

THE FORTY-TWA IN ACTION.

Graphic Account of the Storming of the Six-Gun Battery at Tel-el-Kebir by the 42nd Highlanders.

How the 42nd Highlanders charged at Tel-el-Kebir is told in rattling style by a non-commissioned officer of the 42nd Highlanders in a vivacious letter to the Edinburgh Daily Review. This remarkably lively and graphic letter was written at Belbeis on September 16th, the Saturday following the battle of Tel-el-Kebir:

"The first who saw us ascend from the darkness to the plateau in front of his works fired on us; then a pause, and our men commenced to run towards them. We saw we were seen, so we could man their guns. We fixed our bayonets and in about six seconds after the first two shots were fired Arabi's artillery on the right and left, front and every direction opened at once, and the blizzards of rifles was horrible. We were ordered to lie down, which we did. After the short run of fifty yards we were all out of breath with the excitement and weight of our ammunition, which was very great. We lay about five or ten seconds, as the foe could not see us, and his fire was high. Then the men charged by no word of command, for none could be heard. The cheer that was given was terrific. The 42nd charged over the other fifty yards like tigers, sprung into the trenches while the bullets were whirring, whizzing and pinging like as many bees when they are casting. There is no use trying to describe it, because it is simply indescribable. Had it not been that we ran forward fifty yards when first we were sighted not twenty of us would have been left alive. Not a man flinched at the charge. The pipes struck up, while, all the time, as far as we could see to the front, right and left, was a sheet of flame from the enemy's rifles and cannon. The first man who fell was a man of my section, who was hit in the chest. He threw his rifle in the air and fell back, without a groan, quite dead. The next I saw was another in the leg, breaking his knee to pieces; hit got his foot shot off; and altogether in the charge the 42nd lost about six killed and twenty wounded, while there was not a man but was cut with shrapnel shell or bullet. I, being pretty short of foot, was among the first in the trench, which was a deep ditch about 6 feet wide and 8 feet deep, and all the earth thrown to the inward side, making a wall of about 14 feet of earth to get up. Soon we were in the bottom, which we managed by driving our bayonets into the soil, and climbing up against a terrific storm of bullets, the din being terrific. Over a dozen of our men fell in the top, but at last we got a footing on the top. Sergeant-Major McNeill, Lieutenant Duff and Lord Kennedy, myself and two men mounted, and stood calling on our men, McNeill shouting, 'Come on, Macgregor's men!' and the rest of us calling, 'Come on, the gallant Black Watch!' Then we leapt down into the fort and I fired the first shot, for we took the trenches at the point of the bayonet. It was at an officer who was leading his men at us that I shot, and I killed him. Then the six of us charged along the trench, which was swarming with them, Lord Kennedy spitting them at a terrific pace. Our sudden onslaught cleared about twenty yards, which allowed our men more freedom to get over. Then up they came in swarms, wheeling part to the right and part to the left, bayoneting or shooting every man. Sergeant-Major McNeill, who was the finest soldier in the regiment, ran his sword through six in rapid succession, when he got wounded in the thigh. I shot the man with a revolver who did it for McNeill fell, but rose and led on for a minute, but got shot again in the stomach and groin, and fell fatally wounded, and he is now dead. We had by this time got reinforcements, and charged on at a six-gun battery which was mowing down the 74th Highlanders. We took it and bayoneted over one hundred men, who defended themselves well, and killed Lieutenant Park and wounded Sergeant Walker and Sergeant Campbell, and killed two men and wounded five. There were only twenty-five of us there, and three minutes did it all. We captured six guns (cannon) and 200 rifles and swords. The other part of the regiment, along with some men of other regiments, charged redoubts on the left, while the main body proceeded straight through the fort, bayoneting scores of men, who were now beginning to fly. We had some good practice in shooting at the second line of entrenchments. The enemy we drove from the first line fled to the second and played terrific havoc among the Highland Brigade, which were all now in the centre of the place. All this time batteries were sending shot and shell and bullets as thick as hail. I am sure there was some enchantment, or we must all have been shot. Arabi's forces were about three to one—they behind earthworks, out of sight, and we in a plain firing up to them. We were falling thick and fast, especially the 74th, which was furthest away. As the enemy fired high they got the most of it. My ball-pouch was struck, bursting four rounds of ammunition which were in it, and burning me slightly. Almost at the same time a 79th man was struck in front of me, his brains being blown all over me. 'This will never do,' said Lord Kennedy, who was with me; 'C Company, follow me,' and off we went. It was now daylight, and we could just see their heads and rifles over the batteries. Not a shot was fired, not a word spoken, while we opened in loose order, brought our bayonets to the charge, gave a Highland cheer and at them we went. While their fire was blinding us we bayoneted sixty men and reversed their cannon and fired on themselves. The fight was going on hard at other places as well. Arabi had a line of entrenchments seven miles long, with nearly eighty cannon, and it is supposed 25,000 men, all with rifles as good as our own and splendid swords, instead of bayonets, which fix on their rifles. I could scarcely describe the rest of it. Our artillery cavalry, which followed us, had filled in part of the trench, and now came galloping up into the fort. We gave them a deafening cheer, which they returned, galloped in front of us, wheeled about the guns, and poured grape, shot and shell after the now retreating army, we ourselves picking them off like rabbits."

The fool-killer must be off duty in New York. There is another walking match on—Detroit Free Press.

LATEST NORTHWEST NEWS.

Prairie fires are reported very prevalent in the vicinity of Morris.

Norfolk has the promise of a weekly mail after the 1st of January.

The Masonic fraternity of Morris have commenced the erection of a new Masonic hall in that town.

It has been decided to erect a general hospital at Brandon. A committee is looking after the matter.

Mr. J. H. Milner has been appointed C. P. R. station agent at Morris, and pending the running of regular trains will act as operator.

J. S. Crerar's grist mill at Birtle has again resumed work after a rest of three months, through a defect in the works of the engine.

Excellent whitefish have been discovered in a lake between Turtle and Jackfish Lakes, N.W.T., where they were not heretofore known to exist.

Farmers in the vicinity of Morris have been greatly delayed in threshing and fall ploughing by the scarcity of hands. \$2.50 per day and board are being offered without avail.

Winnipeg Free Press: Capel, or Troy, another of Mr. Dewdney's pet towns, is enjoying plenty of water—some three or four inches too much. What will it be like next spring?

W. S. Lee is thoroughly testing the fruit-growing qualities of Fort McLeod. He had two ripe cherries from trees set this spring, and is convinced that fruit will thrive in this country.

There is considerable complaint about the cutting of rails in the district of Fort McLeod. Ranchers complain that the present permits will not fence in thirty acres of their homestead.

Messrs. Austin & Owan have arrived at Morris from Minnesota with a consignment of 200,000 feet of dry lumber, in flat boats, which they are offering for sale. They have also brought down a large quantity of laths and shingles.

An experiment with concrete as a building material has been tried at Odanah with complete success. Lime, sand and gravel can be had on the spot; this substitute for wood and brick is likely, therefore, to come into general use.

Warden Dick, of Dominion City, who now owns the saw-mill at that place, recently made a trip up the Rosseau River in search of timber, and reports a great deal of good farming land in the country lying east of Emerson a distance of 30 to 40 miles.

A Portage la Prairie despatch says Snow commenced falling here at 3 o'clock this morning and still continues. Fully five inches of snow are on the ground, and the appearance of the town as well as that of the surrounding prairies gives every indication that winter has arrived.

The first divine service held at Broadview (C. P. R. line) for many a day was held in Robinson & Bryce's hotel on Sunday evening. During the progress of the sermon a sneak thief got away with the landlord's till, a small iron box of a common pattern, containing about \$400. There is no clue as yet to the identity or whereabouts of the thief.

An order was issued some time ago by the Edmonton land agent reserving all the land and timber on the north side of the Saskatchewan, opposite the settlement, from the use of the settlers and also for sale. As this district comprises the greater part of the valuable timber in the vicinity, the settlers already feel a scarcity of the article.

The Prince Albert Club received a permit for 200 gallons of liquor for club purposes this season. It is said that Dewdney refused to give the permit when asked, but Mr. C. Muir went to see Sir John about it, and Dewdney was ordered to issue the permit. Sir John is of course solid now with the tony folks of Prince Albert. They should elect him a member of their club.—Edmonton Bulletin.

Threshing has commenced at St. Albert, N. W. T., on the Mission farm. The yield is expected to reach 2,000 bushels. Last year the same ground only yielded 1,100 bushels. Corn ripened well in the garden of the Sisters of Charity at Sun River and is of an early variety. Tobacco also grew luxuriantly, being about six feet in height.

An incident in a ranchman's life is thus referred to by the Fort McLeod Gazette: The fall round-up will begin on the 2nd October. Each member will be required to send 16 for board during the round-up. Persons branding fifty calves are required to send one man and three horses, those branding over fifty and up to 200 will send two men and six horses and \$32 for board, and so on in the same proportion.

The garden produce in this part of the country, says the Fort McLeod Gazette, is really very fine. Anything will grow, and grow to perfection. It was considered that corn, tomatoes, cucumbers and the more delicate plants could not be raised, but all these things can be found in their greatest perfection at any ranch either in the vicinity of McLeod or Calgary, and the country between these places. And yet intending settlers are led to believe that nothing will grow here.

Christine Nilsson in Boston.

A Boston telegram says the re-appearance of Christine Nilsson in this country at Music Hall this evening was an event which brought together an audience that more than filled the hall. No attempt was made to decorate the interior of the building. A simple design in flowers representing a shield of American colors, surmounted by an eagle bearing the Swedish colors, occupied the stage. Mme. Nilsson was greeted, as she appeared, clad in black, with rounds of applause, and in her first selection, "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," gave convincing evidence that her voice had lost none of its old power and brilliancy.

If any female crank has a spite at the Journal, she may come in and kiss the whole staff, or as many as cannot escape, and if not satisfied can finish up on the business manager, book-keeper, foreman and compositors, but under no circumstances do we wish to be shot. We hope we make ourselves understood.—St. Thomas Journal.

"QUEEN VICTORIA'S SECRET."

A French Newspaper Announces that the Queen is a Spiritualist—Ghostly Advice—John Brown a Medium.

British subjects are accustomed to the ridiculous exhibitions which some French newspapers make when they put into print statements about the British Royal Family. In the Paris Gaulois, under the above heading, appears an extraordinary article on the subject. It begins by announcing that the Queen, "most faithful of widows, most respected and beneficent of sovereigns," is at Balmoral, as there she finds better than anywhere else the husband she has lost. "The faithful Scotsman, John Brown, serves as a bond of union between the Queen and the dead Prince. John Brown is a medium. It has been often asked whence came the singular favor which the Queen shows to him; why she has offered him titles of nobility, which the modest servant has refused; why the statuette of Brown by Bohm, is placed on a bracket in the sovereign's sleeping apartment among the portraits of members of the Royal Family. There is the answer to the question which has been put to the public curiosity of France and England; John Brown is to the Queen the minister of her spiritual relations with the late Prince Albert. Her Majesty has sometimes been heard, when at some great Cabinet Council, to reserve her opinion: 'I must first,' she said, 'consult the spirit of Prince Albert.' It is at Balmoral that she invokes him and that he answers her. She goes into the studio of the deceased, who is always alive to her; she sits in his favorite arm chair; facing her, on a chair are arranged the clothes of the Prince, seeming to await his coming; a great fire is lighted on the vast baronial hearth. John Brown respectfully brings on a plate the basin of gravel which his master used to take every evening, and places it on a hob, as if he were going to take it. The Queen has paper on her knee, a pencil in her right hand. She calls the spirit of her absent husband. The chair moves, cracks, and answers by blows of its feet on the carpet. The alphabet of spiritualism is known; so many blows signifying each letter. Her Majesty asks questions, and her servant Brown translates to her the Prince's answers. The living and the dead thus converse of the things of this world and the other. These are pious vigils whence the Queen goes forth calmed if not consoled, for her grief is one of those which only end with life.

"I pity those on whose lips this faithful picture would call up a smile. 'Is it only hallucination? Who knows? The worst of hallucination is perhaps that of the people who imagine that they know all the laws of nature.'"

A Little Thing of His Own.

Barnabee, the unsurpassed humorist of the Boston Ideal Company, seems to be particularly favored in his efforts to entertain his friends on all occasions. Saturday evening while he was singing one of *Bunthorne's* gems in "Patience" the piping voice of an infant child was heard just about the time when he was reaching the lines of his part—"This is a little thing of my own." The interruption by the child created a little audible ripple of amusement, which rapidly increased to the wildest uproar of merriment when the quick-witted Barnabee skipped the lines before the words mentioned, and with a comical expression and gesture peculiar to himself he waved his hand gracefully to the cherub in the gallery and said: "This is a little thing of my own." It was several moments before the audience was quieted, and at intervals ladies and gentlemen burst into a hearty laugh which became general again as soon as Barnabee added the lines of the part—"but I won't publish it!" Nothing funnier has ever occurred in the Opera House, and many laughed until they suffered. The father, mother and child looked inquiringly about, not having heard the words of *Bunthorne*, and they had no idea of the fact that they had voluntarily assisted in making a very pat hit for Mr. Barnabee.—Utica Observer.

A Power in the House of Parliament.

Conspicuous among the most influential men of the Dominion is Mr. J. H. Metcalf, member of Parliament from the city of Kingston. Commencing life as a school teacher, he has steadfastly worked his way up to the honored position in business and politics he now holds. Coming to a personal matter we would mention that Mr. Metcalf was formerly subject to extreme soreness of the chest, for which he himself says, "I could find no remedy but St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy." In the following letter Mr. Metcalf gives evidence of his appreciation, "I take great pleasure in stating that I used St. Jacobs Oil for extreme soreness of the chest, and found it to be an excellent remedy. I would not be without it for ten times its selling price; as a family remedy it certainly has no equal."

"Hold up your hand," yelled the western outlaw as he boarded a palace car and showed his pistols. "Are you a road agent?" asked a frightened passenger. "Yes." "Thank heaven! I feared you were another porter."

The Philadelphia street railroad company, roused by the complaints of passengers, have undertaken to prohibit smoking on the cars. Smokers are not tolerated even on the front platforms. A similar reform is being forced in Chicago.

GRAPE LEAVES FOR PICKLES.—A writer in the Country Gentleman recommends the use of fresh green grape leaves to place on top of pickles in jars in place of flannel or other cloth usually employed. He claims the leaves will preserve the vinegar sharp and clear and impart a nice flavor. The leaves should be rinsed in pure water and left to drain before use, and occasionally changed. They exclude the air, and besides imparting a delightful flavor to the pickle cause less trouble to the housewife.

Vice-Admiral Orens, commander of the Italian Squadron at the Piræus, has visited the works of the Isthmus of Corinth Canal, which he found advancing very slowly, only 200 workmen being employed. But next spring the steam engines and perforators now in course of construction will come into action, and it is hoped that the canal will be finished by 1887.

GREY HAIR.

Some Remarkable Instances—Turning Grey in Half an Hour with Fright.

Probably the commonest of all complaints about the hair is that it is getting grey. As years go on the grey hairs appear, first on the temples and then over the whole of the head. Some people are grey from birth, and this peculiarity is met with in its most complete form in "albinos," who are destitute of pigment or coloring matter of any kind. In these people the hair of the head has usually a pearly-white color, whilst the short hairs of the body are exceedingly fine and soft. Premature greyness is undoubtedly hereditary. Sometimes it follows a severe illness, or it may be the result of depressing nervous influences, such as worry and anxiety or hard mental work, combined with a sedentary life. Sometimes the mischief is due to a local cause, as in neuralgia, for example, where the nerve presiding over the nutrition of the part is at fault. Sometimes, as every one knows, the hair turns white in a single night, from intense fear or anxiety. The case, for example, is related of a rebel sepoy of the Bengal Army, who was taken prisoner and brought before the authorities for examination: "Divested of his uniform and stripped completely naked, he was surrounded by the soldiers, and then first apparently became alive to the dangers of his position. He trembled violently, intense horror and despair were depicted in his countenance; and, although he answered the questions put to him, he seemed almost stupefied with fear. While actually under observation, and within the space of half an hour, his hair became grey on every portion of his head, it having been when he came into court of jet black color. It is said that the attention of the bystanders was first attracted by the sergeant, whose prisoner he was, exclaiming, 'He is turning grey!' and gradually, but decidedly, the change went on before them all, till in the space of half an hour it was complete." This is, perhaps, one of the most striking cases ever recorded. When the change takes place in early life there is a hope that the original color may in time be regained.—Family Physician.

ALL ABOUT A BED QUILT.

Excitement in a Church—Churchwardens Put Up Their Watches and Real Estate in a Contest.

A London telegram says: The Ladies' Aid Society in connection with the Lucan Episcopal Church, having made an autograph quilt, a meeting was recently held in the town hall to dispose of it. Two of the churchwardens, Mr. John Fox and Mr. W. Stanley, proposed that two young ladies be nominated as candidates for the quilt. Accordingly Miss Alice Porte and Miss Louise Goodacre were the nominees respectively of Messrs. W. E. Stanley and John Fox. The voting went on at a lively rate when some \$40 or \$50 had been collected, when the poll was declared closed, and Miss Goodacre declared queen of the quilt. But just as the declaration was made some one picked up a \$5 bill from the floor and stoutly maintained he had put it in for Miss Porte. The polls were therefore opened again, and in a few minutes a trifle over \$90 was collected, and amid deafening cheers Miss Porte was declared elected. But here another hitch occurred, the uproar became deafening, and Mr. Fox demanded the poll to be opened again, laying down his \$100 gold watch and chain in favor of Miss Goodacre. Mr. Stanley, not to be outdone, shouted, "I'll give my \$1,000 house and lot in support of my girl, Fox." Whereupon Mr. Fox pulled out a front of bills, which he laid down in \$200 of the poll clerk. "There," he said, is \$200, and I have \$1,000 more at the back of it. Come on now." The meeting now became a scene of confusion, some claiming the quilt for Miss Porte, and others demanding it for Miss Goodacre. Thus the matter stands. In the meantime Rev. Mr. Magaghy has returned the watch and chain, house and lot, and the roll of bills to their respective owners, and says the church will be well satisfied with the \$90, which, when added to the receipts of the evening and the proceeds of the quilt in the item of names, will make something like \$300. It is understood that Messrs. Fox and Stanley have resigned their positions as Churchwardens.

Married in Presence of Princess Louise.

An interesting ceremony took place on Merchant Square, in this city, on Saturday evening. A Squamish maiden and Musquam youth, aged 17 and 20, respectively, were betrothed. It was their purpose to postpone marriage for some months, until sufficiently instructed by the missionary to have the ceremony performed in civilized, Christian fashion. On Saturday, however, they determined to avail themselves of so auspicious an occasion as the presence of their "great white mother's" daughter, and so the interesting affair was arranged for Saturday evening. The friends of the two contracting parties were ranged in two long rows, facing each other, the chiefs, the bride and groom, and more immediate relatives occupying a cross seat at the head of the two rows. The father of the bride made an address, in the course of which he said he was giving away his daughter to the young man, and that she would be all the same as dead to him. A large dish was placed on the ground in front of the old man, into which the friends of the groom cast money to compensate him for the loss of his daughter. This occupied some time, and when count was made the dish was found to contain \$400. The ceremony over, the bridal party and their near friends held a feast. It is understood that, by and by, when better instructed, they will be re-married by the priest.—British Columbian.

An important communication from St. Petersburg, appearing in the *Official Wiener Zeitung*, ridicules the report of the alleged clandestine coronation of the Czar. The writer, who speaks with authority, states that this ceremony has now been definitely fixed for next May. The date of the event will be formally announced to the Czar's subjects and to all the world several months previously by an imperial manifesto. The Czar has ordered plans to be prepared for a new and magnificent palace, which he intends to erect at St. Petersburg, close to the shores of the Gulf of Finland.

TENNYSON'S NEW PLAY.

A Promised Treat for the Esthetes.

Concerning the forthcoming drama of the poet laureate, *London Truth* publishes these further details: The Saltic law evidently does not apply to the management of our London theatres. Mrs. Bernard Beere, a painstaking and industrious actress, is the latest addition to a roll that already includes, or will include, Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Swanborough, Miss Genevieve Ward, Mrs. S. Lane, Miss Emily Duncan and Miss Lila Clay. The new play by the poet laureate that Mrs. Bernard Beere secured for her opening venture at the Globe theatre, and which is to be called "The Promise of May," is from all I can gather a prose poem of the "Dora" and "Olivia" pattern, suitable to an age whose aesthetic joys are contained in mob caps, chintz gowns, apple blossom decorations, Kate Greenaway costumes, and the silks and stuffs of Messrs. Lazarby, Liberty & Co. It will give a great and consummate joy to the Grosvenor gallery, and gently detach to Newcastle street, Strand, some of the most prominent of the "greenery gallery" adherents of the Wellington street, round the corner. The empire of Miss Ellen Terry is threatened, and the high priestess is, at any rate, to have a handmaiden. If you ask me concerning the plot or story of Tennyson's new play I would refer you to the poem called "The Sisters," beginning:

We were two daughters of one race, She was the fairest in the face; The wind is blowing in turret and tree, They were together, and she fell, Therefore revenge became me well. Oh, the earth was fair to see.

I should not be at all surprised if the plot, or something like the plot, were contained in that one stanza. But we shall see when the theatre opens in November, with a company containing Mr. Charles Kelly as stage director, probably Miss Marion Terry or Miss Isabel Bateman to second the efforts of the manageress, Mr. Kyrie Bellow as the young lover or farmyard specimen of the "Earl so fair to see," and, I doubt not, Mr. J. Carolyn Carr in the background as literary and art suggestor.

—Mr. S. S. Laurie, Professor of Education in the University of Edinburgh, looks with scorn upon "the detailed analysis of sentences and the dreary pedantry of school grammars of our native tongue."

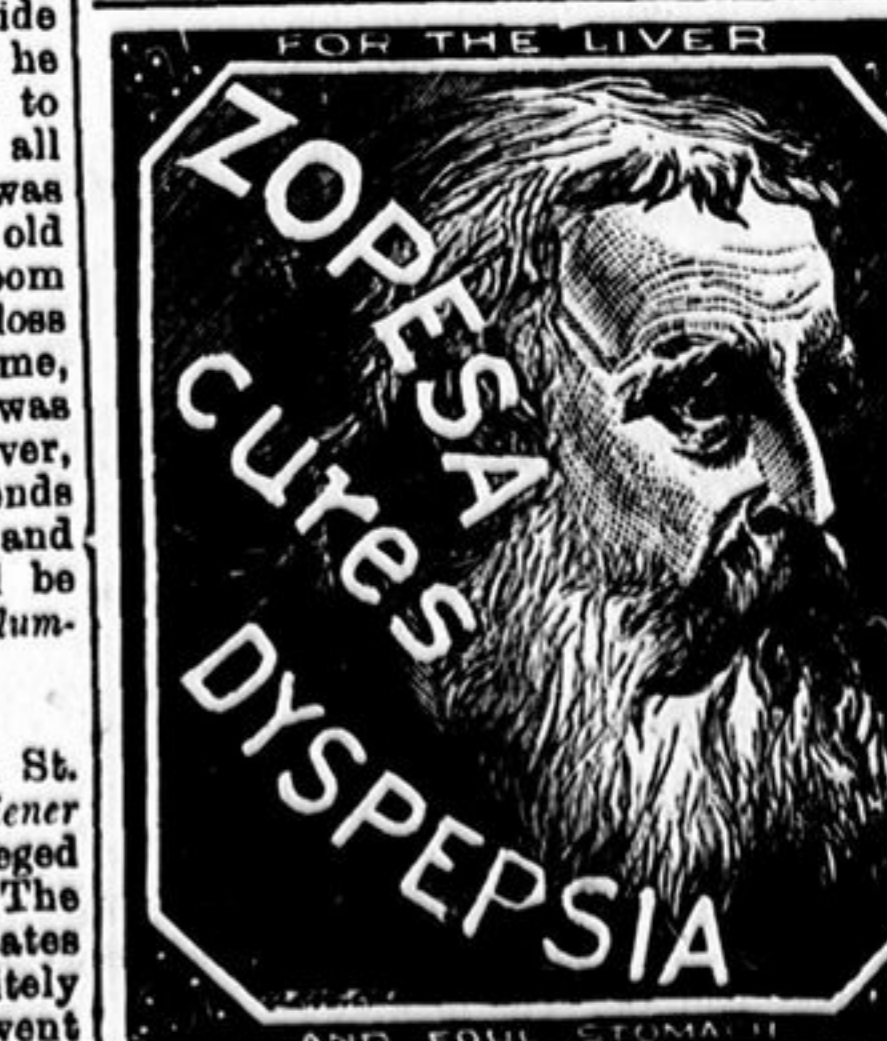
An application of a novel character was made to the magistrate of a London police court the other day. A woman stated that she wanted a summons against another woman in whose house she lodged. In answer to an inquiry as to what she required the summons for, the applicant explained that her landlady annoyed her by "a nasty sort of laugh." The magistrate was thus taken up unnecessarily, and declined to grant a summons against the offending landlady. "If," he observed, "I had to grant summonses for such nonsense as this, I do not know how the business of the court would be got through."

WEATHER--OR NOT.

We admire the philosophy of the unfortunate man, who, when everything had been swept away, said, "Well, there'll be weather and taxes left at any rate." Alas! weather is the "yellow dog" of all subjects; everyone thinks it his special right to try to better the weather, and thus his anathema against "Old Probabilities," and all who endeavor to assist him in regulating the weather. The following communication is from Prof. Tice, of St. Louis, Mo., the renowned meteorologist and weather prophet of the West. It does not discuss the weather but something sure of more importance to those who suffer with that painful malady he speaks of: The day after concluding my lectures at Burlington,



Iowa, on the 21st of December last, I was seized with a sudden attack of neuralgia in the chest, giving me excruciating pain and almost preventing breathing. My pulse, usually 80, fell to 25; intense nausea of the stomach succeeded, and a cold, clammy sweat covered my entire body. The attending physician could do nothing to relieve me. After suffering for three hours, I thought—as I had been using St. JACOBS OIL, with good effect for rheumatic pains—I would try it. I saturated a piece of flannel, large enough to cover my chest, with the Oil, and applied it. The relief was almost instantaneous. In one hour I was entirely free from pain, and would have taken the train to fill an appointment that night in a neighboring town had my friends not dissuaded me. As it was, I took the night train for my home, in St. Louis, and have not been troubled since.



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