

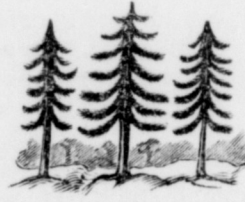
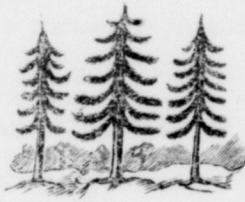


Dr. WOODS'

# NORWAY PINE SYRUP

## CURES Coughs, Colds

and all diseases of the  
**THROAT and LUNGS.**



### THE TRICKERY OF WAR.

Some of the Most Daring Stratagems of Modern Times.

It may be interesting, in view of the war now raging between China and Japan, to show a few of the "tricks of the trade," in other words, a few of the peculiar stratagems which have been successful from time to time in past wars.

Pampeluna was lost to the Spaniards in a curious way. The French troops stationed in the district were allowed to enter the town occasionally for their provision, and this foraging party gradually increased in number. One day, on arriving in town, they started snowballing each other, and as the excitement increased other soldiers from the outside kept joining in the battle. Comrades armed rushed in apparently to share the sport; but when a sufficient number of the French soldiers had been introduced, the guards at the gates were seized and the remainder of the army entered the town to complete the conquest.

About the same time the French gained access to San Sebastian by another clever artifice. The general commanding the French soldiers obtained permission from the Spanish commander to send the sick of his army into San Sebastian. He seems to have had a large number of men sick and in need of sea-air, for, on receiving permission, he sent upwards of two thousand to the hospitals.

They were bandaged in every conceivable way, and some had their arms supported by slings. The Spaniards afforded every accommodation, and ultimately allowed about 500 to be placed in the citadel. Having been thus far successful, it only remained for these presumably poor dying cripples, but otherwise healthy soldiers, to leave the hospitals one morning, before daylight, and take possession of the fortifications—and this they did before the beleaguered garrison realized that the soldiers they had so carefully tended were not friends but enemies.

The Americans once played a neat trick upon a British fleet. The ships in question were threatening a part of the American coast, when it was rumored that a man had discovered a combustible which could be easily transmitted to the fleet and ignited, and which would produce terrible results. Of course, the information was conveyed to the British commander, and, no doubt, he was sadly disturbed in consequence. At any rate, one day several barrels were set afloat in the direction of the vessels, followed by a man with a complicated arrangement in a boat. On nearing their destination one of them exploded, whereupon the fleet shipped anchor and departed in great haste. The inventor had done his utmost, for the remaining barrels were harmless.

It is said that once when the French made a descent on the coast of Wales, they were held in check for some time by a peculiar stratagem. The women, who then generally wore long red cloaks, were collected and marched along the hills in full view of the invaders, and as they kept appearing at different points, it gave the idea that there was a considerable number of soldiers near at hand. The French were somewhat afraid of attacking, and as a sufficient force was soon collected to

repel them, they took to their ships in a hurry.

In another case a besieged city, short of provisions, was on the point of surrendering, as they found it impossible to convey a message outside for help. In these straits a young man volunteered to pass the enemy, and, if possible, obtain assistance. To do this he left the city with a bridle in his hand, and mixing with the invaders, asked if any one of them had seen his horse. In this way he got through their ranks, and was the means of getting the city delivered.

A Moorish general on one occasion rallied his troops in a very simple manner. They were beginning to retreat, when he sat down in a field, declaring that he would there wait for death, seeing that he was forsaken by his troops. They were ashamed of their conduct, and returning, ultimately gained the victory.

### Studying to Please.

He had been particularly fortunate in his business and felt in the mood for tipping the waiters at his hotel rather liberally. As a result every time he entered the dining room half a dozen willing waiters rushed for him like football players in a big match. This came to be annoying after a while, so he called the head waiter to him and said:

"Now, see here, I don't want all the waiters in the place bothering me every time I get something to eat. Settle on one man, and let him attend to my wants."

Then his eye roamed around at the assembled attendants, and, without any particular reason, he said:

"There, let that fellow with a wart on his nose look out for me."

So it was settled, and for some time the designated waiter was on hand. One day, however, the man with money found another attendant at his table. He motioned to the head waiter.

"Didn't I tell you to let me have the waiter with a wart on his nose?" he demanded.

"Yes, sah; but this one will be better, sah. He has two warts on his nose."

### How Woman Should Vote.

"John," said Mrs. Billus, "of course I won't take any dictation from you or anybody else, but if you were in my place how would you vote?"

"If I were in your place, Maria," answered Mr. Billus, reflectively, "I should go quietly to the polls, stand in line till it came my turn, answer in a respectful manner whatever questions may be asked, accept the official ballot handed to me, take it into one of the voting booths, fill it out according to directions, fold it, step outside of the booth again, hand the ballot to the proper official, and come away without making any fuss."

"I think you're as mean as you can be, John Billus!"

I was cured of painful Gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT.  
Chatham, Ont. BYARD McMULLIN.

I was cured of inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT.  
Walsb, Ont. Mrs. W. W. JOHNSON.

I was cured of facial neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.  
Parkdale, Ont. J. H. BAILEY.

### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

When a son, grown to manhood, leaves the parental roof to take up life's fight for himself, both mother and father keenly feel the loss. Perhaps the father carries himself in a matter-of-course way, slaps the young fellow on the shoulder and wishes him luck, but the mother sheds many a tear all to herself. She bore him, nursed him, pulled him through his illness, and lugged him about on her tireless left arm. He is her "baby" still, and as he goes he takes a piece of her heart with him.

But she mourns the girl even more, when they abandon her. That is why a wedding in the old home, a daughter being the bride, is proverbially as sad as a funeral. Yet, in one way or another, the young people go, God help us! and leave father and mother alone with their grey hairs and their memories.

A father who came near losing a beloved daughter with disease speaks of it thus: "Our Anna," he says, "had an attack of influenza in October, 1889. Her food did not nourish her, and in spite of all we could do she wasted away till she was thin and wan and weak. Her hands and feet were cold and clammy—she was always cold, notwithstanding extra flannels and clothing. A little latter she became so anemic that it did not seem as though she had any life left in her. She lost all her bright spirits and was listless and helpless. At this time she was about sixteen years of age."

Then her breathing got hard and difficult, and it was painful to hear her. Next her legs became swollen and puffed, and she could only walk a few yards. Abscesses began to form on her legs, arms, neck, and ankles. They finally came to be about as meter. Nearly a pint of matter came away from some of them. At length the poor child had twenty-four of these on her body.

"For weeks and weeks she lay on the couch, sinking gradually, until she looked like death. Wife and I felt like having to give her up. During eighteen months it took my wife over an hour, night and morning, to dress these terrible and painful abscesses. At first we had a doctor from Faringdon, but she got no better from his treatment. He recommended us to get her into a hospital, but we did not like to let her go. We next tried a doctor at Stamford. He attended her twelve months, but she got worse and worse. What more to do we did not know. It seemed as though she was surely doomed to die. Yet help came when we had stopped looking for it."

"In December, 1891, we heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and the great things it had done after the medical men had failed. We got the medicine from Messrs. Ballard and Co., Chemists, Faringdon, and she commenced taking it. In a few weeks we noticed a great improvement in her general health. Her food digested and strengthened her and in two months we could see the abscesses dying away, and soon they were all gone."

"She is now as strong as ever she was, and is the picture of health. My wife and I, also everyone in the village, looked upon the cure as miraculous. That Mother Seigel saved Anna's life we are fully persuaded. You are at liberty to publish this statement. I will gladly answer any

inquiries. Yours truly (signed), Isaac King, innkeeper, Horn Inn, Charney, Berks, November 25th, 1892."

Mr. King is happy over this splendid result. Who would not be, in his place? But there was no miracle. What the Syrup did was on Nature's straight lines. His daughter's case was one of blood poisoning from the deadly acids engendered by the non-digestion of her food. Probably it had been coming on, unsuspected, longer than her parents thought. The danger of her life was great; indeed, death was certain in a little more time. Most fortunately they heard of Seigel's Syrup before it was quite too late.

This magnificent remedy expelled the poison from the blood, and by righting the digestion prevented the formation of more. Long may the family circle continue unbroken.

### The Concealed Japs.

Theodore Wores, the artist, lived in Japan for five or six years, and intended to return there. Now, he says, he will not. "The Japs," he says, "will be insufferably conceited if they finally whip China. The Chinese have for many years dominated them in a way which does not seem to be understood here. They have been the bankers for the Japanese, have superintended nearly all of the business affairs in Yokohama and Tokio, and the Japanese have bowed to their superior financial and commercial abilities. Every shipping house in Yokohama has had Chinese in charge of every department, and the Chinese have always treated the Japs as a weaker and inferior people. The Japanese have always been arrogant with all other foreigners, but have stood hat in hand before the Chinese. Now, if they master the Chinese, there will be no living with them in comfort for any foreigner. They will want to start out and whip all creation, and will naturally begin on the foreign material at hand. I'm going to India, which has already been whipped."

### It Was Another Story.

A capital story is told of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and little Miss Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's grand-daughter. During the novelist's stay in Wiltshire this summer he met little Dorothy at a country house, and being very fond of children, took her about the grounds and told her stories. After a time Mrs. Drew, fearing that Mr. Kipling must have had enough of the child's society, called her, and said, "Now, Dorothy, I hope you have been a good child and have not been wearying Mr. Kipling." "Oh, not a bit, mother," replied the little celebrity, "but you've no idea how Mr. Kipling has been wearying me."

### His Profession.

Two strangers in a first-class railway carriage have got into somewhat friendly conversation. The windows have just been let down on account of the closeness of the day, and the desultory chatter is consequently turned to the subject of ventilation. "I make it," says one of the two, "I make it an invariable practice to advise people to sleep with their bedroom window open all the year round."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the other; "I perceive that you are a doctor!" "Not at all!" was the confidential reply. "To tell you the truth, strictly between ourselves, I am—a burglar!"

### "THE MARRIED OLD MAID."

Such is the Epithet Applied by a Writer to One Class of Woman.

The married old maid is a type among women that compares anything but favorably with the bachelor girl. She is the woman who has married the wrong man. She is the one who has found all vinegar and no milk in life. Her children when they have not been a bore to her, have been a source of never-ceasing trouble; and from constantly setting her lips in firmness as she speaks to them, they have a set look that suggests nothing but peevishness. She finds fault with her husband's friends, with him, and wonders continually why she ever married. It gives her a certain amount of pleasure to hear of other people's troubles, because then she is sure that she is not alone in the world. She grows untidy in her dress and sets it down to economy. Where a little bonnet would soften and make pleasant her face, she puts on a hard-looking hat, that gives her a severe look, and it possible, makes her uglier than ever.

Her children neither admire, love nor respect her. With their little troubles and their little pleasures they go to their father, and he has not realized as yet exactly why his wife is different from other women. It is not likely that he ever will; in fact, I do not think anybody will, for this is one of the cases where there would seem to exist a piece of Plymouth Rock in place of a heart. Don't you know this woman? How very much better off is that wise one who didn't marry, when such a woman and such a state of affairs is the result of making a wrong marriage. Old age finds her children but slightly acquainted with this woman, and she herself is solitary, hard and disappointed. Life has brought her nothing, and nothing can come with death. Sometimes she wonders what it means. She hears the talk of seeing again the people we have cared for, and she is surprised to find that she hasn't cared enough for anybody to really wish to see them again. Even death seems to let her alone, and as the years go by and one generation has succeeded another, age hasn't mellowed her, but instead she has grown harder and harder, and death is fearful of her.

That is an awful type of woman. I think we ought to thank heaven that it is not a common one. There is another that is an exact opposite. It's the woman who has married a man for whom she had no great love but who, as the years have rolled on, has made herself love him. Has loved him in his children, and whatever sorrows her early life has known have been made stepping-stones to better, sweeter things and she beams out love to everybody. That is a good woman. That is a woman who makes everything seem smoother and better in life.

### Where to Hiss is to Applaud.

In his book on the Basutos, the Rev. E. Casalis says that hisses are the most unequivocal marks of applause, and are as much courted in the African parliaments and assemblies as they are dreaded by our candidates for popular favor. After a declamation in accordance with the general taste, the voice of the orator is drowned in a burst of shrill sounds, which force one to stop one's ears. Captain Cook also asserts that the people of Mallicollo show

their admiration by hissing like a goose. In Italy the ancient Romans had three methods of expressing applause for speakers and at their places of entertainments, namely: (1) bombas, a hissing or buzzing noise; (2) imbrices, noises made with the hollow hands; and (3) testes, striking of the hands together. Applause in theatres in Russia is strictly forbidden.

### AN IMPORTANT INCIDENT AT A COUNTRY AUCTION SALE.

Quite recently a country store stock was sold off by auction in lots to suit purchasers. The sale, which had been well advertised by circulars distributed throughout the country, drew a large crowd of sturdy farmers and their good wives; the bidding was fast and spirited, and good prices were realized for all useful and staple goods.

Amongst the vast variety of articles put up for sale were two lots of package dyes for household dyeing. The auctioneer announced that he would first dispose of the "Diamond Dyes," goods that every farmer's wife knew well and favorably. The women, being most interested in these goods, did the bidding, and in ten minutes time, some six gross of the "Diamond Dyes" were sold to anxious buyers.

The other dyes were then brought forward, and introduced by some oriental name.

Said the auctioneer: "I give you the name of these dyes, but I know very little about their manufacture or qualities; come, give me a bid, any price."

There was no response—not a bid to encourage the auctioneer's heart. Seeing that time was being lost, and anxious to get rid of these dyes at any price, the auctioneer, in a joking way, said: "You surely want your garden fences and barns painted; if these dyes are not good enough to color your dresses, shawls, jackets, coats, silks and ribbons, they will surely do for common wood painting."

The idea was a novel one—it was a revelation—and seemed to meet with the favor of a few, and for a small price, the entire stock of worthless dyes designated by a high sounding name, was sold to one farmer, who was heartily laughed at.

There is a most important moral to be deduced from the results of the auction sale just referred to. The moral taught is, that poor and worthless dyes, wherever sold, are dear at any price—even when used for common fence painting.

The "Diamond Dyes" are well known, popular and always reliable; they sell everywhere and under all circumstances, and give wonderful results in restoring to beauty and usefulness old and faded articles of wearing apparel. "Diamond Dyes" save many dollars each year in every farmer's home.

### "Carrying Coals to Newcastle."

An English lady set out for Germany on a visit to some of her relatives. She took with her a handsome present, consisting of a silver urn, by way of showing her dear Continental friends a specimen of British artistic skill. When the present was unpacked and carefully examined, there was found stamped in a corner the following legend: "Made in Germany."