



## "Chic" Gowns

are easily modeled from Priestley's Black Wool Figured Fabrics because the firmness of the texture and exquisite weave yield ideal draping qualities.

Combined with this is the originality of the designs in Black Wool Figures—in Matalasse effects, Armures, Pebble Cloths and Wool Canvas Cloths.

## Priestley's Black Wool Figured Fabrics

For the street, for calling or for the house, Fashion dictates from across the water as eminently correct this season

"Priestley" stamped on the selvedge.

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### DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

Some Pen Picture by a Correspondent who Saw the Fight at Santiago.

"This was Saturday, the day after the big fight, and the road was busy both ways. From the front the heavy, jolting, six-mule ammunition waggons were returning empty after dropping their boxes of cartridges at the firing line.

"But not quite empty, for as they came nearer you saw that awnings of big palm leaves were lightly spread from side to side. And then, when, with a 'Whee hooyah' and a crack of the long whip and a 'Git in thar, durn yer,' from the Texan teamster, the mules swung round from the road up the steep bank into the hospital field, you saw as the wagon jilted that under the palm leaves pale, bandaged men were lying. They groaned in agony as the heavy springless waggons rocked and jolted.

"For God's sake kill me out of this," screamed a man as he clutched in agony at the palm leaves between him and the sun. It seemed awful that wounded men should be carried back in such fashion, but then, as some one exclaimed, 'Guess there's a considerable shortage of ambulance traction.' And then there was a certain grim appropriateness to the proceedings of yesterday.

"Our men had been fired as ammunition against intrenchments and positions that should have been taken by artillery. It was quite in keeping that the poor, battered, spent bullets should be carted back in the ammunition waggons.

"But besides the waggons there came along from the front men borne on hard litters, some lying face downward, writhing at intervals in awful convulsions, others lying motionless on the flat of their backs with their hats placed over their faces for shade. And there also came men, dozens of them afoot, painfully limping with one arm thrown over the shoulder of a comrade and the other arm helplessly dangling.

"How much further to the hospital, neighbor?" they would despairingly ask.

"Only a quarter of a mile or so, neighbor," I would answer, and, with a smile of hope at the thought that after all they would be able to achieve the journey, they would hobble along.

"But the ammunition waggons and the few ambulance waggons did not carry them all. For hobbling down the steep bank from the hospital came bandaged men on foot. They sat down for awhile on the bank as far as they could get from the jumble of mules and waggons in the lane, and then setting their faces toward Siboney they commenced—to walk it. They were the men whose injuries were too slight for wagon room to be given them. There was not enough wagon accommodation for the men whose wounds rendered them helplessly prostrate. So let the men who had mere arm and shoulder wounds, simple flesh wounds, or only one injured leg or foot, walk it. Siboney was only eight miles away.

"True, it was a fearfully bad road, but then the plain fact was that there was not enough waggons for all, and that it was better for these men to be at the base hospital and better that they should room at the division hospital, even if they had to make the journey on foot.

"There was one man on the road whose left foot was heavily bandaged and drawn up from the ground. He had provided himself with a sort of a rough crutch made of the forked limb of a tree, which he padded with a bundle of clothes. With the assistance of this and a short stick he was pad-

dling briskly along when I overtook him.

"Where did they get you neighbor?" I asked him.

"Oh, durn their skins," he said in the cheerfulest way, turning to me with a smile. "they got me twice—a splinter of a shell in the foot and a bullet through the calf of the same leg when I was being carried back from the firing line."

"A sharpshooter?"

"The fellow was up in a tree."

"And you were walking back to Siboney. Wasn't there room for you to ride?" I expected an angry outburst of indignation in reply to this question. But I was mistaken. In a plain, matter-of-fact way he said: "Guess not. They wanted all the riding room for worse cases 'n mine. Thank God, my two wounds are both in the same leg, so I can walk quite good and spry. They told me I'd be better off down at the landing yonder, so I got these crutches and made a break."

"And how are you getting along I asked.

"Good and well," he said, as cheerfully as might be, 'just good and easy.' And with his one sound leg and his two sticks he went cheerfully paddling along.

"It was just the same with other walking wounded men. They were all beautifully cheerful. And not merely cheerful. They were all absolutely unconscious that they were undergoing any unnecessary hardships or sufferings. They knew now that war was no picnic, and they were not complaining at the absence of picnic fare. Some of them had lain out all night, with the dew falling on them where the bullets had dropped them, before their turn come with the overworked field surgeons.

"There was only sixty doctors with the outfit," they explained, 'and, naturally, they couldn't tend everybody at once.'

"That seemed to them a quite sufficient explanation. It did not occur to them that there ought to have been more doctors, more ambulances. Some of them seemed to have a faint glimmering of a notion that there might perhaps have been fewer wounded; but then that is obvious to everybody. The conditions subsequent to the battle they accepted as the conditions proper and natural to the circumstances. The cheerful fellow with the improvised crutches was so filled with thankfulness at the possession of his tree-branch that it never occurred to him that he had reason to complain of the absence of proper crutches. I happened by chance to know that packed away in the hold of one of the transports lying out in Siboney Bay there were cases full of crutches, and I was on the point of blurting out an indignant statement of the fact when I remembered that the knowledge would not make his walk easier. So I said nothing about it.

"I had to make the journey to Siboney myself. There was nothing more than a desultory firing going on at the front, and I had telegrams to try and get away. So I passed a good many of the walking wounded, and heard a good many groans from palm-awned waggons. The men were, all the same, bravely and uncomplainingly plodding along through the mud. As they themselves put it, they were up against it," and that was all about it.

"And down at Siboney? Well, thank God, the hospital tents had been unloaded. They were short of cots, short of blankets, short of surgeons, short of supplies, short of nurses, short of everything. But, thank goodness, by squeezing and crowding and economizing space there was shelter for the men as they came in. And thank goodness, too, for the Red Cross Society."

### That Flag Means Feeding.

The fleet of fishing vessels always to be found in the North Sea, remain out weeks at a time and then rest at home for one week.

When out on the deep, fresh meat is

seldom to be had. The smacksmen, however, are the loyallest of comrades, and when there is anything to share, all comers are welcome who can get over the troubled waters and on board the provisioned boat. A shipper who has secured fresh meat—and it is usually mutton—promptly hoists what is known as the 'mutton flag,' as a notice to other boats that a feed is ready. The little feast generally takes place on a Sunday morning, and those who sit down to it pay nothing for the meal. The skipper, who is also host, well knows that next Sunday will probably see him in turn figuring as a guest.

A man's failure to accumulate a fortune is seldom due to his liberality.

## Can't Sleep.



The weary vigils of the night, anxious hours that drag like days. How often they come, and how unwelcome they are. A system robbed by sleeplessness of natural rest cannot be vigorous and strong. The nerves are at fault and must be built up. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are the remedy that cured

### MISS EMMA TEMPLE.

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At last, after eight months of physical weakness and nervous prostration, caused by over exertion and want of rest,—during which time I suffered greatly on account of the shattered condition of my nerves, and for which I was unable to find any relief. I have found a medicine (Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills) that in three months made my nerves strong, removed all nervous troubles, built up my physical system and made me strong and well. They removed despondency, and in consequence of taking your valuable Pills I look forward to the future hopefully. I have to thank your great cure for nervousness and bodily weakness for my present good health and strength.

Yours truly,

Signed, EMMA TEMPLE, Hastings, Ont.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50 cents per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00, at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by The Dr. Ward Co., 71 Victoria St., Toronto. Book of information free.



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it fits so comfortably, supporting the figure, while yielding easily to every movement. It lasts well, and sells at popular prices.—MORAL:

YOUNG WOMEN WEAR THE D & A CORSET.

### A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

How One Of the Rough Riders Found His Mother.

That truth is stranger than fiction is again proven by the curious story of how a trooper in Torrey's wild riders regiment found his mother after forty years, says a Jacksonville (Fla.) special to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The trooper, Tom Williams, Troop K, left last night for Fort Meade to see a mother whom he had thought dead for many years. She is now 84 years of age and she will see a boy she has mourned for many years.

Many years ago the family lived on the border. Indians made a raid and killed Williams' father. The mother, with heroic spirit, bravely fought off the Indians, killing several, when she was knocked down by the merciless blows of a tomahawk wielded by a red demon. Tom, then a youngster of 7 or 8, was taken with the band. He lived with them and was for a year or two subjected to the worst kind of treatment. He bears scars where slits were made and skin torn off by the Indian redskins in their efforts to "harden" him. He also forgot the English language.

One day the band he was with met defeat and he was rescued by the whites. It took several years to win him back to civilization. He was then a strong, healthy youth of 18 or 20. He took up the cowboy's pursuit, and lived in Wyoming. He enlisted under Colonel Torrey and came here.

In some manner his strange story leaked out, and in some way his old mother, now living at Fort Meade, South Florida, 200 miles south of here, was informed of it. She communicated with friends here. Williams was informed of the fact that his mother still lived. In less than twenty hours he secured a furlough, and last night he left to see his old mother. It was a queer story and his comrades crowded to the depot to see him off and wish him all manner of good luck and good wishes. Williams is one of the best men in the troop, and Colonel Torrey speaks highly of him, saying that he was a very quiet man, but with a courage and spirit that carried him through everything.

Another strange case came up this morning, when a private in the Forty-ninth Iowa met his father here who had been missing for over ten years. The father left his Western home suddenly, and this spring came to Jacksonville, purchasing a small business here. The soldier entered the store last night. The recognition was mutual. It was a strange meeting and an affecting one.

### ANOTHER KING IN SPAIN.

He Rules the Gypsies and His Home is Granada.

There is one king in Spain who dotes on Americans, who is pining for them this summer, and who does not hesitate to say so plainly. This is the king of the gypsies at Granada, says the Boston Evening Transcript. He had long depended upon Americans and English for the prosperity of his people, who live in caves across the Darro from Alhambra Hill, where he comes ever day as to his office or his throne. He sells to travellers photographs of his own tall picturesque self, romantically rigged and very operative-looking. He directs the financial operations of the gypsy singers and dancers and fortune-tellers who haunt the avenue of the Alhambra or appear before the tourist in the Alameda or other pleasant gardens of Granada.

There have not been as many English people as usual in Granada this year, on account of the lack of love shown in the peninsula to all Anglo-Saxons, but one who was there interviewed the old gitano king sitting in the shade of Charles V.'s ugly and intrusive palace next door to the Alhambra palace within the great inclosure of the fortress. And the king said his people were getting so hard up that he didn't know but that he might be obliged to consent to their making a descent in numbers upon the bakeshops of Granada.

When the tide turns and the Americans are more numerous than ever before in Granada they will be welcomed by the gypsy king. But he will not display any affability. He will take all the dollars he can get as his rightful tribute. And it will not be prudent for adventurous Yankees to go through the gypsy towns afoot and alone. Those cave-dwellers are fierce and would not hesitate to throw stones at a descendant of the Puritans; and tales are told of robberies across the Darro which induces prudent travelers to make their walking tours of observation through the domain of the king of the gypsies only accompanied by a local official guide. The hungrier they get the more need there will be of police protection.

### An Immense Plough.

The largest plough in the world, perhaps is owned by Richard Gird, of San Bernardino County, California. This immense sod-turner stands 18 ft. high, and weighs 36,000 lb. It runs by steam, is provided with twelve 12-inch plough-shares, and is capable of ploughing fifty acres of land per day. It consumes from one to one and a half tons of coal per day, and usually travels at the rate of four miles an hour.



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