

Men and Women of Today.

It is not generally known that Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, visited the ranks of both the Union and Confederate armies of the states during the Civil War. It was in 1863. He was then a lieutenant colonel and was serving with his regiment in Canada. He received permission to come to the States and made a personal inspection of the warring American troops. After visiting Washington, he was allowed to cross the lines, and he entered the territory occupied by General Lee. It was there that he met Colonel John J. Garnett of New York, one of the best-known survivors of the Civil War.

"I had been out on picket duty," said Colonel Garnett the other day, "when Colonel Wolseley made his appearance. My troops were not in the best of condition, but we were proud and glad to see him, and we made him feel as much at home as our circumstances would permit. The next day I saw him at General Lee's headquarters and was detailed to accompany him through the ranks. The following day we had an inspection of all the troops available, and Colonel Wolseley was among Lee's staff as the men marched by. He was a tall, soldierly man in the early prime of life, vigorous, strong and pleasant-mannered. He took in everything that there was to be seen, and his comments were marked with rare common sense and military judgment. Our men, as I said, were not in the best of condition, but the Colonel did not humiliate us by calling our attention to the fact. After he had seen all that he cared about he returned north and rejoined his command. Meantime the Colonel and I had struck up a more than ordinary intimacy, and after the war, and even during the struggle, we began a correspondence which lasts to this day.

"The next time I saw him was in London in 1887, on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee. We had renewed our old acquaintanceship, and I rode with him as a member of his staff. When we had ridden past Her Majesty and taken our stand to watch the review of that part of the British Army on duty in the capital, Lord Wolseley turned to me and said:

"Colonel, there isn't much resemblance between these soldiers and those we reviewed together down in Virginia."

"No," I answered; "but I don't think they can fight any harder than our boys could and did."

"I hope to Heaven," answered His Lordship piously, "that they never will have any need to."

President Steyn's Cyano Courtship.

President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, took for a wife Miss Fraser, who was the belle of Bloemfontein. This was many years ago, when the great African was a poor, struggling law student and clerk. Miss Fraser's parents were very proud and well-to-do, and did not favor the match. Steyn made love and wrote love letters by proxy, choosing a prominent young farmer as the go-between. Every day, sometimes twice a day, Miss Fraser and the farmer would take long walks and rides together. Bloemfontein made up its mind that Steyn had been cut out, when the law student returned from Europe where he had taken his degree. Gossip rose to fever heat when the news came that Steyn had called upon the farmer. Everybody was certain that a duel was about to come off. A short time passed in which every one was on the quiver. Disappointment was nothing to the feeling which was created when, instead of a duel, there was the wedding of Steyn and Miss Fraser, with the farmer as the first groomsmen.

The Man Who Would Not Meet the Prince.

Probably the only American distinction who was in New York at the time and declined to meet the Prince of Wales when he visited America before the civil war, did meet him afterward, and has not been forgotten by England's future king since. It is an odd story. The American is Colonel Ethan Allen author, financier, diplomat and club man. Allen was about the Prince's age, a law student at the New York University. He refused to attend any of the functions.

"If the Prince wants to see me let him call on me," he said.

His friends laughed. But the Prince did call upon Allen the first week he was here. It was in the old University building in Washington Square, where young Allen had shut himself up for study. The same day the chancellor was to receive the prince in another part of the building.

The reception hour came, and Allen sat in his solitude. Before long, he heard a

loud knocking and a voice:

"Open this door. Who's in here?"

He opened the door and there stood Chancellor Ferris, and on his arm was the Prince. They evidently felt it a relief to be out of the jam. The members of the party were advanced in years, except Mr. Allen and the Prince, and the two boys soon came together.

"I'm glad to know you, sir," the Prince said.

"Thank you, sir," replied Mr. Allen.

The two then took seats together, and talked for more than an hour. When they parted the Prince said:

"I don't know when I have had such a good time. Will you call upon me at my hotel?"

"No," was the prompt reply; "I haven't the time."

The Prince looked astonished but went on: "Well, if you haven't time now, Mr. Allen, perhaps you may have time when you visit England. At any rate, don't forget me."

Though Colonel Allen has visited England many times, he has never availed himself of this invitation, but last winter when the Prince received a representative of the Sons of the American Revolution he said: "I was looking over an old diary, and I came across the strangest incident that happened to me during my American visit. It was about a man named Allen who refused to meet me. Do you know him? I'd like to meet that man again."

But they haven't met yet.

Madame Lehmann's Two Fads.

The interest which Madame Lilli Lehmann, the grand opera prima donna, has taken in saving the song birds of America has given a special significance to her appearance in society. Not long ago a committee of ladies called upon her in New York and asked her to sing for their pet charity.

"I will do so upon one condition," was the reply.

"What is that?"

"It is that you promise me never again to wear song birds' feathers upon your hats."

The promise was given and Madame Lehmann sang.

A member of one of the companies in which Madame Lehmann travelled last year says that the singer's sentimentality for animals often caused the stage hands much annoyance. She is an ardent vegetarian, and will partake of no animal food. She does not believe in stimulants, and at dinner always turns down her glass. It is customary for refreshments of some sort to be passed around behind the scenes before and during an operatic performance. One evening an old stage hand asked Madame Lehmann if she would have some wine.

"Madame Patti sang Lucia on roast chicken and this wine," said he.

"Indeed?" replied Madame Lehmann; "well, I sing Brunhilde on a plate of rice and water."

Mr. Bryant's Venturesome Sillies.

Henry G. Bryant, one of the two American Vice-presidents of the Geographical Association which met in Berlin last summer has returned to America. Mr. Bryant has not only been in the Arctic regions with one of the Peary Auxiliary Expeditions, but he has done considerable exploring on his own account. He discovered the great falls of Labrador, and climbed almost to the top of Mount St. Elias. His most recent experience was in the Canadian Rockies. He had two men with him and a pack-train. Taking one of his comrades, he climbed for several days above the clouds toward the peak of the highest mountain in the range. They were fully ten thousand feet above the sea-level when they were driven back by a storm. At their feet lay a new basin, which is the beginning of a glacier, and in plain English is a hole in the frozen snow with almost perpendicular sides, extending downward hundreds of feet. The two men were tied together with a rope. Bryant, being the heavier brought up the procession. After they had struggled down for several hours with the utmost care, digging steps in the wall with their picks, his companion lost his foothold, and they started on a wild slide for the bottom. Just as each man had given up all hope, the foremost one caught his ice ax in a protruding rock and they were brought up with a short jerk. It seemed almost miraculous. After they had got their breath Mr. Bryant remarked coolly:

"Well, no bones are broken, fortunately. Let's go on."

And they toiled for another two hours until every particle of strength was exhausted. There was still four hundred feet of space to cover before the bottom was reached.

"Suppose we slide; it can't any more than kill us."

Making extemporized sleds of their superfluous clothing, they let loose all hold and darted into space. In a few

seconds they brought up at the bottom in a soft snow bank.

"Why didn't we think of that before?" said Bryant. "It wasn't much trouble getting down here."

"It isn't the getting down here I'm thinking about," returned his companion. "It's the getting back."

An Honest Cough Remedy.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam has been curing coughs and colds for more than a generation, and it has grown steadily in popular favor. Whenever its use is begun in a family, it is always relied upon as a safe resource for all coughs and colds and troubles of the breathing passages. This remedy, unlike nearly all cough preparations, contains no narcotic poisons. It is made of the purest extracts of roots, bark and gums of trees, and its effect is to heal whenever it touches an inflamed surface. Not only this, it protects the irritated parts from irritation.

Adamson's Balsam does not deceive you into thinking you are being helped only to find that you are worse. It is an honest, simple remedy, and it is the most efficient preparation for coughs and all throat troubles ever compounded. It would never have lived and thrived all these years if this were not so. No cough is too obstinate for the Balsam where the irritation is anywhere in the breathing passages. For bronchitis it is a certain help. It relieves pneumonia and cures asthma and hoarseness. Every kind of cough yields to it. Regular size, 25 cents. The genuine "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

A Famous Name.

We have all heard of the gentleman who had no interest in New England moun- tains and statues until he came upon the equestrian statue of Ethan Allen at Burlington, Vermont. In that he was interested at once, because he thought it was a statue of the race horse called "Ethan Allen." The case is matched by a story told by a Washington paper:

This paper relates that Senator B. and Colonel P. of Kentucky were talking earnestly at the capital, when representative C. of Texas came along and said: "What are you talking about gentlemen?"

"Horses," answered the senator.

"Oh!" exclaimed the representative.

"Why don't you talk about something worth while? Why don't you discuss literature or something to improve your minds?"

Colonel P. stood silent, but the senator said: "What kind of literature would you recommend?"

"I like the poets," answered Mr. C. "I am particularly fond of Tennyson and Longfellow."

Hear upon Colonel P.'s attention was aroused. "Longfellow!" he exclaimed.

"Oh yes, I knew Longfellow. He was the greatest horse ever bred in Kentucky!"

A Rough Rider's Yarn.

Ex Representative Springer tells a tale to tax credulity. He says that a Creek Indian from Indian Territory, who was a member of the Rough Riders, re-enlisted in the regular army at the close of the Spanish war and was sent to the Philippine Islands. While campaigning with his regiment in the southern part of the archipelago he found a tribe of Malays whose dialect was almost the same as the aboriginal language of the Creek nation. He could understand them and they could understand him without difficulty, and he was able to act as interpreter for his officers with a tribe he had never heard of before.

"Your son studied for the bench and bar," said the friend.

"Yes," said the ancient Kentuckian; "and today that ain't no man sits around the home as he does or mixes better drinks, sub."

B. B. B. Banishes Blemishes.

There is no other remedy equal to B. B. B. for making the blood pure, rich and red, and the skin clear and smooth.

Here's proof from Bertha J. Tozer, North Esk, N.B.

"I have had pimples on my face for three years, and about two years ago I took an attack of nervousness. I got so bad I could not sleep and lost my appetite and was very weak and miserable. I was taking different kinds of medicines but seemed to be getting worse. A friend advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, I did so, taking in all four bottles. As a result I sleep well, have a good appetite, my face is free from pimples, my skin clear and my health is in every way perfect."

ENGLAND IN WAR TIME.

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families. Many newspapers have formed agencies for collections with similar purpose. One has already amassed the sum of nearly two million shillings, and bids fair to exceed it by thousands more. In the country there are few hunts, and all hunt-balls have been cancelled. This may have a tame sound for transatlantic ears, but when sport languishes in rural England the reason must indeed be a potent one.

Latterly the plays produced in London have dealt with Albion's aristocracy, and clothed it in colors unenviable if not depraved. Mr. Sydney Grundy, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, with unsparing ridicule and contempt. But the work of these dramatists now is pointed to as both malicious and slanderous. The British nobility, it is urged, may have black sheep in its flock; but could the indolent and insolent rabble delineated by these playwrights as representative peers behave as unselfishly as they are now doing if such shabby records of the were really veracious? Here is the young grandson and heir of the Duke of Westminster, learning that he has become the richest land owner in the kingdom, and learning it as an officer on Sir Alfred Milner's staff. Both the Dukes of Norfolk and Marlborough have volunteered for service. The Earls of Dudley, Warwick, Lonsdale, Haddington, and Hertford have already done the same, and doubtless many of their "belted" colleagues will imitate them. As for men of lesser rank who have gone or are going to the front (like Lord Chesham, Annaly, Galloway, etc.), the list is lengthening every day. Lord Wimborne has no less than four sons in the army. Lord Edward Courchill left for the Cape some time ago, and this young gentleman is not only the heir to several separate estates, but will also eventually inherit an annual income of fifty thousand pounds. The Duke and Duchess of Portland are fellow-mourners, and yet in a certain sense, from different causes, he having lost a near relation in war and she a brother.

On the part of women there has been an enormous amount of silent heroism. Many mothers, wives and sweethearts have received severe shocks of late. Those I mean, who thanked heaven that their sons, husbands and sweethearts were safe at home. Then came the call for fresh troops, and from city shops as from country farms numberless offers have poured, till today the Imperial Yeomanry has the refusal of three times more men than it needs. Perhaps the rest, however, may be required hereafter, to fill up those blanks wrought by death's random yet unswerving scythe; and so they are retained as an attendant surplus. All of which means added anguish, though the amount of actual breakdown among the women is astonishingly small.

Still, heartrending cases do occur. Only a short time ago I heard of a poor young creature whose husband had left England in October last, and was shot in a recent battle. When the news reached her she took to her bed, and soon after ward died. Her family and friends were all too impoverished to meet the expenses of her funeral, and these were defrayed by one of those numerous helpful institutions which I have already mentioned. Trained and competent nurses, on the other hand, give continuous proof of humanity and hardihood. They embark for that distant eastern coast with tears blurring the white chalk cliffs of their island birth place, but they reach Cape Town with brave smiles and braver hearts. A great and sweet benison has been shed over modern warfare in the shape of noble, firm-nerved, self-surrendering women; and no country more distinctly than England has shown itself richer in this impulse of tenderly valiant volunteers.

From a financial standpoint the home side of the war may be called thus far a somewhat agreeable surprise. The stock markets reveal, it is true, no signs of unaltering strength, while the dearness of banker's capital is a fact not to be lightly dismissed, and the firmness of current prices can by no means promise future stability to even their most sanguine students. But matters, everybody agrees might have been hugely worse, and indeed everybody appears to marvel just why they have not. Cheap money is not expected for months to come. Supply services have already cost much—over seven million pounds, in fact above what they cost a year ago. But this does not yet startle, though last week one hundred million pounds was borrowed by the government from the Bank of England, and it is measurably certain that similar borrowings must augment at a more rapid rate than products of taxation will accrue. This year—or, rather, the final quarter of it—has proved especially rich in fiscal as-

sets. These, I believe, were for the most part due to the income tax licenses, and other impost of an exceptional kind.

Beyond doubt a great deal of dissatisfaction has sprung from the defeat which have followed each other in such quick and unforeseen succession. If Britain ends with a complete victory there will assuredly, even then, be grave accusations brought against the war office. Lord Lansdowne, secretary for war, will come in, I am afraid, for a solid amount of censure. Lord Wolseley, commander-in-chief of her majesty's Army must prepare himself for a storm of blame. One can already hear the Radicals sharpening their parliamentary knives. Extreme awkwardness and slowness of mobilization will be one of the charges; incapacity on the part of those entrusted with superintendence and manufacture of national armaments will take its place as another; and still another will concern the antiquated and irritating manipulation of very red and terribly long tape. It must be admitted that Tory and Liberal are both gnashing their teeth on this whole subject, and that mortification and disgust grow apace. And when an Englishman has anything really to grumble about I am daily becoming more and more convinced that his capacity for solemn mutterings and explosive crashes may elsewhere have been rivalled, but never, in any terrestrial zone, surpassed. Perhaps this colossal ability to find fault is one reason why he has succeeded in not only finding but also correcting fault. You may register your thorough refusal to concede that he is always right, while warmly granting that he often exploits handsome zeal in trying to be thought so.

Canada and England

THE SERVICES CANADA HAS RENDERED FULLY APPRECIATED.

A Prominent Brockville Business Man Pays a Tribute to the Good Work of a Canadian Institution in England.

(From the Brockville Recorder.)

One of the most successful business men in Brockville is Mr. Thomas Nappy, the well known Perth street grocer. Mr. Nappy is an Englishman by birth and the success he has achieved in business here, has enabled him for some years past to make an annual holiday trip to the Motherland. In a casual conversation with some friends in the Bank of Montreal, recently, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills happened to be mentioned and Mr. Nappy said that if the pills effected many cures as marvellous as one that had come under his notice, he was not surprised that they were so frequently the theme of conversation. Asked later by a reporter of the Recorder to give the story, Mr. Nappy readily consented to do so, and we give it practically to his own words. "Don't be disappointed when I tell you that the cure did not occur in this country," said Mr. Nappy. As a matter of fact it occurred in England and came under my observation on the occasion of two visits made to that country. During the summer of 1898 I paid a visit to my old home in England and while there visited William Ledger, a relation of mine living at 45 Fitz William street, Duncester. In Ledger's family was a little girl, Lilly, about six years of age who was absolutely helpless with what the doctors said was S. Vitis' dance, but really seemed to me more like paralysis. This child was one of the most pitiful sights I ever saw; more helpless than a new born babe. She could not move a single limb, and if the head were turned to one side or the other it remained in that position until someone changed it. The poor child had to be fed and looked after like an infant, and as the doctors had not been able to do anything to relieve her, recovery was not thought possible. Indeed, I said to the child's grandmother that I thought its early death would be a relief not only to the child, but to its parents. This was the condition of the child when I left for Canada. Again the summer of 1899 I made a holiday trip to England and to my amazement when I visited my friend Ledger I found Lilly as bright and active as a child as one would find anywhere, with absolutely no trace of the trouble that had made her a helpless burden the year before. I told her parents I had never expected to see her alive again and asked what had effected her cure. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," said the father. He further said that returning from work one night, he found in the house a little book describing the pills, left during the day, and after reading it decided to use them in Lilly's case. After supper he bought some of the pills and gave the first to the child that night. In a few days they saw they were helping her, and in less than two months time there was not a child in the neighborhood, brighter, healthier or more active. I have heard a great deal concerning what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done in this country, but this case coming on under my own observation is as near a miracle as we can look for in these days, and shows why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are so much talked about everywhere.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are just as valuable in the case of children, as with adults and puny little ones would soon thrive and grow fat under this treatment, which has no equal for building up the blood and giving renewed strength to brain, body and nerves. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to try something else said to be "just as good."