

The Boer as a Fighter.

J. B. Robinson, millionaire mine owner, who was brought up in South Africa, gun in hand, and who fought side by side with the Boers in the Basuto war, and was for long the intimate associate of the Boer leaders, has been commenting on the war as conducted up to date. He praises warmly the bravery displayed by the British in their charges against entrenched Boer positions, a bravery which, he says, can best be realized by those who know what kind of man the Boer is.

'The war,' he says, 'has demonstrated that the man with the gun, provided he knows how properly to handle it, is the force that rules the world. No bravery, however, great, can overcome him. England has not yet realized, and your generals refuse to understand, what a man armed as the Boer is armed, and trained as he is trained, can do against the bravest men who try to storm his position. Remember that the Boer is taught from boyhood to hit his living mark, and to hit it in the right spot. When I was a small boy a shotgun was put in my hands, and I was encouraged to fire at birds. When I got a little older I had my double-barrelled hunting piece, and as parties of us went out the elders would show me just where to fire so as to pierce the game behind the shoulders when running at full speed. This is the training the Boers have had, and one man, taught in this way, can successfully resist a hundred men who try to rout him out from an entrenched position. On the other hand, twenty men who are poor shots can be driven from their position by twenty-five determined opponents.'

As an example of what Boers can do in the way of holding a strong position by dint of courage and marksmanship. Mr. Robinson gives an experience of his own in the Basuto war. Potgieter was out with a scouting party of thirty men, and found himself between two large parties of Kaffirs. Four of the little commando tried to get away trusting to their well-bred horses, but only one got through, and he could not make his way to the laager to give warning. Potgieter and the remaining twenty-six men galloped for a small ridge, and getting there in time, at once started throwing up stones in a semi-circle to form a rampart of defence. Mr. Robinson goes on:

'They had only raised the rampart two feet high when the Kaffirs were on them. Potgieter quickly issued his orders. The men had dismounted, and two held the horses behind the ridge. "No one is to fire until after me," the leader said. "I will bring down the chiefs, so many of you are to fire at the horses, and the remainder are to shoot down the dismounted men when they get on their feet." All the Kaffirs were mounted, and they rode up to the little band in apparently irresistible numbers, the chiefs, gay with their war plumes and heavy with Kaffir beer, at their head. The first body that had been sighted consisted of between four or five hundred men, and a second strong force was afterwards discovered in the rear. Potgieter let them approach to within seventy-five yards and then fired. Down fell chief after chief. The rifles of his men rang out, and all the horses of the leading men stumbled, shot through the breasts. The fire was so resistless that the charging party edged off to the right and the left, and made a circle in retreat. Again the Kaffirs came on. They were armed with rifles, and a number of them kept up a rifle fire at the sides while the mounted forces again charged forward. But the result was only the same as before. They would draw off, their chiefs exhorting them by the valor of all their forefathers, by the great deeds of Moshesh, not to allow so puny a band to defy them. As the hours passed there came a rampart of dead Kaffirs and Kaffir horses all around the Boers. Once the charging party got so close that when the horses were shot two of them plunged right over the kraal, into the Boer horses behind, before they fell dead, nearly causing a stampede among the horses of the scouting party.'

'The fight started at 8 o'clock in the morning. By 2 o'clock five or six of the Boers were so exhausted they declared they could do no more. Their mouths were parched, their tongues were swollen with intolerable thirst. Their arms ached so that they could hardly move them, and they were stiff in every limb. They said: "We cannot fight any longer," but he laughed at them. "Put two pebbles in your mouth," he said. "That will lessen your thirst. If you cannot fire any more, let me have your guns. You keep them loaded, and I will do the shooting. We must fight or die; there is no escape." And so he heartened them. The fighting kept on till 6 in the evening, and then the Kaffirs drew

MOST MIRACULOUS HEART CURES.

Mrs. Thos. Cooke, of Kingston, After Suffering Intensest Pain and Distress of the Heart for Seven Years---Is Cured Almost Miraculously by

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart---A Remedy Which Saves Lives Everyday that Have Been Proclaimed

By Physicians Beyond Human Aid---It is a Powerful, Harmless Heart Specific and Can Work Wonders in Half-an-Hour.

Kingston, April 26, 1899.—Mr. Thos. Cooke, 260 Johnston street, Kingston, tells this wonderful story of his sickness from heart disease, and what he considers

his almost miraculous recovery by the aid of that good angel of modern medical science—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. He says: "I suffered seven years from a very acute form of heart disease. I experienced great weakness; had smothering sensations; palpitations so badly that one in the same room could hear the heart thumps. I had great nervousness and depression at times, suffered excruciating shooting pains. Could not stand the

slightest exertion or excitement. I tried many remedies recommended to me, and consulted best physicians on my ailments, and nobody gave me any hope of permanent recovery. But one day I read of a cure by this wonderful remedy which seemed just to be my own case repeated. I got a trial bottle and derived great benefit from it. I concluded to continue, as it promised a complete and permanent cure, and when I had used six bottles not a vestige of the trouble remained, and although that is a year and a half ago there has never been the slightest symptom of a return of the trouble."

You can readily verify this or any other testimony of the curative powers of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, for the commendations for it comes spontaneously and unsolicited, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are given out of the "fulness of

the heart" in being snatched from the snare of so distressing an ailment as heart disease in any form.

If modern medical science has given to the world a remedy—a cure—that thousands have used and have tested the curative powers of after having suffered for years, and had been pronounced hopeless case—if, as a last resort, even it has proved such a boon, what an amount of suffering would be spared if when the slightest uneasiness of the heart is experienced Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart were used! It has never failed to do what it promises. It gives relief in the most acute forms of the disease in less than 30 minutes. It not only stimulates a healthy heart action, but it heals the diseased organs, gives vitality, tones the whole system, and it's not claiming too much to say "IT MOST WORKS MIRACLES."

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieves cold in the head in ten minutes—it will cure the most acute and disgusting forms of Catarrh, no matter how long standing.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment acts like magic on Itching, Irritating Skin Troubles, such as Eczema, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, and will cure Piles in from 3 to 5 nights—35 cts.

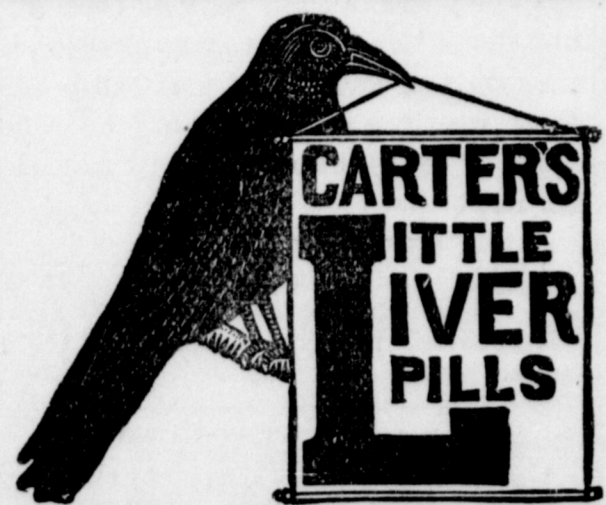
Dr. Agnew's little pills for Constipation, Sick Headache and Biliousness—20 cts for 40 doses. Sold by E. C. Brown.

off. The Boers quickly took advantage of the opportunity. They knew that their one hope was to get clear away, for ammunition was running short, and if the Kaffirs surrounded them during the night they would be done. Half their horses had been shot by the Kaffirs, but the hungry, aching and thirsty men got two each on the remaining horses and made a detour home.

They should have been back in the laager by 6 that night, and when they did not come, though all the other scouting parties returned, we grew anxious. We organized relief parties, and set out hunting for them. They were too far away, and the wind was blowing in the wrong way, so that he could not hear the sounds of firing in the camp. We went out, firing at intervals. At last they heard our shots, and signalled back. When we came up to them they could hardly move. We poured brandy down their throats, and cheered them, and got them in. But we had no idea of the wonderful battle they had fought. They said little about it for they were too exhausted to speak. It was only next day when we came up to the field of battle, and saw the great number of dead, and dying, that we knew what deed they had done.'

After telling this story Mr. Robinson added: 'Perhaps this incident will help you to realize what sort of fighters the men of South Africa are. Yet against such men our generals have blindly hurled their infantry, to be shot down like sheep. The madness of it! To see so much courage in our British troops thrown away, and for nothing at all. We do the Boers no damage. Up to now their losses have been infinitesimal.'

An Advertising Truth.
Spasmodic advertising is better than no



SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

advertising, but the best results, viewed in any light, come from persistently keeping before prospective buyers the information which interests them.—Dayton (O.) Journal.

AN AGED GENTLEWOMAN.

Queen Victoria's Kindness to a Visitor Who Suffered as She Did.

Queen Victoria is a very old lady, but she does not neglect those gentle courtesies that have caused her all her life to be loved by those who know her. Old servants may grow very old in their attendance upon her before she thinks them sufficiently aged to be set aside for younger attendants.

Eighty-two is a good ripe age for a housekeeper, but Miss Thornton, who has been the Queen's housekeeper for over forty years, would not have felt called upon for so small a cause to resign her position. Unfortunately she grew deaf—too deaf to hear the orders that were given. 'I could not say "I beg your pardon" to her majesty and ask for an order to be repeated,' she herself said in speaking of her reason for resigning.

How much real care the Queen has for this old servant was shown by her thoughtfulness at the time of the last jubilee. In the midst of all the confusion and excitement she did not forget to order that tickets should be furnished to Miss Thornton, admitting herself and a friend to a private room in the palace, a room where there was a window in full view of the jubilee pageant.

Here the two old ladies could sit and watch without fatigue the departure of the Queen and her gorgeous escort, and her triumphant return after her progress through the city. By the Queen's special order refreshments were served to the housekeeper and her friend, and they were treated as honored guests.

Others beside Miss Thornton have found when they came in contact with the Queen of England, that she was a woman possessed of that kindly tact and consideration for others that made them see in her the woman as well as the queen.

The late Mrs. Keeley used to tell with pleasure of the time when she had the honor of being received by her majesty. On being presented she excused herself from making a low courtesy by saying:

'Your majesty, I have rheumatism in my knees and I cannot courtesy.'

'Mrs. Keeley,' replied the queen, 'I can't either.'

Mrs. Keeley was at once put at her ease by the homeliness of the remark, and the touch of nature made the women kin.

It Would Be Dangerous Here.

The G. J. Johnson Cigar Company of Grand Rapids, recently placed in an open carriage a man made up to represent Oom Paul, and the likeness was lifelike. Drawn by horses that were gaily bedecked in colors of the South African Republic, on the front seat a liveried coachman, accompanied by a bugler, coming down the street it made an attractive sight. They will use this in introducing on the market a five-cent cigar which will be called the Oom Paul.—Profitable Advertising.

Klondyke Punishment.

According to the Omaha Bee, the people of Dawson City have adopted a novel and effective cure for crime. It is a

monster wood pile, of a size to awe the most hardened offender. A man convicted of any offense is compelled to saw wood. He saws ten hours a day steadily, day after day, until his sentence expires. He must saw regardless of the weather. In the most intense cold, the hardest rain, the fiercest snow storm, he is compelled to continue sawing; and if the day has not ten hours of light, lanterns are provided to enable him to put in a full day. When the pile of sawed wood begins to get low, the authorities sentence men for very slight offences, and the natural result is that everybody is kept on his good behaviour.

TRAVELLER TALKS.

J. H. Ireland the Well-Known Commercial Traveller, Interviewed at the Queen Hotel, Halifax.

In Excellent Health and Spirits—Back No Longer Bothers Him—Speaks Highly of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

HALIFAX, N. S. Jan. 15.—When Mr. J. H. Ireland comes to Halifax he generally stops at the Queen Hotel, and there the reporter found him.

Mr. Ireland is one of the oldest travellers on the road and is known from one end of Canada to the other. The many friends Mr. Ireland has made in his journeyings will be glad to learn that that genial gentleman is no longer troubled with his back as formerly.

'I am entirely free of all that,' said Mr. Ireland to the reporter, when asked about it.

'How did you get rid of it?' asked the reporter.

'Well,' said Mr. Ireland, 'on my trip to the Maritime Provinces last winter I was complaining everywhere of Backache and one day somebody advised me to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. It was the one medicine that struck me as a specific for the disease and I got some. The pain in my back was severe and it had been with me for some time. Well, I didn't have to take one box before I was completely cured.'

'Then you think Dodd's Kidney Pills will do what they are advertised to do?'

'Well, as for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Urinary and Bladder Complaints, Heart Disease, and all those other forms of Kidney Disease, for which Dodd's Kidney Pills are recommended I can't say authoritatively, not having had any personal experience. But judging from the way they cure Backache it is entirely likely they will do exactly as advertised. In my own mind there is not the least doubt of it,' concluded Mr. Ireland.

A Woman's View.

One of the best expositions of women's rights which we have seen of late comes from 'Short Stories.'

'Now, Mrs. Bradwell,' said a gentleman of her acquaintance, 'we have several hours before us, and I wish you'd just explain to me in full your position with regard to woman's rights.'

Mrs. Bradwell did not take many hours about it. 'I think,' she said, 'that every woman's right is to fool one good man into the belief that she is the best woman ever made. That's my position in full.'

A Bad Watch.

Sometimes the Chinaman coins a phrase which might well be adopted by his English speaking neighbors. Wing Lung the proprietor of a flourishing laundry had a watch which habitually lost time; so watch

in hand he hid him to the nearest watchmaker.

'Watchee no good to Wing Lung now,' he said, briefly shoving his property across the counter. 'You fix him.'

'What's the matter with it?' asked the watchmaker.

'On watchee too much by 'n' by,' said Wing Lung 'as he took his leave without further waste of words.'

How Wars Begin.

Tommy was reading the war news. When he finished he came over to his mother and said:

'Mamma, how do wars begin?'

'Well, [suppose the English hauled down the American flag, and that the Americans

Here Tommy's father intervened

'My dear,' he said, 'the English would not—'

Mother: 'Excuse me, they would—'

'Now, dear, who ever heard of such a thing?'

'Pray do not interrupt!'

'But you are giving Tommy a wrong idea!'

'I'm not, sir!'

'You are, madam!'

'Don't call me madam I won't allow you!'

'I'll call you what I choose!'

'I'm sorry I ever saw you! you are so—'

Tommy (going out): 'It's all right; I think I know how wars begin.'

Some Churchill Family History.

Winston Churchill, the war correspondent of the London 'Post,' whose escape from Boer captivity made such a sensation derives his Christian name from his ancestor, Sir Henry Winston, of Stadiash, in Gloucestershire, whose heiress married John Churchill, the grandfather of the famous Duke of Marlborough. This marriage, indeed, first brought the Churchills into high social position. The father of the great duke was Sir Winston and Sir Winston has always been a favorite Christian name in the Marlborough family. Lord Randolph Churchill gave the name Winston to both his sons. The elder, now in South Africa, is Winston Leonard, and the younger John Winston.

Client—That little house you sent me to see is in a most scandalous condition. It is so damp that moss positively grows on the walls.

House agent—Well, isn't moss good enough for you? What do you expect at the rent—orchids?

GROUPS, COUGHS AND COLDS are all quickly cured by Pny-Pectoral. It lessens the cough almost instantly, and cures readily the most obstinate cold. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.

'We want low gas,' remarked the man who was dissatisfied with his bill. 'I agree with you!' spoke up the lover, who thinks there is something fascinating about a blue spark.

FROM ALL OVER CANADA come letters telling us of the great benefits derived from the use of The D. & L. Menthol Plasters in cases of neuralgia, rheumatism, lame back, etc. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., manufacturers.

Sponge—Talk is cheap.

Koslick—You seem to think so, from the way you use my telephone.