers and those afflicted with blood diseases and liver and kidney complaints.

The testimonials sent in weekly by happy and grateful people saved from suffering and disease are the strongest proofs of the marvellous health-giving virtues of the great medicine. A trial of one bottle in this season of danger will convince the sick that there is life and health in each drop of Paine's Celery Compound.

A Mighty Invention.

Only 70 years have elapsed since the first railway in the world was finished. During that comparatively brief period 400,000 miles have been constructed, the British Empire accounting for about one-sixth.

School Girls' Nerves.

Many a pale, weak school girl, suffering the evil effects of an exhausted nervous system, and thin, watery blood, has been fully restored to the vigor and buoyancy of robust health, by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. The healthful glow on the cheek and the brightness in the eye tell of the building up process which is taking place in the body.

Honors for Darwin.

Oxford University has erected a statue to Charles Darwin in its museum. It is life size and somewhat dwarfs the figure of Newton, by the side of which it is placed.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effectual. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, \$3 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 3-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. Nos. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

Es. No. 1 and No. 2 sold in Woodstock by Garden Bros. Druggists

John P. Pickel,

PLUMBER,

Will attend to all orders left at
Burt's Hardware Store.

Jobbing a Specialty.

Prices reasonable, and work done promptly.

BRISTOL

WOODWORKING

FACTORY,

Having Repaired and Replaced Machinery, is ready to do First-Class Work at lowest possible prices.

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

DOORS SASH MOULDINGS,
HOUSE FINISH SHEATHING ETC.,
STAIR WORK.

Prices to suit the times.

Estimates given. Orders promptly executed.

Write or call.

JOHN J. HAYWARD,
BRISTOL, N. B.

Mr. G. O. ARCHIBALD'S CASE.

Didn't Walk for 5 Months. Doctors said Locomotor Ataxia.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

Cure a Disease hitherto regarded as Incurable.

The case of Mr. G. O. Archibald, of Hopewell Cape, N.B., (a cut of whom appears below), is one of the severest and most intractable that has ever been



reported from the eastern provinces, and his cure by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills the more remarkable from the fact that he was given up as incurable by worthy and respected physicians.

The disease, Locomotor Ataxia, with which Mr. Archibald was afflicted is considered the most obstinate and incurable disease of the nervous system known. When once it starts it gradually but surely progresses, paralyzing the lower extremities and rendering its victim helpless and hopeless, enduring the indescribable agony of seeing himself die by inches.

That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills can cure thoroughly and completely a disease of such severity ought to encourage those whose disorders are not so serious to try this remedy.

The following is Mr. Archibald's letter:

MESSRS. T. MILBURN & CO.—"I can assure you that my case was a very severe one, and had it not been for the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I do not believe I would be alive to-day. I do not know, exactly, what was the cause of the disease, but it gradually affected my legs, until I was unable to walk hardly any for five months.

"I was under the care of Dr. Morse, of Melrose, who said I had Locomotor Ataxia, and gave me up as incurable.

"Dr. Solomon, a well-known physician of Boston, told me that nothing could be done for me. Every one who came to visit me thought I never could get better.

"I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised and thought I would try them anyway, as they gave more promise of helping me than anything I knew of.

"If you had seen me when I started taking those wonderful pills—not able to get out of my room, and saw me now, working hard every day, you wouldn't know me.

"I am agent for P. O. Vickie, of Augusta, Maine, and have sold 300 subscribers in 80 days and won a fifty dollar prize.

"Nothing else in the world saved me but those pills, and I do not think they have an equal anywhere.

"The seven boxes I took have restored me the full use of my legs and given me strength and energy and better health than I have enjoyed in a long time."

G. O. ARCHIBALD.

Hopewell Cape, N. B.

In addition to the statement by Mr. Archibald, we have the endorsement of two well-known merchants of Hopewell Cape, N. B., viz.: Messrs. J. E. Dickson and F. J. Brewster, who certify to the genuineness and accuracy of the facts as given above.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists, or sent by mail. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Not made in Huge Lots!

In Haste, Slighted in Workmanship,
Painting and Upholstering.

This is not the way We make our Waggon.

Each Carriage is carefully made by skilled workmen, out of the best material, painted and trimmed in the best manner, and will outlast three factory carriages.

LOOK AT OUR CORNINGS AND ROAD WAGGONS.

The Woodstock Carriage Co.

Main Street, at the Bridge.

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION.

OF TORONTO.

Established 1871. Income \$1,200,000.

Policies Unconditional. Extended Insurance and Paid Up Policy after TEN years. Low Rates. Profits Unexcelled.

WENDELL P. JONES,
Special Agent.

G. W. PARKER,
Gen. Agent.

The Economic Condition of Ireland.

There are evidences of improvement in the economic condition of Ireland. This is shown by better returns of traffic this year from the railways and by an increase of tonnage at a number of her ports. Mr. J. P. Pim, of the Dublin firm of Pim Bros., delivered an interesting address at the Statistical Society's meeting in June on the "Economic Condition of Ireland." It appears that the population of the country has

shown a slight increase for 1898. The diminution, however for fifty years has amounted to 3,850,000, and if the tide has now turned, the news will be particularly agreeable to drap-ers. Tonnage paying dues in the port of Dublin had increased from 772,505 tons in 1848 to 1,869,220 tons in 1898. The figures for Belfast were 506,953 tons in 1848, and 2,369,908 in 1898. Mr. Pim expressed himself in favor of the amalgamation of Irish railways—a subject which has for some time been exercising the mind of traders.