

Spring Weather Weakness

Try as you may, you cannot escape the weary, worn out, don't-care-to-work feeling that accompanies spring weather.

Brain is not as clear as it ought to be; there is languor and listlessness instead of energy and activity.

Burdock Blood Bitters is what people need this weather.

It sets the liver, bowels, and kidneys acting, whereby all poisons are eliminated from the system; cleans the tongue, improves the appetite, purifies and enriches the blood.

MISS MARY J. IRWIN, Holland, Man., writes:

"I have used Burdock Blood Bitters as a spring medicine for three years now and don't think there is its equal anywhere. When I feel drowsy and tired, and have no desire to eat, I get a bottle of B.B.B.

"I think it purifies the blood and builds up the constitution better than any other remedy."

CURE ALL YOUR PAINS WITH

Pain-Killer.

A Medicine Chest in Itself.

Simple, Safe and Quick Cure for

GRAMPS, DIARRHCEA, COUGHS, COLDS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA.

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FRESH GROCERIES.

Of all kinds. Prices away down, and a Liberal Discount for cash

W. R. WRIGHT, UPPER WOODSTOCK.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of William T. Drysdale, late of the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested, and all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby required to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated the 10th day of January, A. D., 1900.
ELIZA JANE DRYSDALE,
Administratrix.

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PAPER HANGER, SIGN PAINTER, &C.

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KITCHENER AND CRONJE.

The Man of "Ice and Iron."

Lord Kitchener, who has just destroyed Cronje's army, is a living contradiction of the saying that "a man who never makes a mistake never makes anything." Lord Kitchener has yet to make his mistake, albeit he has made much.

Lord Kitchener's career in Egypt was an unbroken succession of triumphs. He had some of the most difficult problems to tackle, and he overcame them all, his crowning achievement being the smashing up of Mahdism at Omdurman. Throughout that campaign he proved himself a commander, an organizer, and a strategist of the finest quality, although it is none too often that a combination of these qualities is found in one man.

Cool, daring, resourceful, and possessed of a wonderful power of self-restraint, Lord Kitchener is not the soldiers' idol that Lord Roberts, his great chief is, because Kitchener never spares his men, nor for that matter, does he spare himself. Once a project is afoot, once a goal is to be reached, Kitchener means to get there. He does not consider the mere comfort of his men. Each unit he looks upon as part of a vast machine, which must not stop until he gives the order. If anything interferes with the smooth working of that machine it must be removed immediately. He has been known to dispense with the services of men who for years have worked under him well and faithfully until some temporary indisposition has laid them low. They were no longer of use, so they had to go.

It is hardly to be wondered at that a man of this hard, cold, calculating disposition is not loved; and "Tommy" will never make a "pet" of Lord Kitchener. But he admires him and places implicit faith in his judgment and would follow him wherever he chose to go. And what more would a commander have?

An authority who was with Kitchener in the Sudan wrote of him:—"It appears to be the Sirdar's policy to advance deliberately step by step; to make his position secure after each step before venturing on another; to run no unnecessary risks, but, at the right moment to strike hard with unexpected suddenness, and to follow up the blow with energy."

Every soldier hopes for a "chance," and many hope in vain. Kitchener's chance came in 1882, when the rising tide of Mahdism threatened to sweep from end to end of the Sudan. But it was suspected that the false prophet's successes were being exaggerated, and young Kitchener was deputed to make investigations and report. He dressed himself as an Arab trader and entered Omdurman, taking his life in his hand. He went among the wild Kababish and treacher-pashas, who, had they once penetrated disguise, would have shown him little mercy. One day he witnessed an execution of a supposed spy in the town. The poor wretch was subject to such torture that Kitchener procured a tiny phial of cyanide of potassium which he concealed about his person. As he subsequently remarked to a brother officer:—"Death at their hands I did not fear; in fact I expected it. But such a death!"

For two years Kitchener lived under such conditions, never knowing when he might be brought face to face with a violent death; but all the while communicating to the heads of the Egyptian Intelligence Department information of the utmost importance regarding the Mahdi and his movements.

Perhaps the most striking trait in Lord Kitchener's character is his disinclination to put a married man in a position of responsibility under him. He appears to hold the opinion that matrimony interferes with business. He backs up his precept by example, for, as everybody knows, Lord Kitchener is a bachelor. Like many a notable personage before him, he does not shine in the society of ladies. It is related that on one occasion he was presented to a certain well-known countess at Cairo, and opened the conversation by asking:—"Do you find Cairo nice at this season of the year?" "Delightful!" she replied. There was a pause of five minutes, during which Kitchener tugged thoughtfully at his moustache. Then he said, "Ah, I am glad!" Lord Kitchener does not claim to be a "ladies' man."

The Lion of the Transvaal.

Commandant Cronje, whose army Kitchener has surrounded, was the chosen of the burghers to succeed the Transvaal Republic's "fighting general," Nicholas Smit.

Cronje—rough, burly, asking no man's friendship, and gaining that of few, with steely grey eyes peering out from below shaggy eyebrows—is the man the burghers trust when the commandos are out. He was with them at Bronkhorst spruit and at Majuba hill. He saved the republic at Doornkop, and no man ever yet suspected him of traffic with the Uitlanders.

By force of a popular vote that never required a poll, Cronje has been, since the day of Smit's death, tacitly acknowledged the People's General of the Transvaal.

Wily and farseeing as is Piet Joubert, no man of them all can handle troops in the field as Cronje. He has the eye of a hawk for position, the nose of a jackal for signs of weakness in an enemy. His manoeuvring of Jameson was that of an Oliver Cromwell.

Cronje was commandant at Potchefstroom, when Jameson crossed the border. He cooperated with Malan and Potgieter, but the conduct of the fight lay with the cool head of Cronje.

That drizzly, misty night made Cronje a war-god among the Boers.

And yet these stolid veldt-men give little demonstrations of their admiration. The Boers are not a grateful nation, as the Americans with their Dewey or the British with our Kitchener are grateful. Days after the battle I saw Cronje riding heavily down the Kerkstraat in Pretoria, a heavily, big-boned peasant upon a shaggy, tripping pony. No man touched his hat to him, few accosted him.

And yet it is significant that Cronje among the Boers is always known as "Commandant" Cronje. There is a rude dignity about the man that compels so much respect. Other men are known by their Christian names—"Slim Piet" Joubert, "Oom Christiaan" Joubert, "Oom Jan" Hofmeyer—occasionally, but rarely nowadays, "Oom Paul" Kruger. In a place apart stands "Commandant" Cronje.

Cronje was not even specifically thanked by the Volksraad for his great services to the State at Doornkop. He was a burgher; it was his duty to repel the invader; he repelled him—and there the matter rested. They would have censured him had he failed; they refrained from comment when he succeeded.

Cronje, riding back to Pretoria, had no guard of honor to receive him, no great civic function to fete him, no sword of honour to adorn him. He was plain peasant Cronje, returning, heavy-hearted, from his wounded son's pallet in Krugersdorp hospital, somewhat weary in the bones from those long hours in the steaming saddle, nowise elated, nowise altered from his every-day demeanour.

Since then Cronje has received a seat in the Executive Council, and is now a personage with a substantial State salary; but the man is no way changed. He was thought to be a supporter of the President's when he joined the Executive Council, but neither Kruger nor Joubert has found him amenable. He is not of the race that makes the party man. He is as individual as Kruger, strong in the faith of his own generalship as Joubert.

In the early days of 1898 it was thought Cronje might oppose Kruger for the Presidency. But his ambitions lie elsewhere. To be immured in Pretoria were to Cronje an imprisonment. He is a man of the veldt, born there, and asking no better fate than to die there, rifle in hand, as becomes a hunter and a soldier.

Our Own Canadian Dead.

No more, no more!
No more have they to give, no more to do—
Their hours of deadly strife were hard tho' few,
And rest was won
Beside true hearts and brave, in early peace,
Bearing, as they, God's signet of release
For duty done!

No more, no more
Are they the unmarked comrades of yestere'en
But heroes numbered with that throng unseen,
Our England's pride;
Builders whose blood cements each precious stone
Their worth contributes to a fabric grown
So great and wide!

No more, no more,
Ah! nevermore their calm, heroic eyes
Shall see the harvest of their sacrifice
Ripen to gold;
But the pure incense of an Empire's love
Shall rise in fragrance to their souls above
Till time is told!
CHARLES CAMPBELL, in St. John Globe.

Bronchitis.

Mr. William Davidson, St. Andrews, Que. states: "Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has cured me of bronchitis. I have without success tried many remedies for the past six years. Last winter when I had a severe attack and was unable to work I procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and am happy to state that the third bottle made me a well man." 25c. a bottle. Family size 50 cents.

Tomato Cream Soup.

Tomato cream is a favorite soup for which the Boston Cooking School Magazine gives this recipe: Scald one quart of milk with half an onion, five or six cloves, a bit of bay

leaf, a sprig of parsley and two-thirds a cup of stale bread crumbs. Remove the seasoning and pass the bread through a sieve. Cook two cups of tomatoes with two teaspoonsful of sugar 15 minutes. Add one-fourth a teaspoonful of soda, pass through a sieve and add to the bread and milk. Add five teaspoonsful of butter in bits and season with salt and pepper.

ACCIDENTS

Will happen in the best regulated homes, Scalds, Burns and Cuts are of frequent occurrence. There is nothing for cases of this kind equal to Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It takes out pain and promotes rapid healing.

Maple Sugar Creams

To each pound of maple sugar allow one pint of fresh cream. Break the sugar into small bits and put it with the cream in an agate saucepan. Boil over a moderate fire for about one hour or until a little dropped in a bowl of cold water can be rolled into a soft ball. Take from the fire and stir slowly until the mixture cools and begins to thicken then pour into shallow buttered pans and set aside until firm, says an exchange.

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It is a wonderful strengthener and healer of the breathing organs and fortifies the lungs against serious pulmonary diseases.

Miss Clara Marshall, Moore, Ont., writes: "I have suffered several years with weak lungs and could get no cure, so became discouraged. If I caught cold it was hard to get rid of. I started using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and as a result my cough has been cured and my lungs greatly strengthened."

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Norway Pine
Syrup.



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