# CANADIANS AT BELMONT.

## THE LITTLE RAILWAY STATION IS A BUSY PLACE.

**An Interesting Letter From One of Our Brave Ones of the First Contingent to South Africa.**

Here we are, camped on the scene of one of the first battles between the Boers and the British. We are within a stone's throw of the kopje where the Grenadier Guards, Munster Fusiliers and the Coldstream Guards made such a fine attack on the Boer position and, after a hard fight, succeeded in driving the enemy out. The position occupied by the Boers in that fight was one in which 2,000 men could easily hold three times their number, and there is little doubt that if it had been the British who held the hills they would have been held yet. To-day as we stroll around we can see evidences of that battle, which lasted from daylight until 11 a.m. The hills to-day are covered with dead Boers, who were left behind unburied.

CANADIANS' FIRST PICKET.

The position occupied by the Canadian contingent now is practically that of a garrison. They have been shifted from one station to another as a relief for those going on to the front. The Australians left here the day we came in, as they had left De Aar and Orange River previously. This last is the most important position they have held so far, and as they have acquitted themselves creditably, there is little doubt but we will get to the front before long. Belmont is simply a railway station, and has been turned into one of supply. It is about four miles from the frontier of Orange Free State, and it is not at all uncommon to see a few Boer prisoners coming in with the mounted infantry in the morning. The Boers are about as crafty a lot as it is possible to find, but when it comes to a straight fight and they are compelled to face cold steel, they invariably flinch and make for the hills. The British soldiers who have been through the mill have told me this, and state positively that in a hand-to-hand encounter one well-trained soldier is equal to at least three Boers.

AFRAID OF COLD STEEL.

"They can't face the steel," said an old-timer of the Gordon Highlanders, "and, man, if we could only get a good square charge at them there would not be a Boer left in the country." There are a great many Scotch regiments on the way to the front. These fellows are a sturdy lot, and while not as tall as the average Canadian, will weigh a great deal more, and seem to be built to endure any amount of hardship. In fact, the average British soldier is not a tall man, but is short and thick. The men will not average any more than 5 feet 7 inches, but will easily average 37 inches in chest measurement. They are a well-fed and well-equipped set of men. Their whole outfit is vastly superior to that furnished the Canadians. While we have to sleep on one blanket, the British are allowed two, and a rubber sheet. They are issued a pint of ale every day, and are generally better off. Of course, in making this comparison I have to allow for the fact that the Canadians never had a regiment in the field before, and also that the present one was brought together in so short a time. It cannot be expected that our equipments could be so complete as that of a long-standing army.

CANADIANS FIRST PICKET.

Around our tents at the present there is a heavy entrenchment and rough stone fortification. This has been strengthened to-day by our own men, in case of a night attack. We send out heavy outposts every night, and also have the railway patrol. I have been on two of these outposts. The first picket sent out by the Canadians was at Orange River. We enjoyed the experience very much, and when we were called upon to turn out again last night there was not a man who did not volunteer to go. We were out all night in a rattling thunder storm and got ringing wet, but that did not dampen us any. We were just as lively in the morning when daylight came as if it had been a bright moonlight night. Our work last night was to patrol the railway for a mile and watch the culverts. The night was as dark as pitch.

The only light we had was the flashing lightning, which would light up the country for over a mile. Just as the day began to break, we could hear reveille sound in the camp. It has been found necessary to have the regiment fall in at 3.10 in order that they might be prepared for a Boer attack for the hills. This is the usual hour for these crafty people to make an endeavour to vanquish their foes, but we were prepared in case they came, and would have given them a warm reception had they come. But they did not, and when the signal on the far-away hill flashed out that all was well, the men were told to go back to their tents and sleep for a while.

AT ORANGE RIVER.

Since I wrote last we were encamped at Orange River. This is a railway siding and also supply station. There we relieved the Gordon Highlanders and the Australians, who went forward to Belmont. At Orange River there is a hospital tent, where a number of the wounded are cared for. The morning we were camped there a private of the Shropshire Rrgiment died from the effects of wounds received at Modder River. He was buried in a lonely grave on the plains, with all the pomp of a military funeral. The sight of the funeral made some of the boys stop to think, but when the cortege had passed they at once became as lively as ever. There are a number of lonely graves on the plains around Orange River, and more at Belmont, where we are now. Here there are 81 of the Grenadiers buried on the plains, while there are a number of the other regiments as well.

The latest addition to our list of mascots is a young goat. Douglas Graham whose people live on Cobourg street, captured the kid in the hills the other day, and now it has become the pride of the company. The youngster has become very tame and is a great pet. That night the boys of No. 1 tent had a christening, and named the goat Baby Rogers.

This brings the list of mascots up to three—a kid, a dog and a cat. The next thing the boys will have will be an ostrich. These birds are as thick as bees and are quite tame. Several of the boys have succeeded in securing very nice plumes, and will likely take them back to their best girls in Canada. Another thing which is very common here are those neat little lizards about eight inches long. They can run like the very mischief, and do not seem to be at all afraid of men. The boys are all well, up to the present time, and seem to be enjoying the trip. If we could once get into active service, I don't suppose there is a man who would be willing to go back home.

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Six truck-loads of ammunition were despatched from Davenport to Woolwich yesterday for use with the batteries sent to South Africa. Most of the ammunition consisted of 5 inch shells, the larger portion of which were lyddite

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Celery and Potatoes—Boil the celery as per recipe given. After it is cold, chop very fine and mix with cold boiled chopped potatoes in the proportion of 1 of celery to 3 of potato. Melt a generous piece of butter in a saucepan and fry the celery and potato, seasoning with pepper and salt.

# New Waiter at Boathouse Inn

The night of November 5, 1797, was so replete with incidents for the dwellers at Parkgate, on the Cheshire shore of the Dee estuary, that for some time to come all local events of importance were described as having taken place so long before or so long after that eventful evening.

There had been a light fall of snow—the first snow that winter; but the busy traffic of foot-passengers over the Parade, and of wheeled vehicles over the roadway, had almost obliterated it. As often happens, the higher Welsh coast opposite had first caught the skirts of the snow-clouds as they trailed heavily up from the sea, and the outlines of the whitened hills of Clwyd, which under ordinary circumstances would have been invisible on a moonless night, now faintly showed their undulating summits, in the bright starlight, with Moel Fammau—"The Mother of the Hills,' keeping a shadowy watch and ward over them. Clusters of tiny gems marked the whereabouts of Flint Castle and town, and of the Holywell and other centres; but in the intervening spaces the lights were few and far between. Non-consistent was the buzz of the Holyhead trains which now intermittently steals across the four and a half miles of estuary, and only the weird cries of the gulls and the shrill whistle of the curlews broke the sombre silence which brooded beyond the quays.

The desolate outlook but served to accentuate the bustle of the thriving little port. Parkgate was at this time, and for long afterwards, the principal northern gateway to Ireland, and ditions ebbed and flowed with the tides or—to the delight of mine host—abode in one or other of the snug hostelries so thickly dotted along the Parade, until the wind blew fair for the Emerald Isle. Every few yards there was an inn, fourteen have vanished within living memory; so that an almost continuous stream of light was shed from the windows, and, where the snow was yet untrodden, stained it with ruddy patches.

The tumult which nightly attended the arrival of the London coach had subsided, and a quaintly-rigged Dublin packet, which had just discharged its cargo, rocked lightly at anchor a few yards from the shore; while, by the side of one of the red sandstone wharves, another packet was being rapidly filled with merchandise, preparatory to sailing with the morning tide. Several post-chaises, bearing wealthy passengers, who preferred not to wait for the early morning coach, had set off, with much cracking of the postillions' whips, for West Chester, as the ancient cathedral-town a dozen miles up the river was generally termed. The curtains of the large room of the Mostyn Hotel, now a flourishing school, were only partly drawn, and within could be seen a gay group of travellers. The smartly-cut coats and knee-breeches of the gentlemen, their spotless linen, powdered wigs, and profusely ornamented court swords, coupled with their gallant bearing, marked them as persons of distinction; while the ladies of the party had their attractions set off by the rich dresses, high-heeled shoes with gleaming buckles, powder, patches and other frivolities of the time.

Several passers-by loitered to gaze at the fascinating picture thus presented to their view; and on the roadway a straggling band of urchins were attempting to march in military order under the command of a slim boy of some ten years, who, by a broken-pointed cutlass, was gallantly leading them on to "fight the French." Notwithstanding their valour, and the snatches of patriotic songs, which dissolved at brief intervals into shrill cheers, they did not court the shadows and never wandered far from the lighted portion of the Parade; for at that time the name of the arch-enemy of mankind had given place to "Bonaparte" as a terror to small boys, and angry parents had threatened them with a sudden visitation of the latter so often that their youthful minds invariably associated him with the powers of darkness. To and fro the band of miniature warriors marched until at the limit of one of their perambulations near the Neston turning they came face to face with an advancing couple—a man and a woman.

The man was rather over the medium height, and powerfully built, with rough sloping shoulders and long arms. He wore a claret-coloured coat with numerous brass buttons on either side, and a pair of baggy breeches of the same material buttoned over his coarse blue hose. His heavy shoes were fastened with massive brass buckles, and a bright red silk handkerchief was loosely knotted around his brawny neck over a coarse but clean white linen shirt. His round swarthy face was clean shaven and heavily marked with smallpox. Tiny gold earrings adorned the lobes of his ears, and his small dark eyes were apparently perpetually twinkling with good humour. He walked with the lumbering tread of a ploughman, and the most casual observer would at once set him down as a French peasant. He was accompanied by a tall and very erect lady, much younger than himself with well-moulded features of a somewhat aquiline and melancholy cast, and expressive dark eyes. She was well but plainly dressed. Her rather large feet were neatly shod, and several rings adorned the shapely hand which was employed in holding closely around her a large circular cloak of blue cloth. Unlike her companion, she walked with a firm, quick step, with which he kept pace with evident difficulty.

The man was at once recognized by the army, and was hailed by them as 'Froggy;" while one of them varied this epithet by calling out, "Boney, Boneyparty!" A dozen current witticisms at the expense of Frenchmen generally, and alluding to their supposed inferiority to Englishmen, were hurled at him; while the leader pretended to dispute his passage with the broken weapon.

The Frenchman caressed their boyish heads with parental fondness as he pushed by with the words, 'Gud boys! gud boys! Now let ze ladee pass." Cries of "He has to run! he has to run!" pursued him as he hurried along the Parade. His trading excursions, not to mention certain shady smuggling transactions, had brought him through Parkgate for many years, and he was well known to a large circle there.

Soon the watch-house—standing, as it still does, half-way out upon the road, as if it had elbowed its way forward the better to look out upon the broad estuary—loomed up in the semi-darkness before the couple. A portion of it was roofed and glazed, to protect the watchers from the strong westerly gales, while the broad stone steps and the landing to which they led was open to the weather.

On the topmost stair one of the local revenue officers—a short, broad man, with bronzed face, peaked gray beard, and keen, bluish-gray eyes, and with the general aspect of an old veteran—was poising a large telescope in a sling on the outer edge of the wall, and closely scrutinising the black veil which intruded itself between the quay and Hilbre Island. The shoulders of his semi-military coat were powdered over with snow, and a heavy cutlass was tightly girt about his waist.

The Frenchman made out the figure while yet some distance away, and he and his companion came to a full stop, and stood for a little time whispering together and closely scrutinising the actions of the officer before approaching the watch-house. Fully fifty yards away the Frenchman called out in facetious tones, "I say, monsieur, John Bull Whitehead, what you look out there for? Ha, ha! you tink you see Napoleon coming along—eh!"?

"Hullo, Froggy, hullo!" responded the watcher, closing his glass with a snap, "are you back again? Nay, Boney knows better nor come in this quarter. I was watching the Gunpowder Plot fire at Mostyn;" and he pointed over the estuary considerably to the left of where he had actually been looking. "If you squint across you can see it with your naked eye—beggin' the lady's pardin."

Froggy followed the direction of the officer's finger, and with difficulty made out a small leaping tongue of flame distinguishable by its reddish tinge from the pale fixed lights on the Flintshire shore.

"I wish I 'ave your eyes, the Frenchman exclaimed as he moved on.

"If you could see what I was doing from where you stood, my old un, they didn't make you a bad pair," the revenue man muttered to himself as he laid down the glass and began vigorously to clap his numbed arms together; adding, "I'd naythur tell you nor no other frog what I was looking for." Then, as if refreshing his memory: "'Three flashes and a flash,' that's the word they sent down. See a light I sartinly did; but see 'three flashes and a flash' I sartinly did not.

The Boathouse Inn marked, as its crumbling site still marks, the extreme end of the Parade; and, beyond the fields and the shores stretched away to the distant sea-coast. The Mostyn Hotel was patronized by the notables; the Boathouse Inn was frequented by numerous sailors, fishermen, ostlers, post-chaise drivers, anchor-smiths, etc., in addition to shoals of individuals of every known occupation, who were continually setting through Parkgate. The large room overlooking the beach rang with song and mirth. A popular song with a swinging chorus was in full progress, and at the end of each verse the pewters rained applause upon the long oak table with a din akin to that of the shipwrights' mallets in a graving-dock, while the old lattice-window rattled in unison in its ancient frame as the Frenchman and his companion passed beneath it, and crept stealthily into the darkness in the rear of the group of buildings, making their way to the opposite side of an unused lime-kiln some fifty yards farther on.

but the alias of "Ould Uncle" had been

After carefully scrutinizing the vic- from her cloak, and, turning towards Hilbre Island, turned the slide of the lantern four times, allowing a lengthy pause between the third and fourth flash. Out of the darkness, some five miles away, came like an echo four answering sparks of light, divided by similar intervals, and almost on the instant the bow of a small boat grated on the beach, and the solitary occupant, a fisherman, sprang lightly ashore.

The new-comer might have sat for the portrait of a Viking. He wore his sixty years lightly, and his tawny beard was unflecked with gray, while his tall figure was erect, and he stepped out across the sands with the suppleness of a youth. 'John" was the name given to him by his sponsors, but the alias of "Ould Uncle" had been welded to him in his early boyhood, and had stuck to him as only a Parkgate nickname can.

Dark as it was, he and the Frenchman recognized each other, and the latter held out his hand with an uneasy laugh. "Uncle," however, brushed by, exclaiming breathlessly, "Out of the road, Froggy; out of the road. There's trouble down at Tinker's Dale and if some of your dirty countrymen don't get lodgings at Chester Castle to-morrow, my name's not Uncle Mealor."

Before the last word had left his lips the Frenchman had him by the throat.

"Why, what the hangment!"—he began; and then, realizing that his opponent was in serious earnest, he locked him in an iron grip, and a deadly struggle began. To and fro and round and round they swung in a grim silence, unbroken save by their panting breath and the crunching sound of their feet on the gravel of the beach.

The struggle was short. In a few moments it was the Frenchman's throat that was being compressed, and he threw up his hands as he felt himself being borne irresistibly to the ground.

At this point the female, who had been darting hither and thither about the combatants, seeking an opportunity to deliver an effective blow, brought the heavy lantern down on Uncle's head with terrific force, and rapidly repeated the blow again and again, at the same time hissing in French to her exhausted countryman, "The knife, fool—the knife."

The next moment Uncle staggered back, and crying out faintly to the merrymakers, "O Lord! mates, help; I'm murdered!" fell like a log.

The female stood, listening intently, to ascertain if the disturbance had been noticed at the "Boathouse," and the Frenchman vainly tried to stifle the sound of his labored breathing as he too strained his ears; but there was no lull in the carousal, and a score of lusty voices could be heard uproariously lifted together in a rhyme which had become immensely popular at Parkgate:

"Says Boney to Johnny, 'I'm comin'
to Dover;
And when I come over I'll be come,
I'll be come.'
Says Johnny to Boney, 'You're coming to Dover;
And when you come over you'll be overcome.'"

The last line was repeated several times with great gusto.

On the very brink of the tide, and even nearer to the guilty party than the "Boathouse" itself, stood the Long Row, facetiously so called; its later sobriquet of William and Mary's Row afterwards attaching itself to it owing to the fact that a William and Mary occupied each of the four humble tenements.

The slight disturbance, however, had been unnoticed. The dim lights continued to burn steadily in the windows; and so still was the night that, between the bursts of song, the air was filled with the moaning voice of the surf, as it battled with the Cambrian rocks fully a score of miles away.

A hurried consultation took place. By proceeding along the shore they would almost certainly fall into the hands of one or other of the coast-guard patrols. By taking possession of one of the small boats, and attempting to steer their own course down the river, they would almost as certainly stick fast on one of the numerous sandbanks, with which the fishermen were so familiar. Finally, they decided to obtain the services of a fisherman and boat, and with this object they dragged the body of Uncle into the deep shadow of the kiln, and retraced their steps to the "Boathouse."

To Be Continued.

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READY FOR IT.

During the recent European cholera scare a Frence Prefect wrote to a Mayor requesting him to take precautions against the disease, which had broken out in his department. The Mayor was rather puzzled at these instructions, which appeared vague to him; but after deep thought he answered that he and his electors were prepared for the plague. On inquiring into the measures taken by the worthy Mayor in order to ascertain their efficiency it appeared that he had caused as mny graves to be dug as there were inhabitants.

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Several troopers of Bethune's Mounted Infantry were disabled in the process of breaking in the horses, many of which were imported from Australia and South America.


# Perfect Health

## can be yours.

Do not try experiments with your health. If you are not well use only a medicine known to cure. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not an experiment. They have cured thousands of people, who had tried common medicines and failed to find health. Some of the cured are in your own neighborhood.

Mr F. Mission, Deleau, Man., writes:—"I can speak in the highest terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a medicine for rebuilding the system. Previous to using the pills I was suffering from headaches, loss of appetite and extreme nervousness, which left me in a very weak condition. The least work would fatigue me. I can now say, however, that I never felt better in my life than I do at present, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Similar sufferers—and there are many—will find it to their great advantage to use these pills."

Do not take anything that does not bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." It is an experiment and a hazardous one to use a substitute. Sold by all dealers or post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville.


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HORSES ABROAD.

**Their Varying Treatment in London and Paris.**

The treatment meted out to domestic animals in London is one of the most agreeable of the English driver's traits.

You never see a horse beaten with the tongue of a wagon, nor yet struck a stinging blow with a whip. The animals hitched to the fore of the 'busses are sleek, fat, happy-looking horses, in striking contrast to the poor, decrepit old saw-bones attached to the cars in the streets of some American cities.

On hot days of summer these 'bus horses work just two hours and a half out of the twenty-four. Ten times more consideration is paid them than is paid the drivers sitting up on their perches, beneath the direct rays of a burning sun. It is amusing to see a man run out of a building at either end of a 'bus line and wash the horses' faces with a big sponge. This summer hats for the horses were introduced for the first time.

And the cab horses of London are as sleek as those whose lives are spent dragging the 'busses. A lot of them are old racers, and in their gait to day there is a suggestion of the paddock and the track. When let out they can go like the wind, but their usual speed does not pass a little jog trot, that, while it strikes a foreigner as slow, is amazingly sure.

We have never seen a horse struck with a whip in London, and the following incident illustrates the consideration in which the animals are held better than any statement of generalities:

While driving down Northumberland avenue in a hansom one day, on his way to the National Liberal Club, where he had an appointment for which he was already two minutes late, a man in a cab felt himself thrown forward suddenly, and before he could lay hold of anything, he tumbled out into the mud of the street. The cause of the accident was the slipping to his knees of the horse attached to the cab. "Cabby" was down from his seat, behind, in no time. He ran around to see about his horse. "Look here," yelled the man, "see the shape I'm in. And you have made me miss my appointment." And he tried to brush off the sticky mud.

The cabby gave him one look, "W'at d'ye s'pose I cares about you?" he said: "look at th' skinned knees o' me 'orse."

It is very different, the treatment of domestic animals in Paris. There, if you live in a hotel on one of the narrow streets of the Latin Quarter you will be kept awake all night long by the never-ending cracking of the whips, and the withering cuts, as they are laid hard, and stinging, over the backs of the limping, half-starved horses that drew the voitures and fiacres.

If a cab horse stumbles, and falls to his knees in Paris, the driver does not run to the nearest apothecary's for 25 centimes worth of liniment to bathe the scratched knees, as the London cabby does for tuppence worth. He simply gets down from his seat, and, taking the butt end of his whip, beats the horse over the head until he clambers to his feet, then, after administering a couple of kicks from a number thirteen hob-nailed boot, he mounts his box and drives along.

The tram horses are constantly belabored with a whip and sworn at in the argot of Paris, and the result, strange as it may seem, is, that it takes you longer to go a mile in a fiacre in Paris, with the horses being whipped all the time, than it does the same distance in London, when not once during the drive will the animal feel the touch of the lash.

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GOOD SECURITY AGAINST FIRE.

**Steel the Protector of Our Forests—Denudation of Forests Checked.**

Statistics show that the demand for structural steel is increasing faster than the manufacturers can increase the output. This is in spite of the enormous advance made in the price of steel within the twelvemonth.

The fact is a most hopeful one in many ways, wholly apart from its industrial significance. It means that we are building better than we ever did before—not only that we are using steel frames for our skyscrapers, but that even in the construction of schoolhouses and shops and dwellings we are using steel trusses where ten years ago we used wooden floor beams, and steel rafters instead of wood, This creates a better security against fire. It means also, and not less importantly, the salvation of our forests. For not only is wood now largely excluded from the structural parts of buildings, but even as trimming it is rapidly falling into disfavor. Window-frames, window-sashes, and even doors and door-casings of steel are now so perfectly made and so cheaply that they are rapidly replacing wood, as wire and tile have replaced lath, and marble and mosaics have taken their ancient place as flooring. With a little further development in this direction we shall be able to check the denudation of forests and protect our rivers from flood on the one hand and drought on the other, and these are the noblest uses of forests.

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UNSETTLED.

Can you tell me what sort of weather we may expect next month? wrote a subscriber to the editor of a paper, and the editor replies as follows: It is my belief that the weather next month will be very much like your subscription. The inquirer wondered for an hour what the editor was driving at, when he happened to think of the word "unsettled." He sent in the required amount next day.

BEHIND THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.

The modern kingdom of Italy is in great measure the result of a woman's clever idea, for it was the niece of Cavour, the great Italian statesman, who first suggested sending Sardinian troops to the Crimea to assist the allies against Russia. Cavour was struck with the idea at once, and adopted it in the strongest opposition. The Sardinian contingent distinguished itself greatly in the Crimea. The whole of Sardinia went wild with enthusiasm over its doings. The help which Sardinia lent at this time to England and France in their war with Russia on behalf of Turkey stood her in good stead when the unification of Italy became a burning question.

The ex-Empress Eugenie, who is credited with having exercised considerable power over her husband, the Emperor Napoleon III., has been held responsible for the two greatest catastrophes which befell the Second Empire. The former, it will be remembered, began in the year 1862, when England, France, and Spain joined in interfering in Mexican affairs; but England and Spain subsequently withdrew, France taking the affair in hand alone. The Archduke Maximilian of Austria was set up, with the title of Emperor, under French protection. He put forth a proclamation threatening the punishment of death to all who should be taken in arms, and shortly after he was himself taken and shot. The war with Prussia was generally spoken of at the time as "the Empress's war," and there is no doubt but that she used all her arguments with Napoleon III. to make him go forward with it. She was quite aware what would be the results of an unsuccessful war; there can be no question as to that. "We have but one card to play," she said in conversation at this time. She played it, and drew the Battle of Sedan.

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**Had Catarrh Since Childhood But Catarrhozone Cured Him.**

Uric Breault, of Sweetsburg, Que., says: "Since childhood I have been afflicted with Catarrh of the throat and nose and never knew what relief meant till I tried Catarrhozone. Two bottles completely cured me, and I have not one single symptom of Catarrh now. I can heartily recommend Catarrhozone for Catarrh, and would advise all sufferers to get an outfit at once and be cured as I was." Catarrh-o-zone is sold by all druggists. Trial outfit sent for 10c in stamps by N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

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SHE WAS MISTAKEN.

Lady at the door — I believe, in my my heart, you are the same tramp I gave a large piece of Christmas pudding to a few days ago.

Tramp—No, ma'am; you're mistaken. He's dead.

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**O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT. OF MALT** Invigorates and Strengthens. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT.


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Floor Walker—Hurry out, madam! The store's afire! Mrs. Purchase—Oh, is it? Then I'll just wait for the fire sale.

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**A SISTER SAVED.**

**Sickness Banished—Health Restored**

Gentlemen,—Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have done my sister so much good that in grateful appreciation I told Mr. Tully, the druggist, I would gladly give a testimonial unsolicited, as to their merits. My sister, 15 years of age, caught a violent cold—since then she has been in very poor health, lost all colour was anemic, her blood had no vitality, and she had no physical strength, she became extremely nervous, so much so that she could not stand any exertion or excitement, and it was impossible for her to get restful sleep, she lost her appetite, her heart became very weak, palpitating so violently that she could hardly breathe at the slightest exertion. When she commenced taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills two months ago she was in a state of complete physical and nervous prostration. Her blood was scanty with no more strength than water. Since taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills she has been rapidly mending, her appetite has returned, she sleeps well her nerves are stronger, and her heart gained strength so that it is able to fulfill its functions. Prior to taking Dr. Ward's Pills she had taken many medicines without any special benefit. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are certainly the only medicine that has done any good. Before taking them she was getting weaker, her heart and nerves losing strength daily. Since she had began taking them she has daily and continuously gained health and strength.

CLARA ELLIOTT,
30 College street,
Peterborough, Ont.

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Two commercial travellers, comparing notes—I have been out three weeks, said the first, and have only got four orders. That beats me, said the other. I have been out four weeks and have only got one order, and that's from the firm to come home.


**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY**

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.


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Hello, Jerry; got your new flat all fitted up? Not quite. Say do you know where I can find a folding tooth brush?

MORAL INFLUENCE RECOGNIZED.

"I suppose there are several lines to the East?" he queried at a railroad ticket office the other day.

"Well, yes," reluctantly replied the agent, "but if you want the shortest and quickest line——"

"That makes no difference to me," interrupted the aller. "I want a line controlled by moral influences. Is the President of your road a religious man?"

"I can't say as to that, but I know that two of our switchmen and three firemen lately joined the Salvation Army and that our Board of Directors discourages poker and beer."

"That's moral influence," said the traveler, as he brightened up, "and you may give me a ticket to New York."


**Blemishes** OF THE SKIN AND **Complexion** TREATMENT. Send one cent stamp for circular. W. J. URQUHART Analytical Chemist, 489 Queen St. W., Toronto.


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Sometimes you hear of a perfect man. He is the fellow your wife could have married.


**La Toscana, 10c.** RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal


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Dolly—Could anyone be worse than a man who will be spoony in spite of all you can do? Polly—Yes; one who won't!


FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."


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A GOOD TIME.

Two little London girls who had been sent to have a happy day in the country, narrating their experiences on their return, said:

Oh! yes, mum; we did 'ave a 'appy day. We see two pigs killed and a gentleman buried.

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M. Besancon, of Paris, is an Anglophobe, and when a Turkish delight-seller, mistaking him for an Englishman, spoke to him in the hated tongue, he vented his rage on the poor Turk by giving him a thrashing. For this he was fined 200fr., and had to pay another 1,500fr., damages.


# IN OTTAWA VALLEY

Reuben Draper, of Bristol, P. Q., Reports That He is Cured of Gravel by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

**Passed a Large Stone One Week After Commencing Dodd's Kidney Pills—Now Completely Free From This Trouble—Recommends Dodd's Kidney Pills to All Sufferers From Bladder Complaints.**

Bristol, P.Q., Jan. 22.—The people on the Quebec side of the Ottawa River are fully alive to the boon they have in Dodd's Kidney Pills as is witnessed by the large number who are publicly testifying to the merits of Dodd's Kidney Pills in the press. One of those is Mr. Reuben Draper, of Clarendon, near here.

Mr. Draper was troubled with that painful and dangerous bladder complaint known as gravel. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Gravel, and when it is remembered that a surgical operation was formerly the only means of assailing this disease, the value of Dodd's Kidney Pills is apparent. Dodd's Kidney Pills were recommended to Mr. Draper, and he tried them, with complete success, as the following letter will show.

Jan. 3, 1900.

Dodds Medicine Co.

Gentlemen,—About three years ago I was taken ill with what I thought was gravel. I was suffering great pain so I sent for a doctor. He gave me some medicine and said he would call again. He came twice more and charged me fifteen dollars. I was a little better but not well. A short time after I had another attack, so I tried another doctor with about the same result, only I was getting weaker all the time. Then a man advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, for he said they had cured his mother. So I thought I would try them, and in just one week I passed a stone as large as a small bean, and in four days after I passed another about the size of a grain of barley. This gave me great relief and I commenced to feel better and to gain strength.

That is two years ago, and I have not had any trouble that way since. I have the stones still in my possession and can show them to anyone who doubts this story. Hoping this may be of some benefit to someone suffering as I did,

I am your truly,
REUBEN DRAPER.


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WHO BIDES HIS TIME.

Who bides his time, and day by day
Faces defeat full patiently,
And lifts a mirthful roundelay,
However poor his fortunes be,
He will not fall in any qualm
Of poverty—the paltry dime
It will grow golden in his palm,
Who bides his time.


**"Pharaoh 10c."** Payne, of Granby, Que. Cigar Manufacturer.


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HE OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN ONE.

A Scotchman was asserting that all the great poets were of his nation. Well, but, said one, how about Shakespeare? You can't say he was a Scotchman?" To which the orator replied: His talents would justify the supposition.


**Deafness Cannot be Cured**

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.


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A PROLONGED ADDRESS.

Does your wife talk until she gets the last word?

Yes, and she talks after that, too.


MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

**The "Balmoral," Free Bus** Am. Plan. $1.50 & up.

**Hotel Carslake,** European Plan. Rooms from $1 a day up. Opp. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake & Co., Prop's.

**AVENUE HOUSE**—McGill—College Avenue. Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

**ST. JAMES' HOTEL**—Opposite G.T.R. Depot, two blocks from C. P. Railway. First-class Commercial House. Modern improvements—Rates moderate.


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AS THEY MET IN THE HALLWAY.

Darling, how glad I am to see you!

Oh, George, how cold your nose is.


*Did you ever compare Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea with other much advertised brands? Don't you think they owe an apology to the public?*

UNLIKE ANY OTHER

# LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA

has a distinct flavor of its own which makes every one that has once tried it want it again. Lead packages. 25, 30, 40, 50 & 60c.

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**WE SHOW YOU** how you may live in easy circumstances, earning big money honestly and honorably the rest of your lives without leaving home. The first applicant from each town or country district will get this unparalleled chance. Capital not necessary, for start. For full particulars address enclosing two cent stamp.

EASTERN DISTRIBUTING CO., Belleville, Ontario.

**Rheumatism** NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, MUSCULAR, INFLAMMATORY, GOUT, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATIC PARALYSIS, ASTHMA

Our Method is sure and has cured thousands—some pronounced incurable. Write at once. Booklet and Proof on request. *Address* The SWISS-AMERICAN CO., Windsor, Ont., Canada **Cured**


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THE BEST HE COULD.

Oratory is a gift, not an acquirement, said the proud politician, as he sat down after an hour's harangue.

I understand, said the matter-of-fact chairman. We're not blamin' you. You did the best you could.


W P C 1008

**CALVERT'S** Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. Their regular use prevent infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply. Lists mailed free on application. F. C. CALVERT & CO., MANCHESTER, - - ENGLAND.

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