

HIS EARLY MILITARY EXPERIENCES

Lord Wolsley Tells How he Feared

THAT HE MIGHT BE KILLED

Before Making a Name for Himself.

In "The Story of a Soldier's Life," Field Marshall Viscount Wolsley, G. C. M. G., tells in detail the story of his fifty years of service with the English army. During that time he fought in nearly every portion of the globe and under conditions as widely different as it is possible to imagine. He fired his first shot at an enemy in Burmah, India, on the occasion of an uprising in that province. Badly wounded, after a year of service he was sent home, but recovered in time to go to the Crimea and serve before Sebastopol. The war with China followed and he was enroute there when news of the Bengal mutiny changed all plans and his command was ordered to Calcutta. Following the relief of Lucknow, England once more turned her attention to China and Wolsley participated in the campaign that ended with the capitulation of Peking in 1860. The "Trent Affair" brought him to Canada, where he supervised the reorganization of the Canadian militia, played a prominent part in repelling the Fenian invasion and led the famous Red River expedition in 1870.

His first commission was dated March 12, 1852, when he was still under 19 years of age, and he joined the provisional battalion at Chatham in June as an ensign in the Eightieth, now called by its old official title, "South Staffordshire Regiment."

EATEN UP BY AMBITION.

In the first year of his service he had no opportunity to accomplish much of anything, which leads him to say, "This oppressed me, for I was vain enough to think that if I could have only a chance I should make something of it. I was eaten up by an inward fire of ambition, selfish and personal, perhaps, and intense longing for active service in the field which filled my thought all through life until the sun rose on the morning of June 4th, 1858, to remind me that I was 60 years old. And let me here confess what I have never told anyone. I have often been asked by foolish people if I never felt nervous when in danger. I don't think that many men when in action have time to be nervous, or at least to analyze what is the real condition of their feelings on the point.

I often thought to myself before the bullets began to whistle near one whether I should be killed or not that day. I can honestly say that one dread I had—and it ate in my soul—was that if killed I should die without having made the name for myself which I always hoped that time and merciful God would permit me to win. All through my life—sinner though I have been—I trusted implicitly in God's providence. I believe he watched specially over me and intended me for some important work. My numerous hairbreadth escapes in action confirmed me all the more in what others perhaps may deem my presumptuous belief.

But though it may have been presumptuous, still there it was to support me through many trials and to cheer me on to fresh efforts."

THE SOUND OF BULLETS.

On his first experience under fire in 1853 he says: "There was a good deal of firing from the enemy's side of the creek, about 150 yards off, and I heard what I had come in search of, the whizz of bullets as they flew past me, and plunged into the neighboring trees. I was near the point where the road began to dip abruptly into the valley below, when a loud, flashing and somewhat diabolical fizzing scream in the low scrub close by made me turn to see what it meant. It was our first rocket going

off, but amid the interest it aroused I became suddenly aware of a great stampede of the cart bullocks straight toward the spot where I was. I saw in an instant that my one chance of safety was to get behind the nearest cart before they reached me, and I rushed there in all haste. The Royal Irish were on baggage cars, and an old soldier seeing my rush and my excitement and not seeing the bullocks, naturally put it down to the effect the enemy's dropping fire had upon me. In the best natured, but still in a somewhat patronizing tone, as from an old to a young soldier, he said, "Never mind, sir, you will soon become accustomed to it." On the spur of the moment I could have killed that man with satisfaction. That any one, especially a private soldier, should doubt my nerve, let me say, should in fact attribute fear of bullets to me, is simply maddening."

GOOD SOLDIER, POOR COOK.

His Christmas in 1854, in the Crimea, was not a cheery one. "All were anxious to have, if possible, a plum pudding, and something better than usual for dinner that day." He says, "My brother subalterns and I managed to buy at Balaklava a box of figs, a few pounds of very rancid suet or grease of some sort. No raisins or currants were to be had, nor could we obtain any flour. We thought that cut up figs would suitably represent the plums and that pounded up biscuit would be a fair substitute for the flour. A Russian round shot and a large section of an exploded 13-inch shell answered well as a pestle and mortar to pulverize the ship's biscuits.

"I was then and always have been the most feeble and useless of cooks. In the first place I hated cooking of all sorts, and to attempt it when there was any meat to be cut up or otherwise manipulated was repulsive to me. Even in the backwoods of Canada, I shrank from leading the deer I shot, and could neither clean fish nor cut up nor prepare any flesh for dinner. The sight of raw meat even to this day gives me nausea, and to pass a butcher shop is always a trial."

The consequences of eating the pudding did not fail to appear. Wolsley says: "The pain was intense. I was helpless and felt as the Americans say, 'real sick.'"

HIS FIRST WOUND.

He received his first serious wound before Sebastopol. He describes the incident as follows: "I gripped with my left hand a spike of the gabion in front of me, and at that instant the flash of a gun from the very spot I was looking at dazzled my eyes. I had just time to cry 'look out,' when I was lying on the ground in a confused heap with the two sappers who had been standing behind me. I think I was under both, but I was certainly under one. As the sergeant—who marvelously escaped unhurt—subsequently told me, both were killed; one had his head taken off, the other had a shoulder and lung taken away.

I had only one serious wound, though many ugly cuts and scratches. My right eye was bunged up, and that they bandaged and were proceeding to stitch up my left cheek when I remonstrated. I could feel something sticking in my jaw, and told the doctors, who said it was my jaw bone that was broken. I insisted on further examination, which ended in one doctor holding my head between his knees, while the other with a forceps pulled out a large piece of jagged rock. I felt easier when it was out."

AT THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

October 28, 1857, he left at the head of one hundred men en route to Lucknow. He says: "I carried a watch in my pocket and a telescope over my shoulder to which was fastened a small compass. I had extremely little to lose and my heart was as light as my kit. I had nearly a hundred good men behind me, whom I trusted and who, I believe, trusted me. What more could any young captain of four and twenty wish for?"

There was quite a competition between his command and a regiment of Highlanders as to who should be the first to greet the besieged garrison. The result is evident in the following: "The first greetings between besieged and besieger were between two companies of my battalion, a circumstance all the regiment was proud of. But this fact was not recorded in any dispatch. It is this

intense feeling of regimental rivalry that is the life blood of our old historic army, and makes it what it is in action. But some Scotch generals were at this time prone to magnify the public deeds of Scotch battalions in a way that seriously irritated those from England and Ireland.

Every one coming out of Lucknow after besiegers and besieged had first joined hands passed by Wolsley's company, which was on picket duty. In speaking of the appearance of the women and children who had stood the privations of that awful siege he says: "Many of the women were heavily laden with bundles and some had large bags filled with rupees which weighed them down. Many of them finding themselves safe among the relieving army, put down their babies and their parcels to converse with my men.

"But I had to remind them that, although hidden from the enemy's view, they had no protection there from the round shot. In fact, I had to hurry them along. They seemed too sad and down in their luck to manifest any joy at their escape. A very few drove in buggies drawn by attenuated horses. I did not see a happy or a contented or smiling face among that crowd. Not one of them said a gracious word to the soldiers who had saved them, a fact which my men remarked upon. Indeed, poor creatures, they did not make a favorable impression upon any of us, for they seemed cross. They certainly grombled much at anybody and everything. To have conveyed the 500 women and children, the 1,000 sick and wounded safely away, without a hitch, and without any attack being made upon them, was, I think, the best piece of staff work I have ever seen. I have no hesitation in saying that the loot secured by the rank and file of our army in Lucknow at that time was very injurious to its military efficiency and the effect of its discipline for a considerable time afterwards."

EVERY WOMAN IN POOR HEALTH

Has an awful struggle. Lots to do, all kinds of worry, must contend with loss of sleep, poor appetite and tired nerves. Her only desire is for more strength and better health. This is exactly what comes from using Ferrazone, the greatest tonic sickly women can possibly use. Ferrazone makes the blood tingle and grow red, the cheeks grow rosy, the eyes bright. Ferrazone invigorates the body, develops new strength and makes life worth living. Ferrazone is the sort of tonic that builds up, it gives one a reserve of nerve force and establishes such healthy conditions that sickness is unknown. Let every woman use Ferrazone. Price 50c.

Did it ever occur to you that death is the only sure cure for lying? asked the youth from Ludlow. It never did, remarked the Commingsville sage. I've known it to break out again on tombstones.

\$25,000.00 Given Away.

In the past year Dr. R. V. Pierce has given away copies of his great work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, at an expense to him of \$25,000.00 exclusive of postage. This standard book on medicine and hygiene, contains 1008 pages and more than 700 illustrations. It treats of the greatest and gravest problems of human life in simple English, from a common sense point of view. It answers those questions of sex which linger unspoken upon the lips of youth and maiden. It is essentially a family book, and its advice in a moment of sudden illness or accident may be the means of saving a valuable life. This great work is sent absolutely free on receipt of stamps to defray the cost of mailing and customs. Send 31 one cent stamps for the book in paper binding, or 50 stamps for cloth covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Gen't—So your sister has got married and now it is your turn! Young lady—Is that meant as an offer?

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That the power of Nerviline quickly makes itself felt. Any aching tooth can be relieved by Nerviline in a few moments by filling the cavity with battling soaked in Nerviline. A good plan is to rub the gums with Nerviline also. There isn't a single remedy that has one-fourth the pain-relieving power of Nerviline which acts like magic. Nerviline kills the pain outright and prevents it from returning. You can't beat Nerviline for toothache or neuralgia; it's the best pain cure made. Price 25c.

AT STONE'S CAMP.

Description of Lumbering on the Madawaska.

FREDERICTON MAN IN CHARGE OF A LARGE OPERATION.

Stone's Camp, Dec. 17.—The boys think it is about time we wrote you a few lines to let you know how we are making out in the bush.

We are camped on Stone's Brook about 24 miles northeast of Cabano, cutting spruce logs for Donald Fraser & Sons, under the supervision of Mr. Wm. Stone, of Fredericton.

Mr. Stone is running two camps this winter. The boss of one is James Monteith of Fredericton, ours is looked after by Mr. Edward Stephenson of Florenceville, while the whole concern comes under the critical eye of Mr. Stone himself.

Our camp is a new one and is clean, neat and tidy. Our cooking is done by a man you all know well, that celebrated chef Billy McIntosh. He sends the cook, a smart little chap from Nova Scotia, to our sleeping room every morning at 5.30 o'clock where he yells out in a piping voice, "Turn out boys, turn out." About fifteen minutes later we are invited to the cooking room, where Mac fills us up with baked beans, hot buns and other good things. After that we start for a mile tramp on the tow path where our choppers Tommy Stickles and Lewis Collins bring the lofty spruce topling to the ground.

We have two teams yarding with crews of eight men each and there is quite a rivalry every night to see who leads the count. Frank Emery drives the black team and does good work, but Gill Stephenson with his gray and sorrel, although he is new to the work, can often go him one better.

We have a crew twitching logs to the brook, the chopper for this crew is that celebrated axeman, Wm. McLean, assisted by seven of the boys. Abe Chute handles the ribbons for this crew and he is bustling the logs in lively.

We have still another crew headed by Fatty DeLong swamping main roads, in all about fifty men at the two camps. We expect to put in about two million and have a good start on it already. We have about 16,000 pieces yarded and about 15,000 in the brook. We have had a lovely fall for yarding logs, no cold weather and only about eight inches of snow.

We expect to be done yarding about the middle of January, when we will write to you again and let you know how we are making out.

By the way Mr. Editor we see by an old paper, that Officer Wright is a first class hand at capturing weasels. Now our cook is grumbling at the weasels stealing his cake so if you could send this

officer up here and he could capture these four footed chap-four cook would be very grateful.

LA GRIFFE COMING AGAIN.

The doctors believe another epidemic of Grippe is here, and already many are suffering. The medical men are not afraid of Grippe since Catarrhozone was introduced, and claim that no one will ever catch this disease who inhales the fragrant healing vapor of Catarrhozone a few times daily. Catarrhozone kills the Grippe germ and prevents it spreading through the system. "Last winter I had an attack of Grippe" writes C. P. Mackinnon of St. John's. "I bought Catarrhozone and got relief in short time. I found Catarrhozone better than anything else and was cured by using it." Catarrhozone prevents and cures Grippe, colds and catarrh. Two months' treatment \$1.00; trial size 25c.

Canadian Beauty Libelled.

London Daily Mail: The women of Canada are up in arms against certain strictures passed by an English lady visitor on the beauty of Canadian girls.

The press of Toronto, Montreal, and Ottawa is filled with indignant letters protesting against the statement that the typical face is hard-featured and sallow, and too often muddy-complexioned.

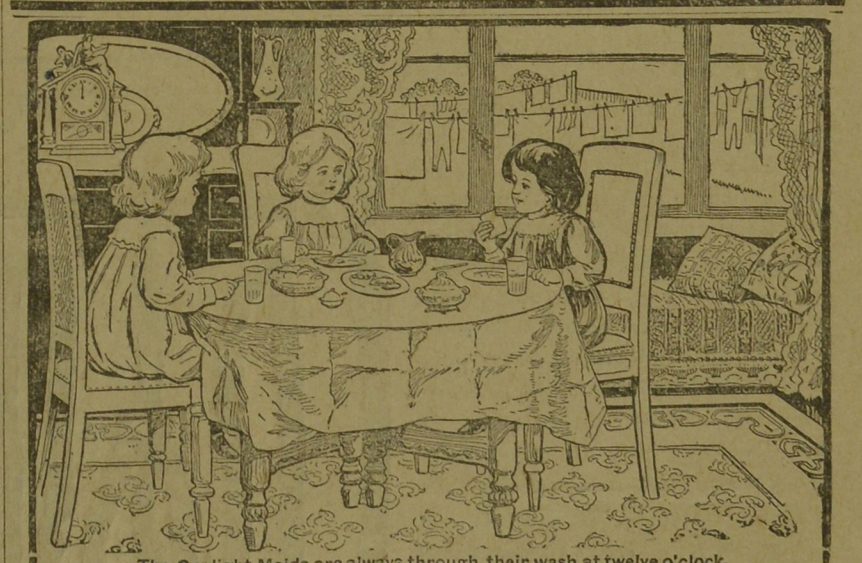
These charges have raised a storm among the fair women of Eastern Canada. So far from being substantiated by fact, the statements made by the uncharitable visitor are the reverse of the truth. The Canadian girl is remarkably pretty, and only those who have visited the Queen City of the Dominion can appreciate exactly how pretty she is.

Writing from Toronto, our special correspondent, Mr. Edgar Wallace, says:—

"There is a charm about the Canadian girl which is rather difficult to describe in cold print. That she possesses above the average amount of good looks is beyond dispute; that she is more athletic than her English sister and more womanly than her American cousin is also true. If American in anything, it is in her dress, for she is really smart. If there is something that suggests more than anything her British descent it is the grace of her movements. If there is a characteristic peculiarly Canadian it is her fine freedom, the absence of artificiality and super conventionalism.

"She is a Gibson girl with a heart, an English girl with a muscle; a Canadian of Canadians, patriotic, large minded, and, above all things, very pretty. In French Canada it is a prettiness which an almost Parisian piquance renders truly delightful. In Ontario it is a prettiness which seems to embrace all that is best in the American type; and in the West—well, it is a Western loveliness, red and white, that most perfect beauty which advertises so well the splendid health of the woman it adorns."

You're my first and only love, he declared. I can believe you, she answered, with a shiver, for they were sitting at least ten feet apart.



The Sunlight Maids are always through their wash at twelve o'clock.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

With ordinary soap a woman has to work so hard and so long on wash day she has no time for preparing any of the family meals. Wash day is a trial, and the good wife faces each with a sigh of despair. Sunlight Soap makes all the difference in the world. No toiling—no rubbing—no boiling—less than half the labor with much better results. Most women are all through their wash by twelve o'clock when they wash with Sunlight Soap the Sunlight way. It makes child's play of work.

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