

Fighting Under Buller.

COLENSO STATION, Feb. 26.

For twelve days Buller's column has been within five miles of this place trying to advance fifteen miles and relieve Ladysmith. It has been a battle lasting day and night for almost two weeks. Sometimes the column reached out to the left and was turned back, as at Spion Kop; sometimes it twisted its great, bulky length to the right and gained the hill of Monte Cristo. Now, it is bucking the centre at Railway Hill—beating itself against a natural fortress of rock covered with huge uncountable boulders, and is thrown back, breathless and bleeding.

The column is like a lion in a cage that finds fixed bars of iron on every side of it, against which it throws itself fiercely, or with which it wrestles strenuously and with desperate courage. But without result. The iron bars remain fixed in their sockets the lion only bruises himself by his efforts. In the world outside the relief of Ladysmith has been proclaimed hourly for the last two weeks, but at this moment we are as far from the beleaguered city as we were on the 15th day of December, when Buller met his first 'repulse,' at Colenso. That was ten weeks ago, and the column is still at Colenso. Its fighting force has crossed the Tugela at Colenso Station, its transport wagons and its thousands of steers trample the immense plain on the Tugela's banks, but over the great horns of the steers and over the heaps of fodder, and ammunition and piles of rations the English guns and the Boer artillery are exchanging shells as frequently as a ball is volleyed back and forth across a tennis net. The column is still upon the Tugela's banks, so near that last night from the door of my tent, in the rear of the column, I could see the flashes of the Boer Mausers from the kopje two short miles in front of us. The column has been fighting here ten weeks, and fighting steadily for two weeks to gain those two miles—two miles still raked by the 'Long Toms' of the Boers.

No maps nor no written description can give any idea of the difficulties of this country. Photographs of it show only the hill or ridge immediately in front of the camera. They do not help one to comprehend the fact that every hill is joined to a dozen more bristling with guns, riveted with stone trenches. Each hill can be enfiladed by three or four brother hills, and the defensive or offensive value of each cannot be learned until it is taken. The Boers have occupied these hills for three months; they have had time to ride over every one of them, to note their height, their distance one from another, and which commands which. Now they have withdrawn for two miles and have allowed the English to occupy the positions they originally held and with which they are intimately familiar. They occupy a hill for the express purpose of luring the English on into taking it, and then abandon it to them, knowing that their hidden batteries can bombard its new occupants from heights on either flank and beyond, and so they drive them out with a cross and direct fire. Then they return and reoccupy.

So the English have two elements against them—an unknown country, wonderfully fortified by nature, and an opponent who enjoys an intimate knowledge of its defensive possibilities, combined with the most remarkable strategic acuteness. Also another element, they are opposed to the best and the most deadly of modern weapons. The hill.

Three nights ago, the 23rd, the Inniskillings, with some of the Dublin Fusiliers and the Connaughts, charged a trench half way up Railway Hill. The attack was made at night, and the Boers abandoned the trench and settled themselves on the crest of the hill and threw a force out on either flank of it. For ten hours the English were exposed to these three fires, but they clung stubbornly to the trench until reinforcements reached them at ten the next morning. It was magnificent, but it was paying a fearful price for a very few hundreds of feet. When the role of the Inniskillings was called at sunrise only five officers and four hundred men answered to their names. They had lost fifteen officers and 252 men. Since this column began to move this regiment has lost nineteen out of its twenty four officers. It is now commanded by a captain. In taking this one trench three colonels had been killed and five hundred men were killed or wounded. Remember, it was a trench only half way up a hill. The Boers were and still are on top of the hill. As the English say, it does not seem 'good enough.' And as our oft quoted military attaché said, 'But, Colonel wasn't there a way to go round?'

And yet that is not altogether fair either. For the way around that hill, or any hill, means a way lying between and at the

What Men in High Places Say.

DOCTORS, LAWYERS, MINISTERS, EDUCATIONALISTS AND POLITICIANS JOIN FORCES AS ONE MAN,

And Put the Great Seal of Their Approval on Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder as the Greatest of Healers.

Personal Experience is the best evidence, and a man's Own Signature Seals His Faith. Hundreds of Canada's Most Illustrious Sons Are Its Heartiest Endorsers.

Perhaps no ailment to which flesh is heir brings men down to a more common level than catarrh and catarrhal affections.

When it is rated that ninety in every hundred are subject in a lesser or greater degree to the ravages of this universal disease, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, must naturally come within its grasp. And it is not to be wondered at that such a galaxy of Canada's best men as have done so are willing, having themselves been sufferers, to "let their light shine" that others may be warned of the malady, and herald the world the efficacy, the quick relief, the absolute cure they have proven to be in so

splendid a compound as Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Thus it is considered no breach of etiquette on the part of the professional men, no indignity on the "bench" nothing unpatriotic on the part of the lawmaker, and no discredit on the pulpit, to say the good thing that many of these men in high places have attested to over their own signatures.

Here are a few names of prominent Canadians who have used and are believers in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder: The Right Reverend Dr. Sweatman, Lord Bishop of Toronto; Rev. Dr. Lantry, of the Anglican Church; Rev. Dr. Withrow, editor of The Canadian Methodist Magazine; Rev. A. R. Chambers, Toronto; Rev. William Galbraith, Toronto; Hon. George Taylor, George H. McDonnell, M. P., Dr. Godbout, M. P., Robert Beith, M. P., Hon. David Mills, M. P., H. Car-

gill, M. P., James H. Metcalfe, M. P., and a hundred more as prominent public-spirited men.

Too many people have dallied with this dreaded disease, experimenting with worthless, untried and irritating so called cures, only to find disappointment and a deep seating of the malady which means years of misery if not checked. Why not trust the man's testimony whom you think worthy to represent you in the House of Parliament—the man you would trust as your spiritual adviser—the man you would trust the education of your son—to be your adviser in the matter of your health. Take warning, and if there is hint of the catarrh taint apply Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder without delay. It will save you suffering, heal you surely, absolutely and permanently, whether you have been a slave one month or fifty years. It relieves cold in the head in ten minutes.

DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART gives relief inside of 30 minutes, and no heart trouble so hopeless it will not cure.

DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT heals "pimples" faces and other skin affections. Cures piles in from 3 to 5 nights.

DR. AGNEW'S LIVER PILLS, smallest and cheapest pill made—20 cents for 40 doses.—Sold by E. C. Brown.

base of a dozen hills. It is the most difficult country as a military proposition one can well imagine. Not half has been told of its inaccessibility, of its inconceivable intricacy. From a high kopje you can see hills below and beyond you, bleak or light green, dark with shrub or yellow with dry grass; hills of every shape and at every angle, burdened by thousands of stones and boulders just large enough to hide one of the enemy. The hills stretch on as though they were reflected in giant mirrors, and from behind them the Boers move with marvellous rapidity, now opening fire from the right, now from the left. It is sometimes hours before the whereabouts of their guns can be located for the smokeless powder makes but little showing. The stone hills hiding their secrets are as unreadable as the face of the Sphinx.

Some one might answer to this that they must be equally effective in hiding the English, but the English are the attacking party; they must expose themselves; they must advance; Ladysmith calls to them by heliograph, by Kaffir runners, by the reverberation of her naval guns. Fifteen miles distant from us men and women are dining on dead mules and horses, living cramped in bombproofs or dying of fever; their lives are at stake; the honor of the relieving column is at stake.

The English must attack, and the Boer to keep them back must use the shelter Nature had mapped out for him. Before this reaches you you will know the end, but here on the bank of the Tugela, facing the sunny, inscrutable hills, with the naval guns answering the Boer "pom-poms" and the hot air quivering from time to time with the ripple of musketry, the end is not in sight. We can see the hill that looks upon Ladysmith, but between that hill and

this column may lie weeks of fighting.

An army in the field living under bushes and sleeping in the open as this one is a most marvellous and complicated spectacle. Any one who has seen Epsom Downs on a Derby day, with its thousands of vans and tents and lines of horses and moving mobs, can get some idea of what it is like. But while at the Derby all is interest and excitement, and every one is pushing and struggling, and the very air is palpitating with the intoxication of a great event, the winning of a horse race—here, where men are killed every hour and no man knows when his turn may come, the fact that most impresses you is their indifference to it all. What strikes you most is the bored air of the Tommies, the undivided interest of the engineers in the construction of their pontoon bridge, the solitude of the medical staff over the long lines of wounded, the rage of the naked Kaffirs at their lumbering steers; every one is intent on something but the battle.

They are wearied with battles. The Tommies stretch themselves in the sun to dry the wet khaki in which they have lain out in the cold night for weeks and yawn at battles. Or, if you climb to the hill where the general staff is seated, you will still find men steeped in boredom. They are burned a dark brown, their brown mustaches look white by contrast; their faces are the same faces you have met with in Piccadilly, that you see across the tables of the Savoy restaurant, that gaze depressedly from the windows of White's and the Bachelors'. If they were bored then, they are unbearably bored now. Below them the men of their regiment lie crouched amid the boulders, hardly distinguishable from the brown and yellow rock. They are sleeping or dozing or yawning. A shell passes over them like the shaking of many telegraph wires, and neither officer nor Tommy raises his head to watch it strike. They are tired in body and in mind, with cramped limbs and aching eyes. They have had twelve nights and twelve days of battle, and it has lost its power to amuse.

There is no holding back, there is no difference. When the sergeants call the companies together they are eager enough then. Anything is better than lying still looking up at the sunny inscrutable hills or down into the plain crawling with black oxen.

Among the group of staff officers some one has lost a cigar holder. It has slipped from between his fingers, and, with the vindictiveness of inanimate things, has slid and jumped under a pile of rocks. The interest of all around is instantly centred on the long cigar holder. The Tommies begin to roll the rocks away, threatening to destroy the regiment below them, and half the kopje is obliterated. They are as keen as ferriers after a rat. The officers sit above and give advice and disagree as to where that cigar holder hid itself. Over their heads the shells chase each other not twenty feet above. But the officers are used to shells; a search for a lost cigar holder, which is going on under their very eyes, is of greater interest. And when at last a Tommy pounces upon it with a laugh of triumph, the officers look their disappointment and pick up their field

glasses with a sigh of resignation. This is a true incident, reported as it occurred.

It is all a question of familiarity. On Broadway, if a building is going up where there is a chance of a loose brick falling on some one's head, the contractor puts up red signs marked 'Danger!' and you dodge over to the other side. But if you had been in battle for twelve days, you would forget that shells are dangerous, that they can kill and mangle, and you would become greatly excited over the recovery of a lost piece of amber.

DEATH OF A WONDERFUL DOG.

She had Human Intelligence in a Remarkable Degree and was a Mind-Reader.

There may have been greater dogs in the opinion of the experts who run kennel shows than Bozzie, the remarkable collie that died from poisoning in Chicago, but on one who ever witnessed her wonderful performances will acknowledge it. Other valuable dogs are chiefly noteworthy on account of their pedigrees and 'points' under the eye and ape of the judge in the ring or perhaps for their superior gifts in the field or chase. They win fame for excelling in doglike qualities according to breed and class.

But in Bozzie was developed something that made her more than dog, something so near the human and a gift in some way transcending the intelligence of man that we are not likely ever to see her like again. It is only a few days since that Bozzie gave an exhibition of her powers before members of the University Club. She added, subtracted, multiplied and divided as accurately and rapidly as a well trained schoolboy. Bozzie had no words to give her answers, but gave them in quick, short barks. When the number ran over eleven or twelve she would divide her barks, as two barks, then a pause, and four more barks for twenty four.

On the occasion just referred to she was asked the number of those present. After taking note of them as a well trained collie might of a flock of a sheep she barked off the number correctly. Then she was asked, 'How many wear glasses?' Taking a rapid survey of the room she barked three times. She was wrong, and was told to try again. This time she poked around among those present and found a fourth wearer of glasses who had been completely hidden from her casual glance, and then she gave her four sharp barks with an emphasis that challenged dispute.

On one of her welcome visits to the Times-Herald building Bozzie was asked how many persons were in the business office. After inspecting the whole department she barked twenty-six in her peculiar method of two and six. She was then asked, 'How many are women?' and promptly answered four. This was thought to be a mistake, for only three were visible. So Bozzie was asked to try again. But she stuck to her four barks, and running behind one of the desks indicated where the fourth girl was hidden by the top of the desk as she bent over her work.

Similar instances of Bozzie's remarkable arithmetical gifts could be multiplied indefinitely. It remains, however, to speak of the inexplicable feats she performed, which discount those of legerdemain and enter the domain of the marvellous if not incred-

ible. An observer would be asked to place his hand on Bozzie's head and think of a number. In response to her master she would bark out the number. Her owner, George B. Clason, to whom we tender the sympathy of all who knew Bozzie and love dogs, would give the correct answer all the same. She could be blindfolded and in silence the company would fix its thoughts on a number indicated by one holding up fingers. Bozzie would instantly respond with the corresponding number of barks.

On one occasion when Bozzie visited the office of the Times Herald she was asked to tell the age of Peter, the colored sentinel of the editorial room. Peter was asked to place his hand on Bozzie's head and think of the two figures representing his age. Without hesitation or a word spoken Bozzie barked four times. Then after a pause she barked eight times, hesitated and gave a half hearted yelp for nine.

During this performance Peter's face was a study of mingled amazement, incredulity and awe. When Bozzie had stumbled over the ninth bark Mr. Clason asked Peter how he had thought of his age. Peter exclaimed that he first fixed his mind on 48, but while Bozzie was barking he bethought himself that he was nearer 49 than 48 years old, and so began questioning mentally whether he should not have given himself the benefit of one more year's experience of this vale of tears.

By what process of mental telegraphy did this dog read the thoughts of Peter or anyone, concentrating them on numerals? This is a question that baffles the wisdom of the wisest, and yet this dog, the victim of as criminal a piece of brutality as was ever committed performed it without hesitation and without mistake. Bozzie was as beautiful and gentle as she was gifted beyond her kind. The disposition and human intelligence of such an animal almost makes us question whether, like Byron's Newfoundland 'Boatswain,' she will be Denied in heaven the soul she held on earth.

What is Needed

By every man and woman if they desire to secure comfort in this world is a corn sheller. Putman's Corn Extractor shells corns in two or three days and without discomfort or pain. A hundred imitations prove the merit of Putman's Painless Corn Extractor, which is always sure, safe and painless. See signature of Polson & Co. on each bottle. Sold by medicine dealers.

'Did you ever call upon Dr. Moque professionally?'

'Yes. Once, I was drowning.'

'Drowning?'

'Yes. He diagnosed on the instant and wrote a prescription on a chip, and threw it into the water where I could get it.'

'What was the prescription?'

'Rx. Swim.'

Master—Describe the route you would have to follow to get to the Martinique Islands.'

Pupil—I first proceed to Southampton—'Well, and then?'

'Then I go on board a steamer, and leave the rest to the captain, who knows the way much better than I do.'

'Did you lose any money at the races?'

'Not a cent,' answered the patient man.

'That was lucky.'

'Well, I suppose so. But I was entitled to some luck. You see I had my pocket picked just before the first race started.'

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. *Wm. Wood*

CURE SICK HEADACHE.