

IN A TRENCH AT SPION KOP.

The Most Graphic Description of a Battle in Which the Writer has Taken Part.

From the bare, brown side of Spion Kop to where Lyttelton's brigade held the broken line of kopjes across the river the heliograph had flashed its urgent message for reinforcements.

In ready response to the summons, the Scottish Rifles (to which regiment I belonged) and the King's Royal Rifles were ordered forward to assist their comrades, hard pressed by the enemy in the fierce struggle for possession of the grim mountain heights which barred the way to Ladysmith.

Waist deep across a ford of the Tugela, over a stretch of green, undulating veldt, and we commenced the ascent of Spion Kop, our clinging wet garments quickly drying in the hot sunshine.

It was a stiff climb, notwithstanding an occasional short halt. The sharp crackle of musketry, broken in upon by the deeper note of the pom-pom, gradually increased in volume of sound to a banging crescendo as we neared the mountain summit. Sheltered from the enemy's fire thus far, it seemed as if their best efforts had been reserved for our special and speedy annihilation as we streamed over the edge of the plateau. In the steep ascent formation had been lost, and this was no place to recover it. Our goal—the line of trenches held by the men to whose support we were hastening—lay across a fire-swept zone of broken ground, where to advance courted death and to lag in the forward race assured it.

A breathless run over what seem an interminable distance, as shell and bullet tore up the ground and dotted it with stricken men, and I flung myself into a trench occupied by our troops.

Lieutenant Osborne of our regiment, coming close behind me, took his place immediately on my right. Lining the shallow trench, the parapet of which provided about eighteen inches of altogether inadequate cover, were men of the Lancashire Fusiliers, Royal Lancasters, Middlesex, and our own regiment. The officer taking the rifle of a dying Fusilier, we knelt together and commenced firing at the puffs of smoke and flame before us. A few moments later a bullet passing through my helmet within an inch of my head conveyed an imperative hint to lie down. Before I could realize the narrowness of my escape another bullet drilled a ragged hole through the stock of my rifle.

"See that, sir?" I asked, turning to Lieutenant Osborne. He made no reply, for even as I spoke a bullet crashed through his brain, and he fell forward on his face—dying.

Another shot, ricocheting from a stone, made a second hole in my helmet, knocking it over my eyes, filling them with grit, and grazing my forehead.

Unnerved by the swift succession of these events, for some moments I lay still, possessed of the uncomfortable conviction that I had a rapidly diminishing interest in the affairs of this world.

Happily, a good scare was the worst that had happened to me. The gallant young officer at my side, less fortunate, lay quietly moaning, unconscious of the din of battle, as the flame of his life flickered—and died.

A second rifle I took to replace my damaged one had the breech choked by flying dirt forced into it by the ceaseless leaden storm that threatened to demolish the frail shelter behind which we lay. Without stopping to clear the breech I took the rifle poor Osborne had used, and then attempted to strengthen the little wall of earth before me with anything that might add to its resistance—bits of rock, handfuls of earth, and even empty cartridge cases.

We were on the right of the line of trenches, and the cry kept coming down to us: "Keep up the firing on the right!" The reason for this order was that the enemy was gradually working round on the right, whilst our fire had slackened owing to our numerous casualties. With our little party were two officers—lieutenants—one of the Middlesex Regiment, the other of ours. In a hurried consultation they decided to charge with the bayonet in the event of the Boers closing on us. This last desperate resource, however, did not become necessary. Begrimed with smoke and dirt, officers and men alike made the best use of their rifles, whilst there was no lack of ammunition, the latter being passed along in the helmets, haversacks, or anything that could hold it.

Satisfied by this time that to take full advantage of cover was not the least of the arts of war, I contented myself with resting my rifle on the parapet of the trench and blazing away with fixed sights, firing alternately to left, front, and right, and occasionally varying the elevation. With a practically unlimited supply of ammunition at my disposal, I did not spare it, and during the day probably fired well over 500 rounds.

As the afternoon crept on the number of our casualties naturally increased. Delirious with pain and thirst, the wounded cried for water and attendance, neither of which was to be had during the storm of shot and shell that swept over the ground we held.

"You won't leave me, will you chum?" Thus a poor shattered fellow on my left ap-

pealed to a comrade. Another of the wounded, in his delirium, crawled beyond the trench, to be struck again ere he was pulled back to cover.

Nearly half our officers were killed or wounded; and so the day dragged on, one horror succeeding another, as bullet and shell splashed over the bare mountain top, and the burning sun increased our thirst.

Uninjured, wounded, and dead—together we lay in grim companionship, until, as the welcome evening shades deepened into darkness, the Boer fire slackened and finally ceased.

Then came the order to form up in rear of the trenches—to abandon the position held at such cost.

Faint with fatigue, hunger, and thirst we commenced the retirement, stumbling, sliding, and falling as we groped our way down through the darkness to where our regiment was slowly forming up at the foot of the hill to bivouac for the night.

By companies we lay down on the bare hillside, and found peaceful oblivion in the few hours' sleep preceding the dawn of another day.

AFTER THREE YEARS

MR. JOSEPH ROCHEFFE RELEASED FROM RHEUMATISM.

Suffered Much Agony, His Appetite Failed, and His Strength Left Him—Hope for Similar Sufferers.

Only those who have suffered from the pangs of rheumatism know how much agony the sufferer has at times to endure. The symptoms often vary, but among them will be found acute pains in the muscles and joints, the latter sometimes much swollen. At times the patient is unable to dress himself, and the slightest jarring sound aggravates the pain. Liniments and outward applications cannot possibly cure rheumatism; it must be treated through the blood, and for this purpose there is no medicine yet discovered can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When given a fair trial, these pills never fail to cure even the most stubborn cases of rheumatism. Mr. Jos Rocheffe, a well known resident of St. Jerome, Que., in an interview with a reporter of L'Avenir du Nord, offers strong proof of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of this kind. Mr. Rocheffe says:—"For nearly three years I was a great sufferer from rheumatism. The pains seemed at times to effect every joint, and the agony I endured was terrible. Sometimes I could scarcely move about, and was unfitted for work. The trouble affected my appetite, and in this way my weakness increased and my condition became more deplorable. I tried a number of remedies, but nothing helped me until I was advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and then relief came. Gradually the pains left me, my appetite improved and I became greatly strengthened. Before I had taken a dozen boxes my health and vigor was such that I felt better than I did before the trouble began. I have not since had an ache or pain, and I feel convinced that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best medicine in the world for rheumatism."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in every civilized land, and their enormous sale is due entirely to their great merit as a medicine. They cure all such troubles as rheumatism, sciatica, locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, nervous headache, kidney ailments, neuralgia and the weaknesses that afflict so many women. Do not let any dealer persuade you to try something else which he may say is "just as good." See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt, send direct to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid, at 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

All Due to a Discharged Coachman.

It was announced by cable the other day that the young Queen of Holland had resumed her accustomed place at The Hague with restored health, and that her husband, Prince Henry, had returned simultaneously. This seems to be a proper occasion for contradicting all the vile scandals that were put afloat some months ago of alleged quarrels between Queen Wilhelmina and her husband, and of ill-treatment on his part toward herself, and of indignation in court circles at The Hague by reason thereof. The New York "Evening Post" declares that it is in a position to state that the Queen's marriage was a love match as genuine as any that ever takes place in private life, but it did not receive the sanction of the Dutch Government until the character of Prince Henry as developed from infancy to manhood was fully known. All the presumptions, therefore, are that the home-life of the Queen is a happy one. None of those who come in contact with her have ever doubted this. A rumor to the contrary was first set afloat by a discharged coachman. It was seized upon by a raging newspaper reporter, and as it passed along the line, was magnified till it resembled a case of wife-beating, and necessitated the challenge to a duel sent to Prince Henry by a young nobleman, who could no longer endure the outrages heaped upon the Queen by her brutal husband. The original story of the discharged coachman was false, and all the rest was yellow journalism. Nobody in Holland who was in a position to know the facts ever believed a word of it, but all such persons were deeply mortified that such publications should be credited in other countries.

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McKENZIE-JONES.—At the residence of the bride's father, River Bank, N. B., Oct. 29th, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Malcolm W. McKenzie, of Northfield, Aberdeen, to Lilly M., youngest daughter of Mr. George Jones, of River Bank.

WEAVER-COWAN.—At the residence of the bride's parents on Oct. 29th, by Rev. E. C. Turner, Carrie, eldest daughter of Henry Weaver, Esq., to Arthur C. Cowan, all of Royalton, Carleton County.

SHAW-BRAGG.—At Woodstock, on the 18th, inst., by the Rev. F. Allison Currier, A. M., Mr. Leslie Shaw, of Limerick, Me., to Miss Hattie Bragg, of New Limerick, Me.

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W. B. JEWETT'S, JEWETT'S CORNER, WOODSTOCK.

A PIECE OF MILLING NEWS.

Mr. E. W. Bell, Bristol, wishes to announce to his patrons and the public generally that he will grind for one-twelfth bushel commencing October 1st. His mill has been newly equipped, a new grain separator, of modern type has been put in, and he can recommend his work to be equal to the best. In connection with his saw mill he is also putting in a new shingle machine. Thanking the public for past favors he solicits a continuance of the same.

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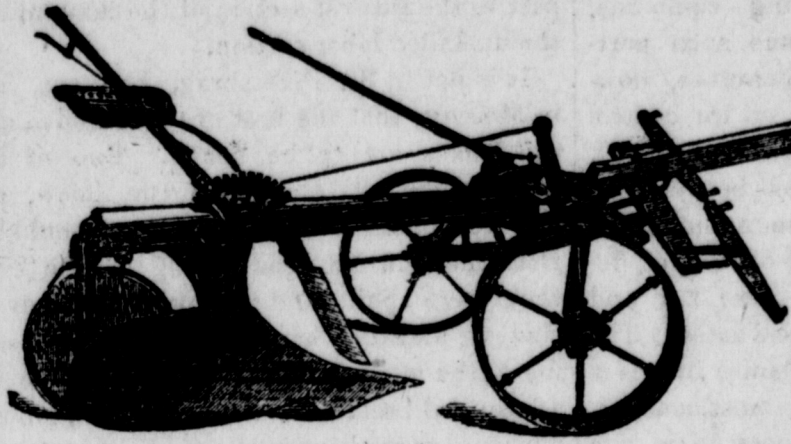
Woodstock, N. B.

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Every plow provided with Spring Lift and Levers for regulating width and depth of furrows.

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Messrs. Peabody Bros., Woodstock, say of this plow: "It is a better plow than recommended. If we could not get another of similar pattern no hundred dollars of any man's money would buy it from us."

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