

## What Sir Geo White said.

Sir George White made an interesting speech at the banquet given by the Ulster Association in London. In part he said:

Lord Londonderry, my lords, ladies and gentlemen, I wish I could feel more confidence in my ability to convey to you how much I feel the very cordial reception which you have given me here tonight. To you, my Lord Londonderry, I can only say that the words in which you have proposed the toast have fallen very gratefully on my ears, and I believe they will also fall equally pleasantly on the ears of those who were associated with me, and without whose courage, whose loyal endurance of hardships, I personally should have made very little of the defence of Ladysmith, and with Ladysmith would have fallen the province of Natal before that gallant officer who has been referred to tonight, and whose name has been received with the enthusiasm which it deserves—General Sir Redvers Buller—could have had time to help me out of the difficulty which, when I entered into it, I replied upon his relieving me from. (Cheers.) I am not a practiced speaker, and therefore, while the memory of the words which your noble president has addressed to you are still ringing in my ears I would like to add my own word of sympathy with Lord Dufferin in the loss of his gallant son on January 6. I have never in the course of my military career, which has now extended as cadet and as officer of Her Majesty's army over fifty years, met an officer in whom the two finest qualities of the heart were better united. He was as kind as he was brave. (Cheers.) You have referred, my lord, tonight, to the action of Elandslaagte. That action was fought on one of the darkest and most miserable nights that I have ever spent in my life; but Lord Ava was present everywhere throughout it, and after having been in the very thick of the fight, where he longed to be, he was helping the wounded and doing what he could to relieve suffering and distress.

It is a great pleasure to me to see here Captain. Hedworth Lambton, who commenced his speech, I think, by saying something which shows that he recognizes himself as the head of a lot of handy men. (Cheers.) I myself fully endorse that. It is not the only time in our island story that Jack has slipped into the port where he was most wanted and at the right moment—(cheers)—and I, with every soldier who was connected with them in the garrison of Ladysmith, am only too glad to acknowledge the services that were rendered to us soldiers by our gallant comrades the sailors. (Loud cheers.) Without their long guns we should have been in difficulties. I myself had telegraphed for those guns. From the moment I saw the situation in Natal I was certain I should be pressed back by superior numbers, and have to hold Ladysmith, and I knew the enemy had guns with which I could not hope to cope with my 15-pounder field guns. It was a question of a race for it, and Lambton was the right man to win that race. (Loud cheers.) He is a racing man, and he comes of a racing family. He only won by a short head. (Cheers.) I have also, on other occasions, acknowledged with gratitude the service of our colonial troops. (Cheers.) I had not the luck to have under my command any of our New Zealand or Australian troops, whom I believe to be splendid (cheers), but I had a number of our South African colonial forces, and I never had the honor of commanding finer men. Indeed, I think I may go further, and when I talk of the Imperial Light Horse, who lost five commanding officers in succession, I think I never saw men who wanted less leading. (Cheers.) I think I may safely say of them that they were the bravest men I ever had under my command. (Cheers.) On January 6, which has been alluded to as a tight day, had it not been for them Joubert might have been spending his Sunday where I spent mine. (Cheers.) There has been a great deal said about our soldiers, their bravery and their endurance. I am also glad to acknowledge what has been said about our navy and our colonial forces, but there was the poor native of India—a section of the community in Ladysmith about whom very little has been said. I had a great number of them inside the fortress with me. They may be divided into two sections—one section belonged to the followers of the British regiments which were sent from India, and which, like our gallant friends the sailors, arrived in the nick of time to save Natal. The others were low-class coolies who had been employed in the mines in Natal, or driven in before the advancing overwhelming forces of the Transvaal or the Orange Free State. I have never seen anything to equal the munificence with which the people of this country have subscribed to give everything to their soldiers and their sailors, but I would like to say a word for these poor followers who are drawing pay at Indian rates, which puts them on very inferior terms to the soldiers with whom they are serving, and in very inferior conditions to those which they would be enjoying in their own country at the same rates. To give you some idea of what these poor people do whom I am commending to your consideration when further subscription lists may go round, I should like to tell you a

story or two. One of the better class of the followers of the Gordon Highlanders—a regiment which I think has distinguished itself more if possible than its fellows on both sides (loud cheers)—resolved to make himself a look-out man for the 2nd Gordon Highlanders, the old 92nd. The gun which troubled us most in the bombardment of Ladysmith was one on the Bulwana, a 6 inch Creuzot gun. This native studied this gun. The favorite mark for the gun was the camp of the Gordon Highlanders. It was such a very big gun that we could see it lowered to come into action, and this native made himself into a look-out man with this view; he had a pair of binocular glasses and he set himself in a tree. When he saw the gun pointed towards the Gordon Highlanders' camp he used to whistle as a warning. The buglers took up the signal, and you should have seen the men run to the boomproof shelters. (Laughter and cheers.) It was a black-powder gun, and we could see the discharge. As the range was between 8,000 and 9,000 yards we had 25 seconds to leave any work we were doing in the open and to seek shelter behind the boomproof shelters provided. You have no idea, ladies and gentlemen, how far a man can go in 25 seconds. (Laughter and cheers.) I could tell you other stories of the same sort about these poor Indian coolies. How they were organized into a body of grass cutters, and use to cut grass under the fire of the enemy. I often met them, and, as I have been for a long time in India, I can talk their language well. I used to say, "What has occurred today?" They used to put up their hands like this (imitating the gesture) and say, "Sahib, two men killed, three wounded," or whatever it might be, and they always went back to the same place and cut grass or did anything else we wanted them to do. (Cheers.)

## CHEST FELT RAW.

"I caught a severe cold which made my chest feel raw and tight. I used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup which loosened the phlegm, healed the lungs, and made me perfectly well."  
Neil McKay, Ripley, Ont.

## Horse Story from Maine.

Maine's David Harum came into the village the other day. He was looking for a trade. He sat in his muddy old wagon with his back bent and his elbows on his knees. The horse that he drove had hip bones that looked like broken springs in a hair cloth sofa. The good housewife could have done her week's washing on the corrugations on his sides. His eyes had the base look of one who has gone through everything that can by any possibility be coming that way, and so has nothing more to fear. The old man was driving with a knotted rope tied to the end of a stick.

"Click! click! Gid-dap, Ebenezer," he kept saying, and Ebenezer may have heard him and he may have felt the slap of the knotted rope, but if he did there was no symptom to indicate it, either in the cant of his ears or the acceleration of his gait.

The old man suddenly pulled up. No, he didn't pull up. He said "Whoa." The old horse carries one ear back to hear a whoa. He stopped so suddenly that the old man was precipitated forward. But he caught the dasher with both hands and was able to save himself from falling onto his nose on the road.

As he hung there, he said to the man standing on the sidewalk:

"Most willing hoss I ever had, Isaac. A woman can drive him anywhere. Case there's any trouble with the riggin' any time, all any one has got to do is to say 'Whoa' and there ye are. No danger of bein' all smashed up with him. What ye got in the hoss kind now, Isaac?"

"Wal, I've got two; there's that gray hoss that Bill Anderson used to own that I got in the way of a trade. Then I've got a black mare, but I don't believe the wimmen folks will want to part with the black one, for they've made kind of a pet out of it."

The old man took a chew of tobacco and settled himself on the seat with his legs crossed. Said he:

"I don't s'pose ye're specially backward about changing the gray one, so be't ye git the right price for her, Isaac?"

"Wal, I s'pose I might listen a while if any one talked trade."

"Seems 's if this hoss here might mate up pretty well with the black one?"

"I'm afraid he's a bit ga'nt, Hiram. You know that black one is a chunky little bunch."

"Yas, yas, I know that, but ye'd find that the hoss here would take on flesh like time when he got started. Yes see he's so darned high life and I drive him so much that I keep him a-dingin' most of the time. For what you'd want to drive and the wimmen folks stubbin' him round, he'd be rounder'n a barrel in a few weeks. I don't know what I'm sellin' him for, myself, but after I have a hoss about so long—don't make any difference how good a hoss he is, I sort of gid-fid-dlin' round to git rid of him and make a change. It's lucky for a man when he don't have that dissatisfied way and can hang on to a good thing when he gets it. If I only knew enough to do it, I would not let this hoss of mine go for love nor money."

While he was talking Isaac had come along

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and had rolled up the old horse's upper lip. After a careful scrutiny of his teeth Isaac shook his head and said:

"How old do you call this hoss, Hiram?"

"Jes' 'zactly 9 years old—jes' 'zactly 9."

"Sho, now git out, he's older'n that."

"No, sir, jes' 'zactly 9."

"I don't say ye are lyin' about the thing, Hiram, but I do reckon ye are mistaken. The hoss is older'n 9."

"Now I understand hoss age clear into the ground," said the old man. "I know that hoss of mine if jes' 'zactly 9 years old. Yas, sir, jes' 'zactly 9 years old. Yas, sir, jes' 'zactly 9—not over 10, 11 at the outside and 12 to the extent, by Judas."—Lewiston Journal.

## Do you Fear Heart Failure?

No death comes so suddenly and unexpectedly as that caused by heart failure, but the trouble had its beginning months or perhaps years before when the blood became thin and watery and the nerves exhausted. Gradually the waste has become more rapid than the process of repair, the tissues of the heart have become diseased and finally some over exertion or nervous shock has caused the beating to cease and life to depart. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food prevents heart failure and all similar diseases by creating new, rich blood and nerve forces, and building up the system.

When they stopped the machinery and dragged the crumpled workman out from between the wheels, they feared he was finished. However he opened his eyes and spoke in a faint, far away voice: "You kin say wot you please," said he, "but as fer me, this travelling in a cog ain't the game they make it out to be."

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